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FOREST AND STREAM.

A Weekly Journal of the Rod and Gun.

ANGLING, SHOOTING, THE KENNEL,

PRACTICAL NATURAL HISTORY,

FISHCULTURE, PROTECTION OF GAME,

-AND THE-

INCULCATION IN MEN AND WOMEN OF A HEALTHY INTEREST

-IN-

OUT-DOOR RECREATION AND STUDY.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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Such a law as that proposed would be pernicious in the extreme. We cannot believe that it will be enacted by the Legislature. It would be a step backward, a sacrifice of the public good to the grasping greed of a few selfish men.

The proposition of these Maine petitioners is a very fair illustration of the unscrupulous, every-man-for-himself spirit that to a lamentable degree inspires the game legislation of this country. There is hardly a game law on the statute books to-day that has not been put there after a desperate conflict with such selfish and improvident clamors for present gain; or else contains on its face some special clause or exception in favor of this class, and in total disregard of the rights and interests of the community at large.

This condition of affairs will continue just so long as the sportsmen of a State are content to leave game legislation in the hands of any and every man who cares to tinker at it for his own private ends. There ought to be in every State in this Union a live society of sportsmen, representing the whole State, and working together to secure a law framed for the common good.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

IN his very entertaining paper to-day Lieut. Schwatka illustrates the point, made by a correspondent of this journal last June, that the Arctic exploration of the future must be conducted on different principles from that which has proved so disastrous in the past. The successful Arctic explorer must be, first, a successful sportsman, able to avail himself of the game resources of the country. Lieut. Schwatka's experience demonstrated very clearly and conclusively the practicability of living on the country. He and the members of his party used their rifles, and with them secured a constant supply of food. They have established a precedent, some modification of which must be adopted by future Arctic explorers, if they are to do any more than add new names to the long and melancholy list of those who have perished in the futile Arctic search.

The situation of a trained hunter in such a country, adapting himself to the habits of life of the native dwellers there, self-reliant and capable of winning a subsistence by his skill with the rifle, is in decided contrast to that of the shipwrecked seaman wholly ignorant of the ways of game and inexperienced and incapable in its capture. We commend the account of Lieut. Schwatka's hunting in the North to the consideration of future Arctic explorers.

THE TARIFF ON FIRE-ARMS.

THE present import duty on shotguns is thirty-five per cent. ad valorem. The Tariff Commission recommended an ad valorem duty of twenty-five per cent., and the Senate last Monday agreed to retain the present rate of thirty-five per cent. ad valorem, with ten per cent. on barrels in the rough. But the Tariff Bill now before the House of Representatives provides that the tax on fire-arms shall be as follows: "All sporting breech-loading shotguns, with plain or twist barrels, of iron or steel, five dollars each; with laminated iron and steel or stub twist barrels, fifteen dollars each; with Damascus or other fancy barrels, twenty-five dollars each; all other shotguns, and all other fire-arms not provided for in this act, thirty-five per centum ad valorem."

The increase of duty here called for on the cheapest grade of imported guns would be 900 per cent. With this we have no fault to find; if Congress could put an absolutely prohibitory tax on such guns it would admirably serve the interests of society. It is also patent that were the tariff amended according to the provisions of this bill, the price of expensive guns would be lessened just in proportion as the uniform duty of twenty-five dollars is less than the thirty-five per cent. on their cost in the foreign market. It is with neither of these extremes, however, that we are especially concerned, but rather with the arms of moderate price, the guns most in demand by the class of men who constitute the majority of sportsmen.

The proposed duty would materially increase the cost of such guns, and the burden of the tax would fall upon those who are least fitted to bear it. In fact, if this bill is put through, so great will be the discrimination against this grade of arms, that the imported goods specified will be driven out of the market, and the manufacture will be virtually in control of American makers. No such protection as that contemplated by this bill is necessary. There is ample profit in the manufacture of shotguns in this country with the foreign competition as it is at present. We can conceive of no good to result from the cutting off of that healthful competition.

RELIEF FOR THE FOWL.—The seizure and destruction of two of the big swivel guns, which have long been known to be in use at Spesutia Island, will be a severe blow to the poachers. The capture and fine of two of the ringleaders of the gang will not be without effect in intimidating the outlaws, but that is a small matter compared with the taking of the guns. These murderous weapons are not easily obtained, and it will require time and money to replace them. Unfortunately, only a portion of the armament appears to have been secured, but so far as it went, the raid on the outlaws is a most encouraging sign of the interest taken in their rights by the owners of ducking shores in Maryland. A constant system of espionage and harassing of these and other lawless individuals in the winter feeding grounds of our fowl could not fail to work great good to the shooting all along the coast. Nothing is more destructive of fowl shooting than the use of lights and these big guns, and we hope that the day is not far distant when an advanced public sentiment will prevent the use of such engines in any waters in the land. The authorities, or, better still, the sportsmen of some of the Southern States, should look also after the duck traps which are being used in some Southern waters. These traps should be destroyed, and the owners, whether white or black, should be promptly clapped in jail.

BIG GAME.—The average American understands the value of advertising; he scruples at nothing that will bring his scheme and his goods before the public. In a recent police parade in this city the ranks of blue-coated officers marched bravely through the streets to the music of the band, and close upon the rear of the last column followed a wagon setting forth the charms of a cat show in a dime museum. This shrewd genius successfully used the police force of a great city to advertise his cats. When Dr. Carver went abroad, his manager's first step was to have the marksman exhibit his skill in the presence of the Prince of Wales, that with dignity in exactly the same manner that the cat showman used the police. And now the Associated Press dispatches from abroad state: "The London *Army and Navy Gazette* says: 'We understand that the Prince of Wales, at the urgent request of the Princess of Wales, is bestirring himself to put down the cruel sport of pigeon shooting. The ladies have formed a ring, and intend boycotting Hurlingham until the Gun Club discards the pretty dove and adopts the terra-cotta pigeon, a new invention which is being brought out under the patronage of the Prince of Wales, and can be seen at work at the Knealagh Club grounds.' There is no cat in that meal-bag, only a clay pigeon."

ON TUESDAY LAST a hearing was given by the Committee on Agriculture of the Massachusetts State Legislature to those who advocate the offering of a bounty for the destruction of English sparrows. No friends of the sparrow appeared, to raise a voice in his defense, while, on the other hand, a considerable mass of testimony was given against the bird. It was stated that the species is causing great and increasing damage to the crops, and that it is particularly destructive to apples, nearly one-half of last year's promised yield having been destroyed by it. It does not destroy insects injurious to vegetation, while it drives away our native insectivorous birds, which would, if left to themselves, do good service in this way. If the bird should ever become numerous in the West, it would do a vast amount of damage to the crops of grain. From all points of view, therefore, it is to be condemned. These arguments, with all of which the readers of FOREST AND STREAM are familiar, are advanced to induce the Legislature to take steps to abate what has become both in our large cities and our lesser towns a real nuisance.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.—We print in another column a very few of the numerous remarks, editorial and personal, which have been called out by the recent fight on the Yellowstone Park grab. The only hope of the engineers of this project was to have railroaded it through with such silence and celerity that the grant would have been confirmed to them before the matter could have been subjected to any scrutiny by the people or their representatives, and this they did not quite succeed in doing. As soon as the true import of the job was understood by the people, there was but one sentiment expressed in regard to the matter, and the general condemnation which it received quite frightened the projectors of the scheme from their original position. The whole matter may safely be left in such good hands as those of Senator Vest and Secretary Teller.

PROPOSED MAINE SUMMER SHOOTING.

THE present open season for deer, caribou and moose in the State of Maine is from October first to January first. There has been presented to the Maine Legislature a petition to so amend the law as to make the open season for killing this game begin July first, thus extending the time by the addition of three months.

It is needless to say that this change is not wanted by the sportsmen of the State, but by the hotel and steamboat men and the guides. It is alleged in the petition that the time is now so short as to seriously "discourage" and "inconvenience" visiting sportsmen, who, provided the discouragements and inconveniences are not removed, will be obliged to seek other fields of slaughter and renown. It is further alleged that with this change no special harm can come to the deer. This is beautiful logic; a summer shooting season is wanted so that visiting sportsmen may shoot more deer, and yet the deer are not to suffer therefrom. It is the reasoning of greedy men, who have regard for nothing save stuffing their own pockets with the proceeds of untime game slaughter. They know very well—no one else better—that deer shooting in June and July means death to the mother doe and death by lingering starvation for the fawns. This is not the kind of shooting that respectable sportsmen ask for; it is not the kind they would tolerate; it is sought and defended only by the class of greenroons and butchers who like to fire into a deer in the water while their "guide" holds the victim for them—and by these same guides, who have an eye for the almighty dollar and nothing else.

Maine has a rich store of wealth in her native game supply. Her recent wise and provident action in securing better care of this resource by the appointment of game wardens, and the way in which these officers have set about their task, have been among the encouraging signs of the times. The State has made a good beginning. It only remains for her to pursue the same course, without regard to the selfish and improvident demands of summer shooting petitioners.

HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN—II.

LET your gun hang on its own hooks; and go you to the wooded hill, from behind which you first saw the sun rise, over whose length and breadth you have hunted every fall and winter since you began to carry a gun. You know every ridge and hollow so well that if you were led to any part of it blindfolded you could tell where you were after you had looked about a minute. Let yourself drift about in these familiar woods some autumn day in search of nothing, and the chances are that you will find many things you never saw before.

You are not hurried. There is time for your nostrils to drink all the subtle odors of the woods, the mingled perfumes of flowers, fruitage and decay. You hear the voices in voices, the sounds beyond the environment of silence, outside sounds of civilization and industry piercing but not breaking the stillness of the woods. From the moss and mold at your feet to the frayed horizon that closely encompasses you, there is enough to keep your eyes busy for a day and then leave a world unexplored.

I have known fox-hunters, who year after year have ranged all the woods for ten miles about them, and who never yet saw the biggest woodpecker that lives in them, the pileated. They have heard him calling them more than once to come and see what a brave woodchopper he is, how he can make the chips fly and the woods echo to his strokes. But they had come hunting foxes, not woodpeckers, and had no time to turn out of their way to visit him, and he was too great a personage in woodpecker circles to come to them. If they desire his acquaintance, they must come to where he is doing business. Then he will show them his work. What a barkpecker he is. Wilson says that he has "seen him separate the greatest part of the bark from a large dead pine for twenty or thirty feet, in less than a quarter of an hour." With hammer and chisel in one, he can cover the roots of a tree with his iron shivers and cut a doorway to his home almost large enough for a coon's passage. He will show them his aerial paces as he hops from tree to tree, exhibiting then the white feathers of his wings, and his crest has not faded a whit since Hiawatha first dyed it. Though seldom seen he does not desert us, with the golden-winged and red-headed, but stays all the year round, and by the few country folks who see him is called woodcock, a name which fits him better than it does the borer of bogs, who by ancient usage bears it.

I wonder how many times in my hunting with a gun I had crushed the walking fern with my knees, and torn it up with my nails, as I scaled the ledge before I ever saw it. There are not a score of people of my acquaintance—hunters and woods-hunters of all sorts—who know that it grows here at all, far less that it is almost common. Having got the secret of its hiding, one finds it on almost every northward and westward-facing ledge from the rocky shores of Champlain to the backbone of Vermont, not everywhere, but here and there a patch of it, looping its small fronds along a shelf of the ancient mossy walls.

I am ashamed when I remember that I waited till I was a big boy for a lady to come all the way from Pennsylvania to show me the arbutus, growing almost as common as wintergreen and prince's pine on our rocky hills. How dull my senses were never to have caught the fragrant trail of its blossoms in the May woods, and to have followed it up till I found them blushing among their own rusty leaves and the last year's dead ones of their tall neighbors. Every one who cares for it knows where it grows now, and people come in troops to rob the woods of it for the decoration of churches at Easter. They might better leave it in these first temples. In the choppings, where the thin soil is heretofore the shade of the trees, I find its leaves withering as if scorched by fire, but like a girdled apple tree, every spring is full of blossom, it dies with its crown on.

Till the coming of the fair Pennsylvanian, it had blossomed for me only in books, and grew as far off as the *Victoria regia*. As for finding it here, I should sooner have thought of hunting for seals in the lake, for there had been two or three of them killed in its waters or on its ice.

Though I hardly expect to find a seal or a *Victoria regia* within the limits of our State, there is no telling what fortune there is in store for me. If one stays beneath the star he was born under, watching and waiting, it may, at last, prove a lucky one. R. E. R.

GENERAL GHANT DECLINES.—There has been a strong feeling among certain of the directors of the National Rifle Association that some strength would be gained for the organization by the use of Gen. Grant's name as president. The proffer of the position was made him but promptly declined. The nominating committee are now casting about for another available candidate.

SWIVEL GUNS.—A correspondent tells us that one member of the Committee on Game Laws, at Albany, is a professed advocate of the use of the swivel gun for duck shooting on the Hudson River. This is one very good reason why the Albany game law bills should be closely watched.

SPRING SHOOTING.—The advocates of the abolition of spring shooting are increasing in number and influence. The matter is one well worthy of agitation. We should like to hear from those who can add anything to the discussion of the subject.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. Army.
III.—The Rifle and the Reindeer—Part One.

OF all the animals with which my party came in contact on my Arctic expedition, there are none with which I can claim such a close personal acquaintance as the Arctic deer. Before we started on our sledge journey in the spring of 1879—that is from the time we had landed among the Esquimaux, my own party and hired hunters had killed between three and four hundred. On the sledge trip we secured five hundred and twenty-two, and after our return to Hudson's Bay, many animals were added to this already enormous score. On the sledge trip, probably three-fourths of our subsistence (including the month's supply of civilized food taken along) was derived from the reindeer, whose habits were taken advantage of as much as possible by following them to the north in the spring, and keeping them with us on their southward migration as we returned on the same course during the autumn months and winter.

Shortly after arrival in North Hudson's Bay, in the early part of August, 1878, Colonel Gilder became our pioneer in inland hunting and camping. The loneliness of the place after the Esquimaux had left the vicinity of our camp upon their annual autumn reindeer hunts, and a desire to kill some of the many reindeer reported so thick north of our halibut, induced him to return in that direction with two young Inuit boys that he brought us the first deer meat to sell, or rather trade, for powder, caps and balls. The little party started about noon on the 25th of August, and Colonel Gilder returned home late at night on Sept. 1, during a heavy storm of snow, very hungry and very tired. He had been living for the last three or four days on native diet—raw reindeer meat and wild berries—having judiciously shared his civilized provisions so generously with his native countrymen that he brought us the first spirit of a Nimrod, would give him an early opportunity to kill his coveted reindeer, which he could return in triumph to Arctic Rome. But, alas for hopes based on Esquimaux generosity. A few scattered reindeer were seen, but it was a wild foot race, with every man for himself, in which the unpracticed Caucasian stood a poor chance in the contest over razor-edged toes that he met with wet, spongy moss, and other equally severe impediments.

The cold snap at the end of October commenced to bring in the scattered inland hunters to erect their winter quarters of snow and ice houses, and our little camp so long nearly deserted, began to assume a very lively aspect. A summation of the autumn's hunting showed that between 400 and 500 reindeer had been killed by all the natives that would make their quarters of the country, but were worthless, owing to the want of anxiety in regard to a winter's supply of the very best of all Arctic meat, and a plentiful supply of reindeer skins for winter clothing and bedding. And these latter were of the very best quality, for the reindeer skins secured in the month of October are superior to those taken later in the year, the hair being less liable to come out, and not so heavy as to render the clothing impliable. After January the reindeer skins of this section of the country, including from January to the readiness with which the hair comes out; and are thrown away by the native hunter, they having no use for the skins whatever, except so far as they hold a useful amount of fur on them. During this part of the winter they are fed to the dogs, should the latter be hungry enough to want them, and probably one in five or ten thousand is tamed of its hair and made into their *ka-look-likes* or drums for singing and religious uses, that winter, so that we were obliged to buy it, I think, from the summer cat, as the loss of that of the winter does not commence until spring and lasts nearly through the summer. In short, I think the reindeer sheds twice annually, the lengths of both periods being much longer than in the temperate regions, and almost overlapping each other. About the middle of August, when all the winter hair has shed, the short summer coat is in its prime, and from that time made all the native hunters, and that which is worn with the hair toward the body. From the middle of September until the first or middle of October, the skins are valuable for outside clothing (worn hair side out) and for bedding, and after this date they steadily deteriorate, but are still used to place beneath the bed until January, when the hair readily pulls out and they are no longer saved. At all times the skins of one and two years are equally highly prized, as they make an exceedingly fine, soft suit of underclothing, especially for their children, to whom this people are fondly attached, and who always receive the best at their disposal.

When the white man has become entirely "at home" in this clothing and accustomed to life in the native *igloos*, or snowhouses, the matter of temperature and how to secure it, may be deemed of inferior importance, and the *igloo* or snow-hut has been told of so often by previous Arctic travelers that it would be a superfluous burden on your time to describe it here. The utility of the *igloo* and reindeer clothing can not be exaggerated. Habituated as my party of four white men were, during our two winters in these desolate zones, to a constant life in these simple habitations, and the many comforts securing therefrom, I often marvel how white men could stand the distresses and hardships and dangers of a spring tent life on the many expeditions wherein tents were used. I have read so often of their sufferings while living in this manner and dressed in clothing made from the furs of the temperate zone, under circumstances that to my party would have absolutely been pleasure and of discomforts when even housed in ships, and the perils they risked in short daily journeys from these arctic districts, that I can scarcely believe that the natives could do so. When, under the same circumstances, my party was prosecuting a sledge journey, with no discomfort, 400 to 500 miles from its depot, with no provisions except such game as was killed from day to day, the conviction becomes twofold that the accessories of *igloos* and reindeer clothing are essential to a well-managed Arctic sledge journey. With their help the subject of the intensity of cold, strange as it may seem, becomes of secondary importance, and if it was not for the long dark night which accompanies the season of these depressions of temperature, a winter sledge journey could be carried forward in any part of the Arctic appropriate for it with no small chance of success.

And now a word in regard to this Esquimaux reindeer clothing. The native has two suits of it, an outer one with

the hair turned outward, and an inner one with the hair turned toward the body. This is true of the coat, pants and stockings. With the exception that the inner suit is generally finer and softer fur, being made from fawn skins or doe skins, secured earlier in the season, there is no essential difference in the two suits; in fact, by reversing either, it may be used as a substitute for the other.

On the latter part of December, I made a short sledge journey due north about thirty miles, so far as I could get through the high hills known to exist between Hudson's Bay and Wager River. I took only Toooloah's family and a Netschikull young man, Mitkolliull, and expected to be gone a couple of weeks, leaving December 28, in a severe snowstorm, which lasted four days. We pushed out, however, on our sledge journey, January 1 being the first fine day we had, and a rare New Year's treat it was, after so much dreary, dismal weather. Hoping that the day was prophetic of the coming year, I pushed on with light heart, but after all only succeeded in making some ten miles, owing to our having seen reindeer, which it is impossible to prevent an Esquimaux from attempting to kill after they have once laid eyes upon them. Thus an hour or two were lost, and when the day is but a couple of hours in length this becomes of importance. Toooloah's young man, the reindeer, the night before, the night of his former *igloo*, built while reindeer hunting, and where he had *cached* some four or five carcasses of reindeer. The Esquimaux *cache*, or meat cache, is built of loose, heavy stones, before the snow becomes deep or solid by freezing, and of that material afterward, with the addition of plenty of water to form a protecting cover of ice to prevent the depredations of wolves and wolverines, preventing anything smothering through, and also killing the scent which allures them to the place.

On the 8th of January, having satisfied myself that I could find a practicable route by this way to the Wager River, I started homeward, but feeling somewhat disappointed that I had seen no recent sign of musk-oxen, reported by the natives to be abundant in this locality. Their large carcasses, compared with that of the reindeer, makes them a more reliable and profitable source of large carcasses. On the 10th of January, the reindeer, and this was a very important item in my forthcoming sledge expedition.

I reached home on the 13th, the coldest weather I experienced on the trip being on the 13th, when about two hours before sunrise, the thermometer indicated —53° F. That day I made a journey of twenty-five miles, riding most of the way on the sledge, and at no time during that day did I feel more comfortable than I did on the 13th, when the thermometer —50° F., and I might here say that I really enjoyed the whole trip. I attribute this almost wholly to the Esquimaux reindeer clothing and constant living in a snow *igloo* like the natives, where the temperature is never above freezing and generally ten to fifteen degrees below that point. I do not believe—and my belief is confirmed by the written accounts of others—that any Arctic voyagers, housed in warm ships as they are, and in the usual Arctic winter, could stand such a journey without more or less material discomfort.

Once only did I learn the lesson of caution. I took off my right mitten in attempting to get a shot at a passing reindeer, the wind blowing stiffly in my face, and the thermometer —37° F., when the persistent refusal of the frozen gamecock to work for me, after I had waited for some minutes, I then intended. When I attempted to use it again, it seemed paralyzed, and looking at it, I noticed that the skin was as white as marble. Toooloah, who was beside me, noticed it at the same time, and with an Inuit exclamation of surprise, hastily doling both his mittens, grasped it between his warm hands, and then held it against his warmer body under his *coo-ke-tah*, or Esquimaux coat. I soon resumed its use, and although I felt for some time as if I was holding on to a hornet's nest, I experienced no more serious results than a couple of ugly looking blisters where the iron of the gun had come in contact with the bare hand. The reindeer escaped.

As the reindeer clothing is the warmest in the Arctic, so it makes the warmest bedding, two large skins made into a long collar-like bag or sack, the hair side in, being a sufficient protection in the coldest weather when in a properly constructed *igloo*. When the first severe cold came at Hudson's Bay, I was sleeping under a blanket and two fine buffalo robes, which I found as the thermometer sank below —30 to —40° F. to be inadequate to secure comfort, until I procured a reindeer sleeping bag, weighing not half as much after which cold nights were no longer dreaded. The robe of the American bison seems under the least provocation to become damp, and the furs of the reindeer, when once constructed as I explained in this manner, it is difficult to dry it and restore it to its former pliability in the low temperature of an *igloo*. The furs of the beaver and muskrat I found to be equally unsuitable in our mode of life, and I believe that all the other furs of the temperate zone would have shared the same opinion if tested in the same practical way.

I have said in my former articles that we started on our main sledge journey of the expedition with the prospect of a small herd of reindeer, although none were secured, owing to the barking of the dogs, but next day we were more fortunate, Toooloah killing two and Joe Eberling one out of a small band. All through the month of April our larder was constantly replenished by a fair supply of reindeer, which allowed us to save our civilized provisions and giving them a chance to rot away in the snow until the spring season as the natives did, as we assumed, so that the latter would not be forced to use us as a repulsive novelty. Our breakfast consisted mainly of boiled reindeer meat, some three or four pounds to each adult, followed by the heavy soup which was thus derived, thickened by a few crumbs of hard bread. Our suppers were the same, prefaced, however, by a good, generous supply of frozen reindeer meat, which we ate while we were waiting for the snow under the protection of the heavy *coo-ke-tah* hatchet into chunks about the size of the three fingers and then generally mashed by the back of the hatchet to convert it into brashy shreds before being chewed. The first effect upon taking this into the mouth is to chill one through, often making the teeth chatter, but the reaction is rapid, and followed by a genial warmth all over the body, especially if a generous supply of the frozen reindeer tallow (*loot-oo*) has been eaten. It can be said to be one method of cooking, and reindeer meat thus eaten tastes not unlike compressed corned beef made by the saltiness of that article. No attempt was ever made by us to salt it, although we had that necessary condiment along with us. One can soon accustom themselves to it without this when eating frozen meat, reserving it for the cooked in the pot. Seal and walrus meat tastes much saltier

than the roinder, besides the natives often cook the former in the salt sea water in whole or in part, and in this manner derive all that is necessary to supply them, and a quantity which is much less than that used by the cooks of civilization.

[To be concluded.]

LONG LAKE LOITERINGS.

HEARTILY concur with all Mr. Mather has said in regard to the shooting of deer in the Adirondacks before September 1. I can conceive of no more heartless action than the killing of a doe during the months when her young depend on her for life.

I have listened to the feeble bleat of a young and motherless fawn at midnight, in the still North Woods, my heart full of sympathy for the helpless little creature I could not aid. I have inwardly cursed the mighty "sport" who could do such an inglorious deed as to murder—for murder it is—the mother of the little innocent, and years ago resolved that no act of mine should be the cause of such pitiful misery.

It has been said that one's features are to a certain extent evolved from interior processes. A man who thinks viciously will look vile. A photograph of the man who shoots the mothers of young fawns would betray the face of a snake. Whoever shoots deer in the months of June, July or August, knows that he is liable to do the wicked things referred to; and the only way to keep clear of it is not to shoot deer at all during those months. A hunter, that no business in the world during that time, and July certainly, if he goes to fish, let that satisfy him. Even by September 1 venison is none too good. What must it be during the months named?

Some of the guides will not allow their patrons to kill deer out of season, but the majority of them give the matter no concern as long as they please those whose money they get. While at Long Lake last season, I had the pleasure of hearing a jury announce a verdict against a fellow who was shooting deer out of season. It was a flagrant violation of the law, and as there were several unimpeachable witnesses—two ladies among them—it was a clear case. A purse was made up on the spot that more than half paid his fine, and why? Because there were many in that crowd who felt guilty, knowing that they had either killed deer themselves out of season, or knew of those who had, and so, to ease their conscience, chipped in and helped. The man said that all who contributed were guilty, but some were, and some was no secret in the place.

That transaction revealed too much altogether; it revealed a brotherhood of law-breakers. There was one man—a guide—there, however, who showed his spirit as well as his principles, and savagely denounced the hypocritical sympathy manifested for the accused. He gave the true state of the case when he asserted, "that those guides who were guilty of similar acts, or who knew of those who were, and did not complain of them, were the worst enemies of the profession, and deserved the ultimate consequences—no employment on account of the extermination of the game." There are men at Long Lake, however—some of them in a judicial capacity—who are clear-headed on this subject, and if they have proper encouragement, will do much to execute the law.

Since I have referred to Long Lake, I will speak of other matters there. Most of the old readers of FOREST AND STREAM have some idea of the place doubtless, while hundreds of others have called there at least. The village is about four miles from the head of the lake, and has two or three hotels and a little church. Yes, and Lysander Hall—the man who stocked, or helped stock that lake with pickered. Now I am aware that Hall has had much more than his share of criticism. He says he picked the fish there, or, at least, helped do it, and the result has been, that they have afforded hundreds of visitors capital sport for years. The fish well cooked, fresh from the clear waters of the lake, are capital eating. Never have I tasted a more delicious fish than one that Mrs. Sabbath stuffed and baked one day two years ago, when an attack of the sick-headache rendered me unable to do anything. The dinner made of that five-pounder (taken by my better-half), made me feel so happy, that my disposition was improved for time and I, hope, for eternity, and I have loved Lysan Hall ever since, and hereby extend my hand in recognition of his valuable services to fish-loving humanity. I have fairly enjoyed hearing him swear, when he put on the gloves and went for his defamers, Mr. Dawson among the number. This was in the winter of 1871, and I was there, but as well as an enthusiast, but at the time Hall put the pickered in that lake, the speckled trout had almost disappeared. So, gentlemen, "let up on" Hall—all your choicest adjectives were exhausted long since—and go for Seth Green, who has introduced fish into some of the waters of the Adirondacks that will root out the trout faster than Hall's pickered ever did. Trout may still be had near Long Lake in fair quantities, but as "trout hogs" are not all dead, we may expect to see them exterminated ere long. Last season one of these pests took from Fishing Brook, five miles out toward Newcomb, about three hundred in a day, and said that the "sport" of catching these fingerlings amply paid him for his trip from New York. For a consideration invalids who cannot tramp far may obtain permission (this is a supposition only), of lawyer, farmer, blacksmith, merchant, parson and gentleman, Robert Shaw, to fish in his private pond near the lake.

I said before commencing this digression, that Long Lake had three hotels, Mr. Helms keeps a neat and comfortable house, the Kellogg place a short distance from the lake.

Mrs. Kellogg has a new house at the landing, which will accommodate fifty persons, and the post-office is here. The charges are moderate, and the place is very pleasant.

Last year Mrs. Dornburg & Butcher erected a spacious hotel on one of the most prominent points on the lake, near the village, which will accommodate two hundred guests. The house is built in modern style, four stories high, with French roof, and the rooms are large and pleasant. One of the grandest views in the entire wilderness is had from this house. Looking down the lake, that beautiful sheet of water extends for a dozen miles, while grand old Seward, and other lofty peaks, form an imposing background. One must watch with never-fading interest, the cloud shadows chase one another along the immense slopes of those ranges, forgetting meanwhile the petty cares that crowd our poor lives in slavish routine down the course of time.

The magnificent outlook from almost every part of this house must of itself attract many visitors. Its interior is first-class, with spacious dining room, large parlors, ample office, and all the adjuncts that make up an attractive and

comfortable house. I am no prophet if the tide of travel does not set thitherward, as it is one of the easiest places to reach in the wilderness. From Newcomb to the end of the Adirondack Railroad—the distance is a few miles further than to Blue Mountain Lake; but the road being less hilly, and as good as the other, the journey of forty miles is easily made. If there was a good road between Long and Blue Mountain Lakes, the tide of travel between the two points would be very great—the distance being but nine or ten miles. An extension of the telegraph line from the latter point would largely contribute to the result. The long journey via the Raquette, through lakes and carries, would then be avoided, to the relief of invalid tourists.

Game may be found in as great a supply in the vicinity of Long Lake as elsewhere, as was amply proved last year. The writer was camped during the month of September, only seven miles out, and had all the venison that any white man ought to kill in that time. Three deer were shot directly in front of the camp, that came in from some quarter not known to us.

While I agree with Mr. Mather, that hounding deer into a lake, and then dispatching them with a bludgeon, or shooting them from a boat, is not the most sportsmanlike method of capturing them, yet at that season it is about the only way they can be had. Later, after the snow has covered the ground, deer may of course be had by stalking; but most camps would see little venison if their capture depended on that manner of hunting. Even back or night hunting in June and July, and August if it were like (although not so many are taken in that way during that month), and on the use of dogs the rest of the season.

On an account would I favor their slaughter in the way it is commonly done, by killing them while close at hand in the water. Let us shoot at them like men while they are off at fair range, and give them a chance for their lives. The only objection to this would be the inability to aim them, so they would escape and die in the woods.

Last year our party killed them at varying distances, from four feet to forty rods, but I never shoot at one unless the chances are in his favor at a fair range. I will not, however, agree to do "Nessmuk" says he will—confine himself to a muzzle-loading rifle—and shoot but once, and if not killed, let them go. "Nessmuk" would draw the thing a little finer if he would dispense with a rifle and use a bow and arrow, which would also be lighter for that purpose. I will be proper, and will sink before the fall coat is full grown, and that fact makes it necessary to kill them while closest hand if they are to be killed in the lake. The fairer way is to let them gain the shore, and shoot as they are in the act of springing out of the water. We don't always get them, but who cares, there are more left and we have more fun hunting them. I had a favorite stand on a certain rock last year, and when the poor things came to the opposite side of the lake (which was the North Woods in), took careful aim with a twenty-inch Maynard, and let slide. Killed one at that distance and missed two. One bright morning I came a fine buck just opposite, when I threw up the rear sight for forty rods, but for some cause did not fire, but waited until he was reaching the shore not four rods from the spot where we stood. I then blazed away, supposing, of course, that a fresh pair of antlers would adorn the opposite side of the lake, but the deer was not there, and I had disappeared from my observation forever. Shot over, of course, with the forty-rod sight up, but felt a little stricken, all the same. Shouldn't have cared so much about it had not "the partner of my toils" saluted me with, "Humph! should think you had shot away lead enough to do better than that. Oh dear! I could do better myself." I think so might.

Bears abound in the vicinity of Long Lake, and one morning while the guests and I breakfasted at Kellogg's we heard the cry, "A bear! a bear!" a real wild bear! Up we all jumped, and on reaching the door, sure enough there was a shaggy black fellow over on the lake shore sixty rods away. Hearing the commotion, he reared upright, and disappeared in the woods. Dogs were put on trail, while three valiant sportsmen manned a boat and sped down the lake, landed and made for the mountain side where Bruin was supposed to be. He was not there, but the party retraced their way to the house, happy in the consciousness of having periled their lives for the safety of the people of that squattered hamlet.

A bear was killed in sight of the hotel thusly: Two men were coming up the lake, and saw the animal swimming; so, having no weapons, they drove him ashore and placed a lot of stones in the water. Then they pulled him until he again took to the water, when he got into the boat and fired the stones until he "kerfundermud."

A guide in search of lost dogs near by encountered a bear and shot him, when another showed himself, which he also killed. A third appeared, which was dispatched, when the man discovered that he had but two cartridges left, and fearing that more might be mousing around there, decamped as fast as his long legs would carry him. Ren Towne, while watching for deer on Slim Pond, killed a bear, or thought he did, until convinced to the contrary. There was some mystery about the affair, as Ren avers that he shot him four times in vital parts, and that the bear lay stone dead on the shore. The writer certainly heard him pumping that Winchester as fast as mortal man could, but never was able to account for the absence of the bear on visiting the spot with his guide.

A fine deer was shot in front of the house as it was going up the lake out of the new house.

From the foregoing it is expected that the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will understand that this writer and sojourner in this vale of tears is interested in the prosperity of the before-mentioned place known as Long Lake. I am, for, like many others, I have been elsewhere, and got—no, not fleeced—but got no game, no fish, no deer, no bear, and no panicles. Here we have all these without city prices. I have investigated the building lots, no real estate, and no insurance companies at that thriving place, and have no axe to grind—only a little hatchet. Here lives Uncle Mitchell S. battis, known to thousands all over the Union as a good guide, hunter and friend.

"That reminds me." There is a little church here, and Mitchell, as everybody calls him, has always taken a great interest in it. So good friends, when you ferry over Sunday, don't forget that this little church needs the aid of its friends. A dollar bill looks well in the bottom of a felt hat as it goes around the church in the hands of our friend. Besides, you will have the reputation of being rich, and it can't be got cheaper. Rev. John Todd, who used to come here to hunt and fish thirty years ago, gave the society a good boost, made friends of all the guides, and is held in everlasting veneration in that quarter, and has in all proba-

bility been given a good berth over on the side of the main forty. He did missionary work, and got his fishing and hunting long before people commenced to blab about the locality, consequently he had a good time. The people of Long Lake are in a fair way to become indebted to another habitué of the wilderness—Mrs. E. W. Crosby, of Albany, N. Y.—who has been laboring for two years to raise the necessary funds to establish a free library for the guides.

She has already about half of the amount that will be required to carry out the project, and its early completion is anticipated. There are many intelligent people there who will patronize the enterprise for themselves and families, whose means do not enable them to procure all the books they would like. Any contribution of books or money may be sent to her, and will be promptly acknowledged. The old-school people there do not care for the latest phase of thought, and a clergyman who attempts to give it them will hardly be appreciated. Style and tone, and all the fixings, may be had on the Raquette every summer, but here, religion makes no parade—is dispensed under no particular garb. Last season one of the big guns of Boston conducted the service on a Sunday, and as he was fresh from the woods, and at peace with himself and all the world, was in no mood to give 'em hell, and he didn't. He referred to man's relations to his Maker, and to his spiritual nature, after the method of treatment of such subjects among cultured and well read people, and the sermon was not a success. My guide more than intimated that if that was religion he didn't want any. The scattering of pearls does not always pay, even if they are picked up in the city that has had the benefit of the brains of Phillips, Brooks, Dr. Duryea, Theodore Parker, Emerson, Paine's Hall and Murray. TUNNIS.

RIVERFON, Conn., Jan. 22, 1883.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL. Second Paper.

SAILING out of San Sebastian River into Indian River, a break in the coast line opposite can be seen, which is the beginning of an attempt by the settlers in the vicinity to cut an inlet to the sea. Four or five miles below the mouth of San Sebastian we came to Pelican Island, an outlying island of some eight miles in extent, forming Indian River Narrows. For two years the pelicans had ceased breeding on this island, owing to their being continually harassed and wantonly and mercilessly shot by Northern tourists. This year they were again nesting and we paid them a quite visit.

On our approach the pelicans hovered uneasily around, while a rookery of egrets, cormorants and man-of-war hawks on a small mangrove island adjacent was the scene of great excitement and commotion. We anchored the schooner several hundred yards away and landed in the small boats. The dead and stunted mangrove trees and the ground of the entire island, of an acre or two, were literally covered by the nests of brown pelicans. Those on the mangroves were rude, flat affairs formed of sticks, those on the ground often consisted of but a handful or two of grass or rushes, while many eggs were lying on the ground. In some nests I found a single egg, a newly-hatched, naked, purplish-red pelican, and one four times the size sparsely covered with a yellowish-white down. This occurred so often as to attract my particular attention. There were usually two or three eggs or young in a nest. The young pelicans kept up a continual screaming and screeching as we approached them, darting out their long bills and opening their mouths, uttering a cry that sounded very like "gag-gag-gag." Some of the, however, were incapable of sound or motion, being literally "too full for utterance." It was very comical to see them sitting solemnly in their nakedness, their bills elevated vertically, with the tail of a fish sticking out and pointing heavenward. Pulling out some of these fish I found them sometimes twice the length of the young bird, bill and all, the lower or head-half of the fish being entirely digested. And thus they sat for hours in a state of perfect bliss and contentment. The pelicans were very tame, being literally "too full for utterance." It was very comical to see them sitting solemnly in their nakedness, their bills elevated vertically, with the tail of a fish sticking out and pointing heavenward. 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large bird, nearly as big as a goose, but flies and swims gracefully and swiftly. It, like the pelican, is remarkably so for the pugnacity of its body. Like the pelican, also, it has a gular sac, though a small one.

About ten miles below the Narrows, and nearly opposite Fort Capron, we entered Gardiner's Cut, at the entrance to which was the furthest camp of Arthur Park and Jim Russell, and a mile further on we anchored in Pinkham's Cove, near the sea beach, and just above Indian River Inlet. After a ramble on the beach, where we saw half a dozen immense blackfish stranded, we gathered several barrels of oysters, fished to our heart's content, and shot a number of eury and bay snipe. Toward evening we were driven away by the sandflies. Making sail we crossed the inlet and entered the Fort Pierce Cut. Here we encountered a school of porpoises and a number of large tarpon (*Megalops atlanticus*), the latter from six to eight feet in length. As they rolled out on the surface their bright armor of silver scales, as large as silver dollars, shone resplendent in the slanting rays of the setting sun. Jack was trolling and expressed a great desire to hook one, but it was well enough he didn't, for he might as well have been fast to a steam tug. We crossed over to Fort Pierce, on the mainland, four miles below Fort Capron, and dropped the anchor about dark. After a stroll on the beach, where we saw half a dozen blackfish, but the Rambler did it like a duck.

We went ashore at Fort Pierce to chat with Ben Hogg, who keeps a store at that place. Ben has a monopoly of the Indian trade in Southeast Florida, and buys their deer hides, gator teeth and beeswax. A party of Indians from the Everglades were then hunting back in the flat woods, their canoes being drawn up on the shore in front of the store. Ben has a good, snug, sloop in which he runs his occasional trips to Jacksonville, which he does at the inlet opposite leaving his guide wife and barn to tend store in his absence.

A few miles below Fort Pierce we stopped at Hermann's Grove for a supply of sour oranges for culinary purposes, sour orange juice and soda being superior to baking powders in the construction of the mysterious but gustatory flapjack. The old grove was originally founded by planting sweet orange on sour or wild stocks, but the trees having been burnt down to the sour stumps, the new growth, of course, produces only wild, or sour and bitter-sweet oranges. Below this, and about seven miles above the mouth of St. Lucie River, Mr. Richards has built a large house and has quite a clearing planted to oranges and pineapples. Nearly opposite, on the east shore, can be seen the hamak once owned by "Old Cuba." Four or five years ago a young man and his wife, from Philadelphia, who had bought a piece of land without seeing it, and found it to be located on the bald top of Mt. Pisgah.

The wind being favorable, we sailed up the south fork some four miles, being altogether about twelve miles from the mouth. Here we moored the schooner for a camp of several days, and had fine sport, there being an abundance of deer, turkey and quail.

One morning I entered a clump of bushes near a spruce-pine thicket, where I had seen some turkeys the day before, and began calling, or "keouking," with the intention of enticing some old gobbler within range. Just outside of the clump of shrubbery was a large bare space of white sand, which I had examined carefully for deer or turkey tracks before concealing myself. After a half-hour's fruitless endeavor I came out of my ambush, and saw a large panther, and the fresh track of a large panther, who had approached within six feet of where I was concealed. He evidently mistook my efforts at "keouking" for the complainings or agonizing cries of some turkey in sore distress, and thought to make a meal of it, but seeing me, he beat a hasty retreat, for his tracks led to and fro between the thicket and my hiding place.

One day I had perforated and blown some pelican eggs, and left them in a shallow box on deck to dry, when all hands went hunting. We returned after a few hours with a fine buck and some turkey. As I stepped aboard I noticed that one of the eggs was missing. Going toward the stern I found it on a coil of rope, and on picking it up, a fisher-er, sitting on a limb of a pine tree to which the bowline was made fast, uttered a hoarse and mischievous "eaw, eaw, eaw," seeming to say "you are a fool."

"Ah, you black rascal; you found it too light for sneaking and dropped it, didn't you?" said I, shaking my fist at him. "Caw, eaw, eaw," he laughed derisively, as he flew away. The fisherers are comical fellows, but very impudent and audacious. Some thirty-five years ago, when Squire Charley Moore of Lake Worth was a younger man, he was engaged in wrecking on the Florida coast. He and his comrades endeavored to render aid to a vessel wrecked on the coast of Lake Worth, which was separated from the ocean by a narrow timbered ridge, some two hundred yards wide, known as the "haulover." Anything of value found on the beach was conveyed across the haulover to the lake, where it was safe from observation, as the existence of a lake twenty miles long would not be suspected from the beach-side.

The fisher was hopped around the camp like a barnyard turkey, picking up and eating of everything that fell from the table of the wreckers. There was one crew that had lost a leg in some manner, who was made an especial pet on account of his misfortune, and in consequence became quite tame, feeding royally at the bounty of his friends, and to the great envy of his sable companions. But he was a great rogue. Like Silas Wegg, he slumped his way into the affections of his patron, at first amusing them by his grotesque antics and hoarse croaking, and like the double-baited Silas, insisting on double rations for "mellowing the voice." He became very familiar, hopping over the feet of the men for the tid-bits dropped to him; but his familiarity, as usual, bred contempt, and, like Silas again, he became aggressive and exacting, snatching food from hands that fain would have caressed him. As it was about the time of the Mexi-

can war, the wreckers, naturally, named him "Santa Anna." Whenever they returned to their camp on Lake Worth on Santa Anna and his companions were to be on hand. On one occasion they repaired to the lake after an unusually lucky expedition down the coast, but Santa Anna failed to put in an appearance on the first day; the other crews were there, but kept a respectful distance as was their wont. The second day came and passed, but with no appearance of Santa Anna. Then the men lamented him for a few days. But the next day, while at dinner, beheld the repentant Santa! He hopped about on his one leg in a very stiff, awkward and painful manner, and wild and seemed unusually sly and humble.

"He has been sick," said the men, "and has not quite recovered his strength."

"He don't look like himself, at all," said Charley, "he is thinner, and not so sleek and noisy; but he'll be all right in a few days. I once had a parrot that acted just that way, when sick."

"He's got a wonderful appetite for a sick bird!" said one of the men, as Santa gobbed the fragments of bread, bacon, fish, vinegar and sweet potatoes; for the men, in their youth, had heard of the fatted calf, and were very lavish with their grub, which they bestowed with eulogistic hands on the returned prodigal. But there is a limit to which the prodigal can go, and Santa hit it very early, and with success. Santa was filled to repletion. He made several ineffectual attempts to take flight, but his one poor leg was not sufficient or strong enough to give his overloaded body the upward boost required to enable his wings to come into play. He was weighed down with prog, like Mark Twain's jumping frog, with that.

"Poor Santa!" said the men, "he is very weak, quite ill." But while *debut* the "Poor Santa" was seen in the distance a second leg, which had been artfully drawn up and concealed, and then, by the combined effort of two good legs, and a quick preliminary squawk, accompanied by a hurried but contumelious "eaw, eaw!" he bounded upward with an "initial velocity" that would have gladdened the heart of a rifleman.

Each man looked at his neighbor, wistfully and expectantly, but silence reigned supreme. No one felt equal to the task. No one could do the subject justice. Alas! Santa Anna was dead, indeed; but worse than all, their hospitality imposed upon, and their affections outraged by the duplicity and usurpation of an infamous, dissembling and fraudulent fisher-er.

The black bass fishing of the St. Lucie cannot be surpassed in any place in Florida, or for that matter, in the United States. Their numbers are legion and their size monstrous; we caught them from two to fourteen pounds, the catch usually averaging five pounds. The boys, especially Buck, never seemed to tire of the exciting sport, of course throwing most of them back as soon as caught, when they were ready to bite again; for it was ent and come again with these voracious and gony large-mouthed bass; gony, indeed, as those of any other waters, though on account of the general sluggish current of these rivers they are sooner landed. Fish in fresh water seem to be endowed with more vigorous and lasting fighting powers, but which is really to be attributed to the force of the current, which aids them materially in their opposing and staying qualities.

At night the favorite sport of the boys was shark-fishing; and even at this remote camp, though fully twelve miles from the sea, they were able to catch several. On one occasion they looked and landed an immense soft-shelled turtle (*Trionyx chelyde*), whose carapace was nearly three feet long; he made a good pot of soup, and furnished some palatable steaks.

With a favorable wind we left St. Lucie camp and proceeded down the river, seeing several more manatees or sea-cows in the main stream, with one of which we had an exciting race for a short distance, as we swam a few yards behind, but was forced to make for the grassy bottom as the bow of the schooner touched him. They swim very swiftly for so unwieldy an animal, but make much fuss about it, leaving a wake as large as a steaming. Sailing down Indian River we soon came to Jupiter Narrows, near the head of which is a closed inlet, Gilbert's Bar; there was some talk of reopening the inlet, but the project was abandoned. The bay which we emerged into is known as the Sound, as the lower ten miles of Indian River is called. Here the boys had a surfeit of trolling for eruvale. At Coneh Bar, midway between the Narrows and Jupiter, we sighted the lower of Jupiter light, which we reached in another hour.

At Jupiter we found several parties of tourists; among others, Major Macrea and some of Philadelphia; Dr. Sweet and Dr. Badell, of Mass.; W. E. Spencer, of Iowa; Dr. Kellogg, of Pittsburg; Messrs. Mass and Clark, of Maine. Dr. Sweet had a whaling harpoon in his boat, and had some famous sport harpooning sharks and swish. Mr. James Armour is still chief keeper of Jupiter light, his assistants being Messrs. Spencer and Carlisle. He was very courteous during our sojourn, and twice he and Mr. Carlisle hunted with us their hounds, but the Indians had made the deer wild; turkeys, however, were plentiful enough. Mr. Armour had two boys associated with his life while we were there: a rife in the hands of an inexperienced person was accidentally discharged, the bullet just missing him; and in the afternoon, while descending from the dome of the lantern (a hundred feet from the ground) on an iron ladder which rested on the railing of the balcony surrounding the lantern, the rail broke as he set his foot on it. A less cool-headed man than Mr. Armour would have been hurled two hundred feet to the ground, but his cool impetuosity and level-headedness.

The boys had many a fierce contest with the large sharks and sawfish at Jupiter, catching many white and blue sharks from six to twelve feet long. Their shark fishing is always practiced at night, they being engaged in other sports and adventures during the day. These sharks are formidable man-eaters, and very plentiful enough. They are known by their large, and which, being encased in cartilaginous sockets, can be erected or depressed at will. With one snap they can take off the leg of a man as clean as the sickle of a mower can decapitate a quail. While the boys were playing a small shark, I have seen a larger one sever it completely in twain at one bite; and I have seen a piece as large as a shark's jaws taken out of the body of a man as clean as if it were a quail, and the man with a sharp knife. When it is considered how tough and myriofid is the skin or shagreen of a shark, the power of his jaws and the sharpness of his teeth can be imagined.

One night the boys tackled a foe worthy of their steel in a huge jewfish, or black grouper (*Epinephelus nigricans*). It took all hands to land it, and, as in the case of the sharks, a rife ball through the head to quiet it. The next morning

Mr. Armour weighed it on his steelyard, which it balanced at three hundred and forty pounds. The shark tackle consisted of four hundred and thirty-five feet of line and six or seven immense long-shanked shark hooks with chain and swivel attached. Some central-drift short-shanked hooks were completely straightened, proving that there are frands in shark hooks as well as in fish hooks.

At Jupiter, Buck left us, to our great regret, being compelled to return to Texas on business, for it was now the middle of February. He took passage with Capt. Hammon on the little steamer, the sharp rounded, into Indian River, and we waved our pleasant comrade in adieu with a friendly remembrance of gey, but our hearts were heavy as he left, for Buck was a great companion, a good shot, an enthusiastic angler, and a life-long hunter. As the boat passed from view around the bluff, Jack exclaimed:

"Forever, and for ever, farewell, Cassana.

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why, then this parting was well made."

There was no shark fishing that night, and the boys turned in early. The next day we went out over Jupiter Bar at high water slack, and with a head wind, consequently we had to use the poles in getting out. There was a heavy swell but not much sea, and with a light easterly breeze we made five or six miles in little more than an hour and a half than three hours. We ran the inlet about half way, but there not being wind enough to stem the strong ebb, we anchored until the turn of the tide. Lake Worth Inlet has increased in depth to about seven feet at low water, and withal is much straighter than at my former visit. With the young flood we entered the lake, and at once sailed down some six miles to the house of Squire Charley Moore, where we found as kind and jolly as our former location, and were vastly improved, a post office was established, new settlers were coming in, and all seemed prosperous. Two schooners were running to Jacksonville, carrying tomatoes, bananas, pineapples, etc., which, with the boats running to Rockledge and Titusville, afforded good transportation.

The next day we sailed down the lake to the residence of E. M. and John Brelsford, formerly of Xenia, Ohio, who seemed to be well pleased with their new location, and were living comfortably in their tropical home, which was doubly blessed by the presence of their charming mother and lovely sister who were spending the winter with them. We took tea with them, and afterward we all repaired to Capt. Dimmick's, where we passed a most agreeable evening, one very enjoyable feature being an impromptu concert by the ladies, with violin, guitar and piano, and a cabinet organ. Jack Squire and Skipper all took their part on this occasion, and in order to keep peace among them, and to preserve a proper state of discipline aboard the Rambler, I deemed it imperative to take our leave the next morning.

UP AND DOWN IN COLORADO.

BY HENRY L. ZIEGENFUS, RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, POTOMACREEPSIE, N. Y.

WE had heard much of the wearisome monotony of the plains, and of their caustic alkali, but we found both largely mythical. Well sheltered and well fed in the snuggly sleepers of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, we passed through Pittsburg, Lincoln and Red Cloud, over wide stretches of rolling lands covered with thrifty villages, with almost endless fields of corn and wheat, or with that rich, succulent grass on which vast herds of horses and cattle browse freely in winter as well as in summer. The soil is so exceedingly fertile that abundant crops are the inevitable result of skillful irrigation. More wealth will yet be gathered from the "Great American Desert" than can ever be dug out of those mountains so rich in precious metals.

Leaving the Missouri in the forenoon, the next morning found us in Denver. In the year 1870 it had a population of 4,759; at this date it is generally conceded that the Queen City of the Plains contains at least 65,000 inhabitants. It is regularly built, principally of brick and stone, along wide, densely-shaded avenues. In the central portion of the city are blocks of magnificent buildings, mostly devoted to business, and many more are constantly being added. The electric light turns night into day; tramsways, Herdie coaches and the telephone bring distant points into close contact; numerous schools and twenty-five or thirty churches are scattered here and there. Of periodicals there are about twenty. The *Republican*, *News* and *Tribune* are published every day in the year. The eight-page morning *Post* is published twice a week, and six times a week, and give constant evidence of ability, enterprise and undoubted prosperity. The *World* and the *Times* are bright stars of the evening. The *Great West*, a spicy weekly, is published under the editorship of "Brick" Pomeroy.

The city can boast of gas and water works, of the steam heating system, of a rolling mill, of seven banks, of a \$300,000 smelter, a \$250,000 stock house, a \$250,000 city hall, a permanent exhibition building 300 feet in length, a \$450,000 hotel, a government building, for which there is, so far, an appropriation of \$500,000, a union depot 508 feet in length, erected at a cost of \$150,000, and a \$700,000 opera house, which, in internal finish and appointments, is surpassed by any similar structure between the Atlantic and the Pacific. In spite of all this lavish expenditure the debt of the city is but a trifle, and the rate of taxation only one and a half cents for each dollar of valuation.

Looking from the heights of Denver westward the eye sweeps along the Rocky Mountains for more than 200 miles. Eastward the rolling grazing lands extend to the Missouri River. That the entire State was originally a grass-covered plain is evident from the fact that on the summits of the various ranges there are generally found the same soil and the same growths that are now to be seen on the level of the foothills. The uprise of the mountains, at a geologically late date, simply lifted, tilted and folded the rich alluvial deposits of by-gone ages. Barring the underlying and outcropping bed formations, the Rock Mountains are, as a rule, not rocky. Some of their highest elevations are smooth and stoneless as a newly-mown lawn, so that in passing westward from range to range one is again and again reminded of the closely-clipped pasture field of New York or Pennsylvania.

The trip from Denver to Pueblo southward and parallel with the mountains for 120 miles is a fitting preparation for the coming intermontane revelations. Castle Rock is passed, and numberless formations of its kind. Lake Palmer on the Divide, with its two highwater outlets, once seeking the Platte and the waters of the Missouri, the other flowing through the Arkansas into the Mississippi. A corner of

Monument Park is traversed, where many-hued sandstone, capped with igneous rock, assumes forms strangely grotesque. The Colorado Strata and the Mission del Santonio of the plains, and much more than that in all but fully. One ward by buttes and mesas, through the cattle on a thousand hills, through sage, and cacti, and the homes of prairie dogs, till Pueblo, the great manufacturing center of Colorado, is reached.

For the last hour the Rocky range had been reeding toward the West, in which direction we now set our faces, following the Arkansas through a low wide cañon, over grass and low brush fertility. We pass through the mesuaries of acres of maize, as tall and lush of growth as that on the rich soil of Iowa, through leagues of those diminutive simflowers, ubiquitous on plain and mountain, through dense groves of cottonwood and large fields of wheat and oats, a very idea of abundance, until we arrive at Cañon City. Here an observation car is attached to the rear of the train and speedily filled with tourists. We enter a cleft in the mountains, cut down from top to bottom by the ceaseless, age-long toil of those rushing waters. The sides converge more and more, till there is scant room for stream and road bed; higher and higher rise the many-colored, seamed and jagged cliffs; closer and closer, higher and ever higher, till the wonder of the Grand Cañon ends in the amazement of the Royal Gorge.

There is but scant room for the angry stream which roars away between the narrow rock walls. It lifts themselves straight up for more than half a mile. From river bed to pinnacle tip the distance is over three thousand feet. Over a bridge suspended from iron trusses mortised in the rock overhead, and following the stream lengthwise for ten rods or more, we pass the narrowest point, but thirty feet wide, and thus through grandeur indescribable ascend to Salida, ninety-six miles from Leadville.

A bounding mountain range is defined for Leadville in the north, west, one that is located in a westerly direction, and soon cross Poncho Pass, noted for its hot springs, its scenic attractions, and the abundance of its trout.

From Meers, eleven miles beyond Salida, the ascent toward Marshall Pass is extremely rapid, the grade being frequently two hundred and eleven feet to the mile. The road climbs up on one side of a valley, makes a turn at the end of it, and ascends the other side, then, rounding a projection, it reaches one that is located in a westerly direction, and is reached, at an altitude of 10,855 feet above the level of the sea. The direct distance from Meers to the summit is hardly more than five miles, but the curvings and lappings of the road cover no less than fifteen miles. The time consumed is one hour and thirty-eight minutes.

The outlook is magnificent. On either side slope down valleys for thousands of feet. Above us rises the peak of Mt. Corral, so bare and smooth and grass-covered that a child, delicately shod, could make the ascent with the greatest ease, so far as the overcoming of obstacles is concerned; but let the "tenderfoot" not rashly attempt it, for such is the rarity of the atmosphere, that breathlessness and throbbing temples are the usual results of the slightest physical effort.

In descending we curve down along well-imbowered mountainsides, through beautiful valleys, along trout streams of crystal clearness, over meadows and richly timbered, dotted with ranches, saw-mills and hamlets, till finally we enter a wide open plateau, and far in the distance catch our first glimpse of the city of Gunnison.

The town, with its five or six thousand inhabitants, is the capital of a county that is larger than Massachusetts and Rhode Island taken together. Along its wide and regular streets are the most magnificent public buildings. Beautiful structures of stone and brick indicate stability and prosperity and confidence as to the future. There are numerous schools, five or six churches, a fine court house, several excellent hotels, two banks, gas and water works, and two more than usually alert daily newspapers. There are now in course of construction a large smelter and a hotel that is to cost \$125,000. Situated as Gunnison is at the confluence of the main mountain ranges, it is connected by rail with the exceedingly fertile Uncompaggre Valley, surrounded by rich deposits of iron and anthracite coal, and by such flourishing mining towns as Ruby, Gothic, Crested Butte, Tin Cup, Tomichi and Pitkin, there can be no doubt that it is destined to become the most populous and affluent city in Colorado west of the Divide.

From Gunnison we took the train for Cimarron, which in August last was at the end of the track. For about twenty-five miles our course lay down through the valley of the Gunnison. As advance was made the scenery became more and more picturesque. On our right were rare specimens of nature's carving—mounds, pyramids, minarets, broad domes, tall, sharp spires, and lofty castellated heights of all hued magnitudes, until we entered the rock portals of the Black Cañon.

The tireless water has here also done marvelous work. On our left, across the stream, rise up steeply well-wooded acclivities thousands of feet in height, while on our right cliffs high as those of the Royal Gorge lift themselves skyward and darken this tortuous chasm. Fifteen miles of unrivaled grandeur, a little stream is crossed, and we halt at Cimarron, a typical end-of-track town. It was near mid-night when we arrived, yet the entire place seemed as if lights glimmered through every crevasse. There were tents and a transient railway clinic. It will not be long before this entrancing corporation will have no less than seventy-two hundred miles of steel-track in full operation.

As the tourist is carefully transferred over higher than Alpine passes, and whirled along steeply where even the venturesome mountain sheep never found a footing, or through gorges whose lowest depths of darkness the eyes of man and eagle could not penetrate, it can not help admiring the skill, the patience, the liberality, and the heroism so displayed. In

his excellent manual, "Health, Wealth, and Pleasure in Colorado and New Mexico," Mr. F. C. Xmas, of Denver, writes of the Royal Gorge, and other places like it, "Men and tools, and mules and carts were let down over the precipices by ropes, and men and animals received their food, like Elijah, from above, till they cut a track through the granite cliffs; how the surveyors first picked their way through the cañon on the ice, where before only fishes and birds had been; how the rockmen hung suspended in the air, and drilled holes in the granite for blasts that sent tons of rock crashing into the stream, with a noise louder than thunder."

By supplanting the stags and pack trains of burros, the Denver and Rio Grande Railway has been a most important factor in making Colorado the rich State that it is to-day. Into every mining camp that is worthy of consideration, and in any way accessible, branches of the road have been extended or are now being so advanced. In the Leadville region it is tapping such towns as Red Cliff, Dillon, Frisco and Breckenridge, ascending at Summit an altitude of 11,329 feet; in the Gunnison region, Crested Butte, Ouray, and Lake City; in the Salida region, Maysville, Bonanza, Bismark, and Saguache; from the Cañon of the Arkansas, Silver Cliff, Rosita, and numerous coal mines; and in the south, El Moro, Del Norte, Wagon-wheel Gap, and the New Mexicana Española—the richest portions of the State being, thus nourished and strengthened by these life-giving arteries of traffic. Well worthy are these men of our admiration, and of the \$800,000 that they are earning every month.

From Cimarron we return to Salida, and after a delightful wandering through Brown's Cañon, along the base of such peaks as Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, each more than 14,000 feet in height, Leadville is reached, the city above the clouds, with its fifteen thousand inhabitants, and its altitude of 10,200 feet. We knew that during the past year Leadville had produced precious metals to the value of more than \$16,000,000, and still we were surprised by the size and beauty of the city; by its blocks of substantial stone and brick buildings; by its churches, schools, opera house and many beautiful private residences. If one is in search of a rough and lawless mining-town, it is necessary to search elsewhere—in fact, it is necessary to emigrate from Colorado. Leadville is decidedly like any Eastern city of the same size, save that here some things are done openly that in the East are done behind fast-closed doors, but that are done all the same.

Leadville is surrounded by places of unusual interest, such as the snowy wonder of Holy Cross Mountain, the delightful summer resort at Twin Lakes, whose waters attract the angler, and whose glacial moraines will not be heedlessly passed by the geologist. The civil engineer will not forget to make a pilgrimage to the Calumet iron mines, where the branch railroad attains a maximum grade of four hundred and six feet per mile.

From Pueblo southward the journey offers very little of interest, save as the ever beautiful mountains in the west, and the Spanish Peaks in the south bewitch the eye with varying beauties of form and color; but from Wahatona onward interest increases with every added mile. Toward the mountains and upward among them lies our way. In the first half of the journey we ascend around curves of thirty degrees, and up grades of two hundred and thirty-seven feet to the mile. As the plain beneath recedes further and further the lifting up is felt. Our progress is slow and arduous. We unconsciously labor with the locomotive as through the stillness of the half-lit night its dry, metallic pinging smites our ears. Of a sudden a mist sinks down upon us and shuts out the last traces of the hitherto independent and pleasing prospect, and the road made around a deep, concave bend, and a sharp spurt up a long and steep ascent, when we emerge from the clouds and look down upon a vast ocean of light, rifted here and there by abysmal darkness—lands of blackness—lapped by multitudinous waves of soft, silvery whiteness, tinged with macerous sheen, so Veta Pass is crossed almost ten thousand feet above the tide.

To the grand valley on the other side of the range a rapid descent is made. San Luis Park, the largest of all in Colorado, being one hundred and forty miles long and sixty miles wide, covers an area considerably larger than the entire State of Massachusetts. With a few exceptions the plain is level as a floor, and devoid of all timber save where the groves of cottonwood fringe the numerous intersecting streams. Of the latter the San Luis and the Saguache flow in a westerly trend, and the San Luis Lake is formed from which there is no visible outlet. The soil is amazing in fertility, producing excellent crops wherever the irrigating ditches have been sent. Men of intelligence and enterprise are now spreading the waters of the Rio Grande over thousands of acres, and there can be no doubt that they will receive large returns for time and money so expended. Vast sections of the Park are still unappropriated, and can be purchased at government prices, a fact that ought to tempt many a toiler from the East.

Pursuing our journey we pass Alamosa in mid-afternoon, and soon thereafter a tonito, hard by the adobe plaza of Conejos, with its ancient church and convent, a typical Mexican town. Further onward another ascent is made. We now take a last look backward across the Park, and behold, eighty miles distant, the graceful outlines of Sierra Blanca, most beautiful of peaks along the entire range, and with one single exception the highest in the United States, having an elevation of 14,464 feet.

We then climb mesa after mesa in interminable windings, so that frequently six miles of travel are hardly equal to three miles of direct advance. At the "Whiplash" a section-house is passed three times in less than ten minutes, the track being shaped like a low and broad S, the width of which may be half a mile, and the height certainly less than eighty rods. The higher touches the hills of the lower track. So we wind along leisurely, rising higher and higher, till on turning the crest of a hill twenty-three miles from Antonito, we are surprised to find that we are skirting along the rim of the cliffs that overlook the beautiful Los Pinos Valley.

The scenery is unusually picturesque. As far as the eye can reach, back and forth, vale follows vale. The mountains approach the eye from the west, and rise and descend below with dense groves of bright aspen, while down in the valley beneath wanders the glistening streamlet through the grayish-green of grass and sage. On our side the scene is ever changing. Now we pass through groups of highly colored monumental rock; then by dark craggy monoliths of astounding heights, standing in startling contrast with cretaceous formations of almost endless hues, of delicate rose, bright yellow, and vivid green, alternating sharply

with reds and browns, and shades of blue, constituting a landscape that is unique and so strangely fascinating.

As the winding panorama unfolds before the tourist's widely notes that the end of the valley is reached, a bold mountain range seemingly cutting off every chance of egress; but the mountain side is climbed, the train rounds the out-jutting brow, thunders through a tunnel, and then runs along a narrow ledge cut into the precipitous cliffs of Toltec Gorge. But a stone's throw across rise up opposing rock walls more than two thousand feet in height. At dazzling depths below the foam-drenched stream rushes on, and lands are way. The narrow, graceful vales of beauty so transcendent that one longs for leisure there to rest for days and days, as do the sons of Nimrod and the disciples of Father Isaac that dwell in those white tents by the Los Pinos. But we must hasten on over the Divide at an altitude of more than 10,000 feet; through Chama, blest with genial Boniface and famous for its dairy trout feasts; through the forests of the Tierra Amarilla, one hundred miles in length, on whose brushless, grass-covered plains stand grand old pines, smooth of bark, and tall and straight as masts; then onward we pass by Amargo, the agency for the untidy, shiftless Apaches; by the wondrous trap dikes between Dulce and Navajo; over the Piedra and the Rio de los Pinos; then by Ignacio, among the yellow-topped tepes of the Southern Utes, owners of immense flocks and herds, and across the Rio Florida down into bustling Durango.

The first town built in Durango was sited in September, 1880, yet at this date it contains between three and four thousand people, who support a daily newspaper, two banks, numerous schools and churches, and one theater. A fine smelter, giving employment to several hundred men, has lately been erected. The town carries on an extensive wholesale trade with neighboring mining camps. Coal and iron of excellent quality and practically inexhaustible quantity are found in the immediate neighborhood. The long history of this vital business buildings speak of prosperity and presage stability.

Not far from Durango, west by south, are found some of the most interesting ruins of the ancient cliff dwellers, whose houses are hung "like eagles' nests among the lofty crags, and which far antedate the Teutonic ruins of Middle Ages."

Following the beautiful valley of the Rio de las Animas, we pass through fields of corn, fertility by privateers, we reach that betoken thrift and opulence, till a halt is made at Rockwood, eighteen miles north from Durango. We have hardly left this station before we find that the valley converges more and more until it culminates in the Grand Gorge of the Animas. Midway between top and bottom the roadway has been cut into the side of the perpendicular cliff. Beating heights are above us, and down below, at an amazing distance, the turbulent waters of the narrowly confined river. Here beauty and grandeur have kissed each other—the beauty of rock and mountain slope, of the swish and sheen of water, and the grandeur of mass and astounding height. At every turn of the river new beauties are revealed, new vistas of exceeding loveliness. Those waters of brightest emerald flow garrulously over shingly bed, or gather quickly in still, dark pools, or rush impatiently through narrow clefts, and from height to height dash their way to a seductive whiteness. For thirty miles river and road run side by side, closely pressed by cliffs and wooded steeples that rise abruptly more than four thousand feet on this side and on that, thirty miles of exquisite enjoyment, and then the valley winds out, and there before us in Baker's Park lies superb Silverton, surrounded on all sides by lofty, snow-tipped mountain ranges. The scene is remarkably Swiss-like. The groups of low, flat-roofed houses, the beautiful meadows, and the clustering of the cool trees, and the cloudless sky of darkest blue, all these most recall for many a one memories of happy Alpine days.

But the place is intensely American. The streets are clean, wide, right-angled, and bordered with irrigating ditches filled with the clear, cold water that comes down from those snowy summits. Thousands are digging in those mountains and bringing forth treasures in abundance. With its hospital and telegraph office, its saloons, and newspapers, one does not feel as if he was on the frontier. Person and property are as safe in Gunnison, Leadville, Durango or Silverton as in any town of the same size along the Hudson River.

In a quiet way Silverton is honeycombing the mountains and gathering great quantities of valuable mineral, most of which is now being sent to Durango for treatment, but it is expected that before the close of this year the Beckwith smelter will be ready to go into operation in Silverton itself.

In returning from the Silver San Juan toward Denver we stop at Alamosa and make a side trip of 125 miles to Lake City. Forty miles northwest from Alamosa, at Del Norte, we enter one of the stages of Sanderson's Overland line at half-past ten in the morning, and reach our destination at four o'clock on the following morning. Our leisurely journey lies along the wide and charming valley of the Rio Grande del Norte, on either side of which lofty, many-colored cliffs and fiore-covered mountains are standing guard. As Wagon-wheel Gap is approached quietness gives way to grandeur, the mountains on the south and the walls of rock on the north drawing near and nearer till at last height almost touches height. A capital place is this to tarry at with rod or rifle. About a mile south of the little Maysville Inn, Fishman's, the hunter may find a most excellent and close by two hot springs far-famed for their medicinal virtues. In one of these the water boils up at a temperature of 150 deg. F., while hardly ten feet from it there is a spring of water intensely cold.

The narrow rock gateway of the gap having been passed, the scenery relaxes into the serene quietness, till at Antelope Springs the river is forsaken, and the road turns inland to the mountains. The mountains are now in the region. As we climbed up to an elevation of more than 10,500 feet on one of the last days of August, a dreadful snowstorm was encountered. With the velocity of a hurricane it rushed down upon us, churning the thickly falling flakes in a blinding fury, till landscape and pathway were completely blotted out. The horses' feet bailed so badly that we could but creep along slowly in a temperature bitter cold.

Quickly as the storm had burst upon us so suddenly it passed by. The sun shone at once with mid-summer brilliance and intensity. The dark green branches of the evergreens were heavily snow-laden, while the crystal ice speckled aloft in the air and the whiteness under foot were touched of rare iridescence.

Corduroy is here called an excellent roadway, and over six miles of it we thundered along at terrific speed, then

down the Pacific Slope in almost headlong descent, on through the scenic beauties of the unpopulated Shumagin into the diminutive park in which lies the out-of-the-way hamlet by prophetic fence called Lake City.

Like Zion of old, the result is "by situation." Lying at an altitude of nearly ten thousand feet, and remote from the centers of traffic, it nevertheless has daily mails from all directions, telegraphic, stage and express lines, two weekly newspapers, a fine public schoolhouse built of brick, several churches, a flourishing bank, and numerous shops that drive an immense trade with the contiguous camps.

To the south of the town, and several hundred feet above it, extends the distance of the Gunnison branch is but about thirty-five miles, in which direction most of the freighting and traveling is done.

Of its two thousand inhabitants the great bulk is digging in the silver-laden mountains. The extensive smelter established by and still under the management of Messrs. John J. and Robert Crooke, has been an incalculable blessing to the place, furnishing the mineral cash for his ores, and giving employment to hundreds of others.

Here, as elsewhere in the State, there are many mines that are most undeservedly buried under bad names. Rich leads lie undeveloped because capital is too timid or too faithless to come and make personal inspection and effort. Not mining stocks ought to be bought, but mines; for most true it is, that excellent claims can be purchased in almost any portion of the State for sums ranging from \$1,000 to \$10,000. Unfortunately too many buy simply on speculation, and speculation at last invariably defeats its own ends. The mine ought to be bought to be worked, fairly and honestly, just as the mine of coal or iron is worked. Success in mining means personal presence and interest—it means intelligence, clear grit and hard work. Fortunes would fill the coffers of thousands of disconsolate stockholders if they had the courage to work their mines on a large and generous scale; for as rich holds, in Colorado at least, that the deeper the shaft the richer is the mineral output.

From Lake City we return to Antelope Park, the sportsman's paradise, a quiet, restful retreat in the very heart of the Sierra Madre. Here the waters are alive with trout, and plain and height are the haunt of the antelope, the mountain sheep, the black-tailed deer, the bear, and the elk. At Galloway's, up at the head of the Park, the tourist will find a genial, sympathetic host, a warm welcome, large, comfortable rooms of exceeding neatness, and such dishes of venison and unshrooms as he never tasted before, and probably will never taste again, unless the pilgrimage be repeated. It is well worth coming two thousand miles to revel in such limitless wealth of sport, to breathe air so pure and life-giving, and to feast the eyes on such magnificent mountain views.

We have cast the fly in the Tomiehit, the Gunnison and the Cimarron; we have partaken of the treasures of the Los Pinos, the Piedra and the Rio de las Animas, and uniformly we found the fish abundant and most excellent; but nowhere can the angler so speedily burden himself with good, solid trout as he can at almost any point on the Rio Grande, between Del Norte and Antelope Park. With a red or brown hackle, a dark or whitish fly, and a vice bit of a gnat, with a little rod, high wading boots (the water is of icy coldness) and a fair share of the angler's instinct—given these, and one man can not only snip but easily ground a good-sized camp; that is to say, if sixty or seventy pounds are sufficient to compass that end.

For sixty miles or more the turpicks follows the course of the river, whose banks are generally free from overhanging trees or undergrowth. It is so shallow that it can easily be waded at almost any place.

The open season begins with July and ends with November, of which July and September are said to be the choice months. In August rains are not infrequent, and fly-casting in the turbid waters of the Rio Grande is reported to be a waste of time.

The head with trap, net and cartridge is not unknown, in fact, some mountain streams he has already nearly depleted. Giant powder does occasionally happen to kill one and another of this pestiferous tribe, but it is doing its good work with painful slowness. The angler's hope and good wishes rest with The Colorado Game and Fish Protective Association, of which W. N. Byers, Esq., of Denver, is president.

Through a blinding snowstorm the genial host took us to Antelope Springs, picking up game of divers sorts here and there by the wayside, and leaving us there to the mercies of the Overland line and the pitiless cold. James P. Galloway is an admirable specimen of the genuine Western pioneer. In times most tumultuous he has ever been on the side of law and order. Far and wide his worth is acknowledged, and it is because of his law-like ways that he has been considered in the upper house of the State Legislature. Heroic deeds he has done, yet there is in him the gentleness of a child and the courtesy of a prince. Let him that doubteth go and see.

GRAB AND GREED.

I AM more than glad to see your hands up against the Yellowstone outrage. You, with Senator Vest and others, are doing good work for the nation—building better than you think, possibly. Time only can give final results, but at least the swindlers shall not win untried.

I have lived to see the Mammoth Cave and Niagara Falls degraded to rare show for the benefit of landlords, hucksters, hucksters and hucksters. And now the three grand parks on the face of this favored land are being desecrated to the same tune of money, money, Grab and greed. When the glorious Adirondack region has been converted to a misanthropic desolation, and the sources of its beautiful rivers dried up from the Moose to the Hudson, until the latter will not flow a first-class stemboat to a hundred miles above New York, city, when these grand old streams are bringing malaria instead of health to the dwellers along their banks; when the Yosemite and the Yellowstone parks are properly parceled out, appropriated, labeled and tariffed, the public may wake up and enter a hotless protest, but too late. The mischief will have been done; rings and companies, having beaten and swindled the people in-

terly, and each other as badly as possible, will have "whacked up" and got away with their plunder. And human skill will not be able to make good the desecration and desolation by a century that a few greedy hoodlums have wrought in a single year.

I have often wondered, when cruising among the "drowned lands" of the Adirondacks, why the guides did not hoist every dam in the wilderness with dynamite. It is no answer to say this would be lawlessness; it were rather self-defense. When any man or any number of men assume the right to poison the air I must breathe and the water I and my family must drink, it is a duty to blow his villainous traps sky high, if I can. "Logic is logic."

Maybe I shall live to see the dawning of a day when the almighty dollar will be not all in all, but the outlook is not a bright one. N. S. S. S.

Natural History.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to The Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to the publishers, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

STRIGIDÆ: THE OWLS.

137. Barn Owl—*Strix americana* Aud.; *Aluco fuscus* Aud. *Strix americana* Ridg. 394; *Aluco fuscus* *viridifrons* Cs. 461.—Accidental straggler. In June, 1866, I saw a fresh specimen of this owl in the workshop of L. C. Daniels, taxidermist, at Portland, Me., and was informed at the time that it was shot at Falmouth, Cumberland county, Me.

138. Great Horned Owl—*Bubo virginianus* Aud., Ridg. 405, Cs. 462.—Common. Not abundant. Probably resident. Breeds. Owls of this species abound invariably, if not always, have a very marked odor, such as is emitted by the common skunk. So constant has been this mephitic odor in all the adult specimens I have examined, as to suggest that it emanated from the birds. But close investigation has convinced me that in all cases this perfume had been acquired by contact with the mammal, which probably had been attacked by the bird as an object of prey.

An owl of this species found by a friend of the writer one morning in his henhouse, where about one hundred fowl were confined. The owl was standing upon the ground, surrounded by dead ducks and hens slain by it. During the previous moonlight night this bird had darted through a window that was close to the perches of the fowl, which were probably seen, and therefore attacked. Once within the inclosure, the owl had either remained by choice or was unable to find the aperture, effected on its entrance by the breaking of a pane of glass, and the space was too limited for flight and darting through another pane. A bit of wood in the hands of the owner of the slain poultry soon stretched the owl beside its victims.

139. Screech Owl, Mottled Owl—*Bubo asio* Aud.; *Scops asio* Ridg. 402, Cs. 465.—Uncommon. No record of the nest and eggs of this species have been found in Maine, but it probably has regular summer visitant to Western Maine from more southern localities. Mr. Boardman regards it as "very rare" in Eastern Maine. In the summer of 1880 an owl of this species flew into a hotel at Bangor, and was there captured, and its skin was preserved. No other specimen has recently been taken in that vicinity.

In Western Maine the species is not very rare, and a few may be there resident throughout the year. Prof. Verill, in his list of the birds of Norway, Me., mentioned this species as "resident, common, breeds," and the same list mentions the short-eared owl as of "probable occurrence" only. Yet the latter species is common along the coast, but the screech, or little red, owl is decidedly uncommon on the coast, even of Southwestern Maine, and does not appear to be of common occurrence anywhere in this State.

140. Long-eared Owl, Snowy Owl, *Asio auriventer* Ridg. 395; *Asio villosus* Cs. 472.—Common. Probably some remain throughout the year. Breeds. One of the most common in Maine.

141. Short-eared Owl, Marsh Owl—*Otus brenkeghous* Aud.; *Asio accipitrinus* Ridg. 396, Cs. 473.—Common. Arrives in April. Breeds on the ground; lays four dull white eggs with a slight bluish tinge. This owl is common all along the coast in suitable localities, such as meadows and marshes. It is rather diurnal in its habits, and I have observed it seeking food on bright sunny days, as well as during cloudy weather, and in the evening.

Its favorite haunts are the marshes, and it resembles the marsh hawk in its habits of flying low over the meadows in search of its prey, upon which it pounces when discovered, but rarely pursues it. I have never known of its occurrence here in winter.

142. Great Gray Owl—*Syrnium nebulosum* Aud.; *Ublu cinereus* Ridg. 399; *Strix cinerea* Cs. 474.—Rare. This is the largest North American *Strigidae*, exceeding in size the great horned and snowy owls. It is only occasionally taken in Maine, where it probably occurs merely as a rare and irregular visitor from the north in winter.

143. Barred Owl—*Syrnium nebulosum* Aud.; *Strix nebulosa* Ridg. 397, Cs. 475.—Abundant. Resident throughout the State. Breeds. The most abundant species in Maine. This owl is easily decoyed by an imitation of its cries. They are apparently of a very social disposition, and are not infrequently found together. I have called them about my camp to the number of four or five in an evening, in a favorable location where they were abundant, and they would remain in the neighborhood, uttering throughout the whole night, keeping up their peculiar call conversation, and occasionally hooting replies to more distant birds of the same species.

144. Snowy Owl—*Surnia nyctea* Aud.; *Nyctea scandiaca* Ridg. 406, Cs. 479.—Irregularly common. Visitant from the north in autumn and winter. More commonly seen along the coast than inland. It is rather abundant throughout the whole night, keeping up their peculiar call conversation, and occasionally hooting replies to more distant birds of the same species.

might was frequented by a number of white owls, and I devoted several hours of the day and evening to watching their movements. During the day they were rather inactive, perching upon rocks watching some pool for crabs or fish with a patience rivaling that of Izak Walton, and when approached would fly but a short distance from rock to rock. They appeared to be rather shy, and much more so than are usually the owls of other species.

The markings of the plumage of the snowy owls vary greatly. Upon some the black seems rather to predominate, and I have seen one specimen almost entirely white. It is reported by Mr. Boardman, *Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci.* 480.—Not very common. Autumn and winter visitant from the north. Possibly a few may be resident, but there has not been an instance of its breeding in Maine reported, yet it is quite probable that a few of the species may do so.

146. Tengmalm's Owl—*Ublu tengmalmi* Aud.; *Nyctaleu tengmalmi* *richardsoni* Ridg. 400, Cs. 483.—Rare winter visitant from the north. Mr. Barry Merrill obtained one of this species in the city of Bangor in March, 1876. The bird was in the street, and appeared to be so dazed by its surroundings that it was easily knocked over with a stick. In this connection it is interesting to recall the fact that the great naturalist, Audubon, procured at Bangor, Maine, "in the beginning of September, 1832," the only specimen that he ever saw alive. Mr. Boardman has obtained a number of specimens, and taken one winter. Two of this species were taken in Maine, were brought to Portland in November, 1882.

147. Acedian Owl—*Ublu acedina* Aud.; *Nyctaleu acedina* Ridg. 401, Cs. 483.—Common. Undoubtedly some are resident throughout each year, and it probably breeds in Maine. Although the discovery of its nest and eggs has not been reported, immature specimens have been taken, and the adults preserved during the breeding season. This little owl, the smallest I ever known, is sometimes termed the "saw-whet owl," on account of some of its notes resembling the sound produced in filing a mill saw. The immature birds have been termed "white-fronted owls," on account of the coloration of plumage, varying from that of the adults. An acedian owl was captured alive in a stable on State street, Portland Me., January 13, 1875, by my nephew, Everett Smith, and I had the honor to see it. It was seen at the time in the garden near by. This captured owl I kept alive, and occasionally permitted it the freedom of my chamber, that I might better observe its habits. Upon one night, after I had stuffed and mounted several redpoll linnets, and left them upon a piece of furniture in my chamber, the little owl aroused me from sleep by the complaint of spirited attacks upon the stuffed birds, and these attacks were repeated ever after I had arisen, illuminated the room with gaslight. No sooner had I picked up one of the stuffed birds which had been knocked down than the owl made a dash at it while held in my hands. It missed its prey, but not me, and I learned that my midnight apparel would afford but little protection against the needle-like claws of this diminutive owl. The bird was subject to convulsions, apparently of an epileptic nature, and when these attacks would utter repeated cries of distress until it fell off its perch, and after a little tremor became rigid. These attacks gradually became of frequent occurrence, until death finally ensued.

FAMILY FALCONIDÆ: THE FALCONS.

148. Iceland Gyrfalcon—*Falco islandicus* Aud.; *Meropelia gyrfalco* *islandicus* Ridg. 424, Cs. 500.—An exceedingly rare falcon from the north. Geo. A. Boardman, Esq., has in his collection two specimens of this species of gyrfalcon, both of which were killed near the mouth of the St. Croix River. A gyrfalcon was shot at Cape Elizabeth, Cumberland county, Me., October 13, 1877, probably referable to this species, and its skin is now in the collection of Prof. J. T. Stanton.

149. Labrador Gyrfalcon—*Falco gyrfalco* *islandicus* Aud.; *Falco gyrfalco* *islandicus* Cs. 500.—Mr. Boardman has had three specimens of this gyrfalcon in his collection. Two of these were killed near the mouth of the St. Croix River, in the Bay of Fundy.

150. Peregrine Falcon, "Duck Hawk"—*Falco peregrinus* Aud., Cs. 503; *Falco peregrinus* *anatum* Ridg. 414.—Rare. Occasionally seen during migration. Mr. Boardman reported the capture of a specimen of this species at Penikese Island, in the Bay of Fundy, many years ago, but there appear to have been none frequenting that locality within the last few years, and the species is now but rarely seen anywhere in Maine. The capture of a specimen in the autumn of 1876 at a house on Cape Elizabeth, occupied by Daniel W. Fessenden, Esq., is recorded in an interesting contribution to the Proceedings of the Portland Society for the History of the Birds of Maine, which was read before the Society April 3, 1882: "The hawk chased a pigeon into the corner of a veranda surrounding the house, and was so absorbed in killing its prey that Mrs. Fessenden threw a shawl over it and took it alive."

151. Pigeon Falcon, "Pigeon Hawk"—*Falco columbarius* Aud., Cs. 505.—*Falco columbarius* *ridgwayi* Ridg. 417. Not so common during migrations. Rare in the spring, but more commonly seen in the autumn. In this latter season the plumage of the upper parts of this hawk is dark blue, and this appearance, with the size of the bird and its swift flight, gives it a semblance to the common wild pigeon; hence the name "pigeon hawk." No instance of this species breeding in Maine has been reported, and probably those seen here breed in more northern regions.

152. Rusty-crowned Falcon, "Sparrow Hawk"—*Falco sparverius* Aud., Cs. 506; *Falco sparverius* *sparverius* Ridg. 420. Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds in trees, commonly in holes; lays five or more cream-colored eggs covered with blotches and spots of brown. This species is very common in Eastern Maine, where it breeds, but is not commonly seen in Western Maine except during the migrations. The name "sparrow hawk" is quite inappropriate to this bird, as it does not prey upon sparrows, and the name is commonly given to this little hawk consists of insects and small reptiles. I have many times watched hawks of this species associating with small birds, and not only have they always refrained from attacking them, even under the most tempting circumstances, but the small birds do not evince the alarm that is always manifested upon the approach of swarms of insectivorous birds. I have never known a sparrow hawk when shot at a time when small birds were very abundant and insects, etc., comparatively scarce.

Although to a great extent subsisting upon grasshoppers, crickets, beetles and other insects, as also mice, small snakes, etc., yet these hawks have been reported as occasionally attacking with determination birds of various sorts, including even the tame swallows and domestic pigeons, unless the at-

counts of the latter incidents can be referred to the sharp-shinned hawk.

This bird of falcon much resembles the European kestrel, not only by its coloration of plumage, size and general appearance, but its cries greatly resemble those of its European cousin. And in comparison with the name "sparrow hawk," it may perhaps be rather more appropriate to term our bird the American kestrel.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

REPTILES AND THEIR HABITS.

I AM tempted to say a few words on the innate vicious disposition of the snapping turtle, and to refer to an incident to which there are living witnesses. An adjoining farmer turned up with his plow a number of eggs, and brought them to me to examine. They were near the size of pigeon eggs, and covered with an elastic tough membrane. On opening, several they were all found to contain turtles about the breadth of a thumb nail. All were alive and soon began to crawl about, and to prevent falling off the board they were turned with a broomstraw, at which they would snap and bite as viciously as would the parent turtle.

Write on the subject of natural history, and the pen in hand, I will briefly refer to another incident, and in part in reference to articles read in FOREST AND STREAM. Some writers have on the basis of the opinion that serpents propagate their species without the intervention of eggs, and also kill their prey before devouring it. I believe neither to be correct, and know the rattlesnake is propagated from the egg. Some years ago, in company with several acquaintances, I visited a den three or four miles southwest of Oakland, Garrett county, Md., for the purpose of destroying them, early in May. We had killed quite a number—two under one rock, and one in a hollow shell. I then I stepped to a high rock which overlooked the den, on a south hillside of a acre of loose shelly rocks, on and under which the snakes were usually found sunning themselves, after leaving the den in a semi-torpid state, and before roaming abroad for food. My attention was attracted by a peculiar sound. After carefully examining the surroundings, I discovered a large rattlesnake in coil on an adjacent rock some twenty feet distant, and apparently in a good rage, possibly near its maternity. As my position was free from danger, I observed it for several minutes before firing. I had killed scores and scores of rattlesnakes, and it was the first instance of one causing any sound other than by the rattle. The snake would inflate the body to nearly double its size, then so forcibly eject the air as to produce a blowing, and almost a whistling, sound, in addition to the rattling, and could be heard twenty-five or thirty yards. After killing it and approaching to take the rattles, in the body mutilated by the explosive shell, we counted twenty-three eggs, and each contained a living serpent in embryo.

As to the belief of some that venomous snakes kill their prey by poison before devouring it, this is, in my opinion, incorrect. I have been informed by many intelligent mountaineers, whom I consider entirely reliable, that they had often seen rattlesnakes in the act of swallowing their prey, and it was invariably alive while visible, not killed previously.

Some years ago a friend in the Alleghenies sent me—and unasked for—a large live rattlesnake in a box, which he had captured in May. My first impulse was to destroy it, but it was so much of a curiosity here that many visitors—and from a distance—came to see it. I decided, therefore, to construct a secure cage, and observe its instincts; strong by themselves, but in a small, confined space, and covered with woven wire, a sliding metal door, locked, and key in my pocket. With a similarly arranged box placed at one end food and drink could be introduced without a possibility of danger. It lived two months, but during an unusually cold spell froze to death. During that time it took no food whatever, except about two tablespoonfuls of milk. It killed all the rodents put into the cage, but would not feed on them. A small crippled bird was introduced. This, on hopping on the snake, was struck on the neck and almost instantly killed, did not live two minutes. I saw it repeatedly afterward attempt to swallow the bird, but the moment it reached the poisoned part, it would invariably throw it out. Hence, with this and other evidence as conclusive, I doubt the rattlesnake's killing its prey for food—by poison. Having a ditcher at work on some small creek, I introduced a "rat" and a "snake" to its brother "serpent." When placed in the cage the snake appeared to dread it and would not permit the rat to touch it, changing its position constantly as approached by the rat, but would not strike it. It was amusing to witness a deadly serpent completely conquered and cowed by a harmless cat. I have witnessed two conflicts between snakes of different species, the first between a viper and a blacksnake; the latter was the victor by coiling around a stick, and crushing the strangling the viper; the second, quite recently, was witnessed by several persons—a mottled, black and white snake was captured by one of my sons to send to the Academy of Natural Sciences as an unusual species, and in the same box was afterwards placed one of another species, about half the length of the large one. Very soon the larger seized the smaller one, and began to crush it with its fangs; the box was so small that the snakes, by morning, the smaller one was invisible. Nor was there any mystery about it, as escape was impossible, and from the previous conflict and largely increased size and torpor of the victor, it was clearly demonstrated that the larger one had killed the smaller, and then swallowed it. Of this fact my were fully convinced beyond a doubt, and so end my snake stories. I have heard a saying that "dog won't eat dog," but I am fully satisfied that snake will eat snake just as much as that a cat will feast on his frowns. E. S.

SANDY SPRING, Maryland, Jan. 1893.

MAINE WINTER NOTES.—Bethel, Me., January.—By a private letter last week from an old hunter friend over in Somerset county, Me., he informs me that recently prospecting in those deep forests, he came across moose signs, and as he followed up the buildings and buildings, ran fall to winter works, and finally struck the droves or tracks of two moose freshly made, and by careful creeping he discovered in the distance two bull moose, both armed with fine, heavy antlers, looking the picture of loveliness to his old hunter eyes. In trying to creep nearer to get a shot, he accidentally stepped on a dry limb, which cracked with so loud a noise as to frighten the game, who made off at a tremendous pace. This shows that the Maine woods are not entirely depleted

yet of the noblest game ever roamed these woods. Today (the 25th of January) I shot a very beautiful male grouse. Snow buntings are quite common here this winter. A chickadee and a sparrow are constantly about my door yard, and the former takes his meals from a large sunflower hanging by the side of my woodshed. Our location is twenty miles east of Mt. Washington, of the White Mountain Range, and the thermometer keeps way down below zero most of the time.—J. G. R.

PINE GROSBEAKS IN NEW JERSEY.—Stanley, Morris Co., N. J.—While sitting by the window on the 16th of December I saw six strange birds light on an apple tree a few yards from the window, and commenced eating the decayed and frost-bitten apples that remained on the tree. I finally recognized them to be pine grosbeaks (*Pinicola enucleator*). They continued feeding for about five minutes, when they flew to some pine trees near by, where they commenced feeding on the seeds. Having satisfied themselves they returned to the apple tree. Thus they went from pine tree to apple tree and back three or four times. I noticed one peculiarly in their feeding, that is, each separately had selected an apple and always returned to feed on the same one. Very unluckily for me it was Sunday, if it had not been I would have added some of their skins to my collection. They were mostly immature birds with the exception of one or two mature females.—HARRY DE B. PAGE.

Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, and will be taken from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

THE CANEBRAKES OF ISSAQUENA.

THE cotton-planter and his sous are, as a general thing, fond of their guns, rods, dogs and horses, and in this part of the country are blest with a land teeming with game and fish, offering unequalled facilities for frolic sport. In hunting for game, bear and deer, as well as the snipe, are the dog takes an important part in the principal one. Such being the case, it may interest your readers to describe the favorite dog for the several occasions.

First is the bear dog—a mongrel, part cur and part hound, full ear, full blood—a motley collection. The "trail" dogs are usually full hound, although it is questioned by some whether the full hound or half pointer and half hound is the best for this purpose. Be this as it may, the packs I have in view are by full hound, English stag and Virginia fox-hound, and they are capital ones, too. The fighting dogs, those who do the heaviest work, are generally of the mongrel kind—terriers, curs, hounds, etc, mixed and intermixed until it would be difficult to trace distinctions. Bruin stands a poor show in a contest with these fellows, and generally loses after a race of an hour or so, and is then easily shot by the hunter.

Now and then a "tough customer" is raised, and a square fight with the dogs is made, usually ending in Bruin's defeat, and another short race, a second stand and fight, another run, and so on, until some fortunate hunter gets into the fight in time to get in a shot, which terminates in the death of Bruin. The victory is signalled by the "call blow" sounded from the horn. This "call blow" consists of three long, distinct "blows" or sounds from the horn. The sound of the horn is the signal for the hunter and has related his particular adventures during the chase, and all of the incidents of the chase have been related, the bear is placed upon a mule and sent to camp, while the rested dogs and hunters proceed to repeat the fun by jumping another bear.

The dense canebrakes make this sport partake somewhat of the hardest kind of work, and nothing, but the keenest skill for the excitement of the sport would urge a person to indulge in it, yet it is the finest sport of all our hunting. Once you try it, it sticks, and the fondness for it will not shake or wear off.

The blood-curdling stories told of the bear's dangerous fighting qualities are a humbug, for unless he is badly wounded, and cannot get away, he is, next to the panther, the veriest coward that infests our forests. There is no danger in him, except to your dogs. Thus he handles pretty roughly, and many of them are killed; scarcely a chase occurs but some of the dogs are seriously wounded or killed. Especially is this the case if your dogs are any of them green in the business.

We use in the bear chase every description of gun. My friend Smith and the members of our club mostly use breech-loading shotguns, 12-gauge, with round balls. This gun is certainly the best for the purpose, and the hammer-gun would be especially so since the danger of accidents by the hammers being caught against the cane, and the gun discharged, is removed. Several of our "bear-hunters" prefer the breech-loading rifle used in the U. S. Army, and commonly called "needle-gun." None of "Byrnes's" pistols are used here. All are armed, in addition to the gun, with heavy hunting knives, which are used mostly for cutting a way through the dense cane.

The deer-driving is made with full-blooded hound, English stag and foxhound preferred. Sometimes the hunter is placed upon stands along the favorite runs, and the deer is shot as he is driven by, but this feature of deer-hunting finds little favor here, as to occupy a stand means the loss of the best part of the sport, which is the better-skitter ride through the timber, a perfect steeplechase, with the music of the "hounds" in the air, in addition to the excitement—this is to the hunters music indeed; I've tried it and know—fifteen or twenty hounds in full cry make soul-stirring music to the hunter's ear. In our drives every man must look out for himself, each one's chances for a shot is equal to that of the others, provided all are equally well mounted. It is a race, as usual rewarded to the practiced and swiftest, who heads the deer and kills him, if he can. It isn't done every time, I assure you.

Deer were plentiful here from the overflow last spring, and our chases were generally short. But frequently if a deer gets out of the usual ground covered by the drive, he is allowed to go in peace—the dogs are recalled and another deer started. Sometimes in the course of one day's hunt twenty deer are chased, and right here let me say that the very next, or at latest, the day after the hunt, you could go over the same ground and run the same deer, or as many as on the first day, presumably the same deer. The

deer were never frightened away by driving with hounds—try it here and you will be convinced.

Some of our hunters we start a panther, one of those large, ugly brutes that are so plentiful to some upon, measuring often five feet from nose to tip of the tail. When we strike these fellows, the race is short and sweet. The cowardly rascal will take to the first tree, like his cousin the cat, and is easily shot. It sometimes happens, however, that he does not tree, especially if he is surprised by the dogs and caught before he has time to "shin up" a tree. When this happens you may count on some good fighting, for the panther will stand and show his teeth, and a small sized panther can whip all the dogs you can crowd upon him.

Several years ago, a party of us was on a camp hunt in the lower end of this county we were after deer, and bagged eleven in four days. On the morning we had appointed to break camp we were early, preparing to have a short drive before leaving. After going about five hundred yards from camp, we came upon a freshly killed doe that had been partly devoured by some animal, which had evidently been frightened by our approach, and had concealed itself. The dogs coming up soon found the trail, but seemed loth to follow it, displaying uneasiness and fear by their bristling backs and their growls; but one favorite, old Jack, a pointer-hound, came up, took the trail and bravely led off the chase. When once started the whole-pack were off in a hurry; and we followed close up. A race of a hundred yards brought into full view a magnificent young panther, which manifested no desire for a race, but a stubborn determination for a fight. She did not have long to wait. The dogs, once over their fright, were in for it, and some seized her ladyship, and the hunt began. According to their usual fighting tactics she lay upon her back, feet up, and her four feet containing twenty claws, as sharp as razors, fairly made dog meat and hairy fly. Panther and dogs were so completely mixed that we were compelled to withhold our shots for fear of killing more than one. Every second a dog would crawl out satisfied; the fight lasted only a few seconds, when Walter Smith, one of the party, got in a shot that satisfied the panther and ended the fight. Several severely crippled dogs and one dead panther were the list of casualties.

There are many of these annually here yet. One was killed within half a mile of my dwelling, by E. V. Miller, that measured nine feet from nose to tip of tail. Three were seen on the same ground last spring and were quite numerous. The negroes living on this and adjoining plantations. These three panthers came near riding the county of that nuisance the "yaller cur," that infests it by the hundred, every darkey owning at least three. The panthers killed quite a number and devoured them—in fact, the dogs were the principal food of these animals while they remained. The brutes finally became such a terror that friend Smith was called in with his bear dogs, and drove them off, failing to kill any one of them.

My dwelling stands in the center of 200 acres of cultivated field, and the tracks of these panthers were made within 200 yards of the house.

So much for bear, deer, panther, and the dogs used to hunt them. R. M. Smith, Jr.; W. J. Smith, W. P. Allen, John Steen, Mr. Westcott, and R. B. Phipps are now out on a week's camp hunt for bears, and will doubtless bag five or six more. The negroes killed two weeks by W. J. Smith, and R. B. Phipps on the two days' hunt. This swells the record of the hunt to the present time to eighty-seven bears. R. M. Smith, Jr., was in at the death of every one of these except two. How is that for bear hunting? It was not a good time for bear either.

Quail are plentiful and good bugs can be made any day. Our favorite dog for this sport is the pointer, because of his dog's keenness, who loses too much time pulling cockle burrs from his long hair.

MISSISSIPPI COUNTY, MISS.

THE NEGROES AND THE BIRDS.

IF Sir Reynard is the champion bird extinguisher of the Old Dominion—mother of States and statesmen—how does it happen that in the southeastern counties, where partridges do most abound, there, also, the fox is most abundant? "M., who writes in your issue of Dec. 21, must be amazingly unsuspecting if he thinks the freedman kills partridges for the pleasure of displaying them to his white brother, particularly during the close season. Indeed, his faith in their simplicity is childlike and blind; whereas, the craftiest diplomat that ever wore a white skin is a native in the art of concealment compared with the Virginia negro. Does "M." imagine that the colored brother never interviewed a henroost because he has never seen the trophies of the interview hanging on the outer walls of his log cabin?

I did not mean to assert that the partridge had been exterminated by the freedman, or that he was the sole cause of scarcity, but I do affirm that scores of negroes, from the James River to the Mattaponi River, and east of the Richmond & Fredericksburg Railroad, hunt for squirrels and hares all through the spring and summer, skulking along the edge of woods, swamps, and thickets, and keeping carefully out of sight of white folk; that he pretends to be nothing but a pot-hunter, and that there is no fairer mark for the pot-hunter than Bob White sitting on a rail, be an African or an Anglo-Saxon; and pot-hunting is not confined to the former.

I remember the winter of '80-81, but found no birds frozen, nor missed any from several flocks I watched closely in Hanover county (the birth-place of Patrick Henry and Henry Clay), our did I hear of any that had been found frozen, although I made diligent inquiry, and east of Hanover there was very little danger of their freezing, but the winter of '81-82 was the warmest we have had since '42, nevertheless, they were not so many birds by half last fall as the fall before. I also remember the bitter cold winter of '03-4, yet in the fall of '05 the oldest hunter in Virginia had never seen birds in such immense numbers. And why? Because for four long, weary years we had been after bigger game, or rather that bigger game had been after us, and the birds had been allowed to lay and hatch and rear their broods in peace and quiet, with none to make them afraid, save birds and bears and prey, too, that Bob White's enemies are legion—the hawk, the fox, the mink, the weasel, the skunk, the black snake and the half-starved hound, the greatest egg-sucker and poacher on earth, yet I believe the main cause of the general dearth of partridges in Virginia is the wholesale slaughter of the innocents by the insatiate pot-hunter reinforced by the aesthetic winged-foot. What more deadly weapon than a net-bird-baiter, or a net animal that walks, runs or flies half so destructive as a sportsman, who

STEELE'S BAYOU.

goes out full of vim and ardor, and who can cut down a bird by the glint of his wings in the thickest cover? An every country sportsman is a bird in the crack shots of Richmond, Lynelburg and Charlottesville.

Perhaps I do not exactly understand what "M." means when he says the freedman is not "a social or political factor" in the Northside and Piedmont counties of the State, as he has never been admitted into Virginia society (noted for its exclusiveness), but he casts 2,000 votes in Albemarle county, and is regarded by every candidate for every office as a "fact" in the State, and I am very sure, as a gentleman who ran for Congress last fall in the First District lying in part on the Potomac River up to Aquia Creek, will be enormously surprised to learn that the freedman has cleared out of that part of the politician's vineyard, when he was present in the late election to the number of 7,000 votes at least.

But "M." must forgive me if I fail to see the connection between "a political and social factor," and a shooting and hunting factor. There is a tribe of Indians on the Pamunkey River, in King William county, who make their living by fishing and hunting, and who are death on fin, fur and feather—but they can't vote, nary time.

I have no apology to make to the good-natured, shrewd, shiftless freedman, since I know he will take no umbrage at my saying he pops for a very small amount of money, as a "fact" in his hand. But if I had known my reference to him as one of the "factors" of bird scarcity would have sunk so deep in "M.'s" heart I never should have mentioned him, and it gives me genuine pleasure to bear testimony to the good character, industry and honesty of a very large class of our colored population.

"M." failed to read my communication attentively. I expressly said that part of the country north of James River, from the Blue Ridge Mountains to Chesapeake Bay.

There are a number of negroes in and around Charlottesville who keep dogs for possum and hare hunting, and all this bad, snowy weather they have scoured the fields bare hunting. Is there a white man in the world so green as to believe that they refrain from shooting partridges whenever they come upon them the game law to the contrary notwithstanding? RALPHWOOD.

VIROGINA, JANUARY, 1888.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN DEER HUNT.

IN Montana the blacktail deer winter in the heavily timbered foothills adjacent to the main range of the Rocky Mountains, staying there until the warm sun and melting snows of April remind them that the time has come to seek the retirement of their mountain home, whence, safe from the pursuit of man, and far from the turmoil of the world, they may raise their young in peace.

The first heavy snowstorm in October drives them from the main range into the first foothills, where they stay until the heavier snows of winter push them further south. It was at this time of the year, after the first heavy snow, that my friend Dan, as fine a young man as it has ever been my pleasure to meet, and myself, decided to bring forth our rifles, which had been laid away all summer, and try our luck with the blacktail.

Early one bright October morning, having loaded our wagon with "grub" and blankets, with Bess and Moll, two little maids as pretty as can be found anywhere, to haul provisions and pack our game, and whistling to Prince, our dog, to follow, we started for our camp in the foothills, where miles away.

We had traveled some six miles, and were passing through a narrow valley when Dan says: "Look, what are those white appearing animals moving along that little reef halfway up the side of the hill?" It must have been a band of antelope. They were watching us, so we drove on till they passed out of sight over the ridge and into a little basin on the side of the hill. Hastily unloading Bess and Moll, and trying to climb to the wagon, we gradually climbed to the top of the reef. Looking between the rocks we saw some nice fat antelope feeding quietly in the basin, but out of range. We decided that Dan was to go around to the right and try to head them off, and I was to stay where I was. I waited some time, and as he did not appear, and the antelope were feeding away from me, I concluded to go around them to the left.

By dragging my rifle and walking I at last got ahead of them, and slipping from behind a tree to get a shot. I heard the report of Dan's gun and saw one of the antelope drop. The rest ran through a pass between Dan and me, and as they ran by we both shot, but still they rushed on. Following them a little way I almost fell over a two-year-old buck lying in the long grass, which had evidently been shot as he was passing us, and running a short distance had fallen dead. Passing the two antelope to the wagon we hurried on to camp.

After a hard pull, a long pull, and a pull all together, at 4 o'clock we reached the head of the little stream on the edge of our hunting ground, where we were to camp. After moving our camp out into the brush for shelter and picketing the horses, I suggested, as there was still an hour of daylight, that Dan, taking the dog, should go up into that heavy timber at the top of the hill, while I took a stroll down the creek, and as I had seen fresh signs of deer in the brush close to camp, I felt quite sure of seeing some whitetail.

The creek was a small one, with only a few bushes along it—just room for a deer to hide. I was walking quietly along the bank, above the creek, a few hundred yards below the camp, when I noticed the bushes moving a little just ahead of me. I heard a louder crashing, and out jumped four whitetail, and I was off in a scurrying, and two fawns. They started an instant to look at me, and quickly taking aim at the dog, I fired. They were too close and my bullet went over her. At the shot they loped off, waving their white flags at me in defiance. Another shot a little lower at the yearling passed through both her shoulders, bringing her quickly to the ground, when she was soon dispatched. The other three ran on till they came to the heavy brush along the Dearborn River, and I was obliged to give them up.

Bringing the cooking into camp, we prepared a supper of antelope steaks, potatoes, flapjacks and coffee when Dan arrived. He had struck fresh sign as soon as he entered the timber, and going very carefully, a deer which had heard a noise in the brush below ran across and stood in front of him, looking at him, not fifty yards off. He could barely see the deer in the brush, but aiming just back of the shoulders he fired. The deer ran and he shot again. Going no more than a dozen yards he found blood. Following the dog's lead in the direction in which the deer ran, he was taken to the dead deer, a two-year-old buck, which had run fifty yards and then fallen dead, shot through the lungs. After supper we made our beds of hemlock boughs,

or, as we call them "mountain feathers," and well satisfied with our day's sport slept as only true hunters can sleep. Breakfast I had in the morning at daylight, and we were off for the runway, one-quarter of a mile from camp. We watched from behind the scrub pines until sunrise, and as the deer thought they would stay at home and not travel that day, we followed up the gulch to visit them. We had passed through several heavy patches of timber, when we saw tracks in the old snow drifts, and then separating, Dan took down into the heavy timber of the ravine, and I kept a broken trail to the top of a crag, and then, when a three-prong buck, which had been lying down resting, sprang to his feet. He stood and looked at me. He was seventy-five yards off, and as yet half asleep. Slowly I raised my rifle, sighted carefully and fired. He sprang away, apparently unhurt. At the shot Dan came up, and I told him "I had just missed the finest shot at a buck I had ever had." There was no sign of blood. Keeping the dog silent, we let him take the trail. He led us into the open, and at a hundred yards from where I shot we stood over the body of the dead deer. He was shot through the lungs, and going at full speed, had stopped short, reared up and fallen backward dead, for he lay facing the direction from which he started. Dragging him to the nearest tree, we hung him up and marked the place.

It was not my only ten o'clock, and we were quite encouraged at the prospect of a good day's sport. Dan was to take the edge of the timber, and I was to take the inside.

Dan heard a rushing, crashing sound on the hillside above him, and saw two large bucks running nudly down toward him. The timber was so thick that he only got a snap-shot at them as they sped past him. They had winded me, and never noticed Dan at all till he fired. A meeting again, as agreed, we now came to an open glade, where the timber had been burnt off, and the ground was covered with low bushes and fallen trees. At first we saw nothing unusual, but on closer inspection Dan thought he saw a pair of horns above the grass in a little clearing. On examining it with the glass, we not only saw through the brush the owner of the horns, but three or four more deer partly hidden by the undergrowth. They were too far for a shot, and we were not allowed to get within range. We crept back over the hill out of sight, and held a council of war, which resulted in Dan making a long detour of the woods and approaching the deer under cover of the bushes till he was within 150 yards of them. A snapping of a stick, and in an instant with a snort the old buck was on his feet, followed by two does and two fawns.

Meanwhile I had gone to the ravine with the dog, and he crept behind them if they took up the mountain. Watching Dan I saw the smoke from his gun and at the report the deer jumped around a little but did not run. Again his Winchester spoke to them and I saw one of the does fall. She was up again now, and although behind the rest was making a good run. Up the hill they came, passing me 200 yards off. I shot, but my gun being sighted for 100 yards my bullet fell short. By the time the doe was within a little, and turning Prince loose I hastened after him. Presently I heard him bark; he had overtaken her and was having a desperate fight. Several times she shook him off, when Dan, closing up, finished her with a shot which broke her back. He had shot her too far back and too low down the first time. Without the dog we would have lost her, although eventually she would have died. We hung her up out of reach of the bullet, and with the edge of the timber and a roundabout way started for camp.

We saw several more deer but could not get a shot until crossing a gulch near camp. At the foot of a ravine I saw a large buck which had just come down from the timber and was on his way to water. He was 200 yards off. I missed my shot, dropped on one knee, fired, and to my surprise, saw him fall. Running up to him, I found his neck was broken by the bullet, and with a few convulsive kicks, he relinquished the struggle. Next day we packed our game to camp; fluding one of the deer which we had hung up was considerably torn by a mountain lion, and as we had all the meat we needed for present wants, and the clouds were threatening snow, we struck camp for home, which we reached in good season, feeling very much the better for our few days' camping in the mountains. Montana will come to my sheep ranch in October or November, I will be most happy to show them the home of the deer and mountain sheep, and if they can't kill one it will be their own fault. If they have lost any bear and want to find him, I can put them on the track where, if they don't find him, perhaps the bear will find them. THE ROCKIES.

THAT REMARKABLE SHOT IN FLORIDA.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM, of January 18, "Yours for truth"—Knick," writes thus: "I see that your correspondent 'Wells,' says he doubts the statement I made of a deer being killed with No. 9 shot, etc." What part of the "etc." did I doubt? What is the "etc.?" Now I beg to assure "Knick" that I think he will find it rather difficult to discover the "doubts" to which he refers, in the article in question. I surely said I should accept the statement as being true, and I did say that it would have been satisfactory if the writer had condescended to inform us what was the distance of the unfortunate deer from the fortunate sportsman, at the time the remarkable occurrence took place. It was a remarkable shot, and for that reason, "Knick" handed it down to history—or contributed it to history. I admitted that a good charge of gunpowder would kill a deer, at very short range, with No. 9 shot in front of him. But I did say that if it would have been rather a short distance, such a charge would not penetrate the hide of a buck in the "hine season."

I suppose "Knick" inferred my doubts from the fact that I made his statement the foundation of some remarks upon the extravagance of expression. Perhaps he is rather sensitive in regard to it. But I do trust that he will not permit Capt. V. J. S. to make any outburst on the subject, there is no use of swearing about it. Ordinarily the expression of a willingness to swear to some big story suggests a doubt of its truth. But I surrender. Capt. V. J. S. killed a deer in Florida with No. 9 shot, propelled by four drams of gunpowder, "a little over twenty yards measured." How much "over"? What sort of a measure was used? Hunters' measure, or cloth measure? How did he find the exact spot where he stood, and where the deer was, before the oath of a respectable witness before a justice of the peace, all words must vanish; and so "Proul, a proud eds proud," or "do not trust that that effect." But, "I reiterate," it was a very remarkable shot.

I must be allowed to express a grave doubt whether any justice of the peace, who really comprehended the character and duties of his position, would allow his office to be used for the purpose of the solemnities of an oath, the statements made by any sportsman, as to the distance, whether he killed a deer, a duck, or a sand-hill crane. Justices are allowed, or rather empowered to administer oaths, in matters of controversy between parties in regard to legal rights. In mere matters of opinion, when no legal right or duty is involved, they have no such authority. Even if they did, somebody might object, that he did not have notice of the firing of the gun, and never yet saw one so large as that. Gentleman present either in person or by attorney, and subjected the applicant to a cross-examination. But I object to all swearing upon the subject, except, perhaps, as to that part of the comment which states that the shot penetrated the "ribs." That, I must say, requires a little corroboration. That is indeed remarkable.

Now, I trust I have not offended my friend "Knick" to such an extent that he will not have the kindness to forgive me. I always make allowance for a vivid imagination, and confess I take many statements of sportsmen "enuo grano saltu." It was just this measure I used when I saw the assertion of a hunter in the FOREST AND STREAM a few weeks ago, that about Lincolnton, in this State, it was not uncommon to find coveys of quail containing fifty birds. That I did not believe, I do not believe it now. I have seen many coveys both of this kind, and never yet saw one so large as that. Gentleman are often deceived by the appearance of things, and few men have such accuracy of vision as to be able to count the number of birds as they whir away with great velocity. So much for that. WELLS.

[We have the records of half a dozen authentic cases where deer had been killed with No. 10 shot, and in one or two instances over points. Several of these cases have been recorded in FOREST AND STREAM. It is hardly necessary to say that in every instance the deer were shot at very short range.]

INDIANA GAME INTERESTS.

A BILL to prohibit quail shooting for three years has been introduced into the Indiana Legislature. Mr. A. C. Lanier, of Madison, has published a circular in which he says:

"It does not seem possible for the Legislature of Indiana to convene without having a tilt at the game law. No State has a better law than ours, and none more universally observed. There is before the House now a bill (H. B. No. 80) for the purpose of abolishing the law for three years. The object of this bill, is no doubt, to make quail more abundant; but a greater mistake could not be made. It is not the gun that destroys so many birds, but the cold waves that sweep down suddenly from the North that freezes them to death as they sit huddled together in the field. Whenever the temperature falls 18 or 20 degrees below zero, the quails are frozen to death in whole coveys. They rarely seek a sheltered place to roost, but are usually found in the open field, oftentimes in the most exposed positions.

"During the seasons of 1854 and '55, the quail were very abundant than ever known before or since, in this State. The three preceding winters had been mild and the summers dry and favorable to their nesting; but the winter of 1856 almost destroyed the entire crop. When spring came and found the winter's nest, the bird was rarely heard. When the season arrived for shooting it was a rare thing to find a covey.

"From 1856 a gradual increase took place until Jan. 1, 1864. On the morning of that day the mercury fell from 20° to 25° below zero. Thousands and tens of thousands of birds were frozen to death before noon.

"From 1864 to 1881 the increase was slow. It more than once occurred where the winter was mild, but the summer was not so unfavorable for nesting, and so no increase took place.

"The winter of 1881, like those of '50 and '64, was also very destructive to the quail. In many portions of the State one-half or more of the crop perished from cold, and in other portions nine out of ten died from starvation, the ground being covered with snow for a long time.

"The excessive cold of winter and a wet summer both retard the increase of quail. Last summer was a fair illustration of the injurious effect of a wet season. The first nestings of quail and prairie hen were both drowned out by the excessive rains of May, June and July. Many of the quail had a second brood. The prairie hens never have but one.

"Here is a simple and true history of the increase and decrease of quail in our State and the causes therefor, for the past twenty years. It is a simple and true history, and the prohibition could effect any good I cannot see it. It has been tried in Ohio and signally failed. If it were enforced by law, the trap and the hawk would take the place of the gun. 'The Lord giveth the increase.' So let us enjoy it when it comes, and not make laws trying to forbid that over which we have no control.

Mr. F. M. Gilbert, the well-known humorist, and editor of the *Evansville Argus*, has recently been appointed game warden of the First District of Indiana. In a late issue of his paper he announced his intentions in this vigorous manner:

"It is highly probable that in this city a little more attention will be paid to the game law in the future. It has been shamefully neglected here, having been openly violated by parties who have acted with impunity, and been appointed game wardens in this district and we propose to do our duty. It is a thankless position, as all such positions are, and we don't propose to be intimidated. Right is right, and wrongs no man. Parties who have handled game in this city in past years have laughed when cautioned. Netted quail have been openly exposed, and it is safe to say that not one denier out of fifty in this city ever looks to see whether the birds are needed for the table, or by some family. The law has been a dead letter shooting anywhere in the vicinity of Evansville a thing of the past. The man who loves to go out in the fresh air and hunt game legitimately finds none; it has all been sacrificed for the sake of the stomachs of a few epicures. Every time anything is attempted in the way of stopping this wholesale slaughter of quail, a virtuous howl goes up, and the air is full of mud-slinging and name-calling. Little beetle-legged scribbles, who don't know a jack-snipe from a gutter-snipe raise their paws in virtuous indignation, and add their feeble howls to the rest. We are happy to say that things are now entirely changed and there is a general feeling all over the country that this wholesale butchery must be stopped, no matter who suffers. We wish to say right here that to any and everybody who makes any

or 30 there will be a grand journey at that place given by the sportsmen of the Ocean, Capt. Turill Williams and the rest of the Chicago shots are wanted over there to carry off some sweepstakes money. This is about all there is here, Jan. 20.

CHICAGO, Jan. 20.

THE AIR SPACE.

I FIND quite a discussion going on in your paper as regards an air space in guns. During my experience as a rifle maker for the past thirty-five years, I have seen as many as fifty guns spoiled by being fired when the bullet or some other obstruction was near or back of the center, or at the muzzle of the barrel; in most cases in rifles where the ball was wedged at a point from eight to twelve inches from the breech. The column of air in such case is driven into a space of 1/2 to 1/4 inch long, which cuts a groove in the barrel as cylindrical as though it had been done with a tool made for the purpose. The air being at so high pressure causes the barrel to bulge at that point, which loosens the ball so it passes out. A bullet driven into the muzzle from two to six inches will make a strong barrel, but the column of air is so long, and divided over so much space, that it starts the bullet without damage to the rifle, but it would be likely to spoil a shot barrel unless it was uncommon strong. A good shot barrel might stand when fired with a wad in the muzzle, but wet earth or sand would burst them. To fire a rifle or strong shot barrel with a ball only two or three inches from the breech would not be likely to damage them. It depends on the length of the air column whether it spoils the gun or not.

A light, loose-fitting ball might be fired when twelve inches from the breech of a strong steel barrel and not injure it, but if a heavy conical ball of soft lead was used it would spoil the gun, provided the ball fitted airtight, and a suitable charge of powder were used as in target-shooting. I consider it dangerous to fire a gun with the ball or charge of shot from two to three inches from the breech, and had for a shotgun when the obstruction is near the muzzle. I wrote a few lines on this subject in my letter published in FOREST AND STREAM, Jan. 24, 1878. GEO. H. FERRIS.

UTICA, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen ducks fired from the muzzle of Springfield military breech-loaders on several occasions, and once in the summer of 1880 (being captain of a team), coming from the target to take my turn to shoot, I loaded and fired hastily. I made a good four with the bullet, and made the sand fly with a half-ounce sinker and a yard of stout line with an oiled rag attached used for a wiper. No bad results to gun. The wiper had been left in the gun for safety, but was lost.

EMU, Pa.

HEAD LETTER.

DUCK TRAPS IN THE JAMES RIVER.

WHEN on the James River last December, about fifteen miles below City Point, we found on the feeding grounds "duck traps" by dozens, each visited every morning by men in boats, and yielding up from twenty-five to a hundred or more victims who are scooped out with a hand net through the opening left in the topnet, which is tied again when the trap is emptied of its contents. The ducks' necks are wrung as they are flung fluttering into the boat. The trap is built on the principle of an ordinary fyke net and baited with corn, which is plentifully strewn in the entrance. The dimensions of the trap being 12ft. x 16ft., each one will hold a large number of fowl; and I was informed on good authority that two of the most successful machines had captured, one, over one thousand, the other, from eight to nine hundred; and this in the space of eleven days only. These traps are set along the river for miles, by fours and fives, on the most frequented feeding grounds, and the destruction they cause is enormous. The effect of this wholesale slaughter is growing more perceptible, year by year, in the scarcity of fowl on their old haunts. Broad-bill widgeon and black duck are the greatest sufferers; the canvas-back and red-head avoid them to a great extent. The proprietors are mostly negroes, although the "white gentleman" is not by any means backward in the business, sometimes having three or four of them in runnup order. The first heavy ice coming down the river takes them with it, but they are easily replaced and at small expense. All condemn them, and yet no one has courage to take steps toward their removal, for fear "some one will get square," you know. Many a fine bird is sold in the Southern markets, and I dare say in New York, if the trap is within a mile of a shot mark upon them—"scared to death," one might say. But in the words of one of our notorious public men, in years gone by: What are you going to do about it? DICK.

New York, Jan. 25, 1883.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

AN extract from a letter from a friend residing in the Lehigh Valley, Pa., will show how much good the planting of quail and attention to them in the winter season has done in his section of the country between Mach Chunk and Catasauqua. "What little time I put in last fall was near home. Woodcock were scarce, but quail were plentiful in certain districts where we put them out last spring. The trouble was that the young birds were all snared at the opening of the season and before they were large enough to shoot. I went West on business and did not return until it began to get cold and hungry, and I never had a fair chance at them until between Christmas and New Year, when the season was nearly over. There are any quantity of birds left over here. A friend, who was out on the last day of the season, reported ten coveys, most of them full with twelve or fifteen birds, within a few miles of town. We shall trap and keep all we can over until next spring. We have had some bad weather for birds lately, one snow after another, not very deep, however, but crust made. Winter is not half over and there is plenty of time for more."

Until within a few years quail have been an unknown bird, so to speak, in the portion of the Lehigh Valley from which my informant writes, owing to the general severity of the winter in that elevated section of the State, and it has only been by the exertions of four or five gentlemen that the birds have been steadily increasing. Your correspondent can always get a good day's sport there, and has it yearly on invitation, although the hill climbing is terrible, and a more level country would be greatly preferred. The efforts of these gentlemen may well be copied by others in every State. In New England especially, I am sure, the same re-

sults could be effected by a systematic care of the quail in the winter.

Hawks this winter, in Maryland, are very numerous, and have been very destructive to the quail. I am also told by residents of Milford, Del., that whole coveys that were left over on the "neck" farms of that section have been reduced, bird by bird, by the same pests, until but few remain.

A trip down the Delaware River on one of our city ice-boats as far as Reedy Island shows no fowl except a few shore-larks. Netters catch them by lambrus when the snow covers the ground and will supply them for trap-shooting at ten cents apiece. Their flight is slow and heavy and such practice from a trap is poor.

The weather is moderating to-day. We look for more snow.

A large snow owl was shot back of Pennsgrove, N. J., last week.

The Delaware River shores about Burlington, N. J., and Bristol, Pa., are black with flocks of crows eking out a scanty livelihood. Netters catch them by lambrus when the snow covers the ground and will supply them for trap-shooting at ten cents apiece. Their flight is slow and heavy and such practice from a trap is poor.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 27

"LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE."

I LIKE black flies, punkies, mosquitoes and small-pox, in their time, so already have proposed amendments to the game laws put in their appearance at Albany, to distract the attention of the legislators, perplex the public, and make trouble and expense for all interested in the protection of game and fish. No such changes or amendments are needed. First—because existing laws, as a rule, are sufficiently stringent and intelligible to accomplish the desired purpose; and secondly—and what is of great importance, because the laws are now generally understood, and in some sections of this State, where enforced, are respected, because the public have learned, and with the different seasons open and close, what the penalties and other conditions are. These being the facts, to amend or re-went will surely cause doubt, confusion and indifference, and it is therefore better to let the laws remain as they are. If after a series of years, and a thorough enforcement of present laws, defects shall be found, then, and not till then, should any changes be made. You cannot make a horse draw a load by nging him on and making him stop at the same time.

There is not a poacher or marketman in this section that does not know just how far he can go with impunity, and how far he cannot go without subjecting himself to penalties that he does not care to incur.

Therefore I say, "let well enough alone." What is needed and what the public will insist upon is a greater number of game protectors, much so the State, paid by the State, and made to do their duty by the State, and unless this is done let all game laws be expunged from the statutes, and let every man kill, or catch, or have in possession, when or where he may, and the devil ought to and will have the hindmost. SYRACUSE

SPRING WILDFOWL SHOOTING.

I READ with pleasure the article in your issue of January 15, by "Upland and Bay Shooter," and heartily advocate the principles therein enunciated. It is not only eminently proper, but absolutely necessary, in order to insure the continued existence of migratory bay birds among us, to stop spring shooting. The sagacity of wildfowl is well known to observant sportsmen. They soon get "trained," and the continuous "bazing" of them in the springtime when they have alighted in our waters for quiet and rest for the purpose of mating, and while they are engaged in this sentimental postime preparatory to their hieira homeward to their nesting places, makes a lasting impression upon them, and the consequence is that in the autumn, when the old ones are leading their respective broods southward, they take good care to avoid the places where their previous reception was accompanied by death and destruction.

Moreover, many times their eggs have commenced to germinate when they are killed in the spring, and the death or wounding of one is equivalent to the destruction of the old and the prospective young.

Notwithstanding it is pretty generally admitted that spring shooting is disastrous in its consequences and is rapidly driving all wildfowl from our waters, there are still many self-styled sportsmen who oppose its abolition. Their minds seem so deeply imbued with "the right to hunt" is a world-wide "no trespassing" principle, that they have entirely overlooked the necessity of first having the birds in the lush before they can get them in the hand.

The matter resolves itself into this simple question, viz.: Shall we for a very few years of poor spring shooting in present, absolutely destroy all shooting for the future? Shall the near future be absolutely sacrificed to the present?

In reference to the contribution of money from the different clubs for the purpose of paying the expenses of the game protector, I regard the suggestion as a good one. There should be yearly contributions and a yearly convocation of representatives chosen from each club in the State, the number of representatives from each society to depend upon its numerical force, so that whatever action was necessary to be taken would have the strength of union, and the law has been the case, occasional spasmodic and disintegrated efforts by a few individuals.

The only way to effectually establish a thorough game protective system is for the sportsmen in every part of the State to form game protective societies, then from each such society let representatives be chosen who will form a central organization, whose duty it will be to procure the enactment of proper laws leaving no society to see to their enforcement in its own particular locality.

There has always been a deep-rooted prejudice in the minds of our bucolic brethren against all game laws, and it is not until a recent date that legislatures dared even think of such measures. The injustice, severity and cruelty of the old English poaching laws are well defined traditions with them, and they still see visions of Rumyantzev before them, and all game laws and prosecutions under them are still looked upon as a part of the same old world of wrong and infringement on natural liberty, and it is this prejudice that renders protection of game so difficult. The formation of societies as above suggested would greatly tend to overcome and show the foolishness of such prejudices in these times of highly moral ideas, and when such prejudices are overcome there will be no difficulty in enacting and enforcing all proper game laws. GASTONVILLE

NOTES ON BACK NUMBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your ever welcome paper reached me this A. M., and its usual it was full of items that were interesting and instructive. First your editorial on the Peopel's Park. Now I don't know that I shall ever have an opportunity of enjoying the beauties of those grand old mountains, springs, etc., or shooting any of the game there, but this is of national interest, and I wish to thank you for exposing this big fraud.

"Nitarod in the North" was read and enjoyed very much by myself and sons. We had learned much of Capt. Hall and Esquimaux Joe and the Arctic work from our own lamented Capt. E. A. Correll, at whose fireside we have passed many pleasant hours listening to descriptions of the northern country. Then "Upland and Bay Shooter" says he is in favor of prohibiting the shooting of water-fowl in the spring (so and I). May I ask how he stands on the woodcock and grouse close season? We, in the interior of the State, are particularly interested in these birds, and would like to have the close season September 1. I have always found, when you have suggested this change, that Kings, Queens and Westchester counties, as a majority say, "We don't care what you have; we want summer shooting." But we have had summer woodcock and summer grouse shooting to such an extent that there are no birds left, and as "Nesmuk" says, "the birds must go."

I read "Fious Jeeems'" article, and being a lover of the red Irish, began to look up some of the facts, and in my limited experience of field sports found that some Irish dogs had been well to the front, and know that the Irish dogs had too many friends here to let this go by without the facts and figures. "Mont Clare" shows us that there are some level-headed Irish dogs, and I am just foolish enough to keep my little Irish bitch and hunt her another year before giving her away and buying a Llewelin.

And now a word about Speaker Chapin's appointment of Committee on Game Laws. They may be all in favor of the protection of game, but I know one that is not, or at least was not last year. "And by their acts ye shall know them." Mr. Sennermerhorn, the representative from this district (not the true sportsman's or game protector representative, he be Democrat or Republican), tried to and did do it all he could last year to help a bill through to allow the sale of the game laws on the Hudson River in Columbia and Greene counties. The swivel-gun men tell us that this year it will pass, as Sehermerhorn is right where he can do more for them than he did last year. This being the case we ask the gentlemen composing the Committee on Game Laws that they will see that four or five men owning swivel guns are not granted the privilege of using these death-dealing machines (at 200 yards) on this river or in any part of this State. We are ready to meet Mr. Sehermerhorn and all the swivel-gun advocates before the committee (if necessary), but know full well that there is not a man that would listen for one minute to any argument in favor of swivel gun. Leaving this in the hands of the gentlemen composing the committee (not Columbia's representative), I am yours,

Hudson, New York, Jan. 19

PLANKERS.

SPESUTIA ISLAND NIGHT HUNTERS.

(From the Baltimore American, Jan. 8.)

SPORTING circles in Baltimore were quite excited yesterday over the news that a raid had been made on the pot-hunters on the Susquehanna River. The interest in the affair is also heightened by the air of mystery which surrounds it. Exactly who instigated it is not generally known, beyond that it was done at the instance of the gentleman who owns ducking shores around the Susquehanna, Gunpowder, Bush and Back rivers, by clubs and individuals who live in the vicinity of Philadelphia and Columbia. It is considerable comment over the raid here, as there are many gentlemen in this city who are fond of duck shooting, and who have had occasion to bemoan the decrease of the canvas-back. For a long time there has existed in and around Havre-de-Grace a gang of pot-hunters, who, armed with huge guns, mounted in skills, go out at night and slaughter ducks by thousands, in a most cruel manner, but owing to the fact that some of these poachers are politically influential men, the law is a nullity so far as Harford county magistrates are concerned.

Last winter there was a law passed by the Legislature making the penalties more stringent. Since this the pot-hunters have become practically a band of outlaws, with a captain, whose name is Susquia Island, and who lives six miles below Havre de Grace, and made it their stronghold. No sportsman not in accord with the gang can shoot ducks in this neighborhood, as the poachers cruise around in their sloops all day, and by raising and lowering their sails purposely scare ducks away. "Taking Spesutia Island as the base of operations, the pot-hunters conduct their business, which is remarkably lucrative. In fact, it is a most profitable and successful enterprise, and undergoes a sometimes terrible. These men kill ducks by means of what are known as "light guns." They are huge fowling-pieces, on the pattern of the ordinary shotgun, but weighing 150 pounds apiece, with a bore like a howitzer, and a capacity for at least a pound and a half of powder. A gun of this kind is mounted in the bows of a small skiff, which can either be navigated in water or put upon runners, and is propelled over the ice. They have taken possession of Spesutia Island, and the recoil sends the boat back through the water, and there is no big shock as there otherwise would be. The gun is usually painted the color of the boat, some dull neutral tint, and is fitted with a patent buoy, by which the owner, if surprised by an officer of the law, can pitch it overboard and return for it again when the alarm is over. The sound of one of the guns can be heard five miles, and the water is so shallow that the boat is deep quickly upon the water. There are instances recorded where eighty-five and one hundred canvas-backs were killed at one discharge. On account of this slaughter the law passed by the last Legislature imposes a fine of \$200 or imprisonment for each and every offense constituted by having in possession, using or disposing of any sink boat, snipe boat, big or swivel gun, or killing a duck in the night, but in any manner, in the Chesapeake Bay or its tributaries, and the law further adds that if it is proved that any part so charged was at or about the place at the time when the duck was killed with a gun in his possession, it shall be deemed prima facie evidence for his conviction.

It was on the strength of this last section that Mr. John E. Semmes, acting as attorney for the parties who intended rooting the pot-hunters out of their lair, laid his plans for a raid. Proving the parties guilty before Harford county magistrates was long known to be worthless. What was

required was to get possession of the guns and confiscate them. The services of a Philadelphia detective were enlisted, and the operations of this shrewd man began the game. First he went to Havre-de-Grace and found out where the great duck killers were. Of course, nobody knew how they killed their ducks, but to these men the detective went, and being an engaging and companionable fellow, he made them all his friends. They took him down to the strong-bow on Speciosa Island and gave him all the ducks they were worth. He had splendid success in all matters, and were willing to show him how to kill ducks from a bar or a blind, but never a chance did he get to go out in a sneak boat with a "big gun." They were very reticent about these, and their hiding places for them were of the cleverest and most unsearchable character. The detective wanted to see the guns fired, so as to have unquestionable evidence. As he was taken out to the wash Barnes, the great duck-killer, and the big-legged one of the poachers. On this occasion Barnes killed 104 ducks. Afterward the detective was taken out with another man, and was shown the modus operandi. With this evidence, and the knowledge of the fact that upon a certain day all the poachers except one would be away from the island, the detective joined Mr. Semmes, and they set out in a small boat from Havre de Grace for the island for the purpose of capturing the ducks. The detective knew where they were hidden. Unfortunately, the river began to freeze, and after about five hours' hard pulling the boat became icebound when near the island. The two men were discovered by the sloops of the duck pirates which were cruising around, and three of them made a descent upon the yawl and its occupants. The law breakers suspected a raid and smelt a rat, and Mr. Semmes and the detective were taken aboard of Wash Barnes's schooner. The detective, relying on his friendship, said he was just bringing his friend, Mr. Henry, a Philadelphia hunker, down to the island for a day's sport. In the cabin of Barnes's boat there were two Henry rifles, three double-barreled shotguns, and several revolvers. Suspicions were allayed, Mr. "Henry" got his day's shooting and went back without the "big guns."

Another raid was planned. This time two Baltimore detectives were brought into requisition and several special officers. The first was a great argument, and before yesterday the party made an attack on the island, armed with warrants for the arrest of Barnes and the other man, whose friendship had induced him to take the detective out to his boat. To the surprise of the raiding party, the poachers were found entrenched on the island armed to the teeth and prepared to make a desperate defense. It was afterward learned that a special officer who had been sent to Behar to be demoted by the sheriff had acted in an officious manner, and the duck-killers had gotten wind of the affair. Here was a fix. There were eleven poachers in all, and about six in the party that had come to arrest them. The poachers swore that they would die rather than be arrested. Mr. Semmes hoisted a flag-of-truce and opened a parley. He told the men that he was going to arrest them anyhow, and that they had better submit. They could not better their misadventure, and they swore that they would die rather than be arrested, whereas, if the officers of the law should kill any one in making the arrest, it would be a praiseworthy act in the eye of the law. The poachers considered this a knock-down argument and surrendered, thinking that at best they would only be taken before a Harford county magistrate. A "cute provision of the law, however, allows the offenders to be prosecuted either in Harford or Baltimore county, and when Mr. Semmes took Barnes and the other men to Baltimore, they begged for mercy. A compromise was then effected and Mr. Semmes promised that they should be taken before a Harford county magistrate, and that he would allow the law to take its course without argument upon the evidence if they would give up their "big guns." The men begged and implored, and even wept over parting with their guns, swearing that they would rather die than give up their "big guns." Mr. Semmes took them, however, and brought them to this city yesterday, when they were broken up and given to Wintemitz, the junk dealer. They were enormous single-barreled affairs, painted a dirty white, and were both loaded. One of these guns is said to have been owned by old Captain Cadwallader, of ducking fame, and cost \$600. The lock was a beautiful piece of mechanism, and the metal was perfect. The barrels were each 8100, and were closed by the Philadelphia detective—who, by-the-way, has made himself very scarce—alleges that there are still eighteen of these guns in possession of the gang, which will doubtless cause its nocturnal depredations upon the ducks.

WHEN THEY COME AND WHY.—Cleveland, Jan. 15, 1888.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The experience of your correspondent, Mr. Vernon, is not exceptionally mild or open writers. Our experience here, in Cuyahoga county, Ohio, for the last four or five years, is that the bird comes from the North, generally about the last of November and remains never later than the last of January. I have never seen a specimen taken here after this month, and as a rule we have always considered their appearance the precursor of the winter storm. The idea so far has generally been that the birds come from the fall of the year, or early winter of 1870 was a real stampede from the Arctic regions between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and that an extremely cold winter followed. Now was this great migration of owls southward due to a short crop of ptarmigan, or something else yet to be explained? In fact, do you believe an Arctic owl can catch a full-fledged ptarmigan? I should think not. He might, at times, gobble up the crows and the raven, but not the ptarmigan, especially in the winter months, when he would kill, most of all, ptarmigan dinners. As a fisherman this owl is quite expert, but does not catch his fish after the manner of the bold and honest fish-hawk. Considering the country this bird inhabits, his food must necessarily be of a "go-as-you-please" nature, of which we know but little. The same is true of his general history. Hall, the Arctic explorer, was the only one so far as I know, that ever met with its nest and eggs. "What has become of the ptarmigan?" Perhaps many years of persecution to the race has taught them to avoid the Dominion?—DIE. E. STERLING.

QUAIL IN CONSPIRACY.—Westfield, N. J., Jan. 25.—The quail are doing nicely (the two I was able to save this morning) and I have just had them all shot and have bought a dozen wild ones, part of which I will turn out in the spring, and part will keep for quail breeding in confinement on a larger scale next year.—JOHN J. WILLIAMS.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Inclosed I send you a copy of a petition I laid before the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Mich., on the 2d of this month, which was indorsed by the club and ordered signed by the officers in their official capacity and presented to Congress. I am not sure whether this is the first movement of a club on this subject or not. It is certainly the first I have heard of. I do not mention this boastfully, but by way of urging that game and fish protective clubs and associations are not more active in their efforts to save the National Yellowstone Park from the spoliation that threatens it, especially as a game preserve. At the annual session of the Michigan (State) Sportsmen's Association, on the 9th inst., I laid a copy of the same petition before that body, which was unanimously indorsed and ordered signed and forwarded as above. I hope every association, society, and club will go and do likewise.

E. S. HOLMES.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., JAN. 20, 1888.

THE PETITION.

To the honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled.

We, the undersigned, members of the Kent County Sportsmen's Club, of Grand Rapids, Kent County, Michigan, do respectfully ask your honorable bodies to enact such laws as may be necessary to secure the enlargement of the National Yellowstone Park by the addition of about forty miles of the national domain on the east and about ten miles on the south of said Park. In addition, as recommended by Lieut.-Gen. P. H. Sheridan in his report of his recent summer trip to said Park.

We also ask that the control of the said Park be transferred from the War Department and that the troops of the United States Army stationed in contiguous forks be instructed to protect all wild animals, especially game animals, of the air, on the land and in the waters of said Park, and to prevent all vandalism within the boundaries of the same.

We do so to protect against the leasing of said Park or any part thereof to private parties.

And your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray.

Some of the reasons for passing Senator Vest's bill may be found in the report of Mr. P. H. Conger, the superintendent of the Yellowstone National Park. Speaking of the vandalism of visitors and their utterly wanton destruction of the natural curiosities there, he says:

"I have hardly the patience to discuss this subject without passion. The most of the depredations committed seem to me so entirely purposeless that I am unable to conceive the cause that impels men and women to wantonly destroy, purely for destruction's sake. What are we to think of a man that will pack long poles, as heavy as he can carry, a great distance for the purpose of thrusting them into the cone and down the throat of these great geysers, when the only possible effect must be to obstruct their flow and mar their beauty? This is done repeatedly, although I have neglected no opportunity to warn, admonish, and entreat all tourists who come to the Park, and to enter on any account to do so, and have also by published order forbidden the collection of any specimens and cautioned all persons having occasion to build a fire in the Park to be certain to extinguish the same before leaving camp. But notwithstanding all this tourists go into the Park with iron bars and picks secreted in their wagons, with the express intent to disregard the law and defy the Superintendent. The famous hot springs, which are already badly defaced and vast tracts of the beautiful forest, which are the wonderland are laid waste by fire annually, through the wanton carelessness and neglect of visitors. Another source of great annoyance is the hunters in the Park. I am sure you will agree with me that it is not possible for a single game-keeper to guard so vast a territory as the National Park and prevent the breach of the laws in regard to the killing of game. It comes to me that the violation and the extension of these laws which these vast solitudes afford, do not wonder that the laws are broken and the orders disobeyed. But I leave it for the superior wisdom of the Honorable Secretary of the Interior to suggest some remedy for these evils."

Billion Forest and Stream.

Allow me to congratulate you upon the fight you are making against the land grab in the National Park. I think that all the moral support possible should be given our representatives in Congress, and all others, who are trying to preserve this Park to its intended and legitimate uses. The famous hot springs are not yet fully explored, yet the honest Senator Vest weakened in an investigation, for we should not believe any subsidy will be able to cause him to swerve from a plain line of duty. Please give us all the facts as they are brought to light in this investigation. OCCIDENT.

SEDAVIA, MO., JAN. 20, 1888.

(St. Paul Pioneer-Press, Jan. 22.)

The letter of Gen. James S. Brislin to Congressman Bedford, of Colorado, under date of Sept. 26, 1887, betrays his unselfish devotion to the cause of the National Park. He says: "I have visited the Park and desire to view the picturesque shores of the lake from a private steamer or a white-winged yacht. He expected to make a million by extending to these shores a hotel and a winter resort. The General is a self-sacrificing patriot, and doesn't believe in allowing a bloated monopoly like the Hatch syndicate to serve the dear public."

(Pl. Wayne (Ind.) Fish and Feather, Jan. 1888.)

If a plain-spoken and well-known article ever appeared in public print it was the one in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 25, in relation to the "Leasing of the National Park." Fair warning of gigantic frauds extended to the whole State and swindled its people, and always a gang of unscrupulous and unprincipled schemers on hand to defraud the Government or its people, when the last show is given and the rascals retreat to their holes. It is not a case of a few throttled or checked in Government matters than another party fornicators, big game, and brings forth first a hundred fold for the original. The famous hot springs are not yet fully explored, yet the honest people are started by a new enterprise ("the Leasing of the National Park") to private parties, for private interests and private aggrandizement. The famous hot springs are not yet fully explored, yet the honest people are started by a new enterprise ("the Leasing of the National Park") to private parties, for private interests and private aggrandizement. The famous hot springs are not yet fully explored, yet the honest people are started by a new enterprise ("the Leasing of the National Park") to private parties, for private interests and private aggrandizement.

(Boston Star, Jan. 22.)

Gen. Brislin has no objection to the Hatch party "lease" of the Yellowstone Park for all it is worth. He demands only a water privilege, worth a million or so within the next ten years.

(Pittsburgh Evening Chronicle, Jan. 22.)

The Yellowstone Game and Fish Commission and Uncle Rufus may realize handsomely out of it with his virtuous and unsullied partners, but in the meantime the people understand the situation perfectly, and the Government should be glad to give the game and fish to Uncle Rufus and his partners have "hogged the whole Park" with all rights, privileges, immunities, ordinary and extraordinary." And Gen. Brislin is the only one who has the nerve to say that the game and fish belong to the people of the United States.

Nobody objects to the erection of hotels in the Park. Speculators may build as many as they want to. What is objected to is the fraudulent right to lease the game and fish to private parties. The Government gives something for nothing. Neither Mr. Hatch nor Mr. Conkling nor anybody else who has anything to sell or lend ever objects to this way. But they will make their point. All the signs indicate it.

(Boston Sunday Herald, Jan. 22.)
The struggle for the control of the Yellowstone Park privileges has brought out some very interesting facts. General Brislin, who is stationed in that vicinity, has been granted the privilege of running one steamer on Yellowstone Lake, and his public letters to Congressmen have been published. He estimates that the privilege will be worth \$3,000,000 for ten years. The scheme of the Rufus Hatch combination to "lease the whole Park" is very objectionable to this modest monopolist, but he promises not to object if his navigation privilege be not interfered with. The action of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior in executing the absence of Secretary Teller, leases for seven tracts of land of 640 acres each, and including the geysers and other natural curiosities, is a very suspicious look. If there is not jobbery afoot in connection with this Park, the car marks are misleading. The Senate has not moved any too soon to protect the Yellowstone country from its "protectors."

(Kaiserbreiter, Jan. 24.)

The Yellowstone Park fund, which our able and reliable contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM, was the first to denounce, will bear a good deal of investigation. The last contribution to the pub. doc. is a lot of letters on the subject in answer to Senator Vest's call for correspondence. This has opened a pigeon-hole full of epistolary trifles, by which we learn that General Brislin got the privilege of a steamer on the lake for the convenience of the "tourists"—"convenience of tourists" is good. General Brislin, with a quick eye to the advantages of the position, writes to the secretary for authority in writing to run his little boat, as those who know Hobart, Douglas, Hatch & Co., are going to gobble the whole Park. Our Assistant Under-Secretary Joslin it was who, in Secretary Vest's absence, made the lease and sold away rights and privileges valuing millions. Nothing for nothing is good political economy. What was Mr. Joslin's share in the spoils?

(N. Y. Morning News, Jan. 23.)

The United States Government, now having a National Park on its hands, is chiefly engaged in proving to the world how incapable it is of carrying out the policy of the Park. The Government is so miserably out that, after having set it apart and barred out the worthy settlers, it must now be given up to speculators. This appears to be another case of the Government's inability to carry out its policy for the general benefit. A National Park was a new idea and a noble one. The hotel scheme is a very old one, and doesn't appear to be noble at all.

A GROWL ABOUT GUNNERS.

NOTICE an article in your last on the "Indestructibility of Game Birds," from one of your correspondents. He admits that the wildfowl and snipe are frightened away by night shooting, and have got the gauge of modern choke borer down so fine that they can keep out of range. That is just what all us "growlers" complain of. Nothing has done so much to drive away our wildfowl and snipe as the introduction of modern breech-loaders at a low price—a good one costs you no more than a muzzle-loader a few years ago. It is not that they are so easily killed, but those that are scared away, that do the mischief.

The coast is lined with "snickers" and "snipers" the whole season, everyone of whom own a gun, and so they must shoot at everything with feathers on, sea gulls, swallows, and the like. "What earthly difference does it make if the ducks and snipe are "indestructible," so long as they keep themselves where you cannot get at them. Your correspondents mention spots on the coast of what is reserved, where he has as good shooting as ever, but I notice that he takes good care not to advertise its exact locality. If he did, about one season would show him what is meant by scarcity of game birds. GROWLER.

New York.

OREGON GAME.—Cove, Oregon, Jan. 5.—For the past two weeks we have had a cold snap, with snowstorms, ice and sleet following each other. Shooting has been pretty fair among the prairie chickens, ducks, jack-rabbits and large game. Geese have left for a warmer climate. The sharp-tail grouse, called here "chickens," during a snow storm frequently settle in the trees on the streets, and are shot from the houses. Notwithstanding the depth of snow, they are in good order, and are very abundant. One day a warm creek still open, and found plenty of game. Ducks, to protect themselves from the wind, were under the banks and bushes, and as we turned sharp crooks in the stream, they would rise almost under our feet, only to fall with a bound right and left. Now and then "chickens" arose with a whirl from the snowbanks and thickets. When again settling the snow would cover us, and we were to be almost stopped on before taking wing. They afford the finest of shooting when the weather is cold and snow covers the ground; but when the snow disappears the birds are wild and difficult of approach. My companion, noting fresh tracks of a jack-rabbit, followed them only a short distance when it jumped up near by and was brought to bag. They are almost invisible now, being white. We made two particularly fine shots, bringing down a pair of mallards at twenty-five yards in the water. After a half day's sport we returned with one rabbit, six ducks and twelve chickens.—J. G. S.

NEW JERSEY QUAIL STOCKING.—Plainfield, N. J., Jan. 29.—The first installment of three hundred live quail for stocking purposes, ordered by the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society, arrived at the headquarters of the Society in this city last week, and are doing finely. The birds came from the Indian Territory, through Reich Bros., New York, and are in good condition. They have been placed in excellent quarters and are receiving every attention necessary to their welfare, until the proper time arrives to turn them loose in the various counties of the State destined as their future homes and breeding places. The society is in a flourishing condition, and rapidly increasing in membership. It is now desiring to become members should address the Secretary, W. S. Foster, Plainfield, N. J. There is a prospect of more quail being left over this winter than in many previous years. The writer knows of several broods which were saved over from last fall's shooting in this immediate neighborhood, by the exertions of members of the society, who would not shoot them themselves, nor allow others to do so as far as lay in their power, excepting their favorite sport because they desire the birds to increase in numbers and thus afford better shooting in the future. Grouse are scarce in this section. No important changes in the game laws are likely to be made by the present Legislature.—FOX.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—New York City, Jan. 27, 1888.—Will you be kind enough to publish in your esteemed paper, the following description of a migratory quail, which I have been fortunate to obtain all information, etc., by applying to the undersigned, 46 Beaver street. Over 13,000 quail have been imported through me from Messina to this country.—CARL F. BRACON.

In that kind of weather one should go about sunset. I recollect one little occurrence that happened years ago, when I was a boy, that I must relate. It was on one of those warm, muggy days known as dog-days, in the month of August. Taking my rod some afternoon, I went down to Sebago Pond, where I had one fine luck the first of the season, fishing around fallen bushes. Arriving there early in the afternoon, when the sun was shining quite hot, I sat down under the cool shade of a cedar, comfortable as I then adjusted my tackle. I put on a worm and caught a few chubs for bait. Cutting off several as tempting-looking baits as I could, I put one on my hook and walked along to the bushes and began to fish. I had never failed to have good luck, and consequently I expected a bite every time I threw my bait, but nothing seemed to care for it. I fished over an hour without a bite, when happening to look down under the leaves in the water, I saw a large pickeredling lying there, and quickly noting he had been around. Winding in some line, I lowered my bait down in front of him, but he refused to take any notice of it. I got tired of trying to get him to take the bait, and putting up my rod, started for home, with the determination of giving that fish a waking up next day if I could find him. I got home and fastened three large hooks together, so as to make a first-class grapple. The next afternoon I went back prepared for another looking for the pickeredling. I saw the old fellow in another place, not far from where he was the day before. Putting on a bait, I tried to tempt him out, but he refused to stir at all. Taking off my bait and hook, I adjusted the grapple. Lowering it carefully down under his tail, I gave a good yank and succeeded in looking him just behind the back fin. He was thoroughly wide awake about that time, and never in my life did I enjoy myself for half an hour as I did then; and never did I see a pickered handle himself as he did. But it was of no use, I had him securely hooked and after a while I reeled him in, and he weighed six and three-quarter pounds. I shall always remember that—PICKEREL.

TROUTS OF LAKE HUDON.—I noticed no less than three distinct species of lake trout brought in at Alpena last fall, besides many variations in color, etc., according to the runs and localities from which they were captured. The Mackinac species predominate in numbers; these, I suppose, are the most common, and in abundance. I saw the "Buckskins," as the fishermen call them; this variety has tougher, more leathery skin (hence, I suppose, the name buckskin), and is lighter in color and weight. Then come the racers, which are comparatively scarce; luckily, too, as they must be terribly destructive, having a mouth and head of immense proportions—altogether disproportioned to the size of the body, taking the other species as a standard of comparison. They are especially anathematized by the fishermen. —S. BOWEN.

ICE FISHING, Erie, Pa., Jan. 24.—The fishermen are having fine sport fishing through the ice on the bay, at Erie, Pa.; the catch is mostly yellow perch, though some of the lucky ones sometimes hook a black bass and frequently a good sized pickerel. Herrings were not put in an appearance yet; when they had hundreds of men and boys may be seen on an acre of ice near the channel. —HEADLIGHT.

Fishculture.

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SALMON AND SHAD IN THE MERRIMACK.
The Lowell, Mass., *Chadrier* says: "Representative Varnum has introduced a bill in the Legislature which removes restrictions upon fishing in the Merrimack with net or seines certain months in the year, the proposed enactment being intended particularly to benefit the catch of shad. The nets in the Merrimack to a point above this city. The fish named are used for bait in pickeral and other fishing."

Warren Ordway writes to the Haverhill, Mass., *Bulletin*: "The fishing boats here lately have been making a fine haul. Lawrence, have waited for twenty or thirty years upon the experiments of the Fish Commissioners to restock the river with salmon and shad. They have waited in vain, for nothing of any consequence has been accomplished. The fish do not come into the river now as of olden times, and there is no good reason why the stop-laws that relate to the fishing in Merrimack River should not be repealed. The spawning grounds on the river and its tributaries are all shut off, and the fish have given up their homes to catfish and dry staff. Let every town on the river petition for the repeal of these useless stop-laws, and let the people, if by chance they can catch a stray shad or salmon, have the privilege of eating it honestly and by daylight."

The Lawrence, Mass., *American* says: "Mr. Edwin F. Hunt, of Newburyport, who was directed to make observations in the river by the Fish Commissioners, states in his report that soon after the Pacific fire when a large amount of dye-stuffs and other chemicals were dumped into the river, he found that a large number of dead salmon were to be found on the shores of the river. He made a careful inspection of both banks, and found one dead salmon below Merrimack bridge, and another below the dam at Haverhill. He is convinced that this is the extent of the injury done to the fish, although reports multiplied them into hundreds."

FISHWAYS FOR MARYLAND.

The following is an extract from the fish law of the State of Maryland, section 15, "C" of chapter 430, acts of 1882:
The commissioner of the western shore of the State shall secure and maintain over the several canals and the Potomac River, during the next ensuing year after the passage of this act, suitable fish-ways or ladders, whereby the fish may be able to ascend over the said dams, and the sum of twenty-four hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated for that purpose.

Section 15, "D." The owner, or owners of all dams (except the canal-dams) now erected, or hereafter to be erected, in or across the Potomac River, or streams running into the said river, upon which fish-ways or ladders, shall make and keep in repair, properly constructed fish-ladders or fish-ways, to be placed on said dams so as to afford to the fish in the said river or streams, free course up and down said river or streams, and the sum of twenty-four hundred dollars, or so much thereof as may be necessary, is hereby appropriated for that purpose.

a nuisance, and liable to be abated as other nuisances under the laws of the State.

Section 15, "E." The county commissioners of the county along which a dam or dams erected now or hereafter to be erected, in or across the Potomac River, or streams running into said river, which satisfied that said dam or dams are so constructed as to cut off the fish from free course up and down said river or stream, shall give notice to said owner or owners to construct and keep in repair proper fish-ways or ladders as herebefore provided.

Section 15, "H." This act shall apply to the Potomac River and its tributaries only, above what is commonly known as "Little Falls of the Potomac."

Approved May 3, 1882.
[In this connection we learn that Mr. Delawder, the Commissioner of Fisheries for the western shore of Maryland, has approved of the McDonald Fish way and the McDonald Fish-way Company are now engaged in building several of them on the canal-dams on the Potomac river. The company has bought the exclusive control of the patents on this fish-way and is preparing to erect dams in all parts of the country. To meet the wants of mill owners on small streams they have designed a form which may easily be built of lumber by any carpenter, and at a very small expense.]

LAND-LOCKED SALMON FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Plymouth, N. H., Jan. 25.—Sixty thousand Schoodic salmon eggs were received at the State hatchery to-day from Grand Lake Stream, Maine.—H.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

February 20, 21, 22 and 23, 1883.—Grand International Bench Show, Washington, D. C. Entries close Feb. 12. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Skating rink, Washington, D. C.

March 20, 21 and 22, 1883.—The International Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1883.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's 10th Annual Bench Show, at Johnstown, Pa. Entries close Feb. 15, 1883. Chas. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Elbin, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

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Owing to the illness of the Kennel Editor, many communications are deferred.

WASHINGTON BENCH SHOW.

EVERYTHING looks very well here for a successful show. The applications for entry blanks have been more numerous than expected. One thing is very gratifying to say, they come from all parts of the country, and what is more important to most of their owners are coming with them, so that they may take in the sights of the gay capital, and also celebrate Washington's Birthday.

The Erie Railroad will carry one or two dogs free, but in all other respects will charge as usual. John N. Abbott, General Passenger Agent, 21 Cortlandt street, New York, The Pennsylvania Railroad Company will carry dogs in their special cars, fitted up expressly for the transportation of dogs, for a very small charge.

The express companies will return dogs free of charge to the original shippers, providing they have paid their usual rates to the show.

Tiffany & Co. give \$100 cap for the best trio of sporting dogs. The Hon. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va., will judge English and Gordon setters; also pointers.

Mr. C. H. Mason, late of Bradford, Yorkshire, England, will judge Irish setters, spaniels, fox-terriers and miscellaneous. The Hon. John S. Wise, of Richmond, Va., will judge St. Bernards, Newfoundland, collies and all small non-sporting dogs. The entries close 12th of February, and it is earnestly requested that entries be made as early as possible, as the space is limited.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Superintendent.

NEW ORLEANS GUN CLUB.

The cold wave that struck here last week had the effect of waking up the members of the New Orleans Gun Club, and our leading gun stores were under the necessity of employing an extra force of men to fill orders for loaded ammunition. It had one good effect, at all events, for the subject of dog and gun became the leading topic of conversation whenever two or more sportsmen would meet, and finally brought about a meeting of the New Orleans Gun Club.

This was the first time a question of the organization could be obtained since their late field trials at Opelousas, and as a great deal of business, old and new, was before the club, the meeting was necessarily a prolonged one.

The principal business before the club was as to a question of another field trial, its location and prospects of success. It was clearly demonstrated at Opelousas that the season was too early in that locality to display superior field work on the part of the dogs, as the weather was excessively warm and the cover heavy and unproductive. The decision of this matter finally resulted in the club's decision that they give a field trial, this fall, immediately following the one to be given by the National American Kennel Club, and at a point convenient of access from Grand Junction.

The question as to what should comprise the various stakes drew forth an almost unanimous opinion that the Derby be left out and in its place one should be substituted to be given in the championship trials. The stakes will be open only to those dogs who shall have won a prize in some previous All-aged Stake, and it will be open to winners throughout the world, the winner in this stake to be known as the "champion of the world." It will be the sole event of the day or days of the trial, and the prize to be such a battle of the giants, so to speak. There will be a valuable prize, of course, but the honor of owning the champion of the world will run for something. The other stakes in these trials will be the "Members' Stake" and "All-ages." The two latter will be run previous to the first mentioned. Can you not induce some of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to give their opinion of this Champion Stake for our benefit before the meeting becomes a fixed fact? The report of the treasurer showed a considerable balance in hand from the last field trial fund, and the amount was ordered placed to the credit of a future field trial fund.

The secretary read a letter from Mr. Washington A. Costar, secretary of the Eastern Field Trial Club, enclosing a copy of the resolutions adopted by that club in the case of Mr. Wm. Tell Mitchell for breach of field decorum at High Point, N. C., and requesting this club to act in concert with them in carrying out the same. It was decided that the club and owners shall be debared by them in the future. The reading of this letter brought forth a resolution that was unanimously carried, &c., &c. "That this club shall recognize

the acts of any similar organization in barring from participation in field trials any owner or handler who shall be guilty of field decorum becoming gentlemen, or who commit a breach of field decorum."

Mr. H. M. Short, the handler of Sue, Peep-o'-Day, Pink B., and other dogs at Opelousas, who was barred by the executive committee from participation further in the trials, and any future trials given under the auspices of the New Orleans Gun Club, was also present, and the action of the committee was unanimously sustained. It is shown that Mr. Short was guilty of gross impropriety, both as to language, threats and actions. The committee had acted promptly in his case, but out of consideration for the owners of the dogs he was handling, and from the fact that none of said owners were present, their action was far more lenient than the gravity of the case required. They addressed to Mr. Short the following letter:

OPELOUSAS, LA., Dec. 14, 1882.

Dear Sir:—The remarks attributed to you, and circumstances attending your withdrawal from the field this afternoon, are of such a peculiarly disagreeable character to this committee that we are in doubt as to your intentions with regard to a continuance in this trial on your part as handler of the balance of your entries, we naturally but insist that such continuance be attended with full apology to the judges and this committee for a breach of field decorum and a violation of the rules such as we cannot permit to pass in our own state, or in any other state, and we desire to establish yourself in the good will of the judges and this club purely from considerations of the highest regard entertained for the Messrs. Erpses and other gentlemen you represent.

E. L. RANLET,
Jno. K. RENAUD, Ex. Committee.

The committee gave him until the following morning in which to tender an apology before final action was taken, to which letter he refused to reply, and he was not allowed to run any dog afterward. The committee regretted the necessity of having to pass so severe a sentence on a man who, we naturally believed, was one of the best and most successful trainers of dogs in the South. He is uniformly kind to his dogs and is very well thought of by those who entrust their dogs to him. The writer speaks from personal acquaintance and furthermore, several communications addressed to members of the committee had been received, asking them to be as lenient as possible in his case and try to have him reinstated.

The meeting of the club was in every respect a harmonious one, and the committee was it is appointed at once and begin their labors. The entrance fee in the stakes this year will be the same as last, namely, \$5 to each stake, while the cash prizes will be much larger. You may rest assured that the trials of the New Orleans Gun Club will be a greater success even than the last was. —FOX HORN.

NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 25, 1883.

THE ENGLISH GUN CLUB TROUBLE.

ONE of the peculiarities in the constitution and temperament of our English cousins is their bluster whenever any aspersion or even anything with the slightest tinge of insinuation is made against their country, the people, or their institutions. We say bluster, because they are never behind the thin veil of "Briton's never, never will be slaves," we find there a slavish adherence to antiquated notions, and anything that has its claim the fact of there being a population that says of China, for its observation. We are reminded of the old saying, "The Emperor sitting on the shoulders of the next in authority in the country, complacently fanning himself; he is in turn perched on a secondary grade of mandarin, who is in turn perched on the shoulders of a third grade, and so on, until he reaches the ground beneath the supercilious weight. The picture is just as applicable to England as to China and it is surprising to note how, with what appears to be a keen eye through the microscope of the social scale support the usurpation of a few people whose social superiority is the fact that they were left a title or moiety by ancestors who had brains or brawn enough to win what they left to posterity. If necessary we could name several instances in which a few persons have usurped control of a particular branch of sport and held the power in their hands until the smoldering flames of discontent finally kindled and went in what is generally known as writing to the *Times*. We are reminded of the case of the London Field, and the poor Ah Sin flattered out on the ground beneath the supercilious weight. 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shows which have refused to submit to their dictation. * * * From the first we have stated that we would have nothing to do with a rivalry in the exhibition at large, and called attention to that of the K. C.; but that, if a national representative club were started, we would support it with our whole powers, and also the Stand Book, as you desired. To ascertain the opinions on this point, of exhibitors at large, we called a meeting at Birmingham, which was attended by gentlemen of influence in the show world, in numbers more than doubling that which carried the celebrated, or rather notorious, Boycotting resolution of the K. C. Prior to this meeting, we had consulted with the principal committee, and other gentlemen interested in the matter in hand; and, as a result of their consultation, we drew up the resolutions which were there unanimously carried, but the nomination of Mr. Shaw was not retained.

"In other matters relating to dog shows we have also had occasion to find fault with the K. C., and notably on account of what we considered their unfair support of the moneyed interest when in antagonism with without any comparative bias for or against them; but we challenge our opponents to the proof of any other bias against them. The club is confined to a rich class, who alone can pay the high subscription necessary to insure membership, and, even in the moneyed interest, the exhibitor of a single dog at Birmingham, Manchester, or Darlington would notoriously stand a bad chance of election. Hence we consider that this club has no indisputable right to legislate for all parties concerned in dog shows, and that, so far as the owners of the Birmingham and Darlington shows are concerned, we have little chance when he comes into conflict with a noble lord or an M. P. in the Pall Mall sanctum. For many years we considered that the tall-trimmed aristocratic owner of the setter or retriever, who in the moneyed interest is the fakers' artisan, but in vain. At length our efforts were crowned with success, and we should have rested content with the disqualifying rules of the K. C. recently published by them; but then came the Birmingham and Darlington shows, and we could not hold our hands no longer. Still, we maintain that the K. C. have peace within their grasp; but if they refuse the offer now made them, at all events their hands are clean, and what of their fate may be, they have only themselves to thank for it."

"Having thus fully shown what our opinions have always been and still are on the points in dispute between the K. C. and their Boycotting rivals, we would earnestly and dispassionately request that the Executive of the former club should consider the position they have taken up, and to compare it carefully with that which is offered them. On the one hand, they have created an opposition of the most deadly character to their assumed authority, for the simple reason that they have created a rival club, and have thus invited the fight to the bitter end; while, on the other, by acceding to the terms now amicably offered to them, they may assist in organizing a governing body whose laws all parties will cordially agree to. It is as alleged on their side, the Kennel Club and its adherents constitute a majority of the general body of exhibitors, they will be enabled to carry out their views, while, at the same time, the existing unfortunate discussions will be brought to a close, and they will occupy a position as a social club, but with a large addition to it. Again, if it is proved that they are in the minority, it is equally clear that they have no right to claim the authoritative power which they have assumed, and as gentlemen they will naturally adhere to private life."

"While this article was in type and prior to its publication the Kennel Club issued notice of a general meeting of the club to be held at the Crystal Palace on the 15th of the present day of their show, and the same date as the National Club had named for their meeting of organization. This circular totally ignored in the most ingenious manner the rival body and commencing with the Executive of the former club, and proceeded to invite discussion, and considered during the last three years bringing the club into more direct connection with exhibitors and breeders," etc., proceeded to unfold its scheme which was to allow members on payment of a fee to enter the year to have a copy of the Kennel Club's monthly Gazette, to enter two dogs in the stud book and register, five dogs in the Gazette, free of charge and to have two admission tickets to the annual shows and held trials. In addition to this good game's worth of privileges, the Executive of the former club has the privilege of attending a grand annual council and suggesting alterations or amendments of the rules. The right of voting on these suggestions is, however, to be strictly confined to the five-guinea members, and, as these regulations will practically give no vote whatever to the government of the club, though it cannot be gainsayed that they get plenty for their money. The Kennel Club, however, had to bring into "buck" against the new and vigorous opposition, and it is much to be regretted that the Executive should be overcome and harmony brought about, and we trust such was the issue of the meetings held on Jan. 17. Reports of these meetings we expected to have for publication this week, but the rough weather on the Atlantic has delayed the mails.

SPANIEL CLASSIFICATION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The letter of "Greenhorn" in your last issue, about the classification of cocker spaniels at our bench shows wants a little consideration. I have no objection to the classification of plume, that he has never either assisted in the management of as show or exhibited at one. I may be allowed, therefore, to explain that bench show managers have to be guided in their classification by two things: First, the rules of the bench, as assigned; second, what classes will be filled by paying entries? I take the classification of the Westminster Kennel Club for 1880, 1881, and 1882:

In 1880 there were three classes for cocker spaniels, no weights mentioned, for dogs, bitchs and pups. There were thirty-seven entries and \$50 and three medals given. In 1881 there were four classes given for the same dogs, namely, field spaniels over 25 lbs., dog or bitch, cocker spaniel under 25 lbs. for dog (1) bitch, and puppy class with an entry of forty-three and prizes amounting to \$45 and three medals. In 1882 there were five classes: Spaniels other than black over 25 lbs.; dog or bitch; cocker spaniels other than black under 25 lbs.; dog or bitch; spaniel black or blue over 25 lbs.; dog or bitch; cocker spaniels under 25 lbs.; dog or bitch; puppy class with an entry of fifty-five and prizes amounting to \$55 and one medal.

"These were all good paying classes for the Club, as the entry money received was more than covered the prize money, especially in 1882, when they received \$110 and paid out only \$65 and a medal.

"Greenhorn" wishes a class made for lemon and white and black, white and tan, and if any other colors would give the class a good pay, as in the show of 1881 there was but one lemon and white, no black, white and tan; in 1882 I think there were two entries of lemon and white, and but one black, white and tan, evidently a half-bred black and white spaniel.

If the Westminster Kennel Club were to follow the example of the Dominion Kennel Club, and give a dog and bitch class in each, it would be far more encouraging, as many breeders have good ones of each sex, but will only enter one, or at best two, in any class, but if there were two classes to each breed, or rather color and weight, I have no doubt but that it would pay.

Another change I would suggest, and that is that black and solid liver spaniels and other colors should be put in one class, and other color class, which better chance. This would help "Greenhorn," and might possibly induce him and we called to

make entries of their special colored cockers. As for the puppy classes, I think the blacks and livers should be separate classes, and the whites and blues should be returned to what I started out with, the two reasons which guide managers of shows. I think by reading over what I have stated above that I have proved, from their own catalogues, and the additional number of entries they may expect, that breeders if they separate the dog and bitch classes, that they would be all right as far as the paying part would go.

As to the first reason, the improving the breed, my suggestion with regard to the greater mix of the blacks and livers, I think I am right, and that I will be sustained by the breeders of black spaniels and cockers, as no matter how carefully we breed blacks, in every litter there appears one or more solid liver pups which will have all the distinguishing marks of the black spaniel except the color. I have not myself sufficient experience in the breeding of tricolored spaniels to know exactly how they are bred, but in appearance they strongly resemble the liver and white and black and white, and think they should be kept together. In this I should like to be instructed by "Greenhorn" or any breeder of this most beautiful spaniel. Black and white spaniels ought not to be classed with blacks or livers, they are of a different type.

In conclusion, I hope that the breeders of the various classes of spaniels will unite in the endeavor which was so well inaugurated three years ago, to snatch from decay the cocker spaniel by lending their assistance to the American Cocker Spaniel Club. Good advice always abounds in bench show managers are guided.

J. S. NIVEN.

LONDON, Oct. Jan. 22, 1883.

LOST DOGS.

"Sisy" writes as follows: "If the person who lost an orange-brown pointer, the other day, at the Crystal Palace, belonging to such a bitch from the Westminster Kennel Club show of 1882 will communicate with me, care of FOREST AND STREAM, I think I can put him on the right track to secure his property."

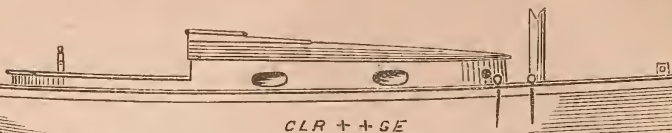
George Ayres, of the Rod and Gun Hotel, Pawtuxet, R. I., asks us to give further publicity to the following description of his setter bitch recently lost: She is white, one ear buff the other marked with red, nudge on hind quarters, answers to the name of Psyche. A liberal reward will be paid to the person returning her to David Richards, Providence Opera House, or George Ayres, Pawtuxet, R. I.

A LIVELY TIME WITH THE FOXES.—Macon, Ga., Jan. 22, 1883.—I spent several days in Jones county shooting quail and had it very successful. My only one bird today was a red head. I used my usual killing and my gun was very good this season. I went shooting with Col. R. V. H., the crack shot of Jones county. We bagged forty quails between us, the only real good kill we have made this season. Col. H. usually hunts by himself, and frequently kills twenty to thirty birds in an afternoon's hunt. I beat him several birds when we shot and felt quite elated thereby. I anticipated a fox chase on Christmas night, but just as we were ready to start the rain began to fall and we were disappointed. I had spent the day with a friend in Monroe county, who lives a few miles across the Ocmulgee River from Capt. Ridley, and who has some of the same stock of dogs, though he has not given them the attention that Ridley has. A few days before Christmas my friends went to party with another fox hunt. On the third morning they had two on foot at the same time, and while the two best dogs ran one the rest caught it. A few minutes after the two dogs came by in full chase, and I saw the fox with my party after him. On the following day they jumped a very large red fox, and after running several hours all the pack were exhausted but one dog. This dog chased the fox alone, frequently having a slight race, and as he would pass the other dogs they would bark, but could not follow him. This particular dog was very remarkable both for speed and endurance, and though always in "at the death," had never before been known to take such a long chase. Can you give any idea of the fox's bad weather of late. Shooting has been very poor.

I. H. J.

MERIDEN DOG SHOW.—Following is the official report of the premiums awarded to the dogs shown at the seventh annual exhibition at Meriden, Conn., Jan. 9-11, 1883: Special for best dog, any breed, Robt. B. Penn's setter Rancier. Special for best bitch, any breed, F. Stevenson's pointer. Special for best puppy, any breed, first and special, Robt. B. Penn's Rancier; second, G. R. Nichols's (New Haven) Asteroid; third, F. G. Ferguson's (Meriden) Dash; bitches, first and special, Robt. B. Penn's Mollie; puppies, first and special, G. R. Nichols's Asteroid; first and special, G. R. Nichols's Asteroid; second, J. Warren E. Smith's (Brooklyn) Triumph; second, E. P. Tillotson's (Meriden) bitches; first, John Rankin (Glastonbury); puppies, first, John F. Ives (Meriden). Gaudin setter dogs, first, S. C. Padlock (Meriden) second, W. H. Smith (Wolcott); bitches, first, G. R. Nichols. Pointer dogs, first and special, J. F. Ives's Shot; second, W. E. Miller's (Meriden) Tim; third, J. F. Padlock's (Meriden) Sanchez; puppies, first and special, F. Stevenson (Meriden) Dash; bitches, first and special, Robt. B. Penn's Rancier and special, N. Elmore's Charley Ross; second, Gilligan and Kenney (Glastonbury) bitches; first, N. Elmore (Granby); puppies, first and second, N. Elmore; third, E. A. Birdsey (Meriden). Beagle hounds, dogs, first and special, N. Elmore; bitches, first and second, N. Elmore; third, John Morrow (Southington); puppies, first, second, third and special, N. Elmore. St. Bernard, bitches, first and special, A. H. Whitney (Lanesester, Mass.). Black spaniel dogs, first and special, J. F. Ives's first and second; dog scratched. Prince Scotch terrier, first, E. E. Timson (Meriden);—JONATHAN SHUTE, Secretary.

A GOOD 'COONER.—I was in Cheyenne after Jim had got rich, and persuaded him to give me that dog of his'n, Bosc. I was out hunting one day near Laramie, when one of the men brought down a coon. I did not know what to do with him, I was all around him, I could see the storm coming, but two miles off. If I ran it would catch me. If I stood that it was death. So I ran to the dog and he ran to me. I saw the coon. I threw it down behind him like a breaking plow drawn by twenty yoke of oxen. I held on to his tail and he scratched. We hadn't got in the ground more'n two hundred feet when the storm struck us. I was all around him, I did not know what to do with him, I was all around him, I could see the storm coming, but two miles off. If I ran it would catch me. If I stood that it was death. So I ran to the dog and he ran to me. I saw the coon. I threw it down behind him like a breaking plow drawn by twenty yoke of oxen. I held on to his tail and he scratched. 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CLR + + SE

CLEAM—SLOOP—MR. N. D. LAWTON—LARCHMONT Y. C.

of yachts in these columns does not imply a sanction of their models or rigs, unless explicitly so stated. It is our province to present the thoughts and opinions of others quite as much as our own, though radically faulty conceptions we do not permit to appear for obvious reasons. In single hand yachts, we look first to safety, ability and accommodations, and then recommend as much speed as compatible with those points for sailing.

To summarize, we deem the yawl rig, of reasonable area, supplemented with kites, a better rig than large area in lower sails of an unbandy description and no kites. The first offers every choice demanded by varying circumstances, and can be quickly brought into harmony with the surroundings. The latter leaves you in the lurch in the crisis for lack of that very adaptability the yawl pre-eminently offers. For that reason you may be more extravagant with the area in the yawl if you wish, than in cut, sloop, cutter or lugger, which must be restricted to meet widely different exigencies, for which reading offers but a laborious, risky and poorly balanced substitute, quite generally deferred until the consequences may become serious. Undergirding is safe in any plan, but we look to speed in America too much to put up with a "jury," and our weather warrants liberal provision. That respect.

CLEAM.

THE prediction a few weeks ago that the centerboard would disappear in Eastern waters seemed quite as improbable of fulfillment as a similar prognostication made to-day, regarding yachts in New York. Yet we have lived to see the board practically abandoned around Cape Cod, and we venture to assert, it is only a matter of a few seasons more before the keel will be given a life preference here in New York. All indications point that way, and we certainly consider the time not far distant when the centerboard shall be relegated to special contrivances built to meet the purely local exigencies of certain limited stretches of shoal water or for some individual purpose only distantly related to yachting viewed as the indulgence in the art of sailing. Until then, we must expect to find yachtmanship pass through the usual preliminary stages of experiment, going from the trap first to deep centerboard boats, then to semi-keels and partial outside ballast, and finally bringing up in safe, creditable construction possessing the advantages incorporated in the cutter.

As one of the latest and best examples furthering the introduction of modern ideas, we give this week details of a deep-centerboard sloop, the Cleam, now building by John Munn, of Bay Ridge, for Mr. Newbury D. Lawton, of this city. This yacht differs from her predecessors in greater depth and more freerboard than usual, and to some extent modifies the objections urged against the flat-iron-trap in her pristine form. The Cleam draws rather less water with out her board than a keel boat (about fifteen inches), and this difference disappears altogether the moment a very small fraction of her board is displayed. Her accommodations, though better than in many other sloops, are still not equal to those of cutters of her size, with the exception of a wider cockpit and more "wings" above deck transoms in the fore. The rig is of the largest, and the cost of construction, owing to amount of material and labor, rather more than in boats of moderate form, and handling the boat must involve greater exertion with only partial compensation in the speed. She will of course be a "wetter" boat than a cutter, but stiffer under a press of sail. Whether her disadvantages are fully offset by an occasional less draw and more accommodations, is a matter of angle of heel, each reader must judge for himself. We subjoin details, kindly furnished by Mr. Lawton:

DETAILS OF CLEAM.

Table with 2 columns: Specification and Measurement. Includes items like Length over all (35 ft. 10 in.), Beam on load line (23 ft.), Mast height (47 ft. 6 in.), and various deck and hull measurements.

The keel is of white oak, 82 lbs. amidships, frames 3/8 x 2 ft. beam, 3/2 x 2 ft. head, oak. Frames on bilge, 2 1/2 x 2 ft. backstake, deck framing, 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 ft. Deck beams for centerboard trunk, 2 x 4 in. oak. Stern post, and rudder of oak with locust stow. Mast, 1 1/2 yalms. of spruce, stepped, 1 1/2 yalms. of spruce, 1 1/2 white pine, square, no bits. Firmings, hatches and rail in mahogany. Cabin roof is of three layers thin boards, with canvas between. Sails of 100 duck, single lighted, also storm bunt. Cut top-sail of fox duck single lighted, and spinnaker, balloon jib top-sail of stout drilling. The bowsprit will be a bright, round spar, run early horizontal in the bows, and inflexed to the tip. It will be black with red bottom, no gilt stripe. The cockpit floor is lift, above water line, and the centerboard trunk is kept low in the cabin, the top being "sealed" and covered. The yacht is fully finished with anchors, chains, side-lights, binnacle, charts, fog-horn, etc.

DISPLACEMENT AND RESISTANCE.

Editor Forest and Stream: Having done considerable sailing in the Nevs, whose lines you recently published, I am a fair judge of the results which will sustain you in your attempts to convert builders to sound views. "Jury rig" of the Neva, it is the truth that she does more than well in light breezes, although of large displacement. In a gale of force her own in moderate winds with the best centerboards, carrying only half as much ballast. This is, to me at least, conclusive proof that displacement is no bar at all to speed if displacement is in the right place. When rough and blowing I have seen the Neva sail dry, while the light-weight centerboards were bobbing about, throwing spray and green water clear into their cockpits. You may count me for large displacement hereafter.

Boston, Mass. [Unimpaired practical demonstrations proving this class as above might be cited, but they have been taken in view of the use of builders and experts, yet we here in New York have had to wait

(till the end of last season before even the more intelligent portion of the public would accede to the doctrine set forth in this journal that the requirements of form and skin area, and thus no connection with the displacement, large or small. It was not until the cutter Bedouin showed her one hundred and two tons through the water as fast as the sloop Gracie did her sixty tons in the Savannah Fall races, the cutter carrying between 500 and 600 sq. ft. less sail, that the public woke up to the fact which FOREST AND STREAM had been trying to impress upon yachting men as one of the fundamental truths of naval science. It is disgraceful that at this day quite a class of people, including many old-fashioned builders, are still unconvinced and firm as ever in their stupid reverence of the antiquated faith, that depth, weight or displacement are hindrances to speed. We trust these old fogies will be appreciated at their worth by the public, for the sooner they are shelved out of sight the better for the cause of rational yacht building.]

A NAVAL BOAT RACE.

Editor Forest and Stream: A race between the barges of two well-known American men-of-war took place on November 3, at 4 P. M., in the harbor of Montevideo, Uruguay, South America.

The champions of the station—the racing crew of the barge of Rear Admiral Crosby, commanding South Atlantic Station—were challenged by a racing crew from the old Hartford, formerly flagship of Admiral David Glasgow Farragut at Mobile. The latter crew pulled in the Hartford's barge, which they had christened the Judite. Admiral Crosby's barge was attached to the U. S. S. Brooklyn, its flagship on this station.

The conditions of the race were in charge of Lieut. D. V. Stuart, U. S. N., attached to the U. S. S. Galena and representing the Admiral, and Master E. P. Quintrou, U. S. N., of the Hartford. The course to be one and a half miles to seaward and return to start the boats, either the other boat's water until at least two boats' lengths of clear water intervenes.

If either boat fouls the other intentionally or through carelessness, the race is given to the other boat. All objections to be lodged with the committee in charge as soon as the objectioning boat passes the winning post.

The Galea, Hartford, and foreign men-of-war in port were crowded with spectators, and Admiral and Mrs. Crosby were on board the former. The start was made by firing a pistol, after asking, "Are you ready?" and the boats succeeded in getting away well together. They kept together for about two hundred yards, after which the Brooklyn's larger draw about one boat length, which lead she retained for a hundred yards further, after which the Hartford's crew broke and steadily reduced the gap, passed them, and obtained a lead which they increased to thirty seconds of time at the turning point. On the homestretch the break was widened, and the Brooklyn's crew crossed the score one and three-quarter miles about the former's mark. The score one and three-quarter miles about the former's mark. The score one and three-quarter miles about the water was so rough that they would be of little use to outsiders.

TOM TRISTACBLE, Seaman.

REGISTRY OF YACHTS.

HAVING received several inquiries concerning the requirements of the law with regard to the registry of yachts under 20 tons Custom House measurement, the following information has been gathered through the kindness of the Secretary of the Treasury in Washington. Coming direct from headquarters, his exposition of course overrides all opinions and decisions of local collectors. It puts the status of yachts beyond question and clears up much doubt on the subject. For an "independent" vessel there are no papers of any sort. They are not covered by law in any way, and providing they do not engage in trade or in the carrying of passengers, cannot be subjected or arrested for the want of documents of any sort. For the same reason names of small yachts may be changed at will without legal formalities. In short, they lie in the same category in the eyes of the law as the "independent" vessel. The only regulations for their registry for the display of lights, fog signals and the Rule of the Road for an anchor, and so forth, which yachtsmen will be able to understand and movements of registration. They are not subject to any regulations in these directions and keep them handy in the binnacle or cockpit locker, as well as to learn them by heart.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 24, 1898.

Editor Forest and Stream: In a communication to the Department of the 90th inst., you inquire in regard to the documents required by law for small yachts under twenty tons burden.

You are informed that the statutes of the United States require no registry, enrollment, or license for a yacht, or any other kind of vessel, whether under or above twenty tons burden. If not engaged in trade, but if in an "independent" vessel there are no papers of any sort. They are not covered by law in any way, and providing they do not engage in trade or in the carrying of passengers, cannot be subjected or arrested for the want of documents of any sort. For the same reason names of small yachts may be changed at will without legal formalities. In short, they lie in the same category in the eyes of the law as the "independent" vessel. The only regulations for their registry for the display of lights, fog signals and the Rule of the Road for an anchor, and so forth, which yachtsmen will be able to understand and movements of registration. They are not subject to any regulations in these directions and keep them handy in the binnacle or cockpit locker, as well as to learn them by heart.

Very respectfully, R. F. FRENCH, Assistant Secretary.

CIRCULAR.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 1, 1898.

To Collectors of Customs and others: In order to insure uniformity, and especially the masters of sailing vessels, may be apprised of their duties in the premises, you are directed to place a copy of this circular in possession of the masters of every vessel of twenty tons or more, and the instrument herein contained will be observed in the navigation of the mercantile marine of the United States, and by provisions of the Revised Statutes, and by the provisions of the Act of March 3, 1879, which is hereby published, and it is to be understood, inclusive, are made applicable to the navigation of vessels of the Navy. (Collectors will notice the modifications of the circular of Feb. 1, 1897, which is hereby published, and it is to be understood, inclusive, are made applicable to the navigation of vessels of the Navy.) Every sail vessel of the mercantile marine navigated without the

plying with the instructions of this circular will be liable to a penalty of two hundred dollars, for which sum the vessel may be seized and proceeded against.

STEAM AND SAIL VESSELS.

Rule 1. Every steam vessel which is under sail and not under steam shall be considered a sail vessel, and every steam vessel which is under steam, whether under sail or not, shall be considered a steam vessel.

LIGHTS.

Rule 2. The lights mentioned in the following rules, and no others, shall be carried in all weather by steam and sailing vessels. Rule 3. All ocean-going steamers, and steamers carrying sail, shall, when under way, carry— (a) At the foremast-head, a bright white light, of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least five miles, and so constructed as to show a uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of twenty points of the compass, and so fixed as to throw the light ten points abaft the beam on either side.

(b) On the starboard side, a green light, of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least five miles, and so constructed as to show a uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of ten points of the compass, and so fixed as to throw the light from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on her port side.

(c) On the port side, a red light, of such a character as to be visible on a dark night, with a clear atmosphere, at a distance of at least five miles, and so constructed as to show a uniform and unbroken light over an arc of the horizon of ten points of the compass, and so fixed as to throw the light from right ahead to two points abaft the beam on her port side.

The green and red lights shall be fitted with inboard screens, projecting at least three feet forward from the lights, so as to prevent them from being seen across the bow.

LIGHTS FOR TOWING STEAMERS.

Rule 4. Steam vessels, when towing other vessels, shall carry two bright, white masthead lights vertically, in addition to their side lights, so as to distinguish them from other steam vessels. Each of these masthead lights shall be of the same character and construction as the masthead lights prescribed in Rule 3.

Rule 5. All steam vessels, other than ocean-going steamers and steamers carrying sail, when under way, carry on the starboard and port sides lights of the same character and construction and in the same position as are prescribed for side lights by Rule 3, except in the case provided in Rule 6.

LIGHTS FOR STEAMERS ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

Rule 6. River steamers navigating waters flowing in the Gulf of Mexico and red rivers shall carry the following lights, namely: One red light on the outboard side of the port smoke pipe, and one green light on the outboard side of the starboard smoke pipe. Such lights shall be so fixed as to show around the horizon.

LIGHTS FOR COASTING STEAM VESSELS AND STEAM VESSELS NAVIGATING BAYS, LAKES AND RIVERS.

Rule 7. All coasting steam vessels and steam vessels other than ferry-boats, and vessels otherwise expressly provided for navigation on the Great Lakes and other inland waters of the United States, except those mentioned in Rule 6, shall carry the red and green lights as prescribed for ocean-going steamers, and in addition thereto a central range of two white lights, the after light being carried at an elevation of at least 15 ft. above the light at the head of the mast, the head light shall be so constructed as to show a good light through twenty points of the compass, namely, from right ahead to two points abaft the beam, on either side of the vessel, and the after light shall be so shown around the horizon.

LIGHTS FOR FERRY-BOATS.

shall be regulated by such rules as the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels shall prescribe. (See additional rules below.)

LIGHTS FOR SAILING VESSELS.

Rule 8. Sail vessels, under way or being towed, shall carry the same lights as steam vessels under way, with the exception of the white masthead light, which they shall never carry. (See Rule 3, b and c.)

EXCEPTIONAL LIGHTS FOR SMALL SAILING VESSELS.

Rule 9. Whenever, as in case of small vessels during bad weather, the green and red lights cannot be carried, these lights shall be kept on deck, on their respective sides of the vessel, ready for instant exhibition, and shall, on the approach of, or to other vessels, be exhibited on their respective sides as sufficient time to prevent collision in such a manner as to make them visible, and so that the green light shall not be seen on the port side nor the red light on the starboard side. To make the use of these portable lights more certain, they shall each be painted outside with the color of the light they respectively contain, and shall be provided with anti-collision screens.

LIGHTS FOR STEAM VESSELS AND SAILING VESSELS AT ANCHOR.

Rule 10. All vessels, whether steam vessels or sail vessels, when at anchor in roadssteads or fairways, shall, between sunset and sunrise, exhibit on their respective sides, in sufficient time to prevent collision, twenty feet above the hull a white light in a globular lantern of eight inches in diameter, and so constructed as to show a clear, uniform and unbroken light, visible all around the horizon, and at a distance of at least one mile.

LIGHTS FOR PILOT VESSELS.

Rule 11. Sailing pilot vessels shall not carry the lights required for other sailing vessels, but shall carry a white light at the mast-head, visible all around the horizon, and shall also exhibit a flare-up light every fifteen minutes.

LIGHTS FOR COASTING, TRADING BOATS, BATS, AND OTHER LAKE CRAFT. Rule 12. Coasting, trading boats, produce-boats, canal-boats, tow-boats, fishing-boats, flats, or other water craft, navigating any bay, harbor, or river, by land power, horse power, sail, or by the current or tide, or which do not carry a white light at the mast-head, shall exhibit, in addition to their side lights, a white light at the head of the channel or fairway of any bay, harbor, or river, shall carry one or more good white lights, which shall be placed in such a manner as to be prescribed by the Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels.

LIGHTS FOR OPEN BOATS.

Rule 13. Open boats, whether steam vessels or sail vessels, when required for other vessels, shall, in addition to their side lights, carry a lantern having a green slide on one side and a red slide on the other side, and on the approach of, or to other vessels, such lantern shall be exhibited in such a manner as to prevent collision, and in such a manner that the green light shall not be seen on the port side nor the red light on the starboard side. Open boats, when at anchor or stationary, shall exhibit a bright white light. They shall not

FACT AND FANCY.

BOGARDUS AND CARVER.—There is no present nor remote probability of these gentlemen meeting for a match. Each now claims the world championship, and neither is disposed to give the other an opportunity of proving his claim.

A VERY OLD JOKE.—A gentleman, who had taken the right of shooting over a moor in Ayrshire at a high rent, bagged only two brace the first day. After counting the price, he grimacingly remarked to the tenant of the moor that the birds had gone to the devil, and neither is disposed to give the other an opportunity of proving his claim.

HEALTH REGAINED IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Eight years ago Dr. E. L. Trudeau, of New York city, came for the first time to the Adirondacks, with his health completely broken down by hard labor in his profession. He arrived at Paul Smith's in such a reduced condition from lung disease, attended by alarming hemorrhages, that he had to be carried from the carriage to his room in the St. Regis house. He said through that season and went home in a greatly im-

proved condition, but soon the old symptoms returned, and he came back and spent the winter in the Adirondacks, and has remained there with his family about all the time since, having found that whenever he attempted to resume his former life in the city his old enemy, the lung trouble, was sure to follow. During these eight years he has spent his summers mainly at Paul Smith's and in his pleasant camp on Spittle Pond, and the winters at Saranac Lake, and during this time he has been the prime mover in the work of erecting the neat Episcopal chapel at Paul Smith's, Saranac Lake and Bloomingdale. Last Wednesday week he arrived at Plattsburg on his way to his winter quarters at Saranac Lake, hale and hearty, after a five weeks' sojourn in New York—the longest time in the eight years that he has been able to breathe any other than the life-giving air of the Adirondacks. —Plattsburg Republican.

SALE OF FOX-TERRIERS.—At the American Horse Exchange last week Mr. William Easton disposed of a draught of fox-terriers from the kennel of Mr. L. Rutherford, Jr. Eighteen lots were disposed of, of which only four were grown dogs, the remainder being puppies, and a total of \$308

was realized. The best prices obtained were \$42 for the year old bitch Careful and \$30 for her sire, Bowstring, \$42 for a dog pup by champion Royal, out of Flighty, and \$31 for a litter sister and \$27 for the imported bitch Nancy. The Supreme Court has done a fine thing in the interest of fish and game protection by affirming the judgment of the Superior Court of Martin county, in the case of S. P. Taylor, who was convicted of having violated the law providing for the erection of fish-ladders in streams the waters of which are used for milling and other purposes by the construction of dams. Taylor is the wealthy proprietor of a paper mill on one of the trout streams of that county, and his dams obstructed the passage of the fishes up-stream. The State Sportsmen's Association appealed to him to comply with the law, but he declined doing so, hence his arrest and prosecution. Messrs. Crittenden Robinson and R. E. Wilson, Directors of the State Association, personally conducted the suit, and secured a conviction and fine of \$30. Taylor appealed to the Supreme Court, and that tribunal has affirmed the judgment. His expenses have run up to something like \$1,000. This case should be a warning to violators of the fish and game laws. —Saratoga Bee.

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THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

WE print elsewhere the views of several correspondents on the proposed amendments of the New York game law.

We agree with Mr. Zerega in thinking the provisions of the bill relating to the collection of specimens by naturalists somewhat oppressive to the ornithologist, but it will at least, if enforced, stop the present wholesale destruction of small birds. It will be a difficult matter to make such protection effective, and at the same time to cut the ground from under the feet of the man who makes merchandise of bird skins.

It was to have been expected that there would be a difference of opinion on the provision relating to the bounty on hawks. Our correspondent is quite right in stating that, "Nature if left to herself will absolutely balance all things;" but he must remember that, at the present day and in this country, nature is by no means left to herself. On the contrary, she is interfered with in every possible manner. The game birds have a host of enemies and but few friends. The rapacious birds, on the other hand, most of them die of old age. They are terribly destructive to the quail. In order that the balance of nature may be preserved, there should be meted out to them some of the measure that they give to the game. We do not underestimate the havoc which these *Hapacae* cause among noxious rodents and insects, but that they cause a great amount of destruction to game, we know very well. Even the marsh hawk, which most people regard as no better than a mouse, we have known to catch quail, teal and meadow larks, besides other smaller birds. We have examined the stomachs of too many hawks and owls not to have a pretty clear idea of the food which they eat.

There are, of course, a number of species of *Falco* and *Strigidae*, which are of the greatest benefit to the farmer; but in framing a general law, it is hardly possible to deal with the individual species. The good must suffer with the bad.

We expected when we penned the paragraph relating to bay bird shooting, to which exception is taken by another correspondent, that it would by no means meet the views of

a considerable number of our readers. Still, we are obliged to hold to our original view, that a postponement of the open season to August 1 would result in better shooting—more shots and more birds—than if it opens July 1.

We do not regard the matter as an especially important one; the birds have bred, and may well be shot during the late summer and early autumn by those who enjoy the sport. There is usually a flight late in July, but it consists only of a few birds, chiefly dowitchers, with an occasional plover, which from the moment they sight Montauk Point, are banded at unceasingly. A few of them are killed, but the majority hurry on in the hope of finding some resting-place, where they will be free from constant molestation, until they reach the quiet shores and marshes of Virginia. If the shooting of these birds was postponed to August 1, a very different state of things would ensue. The birds would not hurry onward in the wild rush for safety that now takes place. They would loiter along the Long Island and Jersey coasts, feeding and fattening. Their presence on the beaches and marshes would call down others of their kind. This would continue for a week or two, and by August 1 there would be birds enough to afford good sport until the August flight came on. As it is at present, the appearance in July of a little flock of dowitchers is the signal for every man in the neighborhood to run for his gun, and the birds have hardly time to alight before they are being chased away again. The result of all this is very naturally the shooters in July get few or no large birds, and devote themselves to the tiny peeps, sandwings, ring plover, potato snipe and other little birds about as big as one's thumb which breed on Long Island, many of which in July are still occupied in raising their young.

From the facts presented by Mr. Collins it will be learned that the provision forbidding the transplanting of trout is designed to remedy a most flagrant abuse, and in view of these facts it is desirable that such a clause should be incorporated in the law.

The report of the meeting of the Game Law Committee at Albany in another column, gives the views of some sportsmen on the various points brought up in the Townsend bill. It will be observed that there is a tendency on the part of a great many gentlemen to ask for special provisions excepting the regions where they shoot and fish from the provisions of a general protective law. All special legislation of this kind is wrong, and tends to render inoperative a law otherwise good. If one county is to be excepted from the provisions of the act, its next door neighbor may ask the same privilege, and so for the whole State, county by county. We shall regret to see the bill materially changed except as to section 4.

The Chairman of the Assembly Committee on Game Laws, in his closing remarks on Tuesday, touched, as with a needle, the root of the greatest bar to successful game protection by law. He said that the Committee was anxious to give sportsmen the necessary protection, but they did not seem to be able to agree on what this was. Of course he did not put it quite so bluntly as we have, but that was about what it amounted to. Until the angling and shooting public come to be practically of one mind as to what is the best course to be pursued to preserve our game and fish, each step toward such protection can only be made after a hard fight.

Our laws at present are absurd in the number of exceptions, which they make to the general provisions of the act. Who can tell, for example, why it is, that "in the waters of the Walkill River, within the county of Ulster," it is "lawful for any person or persons of the same family or household to possess and fish for suckers and eels in the waters of said river during the months of March, April, October and November with a single fyke, the meshes of which shall not be less than one inch" when for the greater portion of the waters of the State, any such fishery at such times and with such a net is unlawful. Of course we all know well enough how such provisions come to be inserted.

The worshipful member from Ulster, whoever he may have been at the time when this law was passed, no doubt arose in the Assembly chamber or committee and stated that to forbid his constituents to catch suckers and eels was outrageous, and his legislative brothers who knew nothing about the subject and cared rather less agreed that an exception should be made in favor of the gentleman's constituents. And so it goes all through the bill. The members of the present committee on game laws, it must be said, give the fullest and most courteous hearing to those who appeared before them on Tuesday, and showed that so far as they were concerned this important subject will have intelligent and careful attention.

OUR RIFLE FUTURE.

THE summary, elsewhere published, of the report of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, shows how much of a fixture in the general life of the Kingdom the practice before the targets has become. Notwithstanding apparent set-backs there has been for nearly a quarter of a century a steady growth of the interest in rifle shooting, and with that interest may be traced great improvement in the arms used.

There are many good observers who find reason to think that without rifle shooting and the rivalry which naturally springs out of its pursuit the Volunteer movement in Great Britain would have been a failure ere this. Instead of making the enrollment and the drilling of bodies of men the one great end and aim of the National Home Guard, the requirements of an efficient Volunteer embraced that of shooting fairly well. Here came in an element which set the men individually on a level, and while the metropolitan centers gave large commands admirably drilled and fit to make a brilliant showing on parade, it was the little squad of a company far off in some scrubby hamlet which, likely as not, carried off the shooting prizes, and so the honors were distributed about in such fashion as to keep the whole force a vigorous and healthy one. The city commands might have fine chances for parade over broad thoroughfares and with commodious drill-rooms, but the country guardsman with a range at his back door burned powder, kept a clear eye and a steady hand, and was very properly recognized as a very important factor in the make-up of the whole force.

The National Rifle Association came in as an important adjunct in this direction. While structurally independent of the Volunteer force it lived only for that force, and was controlled by it. It was not a bureau of the regular establishment, yet without it the force would have lost an essential part of its life, and it is doubtful whether either could have long survived the other. Shrewdly managed in a business way it has prospered through liberality. Seemingly at times over conservative, its record will show that there has been a steady encouragement of the best arms, and it is safe to assert that without Wimbledon the world-to-day would not have several of the rifles which are now recognized as the best. The rules of shooting have been changed and altered from time to time, and though always against a certain amount of protest, yet always for the betterment of rifle practice. There have been many reasons which have helped the managers of the National Rifle Association. They were enabled to draw a very large clientele from a very small area of territory. The run up to London is but a matter of a few hours from any part of the Kingdom. The time of holding the meeting is well selected. There is a widespread feeling of intense local patriotism or clanishness which institutes sharp distinctions of section, and upon this feeling it is easy to build up a rivalry such as been seen at Wimbledon from its first establishment. Then, too, special journals most admirably conducted, and generous notice and encouragement in the ordinary press channels, have helped the movement greatly, until we see it to-day rich and as firmly established as it is possible for such an agency to be.

On this side the water there have been at times expressions of surprise, that in ten years of existence, modern rifle shooting should be in such a backward state. The error which was the foundation of this surprise, is in supposing that the United States will ever in proportion to its population make such a showing as that annually seen at Wimbledon.

It will be noticed at once that many if not all of the conditions which have made the broad common on the outskirts of London such a popular resort are wanting in this country.

We have no such Volunteer force or National Guard as that which exists in Great Britain, simply because we do not need any such a cumbersome agency of defense. To preach the danger of a foreign attack is to be laughed at and with a few companies of reliable militia, ready to act on call as a sheriff's posse in suppressing any riotous demonstration, we have all the National Guard which is really necessary. The regular army is little more than this and both organizations deserve support, mainly because they serve as schools for officers, and in this fact there is a feeling of security for Americans and a quieting hint to would-be meddlers with us as a nation. We have little of that clanishness which is so marked abroad, and repeated attempts to push Inter-State matches show the absence of that sentiment. In short, the conditions and environments of position and feeling, which go to make Wimbledon such a busy center during a certain period each year are entirely wanting on this side the ocean, and all steps in the encour-

agement of rifle shooting must be taken with that fact plainly in view.

This condition of affairs does not mean, however, that there is to be a dying out of rifle practice here. Just as a single regiment of our National Guard in the late war furnished officers for an army, so the handful of marksmen who practice intelligently and persistently before the butts keep alive a knowledge of the art, and when occasion requires it they form a nucleus about which there soon clusters an efficient corps of riflemen. The American works under impulse, and it is idle to expect a large body of men to undergo the drudgery of ball practice when there is no incentive in view. We have no organization with a richly-endowed prize-list which would enco-urage, if nothing more, at least a certain amount of pot-hunting marksmanship, neither can we secure the use of the ranges by vigorous orders to our National Guard. The members would not permit their labor of love to be turned into a toil under a task master. Quick to catch and improve upon an idea, with no prejudices born of established practice, the American marksman should fill the post of an expert observer.

Wilmington itself is an excellent place for study, and had more note been taken of what was going on there, the fiasco of our International Military Match of 1882 would not have taken place. We certainly should have known something of the sort of rifles the Englishmen were using for the style of work in which they challenged our competition. That the British pursue this plan of observation and adoption is manifest by their ready acceptance of the sensible American device of a wind gauge for military rifles.

There is no reason, then, why America may not and should not hold her own with the other nations in the matter of rifle making and shooting. She should hold her place at the front of the line, but this can only be done by an intelligent noting of what is going on the world over, and it may be carried out without those great gatherings of marksmen engaging in a whirl of competitions, and then rushing away to renew the struggle a year later. A score of ranges here and there over the States, by an interchange of continuous records, can do fully as much for the real advance of marksmanship as any central gathering, and then the need of a National Rifle Association will come in as a regulating body, to make rules, secure uniform conditions of practice, and point the way to the best endeavor in the line of new work.

FRIENDS OF THE PARK.

AMONG the public men who have come out in vigorous defense of the Yellowstone National Park against the audacious schemes of the prospective monopolists is Mr. John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana, whose letter to Senator Vest was published in our issue of Jan. 11. In his message transmitted to the Territorial Legislature of Montana, Jan. 25, Gov. Crosby recommends that the Legislature take measures under the Federal Government to convert the Park into "an asylum for the great game of the Northwest." This, as we have all along contended, is the one and only sensible course to pursue, so far as the game is regarded, and it is exceedingly gratifying to find in the present Governor such a public-spirited appreciation of the true interests of Montana and of the nation.

The Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Illinois have transmitted to General P. H. Sheridan, an official copy of their joint resolutions, thanking him for his report on the Yellowstone Park to the War Department, in which report he called attention to the danger of leasing the Park to a private corporation. The resolutions further declare against allowing the Park to pass into control of the Improvement Company, to be used as a cattle ranch and for the extortion of money from visitors. The resolutions also thank Senator Vest, of Missouri, for his bill, now in Congress.

The issues involved in this Yellowstone Park matter have been clearly defined, and are now well understood. On one side is corporate greed; on the other are the present and future interests of the people. No man at Washington who has a vote to east on Senator Vest's bill can escape putting himself upon record. Public interest has been aroused. The people will carefully watch the course pursued by their representatives in Congress.

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—A bill has been introduced into the Connecticut Legislature providing a fine of \$25 with added imprisonment for the killing or snaring of "the bird known as and called the American eagle." This is good so far as it goes; but another law ought to be passed to imprison for life the perpetrators of the horrible caricature of the bird of freedom, which is stamped on the light weight coinage of the land. The average citizen of these United States never saw an eagle—unless captive or stuffed—and would not know one in the woods from a turkey buzzard.

THE ADIRONDACK FORESTS.—The bill to prohibit in future the sale of public lands in the Adirondacks went to the Governor last Monday; and it will without doubt receive his signature and become a law. This is one step in the right direction; it will put a stop to the extreme folly which has in the past characterized this State's course in relation to the momentous subject of maintaining a normal water supply for the Hudson River Valley. The present movement is all too tardy, but we hope that it is only the beginning of a wise future policy.

JORDAN AND GILBERT.—The names of Jordan and Gilbert are very familiar to those who have paid attention to the progress of ichthyology within the past ten years. In fact those who do not keep up with the labors of Dr. Gill, Goode and Bean, Jordan and Gilbert, are apt to be left behind in the modern classification of fishes. These men have partly unraveled the tangled skein left by the early workers in American fishes, and having better facilities than their predecessors, and the advantage of their labors, have been able to go over their work with more material at hand from the great stores of the National Museum, and confirm, correct and revise their work. The early workers like Holbrook, De Kay, Girard, and those who laid the foundation of American ichthyology, labored under the disadvantage of having only a limited collection of local fishes to work with, and the only wonder is that their work was as good as it is. These remarks have been culled up by the receipt of the January number of the *Indiana Student*, a journal published by the students of the Indiana State University at Bloomington, which contains a list of all the scientific papers of Prof. David S. Jordan, arranged in the order of their publication. This list comprises sixty-seven papers, principally on ichthyology, and Prof. Gilbert is an associate writer of most of them. The papers have appeared in various monthly, weekly and other periodicals, many of them in *FOREST AND STREAM*, and the list will be of value to those who wish to look up what these writers have said on any subject.

THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—Those who intend exhibiting at London are reminded that goods will be received up to the 15th of this month. The Albatross will take over the American collection, which will be a large one, without duplicate of anything, except canned goods, etc. The exhibition opens in May and time will be required to set up the goods and prepare for the opening day. Among other things a life-sized group of colored men, in wax, will show how oysters are opened, preserved and canned. Models of white men will illustrate how salmon are gaffed, and how the eggs are stripped from them. Everything connected with the fisheries, from the clothing and implements of the men, their boats, houses, etc., to the methods of drying, salting and curing fish with smoke, will be shown. The exhibit will be in charge of Prof. G. Brown Goode, who will be assisted by Mr. R. E. Earll, in charge of the fishculture department. Mr. Earll is prepared to make the best show of fishculture that has ever been seen and is well informed on all subjects connected with his department. The party may all depart in March in order to prepare the exhibit in time.

A HALE FISHCULTURIST.—In our fishculture columns will be found an article on carp culture, by Mr. Edward Stabler, whose "Reminiscences of an Octogeanian" we published in our issue of January 4. Mr. Stabler is now in his eighty-ninth year, and is still in active business life. He has been president of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company, of Montgomery Co., Md., for the past thirty-five years. He is also the oldest postmaster in the United States, his commission dating back to 1880, under President Jackson's administration, and he still discharges the duties of the office at Sandy Spring, this being the fifty-third consecutive year that he has held the office under the many changes of political supremacy. Mr. Stabler has taken to carpiculture and with success, and we hope that he may live many years to enjoy his fish and his well-earned rest from the more severe labors of life.

CARVER AND BOGARDUS.—As may be learned by reference to our trap columns, Carver and Bogardus have agreed to shoot a match at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 22. While the exploits of professional shooters have in the main ceased to excite much public attention, this match will be regarded with interest. There are no other professional shots in the world to-day concerning whose relative merits such a difference of opinion exists. The results of this match, and of the others which presumably will follow, will not necessarily be accepted as determining which of the two is the better wing-shot, for the public understand very well that both Carver and Bogardus shoot to make money, and that they are smart enough to manage a hippodromic pigeon match in a way to do themselves the most good.

A PROPHELY AGAINST HYDROPHOBIA.—Mention has from time to time been made in this journal of the work of the French microphysiologist, M. Pasteur, who has been conducting a series of researches into the nature of the microscopic organism of hydrophobia. Procuring a quantity of the saliva of a victim of hydrophobia, M. Pasteur succeeded in cultivating the germ of the disease through numerous generations, finally obtaining a product which, having been introduced by inoculation, proved efficient to prevent the introduction of the germ of true hydrophobia into the system. He has thus, it is reported, demonstrated the possibility of vaccination for the prevention of hydrophobia.

SUPERVISORS.—An impression appears to prevail in certain parts of this State that the county supervisors have power to extend in their counties the open seasons on game and fish. No such authority is granted them by the law. They may only extend the close season.

AN EDIFYING SPECTACLE.—That of a number of professional men in Massachusetts, who dare not venture into the State of Maine for fear of being arrested and clapped into jail because they have violated the moose and deer law of that State.

FOREST AND STREAM FABLES.

XII.—THE PUPPIES WHO DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.
An old Hound whose Home was hard by a Ledge where many Skunks lived, had often cautioned her Puppies against playing with the Old or the Young ones for fear of most unpleasant consequences. For a time the Puppies heeded her and kept aloof from the Skunks, but at last were tempted to disobey, and presently came Home half blind, howling with pain, and smelling so outrageously that no one with a Nose could endure their Neighborhood.

"My Children," said their Mother, "if you cannot see, you can feel and smell what your Disobedience has brought upon you."

"Ah, Mother," whimpered one, between his howls, "it was such a little Skunk, that we did not think it was Loaded."

"Naughty Children," cried she, "you should always treat all Skunks as if you knew they were Loaded." Whereupon she whipped them all soundly.

MORAL.

Puppies should not fool with Loaded Playthings.

WINTER TAKES ON SUMMER PASTIMES.

XII.—THE ADIRONDACK STATE PARK.

Majestic woods of every vigorous green.

Stage above stage, high waving o'er the hills.

Or to the far horizon wide diffused,

A boundless deep immensely of shade.—Thomson.

IT is now more than thirty years since I wrote my first article in favor of dedicating the entire Adirondack region to public use as a State Park. Since then I have availed myself of frequent opportunities to press the subject upon public attention, but, until recently, without finding any general response that may have been moving caused by my appreciation of its importance as a fish and game preserve and as a summer resort where all the people could find repose and healthful recreation. But the subject expanded under reflection and discussion, until it became easily demonstrable that what was suggested was not simply desirable as a preserve for sport and recreation but as vital to the material and commercial interests of the State as well. The argument in brief was this: Forests are great natural reservoirs, holding for gradual distribution the rain-falls of the year, and thereby not only preventing sudden and destructive freshets, but furnishing steady supplies for adjacent streams during the summer months. No forest on the continent performs this office more profitably than that which grows on our northern border. Its waters, held back artificially until needed, feed the Erie Canal. Without this supply this great commercial artery would be practically useless during a portion of the season, and the gradual filtration of what is absorbed by the hundreds of square miles of spongy soil embraced within the forest limits feeds the Hudson River the supply required for purposes of navigation just when most needed. Independent, therefore, of mere recreative or sanitary considerations, the preservation of this vast forest region would be the highest wisdom, because indispensable to the permanent commercial supremacy of the State.

Since this subject was first agitated on this line of its material importance, many tens of thousands of acres have been stripped of their best timber, and large tracts have been trodden into control of the State into the hands of individuals. Fully one-third of the territory has been thus transferred within the period named, and whatever beneficial results may be hereafter secured by State guardianship and supervision will be curtailed to this extent. But it is not yet too late for the Legislature to render effective service; and I am glad to know that that body has at last passed a bill for a committee which has been so long treated with stupid indifference and criminal neglect. Statesmen and statisticians can only look at this subject in its material aspects, and these are of sufficient importance to challenge their best thought and most immediate attention. But it is of interest to all who find pleasure in seasonable out-door life as well, and all such will rejoice as heartily in what is to be done to preserve this vast forest as in the utter annihilation of those who make its destruction the uninterrupted efficiency of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River as the great arteries of our inland commerce.

The present probability is that before this article finds its way into print, the needed statutory provision will have been made to secure the dedication, forever, of this vast forest as a State Park. And no single act of the present Legislature will be longer or more gratefully remembered. Its value as a game preserve and as a summer resort for the whole people will grow into fuller appreciation with every passing year, and future generations will rise up to "call those blessed" who had the thoughtful sagacity to thus contribute to the sanitary, recreative and material needs of the State.

I find in this tardily consummated measure a gratifying illustration of the potency of public sentiment and the salutary influence of the public press. It is not many years since the proposition to preserve this immense field of forest, mountains, valleys, rivers and lakes was scouted as an absurdity which only æsthetic visionaries would suggest, and none but reckless marauders upon the public treasury approve. This idea has gradually given way before the overwhelming arguments in favor of its preservation, and now it is not only accepted with enthusiasm, but the stolid stupidity of the past is the subject of universal regret and denunciation.

The final outcome of this long-mooted subject should encourage you in your persistent and patriotic war upon the conscienceless speculators who are seeking to acquire possession of Yellowstone Park for their own benefit and to the imminent peril of the integrity of the Park. It is not what these men seek is conceded, great wrong will be done to the people, and a policy inaugurated which will result in the practical destruction of that vast province, if not in its ultimate alienation from the custody and supervision of the Government altogether. But I am hopeful that no such calamity is to fall upon the generations of the future. The present generation of public men may not be more virtuous than those of the generation which preceded them, but in some things they are wiser, and in nothing more conspicuously than in the growing idea that statesmanship embraces

a broader field than the mere material, dollar-and-cent interests of the people.

The characteristics of a nation are illustrated by the characteristics of its individual subjects. Whatever happiness and exalts the individual, happiness and exalts the nation, and whatever and whatever national repose contribute to the physical enjoyment and beautiful development of the people. That nation best performs its functions which makes most ample provision for what is so essential to individual vigor and vitality. The Yellowstone Park, if preserved in its full integrity, is destined to become the great pleasure resort of the continent, and the present is the time (sooner would have been better) to inaugurate a policy for its preservation from the reckless vandalism and the grasping avarice of insatiable.

Although large tracts of timber have been cut in the Adirondack region during recent years, the entire territory still retains its wilderness character. The forests have been simply culled, not destroyed, except at a few points where hostilities have been placed for the accommodation of tourists. The mountains are still densely covered with forest foliage. The lakes retain their primitive beauty, and the rivers still flow through their original channels with their old-time velocity. The water in both lakes and rivers still remains unpolluted by foreign substances, and is as transparent and of the same grateful temperature to-day as when the stars sang together on the morning of creation. At one or two points, to be sure, dams have been erected which, by the back-water they have occasioned, have marred the beauty of many miles of river scenery. This is particularly true of the Raquette river from Sault Ste. Marie (where the dam was built) upward very nearly to the falls. Before this obstruction interfered with the natural flow of the water, the river, for most of the distance, was fringed with beautiful hemlocks, spruce and soft maple, which were killed by the back-flow caused by the dam. The same cause also spoiled a great many old trout-hamlets by changing or entirely obliterating the current of the stream. But notwithstanding this, the Raquette is still a beautiful river through its entire length, and the whole region has still enough of its original characteristics to make it worthy of preservation and of the perpetual guardianship of the State.

A large number of small tracts of land have been sold to those who have learned to appreciate the advantages of the region as a summer resort. These will be enhanced in value by the action of the State, but as most of them will be improved and beautified by their own use, the State has no objection. It is different with tracts purchased for timber purposes alone. If possible, they should be recovered by the State—as they may be at moderate cost—that the process of denudation may be carried no further. If this shall be done (as is proposed), the State of New York will be an Empire among the States, because of the extent and magnificence of its Park, as well as because of the vastness of its commerce and the boundlessness of its wealth. G. D.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED K. SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

III.—The Rifle and the Reindeer—Concluded.

ON the 7th of May our party killed ten reindeer out of a herd of fourteen. The scene was an exceedingly short one. The herd being descried about a mile distant lying on the side of a hill, all the hunter hunters and dog Gibeons started for the sledge and dogs remained on the spot. For about half way the hunters were shielded from sight by the hills, but nearly all the rest of the distance was consummated by crawling, Indian file, in full sight of the animals, until a near hill for a minute or two allowed them to get within about a hundred yards, when a volley of rifle shots greeted the astonished herd, and almost only one was wounded at the first fire, before the bewildered herd could determine a safe direction to pursue, ten of their number were wounded and dead, all of which were secured, for it is seldom that a reindeer wounded at all severely is lost by a good hunter. Two of the remaining four were secured by Toooloah the next morning when returning to look up their missing comrades.

We were now in a country never trod before by white men or by persons armed with their weapons, so it was evidently a new world that had been heard by the gamo of the locality, and they acted with a stupidly plain revealing these facts. Where the reindeer is hunted considerably with firearms he becomes shy enough to give one excellent sport in his capture. Like the antelope he will circle around until he catches "the wind" before he is off, and this peculiarity, with a few magazine guns in full blast, thus them rapidly. They also have something of the curiosity of the antelope, but not in the degree of the latter. Like all animals that congregate in droves the false security resulting from numbers makes them much slower to pick out their line of retreat. In this manner they closely resemble the stupidity of the American elk, and like them, when often hunted and in small bands, they are game worthy of any man's powder.

On the next day, the 8th, we encountered a fresh musk-ox trail and a reindeer, killing seven; we also came upon old signs or markings of salmon and of the various natives of this country. On the 13th, the bad weather being such that we remained over, I noticed that the many reindeer signs kept Toooloah nervous, until he had sallied out in the tempestuous elements, and after an absence of a couple of hours, he returned to get the dogs and sledge to bring in the carcasses of seven reindeer that he had killed out of a herd of eight, with eight signs of salmon and a Winchester carbine. Returning with these two others were secured.

On the 14th, we passed a herd of about two hundred reindeer, but our sledges being so loaded with meat, we allowed them to trot by with easy rifle range, unscathed and astonished beyond measure at this wonderful innovation. They were singularly tame and often running toward us a few paces, would halt like a company of cavalry coming from a line, and gaze at us with dilated eyes and distended nostrils until a snort from some suspicious creature would send them off by the flank with measured tread well drilled troopers. It seemed like a grateful chance to exercise our humanity once more by not taking advantage of their confidence, and we willingly declared an armistice until our heavily laden sledges should become somewhat lighter.

Signs of natives daily grow fresher, and on the 15th of

May we came upon a band of some thirty souls, only two of whom, a couple of old men, had ever before seen any white men. We consequently attracted an unusual share of their curiosity, and their staring eyes riveted intently upon us, followed every motion that we made. If the white men were not surprised, the action of their eyes, as we showed them their faces, was truly appalling. We had expected to meet natives upon or near the mouth of Beck's Great Fish River where it empties into the Arctic Ocean, and had depended, to a certain extent, upon procuring from them dog feed and oil, but now we found the tables turned. Instead of being beggars, we were philanthropists, and instead of being receivers we were obliged to give, for we found our Esquimaux friends in a state of scantiness. Their food in the summer months is entirely furnished by the numberless shoals of salmon that then ascend the creeks and smaller rivers, and are speared as they run the gauntlet of the rapids. The flesh of the musk-ox, which they hunt with dogs and bows and arrows or spears, gives them a precarious subsistence during the remainder of the year. They kill barely enough reindeer in the summer to supply them with clothing, the noise of walking or crawling on the snow, and the action of the wind, often making it impossible to get sufficiently near to secure the game with bows and arrows. The twang of the bowstring traveling more rapidly than the arrow, the active deer has no difficulty in jumping out of the way at any distance beyond twenty-five or thirty yards. But in the summer time the wary antelope sometimes succeeds in crawling within these limits, or lying in wait on certain paths followed by the game will obtain gain.

Another plan much followed by those natives throughout the Arctic not provided with firearms is to establish a line of stone monuments at about fifty to a hundred yards interval along the crest of some prominent ridge, often two and three miles in length, which runs obliquely toward and terminates in the water's edge of some large lake or wide river. A sharp lookout is kept from some available point, and if a herd of reindeer is found feeding or walking within the cone of vision, the hunters and dogs bristling with stone cairns, the natives suggest in the distance to employ into a skidmill line sufficiently long to close the mouth of this angle and walk slowly toward the reindeer, their bows and arrows or spears and their *kiaks* (light skin caucos) being carried along or concealed in some convenient place near the water's edge. The herd, seeing the slow approach of their enemies, trot leisurely away until they come within sight of the rock monuments, which have been made to imitate the human form as far as possible, when, believing themselves to be surrounded on the land side, they take to the water as the only means of escape left them. No sooner is the herd fairly in, than the agile natives are in hot pursuit, with their *kiaks* flying through the water, and rapidly overtaking the bewildered animals, they dispatch them with arrows and spears, and haul their carcasses on shore to be butchered.

This sport is not without its dangers, as oftentimes a wounded animal or a beligerent buck seeing flight impossible, with swinging horns and plunging horns, turns so swiftly on his pursuer that he succeeds in tearing the fragile *kiak* to pieces, and the wrecked Esquimaux, unable to swim, drowns if he is not promptly rescued by some near neighbor, or manages to float on the wreck of his boat until help arrives. It is a singular fact that a herd of reindeer, so the natives say, will repeatedly give notice of their flight by the caims which they repeatedly notice, than a few suspicious glances at them as they pass by, but the minute moving figures force them against these stationary ones their suspicion is raised to a pitch high enough to make them prefer the water rather than to trust them. Yet this is not very hard to comprehend if one knows the almost half amphibious nature of the Arctic deer. I have seen them when taking up a line of march, with a wind blowing right through a deep lake that intersected itself in their direct course rather than to go around it, although this would not have exacted a marked detour, which fact, I imagined, must have been as patent to the deer as it was to myself. And the Esquimaux tell me of even bolder deeds. When pursued and "cornered" on some of the long narrow tongues of land projecting into Hudson's Bay, they have known the deer to take to the sea and swim directly out of their hands, and to be seen in the water, when they were thereby drowned or not they could not tell. The Arctic deer seems to be almost as much more amphibious than his Southern fellow as is the polar bear than his Southern brethren.

We crossed over to King William's Land on June 11, and the greatest consolation in our first few days' journeys was the great number of reindeer we here encountered, and which, as it were, notified us that we were not lost. The fact had led us to believe would be true, and could not be so interesting to note that on June 20, 1879, the civilized provisions of the party were exhausted, previous to which time they had been greatly reduced in the reindeer country, and from that date until March 20, 1880, we lived solely upon the same diet as our native allies, and as we have already said, principally upon reindeer.

On July 30, while we were in the southern part of Erebus Bay, we found a herd of some thirty or forty of meat, an occurrence which had seldom happened, owing to Toooloah's activity and good hunting. I now felt that we surely had a fast ahead of us, for the fog was one of the very thickest I had ever seen in my life, but despite all this, Toooloah secured three reindeer after being absent about four hours. The Lumlits, when hunting reindeer during thick, heavy weather, generally go in pairs, accompanied by a good, trained dog, and with their weapons, and keep well to the side of the quarter suspected, containing a "brash." The dog's nose soon tells them if their conjectures are right, and they follow him, his nose high in the wind on his aerial trail, until his frantic tuggings at the harness line by which he is held (for the well-trained Esquimaux dog never barks in the presence of game) show them to be near by, when one of the party holds the dog and the other takes his weapon and crawls cautiously forward on his usen victims. If the fog is very thick they can often get within a few yards by hugging the ground closely while crawling. During the time the snow is on the ground they may take several dogs, and after being successful in the chase, utilize them to drag in the carcasses. This is only done, however, when the skins have become useless; then the butchered deer is put into the hide and it is used as a sledge. The taken deer is held until the fog will permit a reindeer much further in the fog. It is not unreasonable to infer that the scent will not be so diffused in such a dense medium as an Arctic fog, and therefore be more concentrated at greater distances, yet I have heard good hunters in our regions

claim that fog completely kills a scent. A well-trained Esquimaux dog, with good, keen scent, will often detect the presence of game at a couple of miles distance. The greatest trouble is to keep the dog off from every rabbit or rabbit trail which he scents or encounters, and which he seems and prone to follow than that of the game which he is desired.

On August 8, while encamped in Terror Bay, and prosecuting our search for evidences of Sir John Franklin's party, I killed a big buck under circumstances probably worth relating. While sitting down, resting from a fatiguing continuous walk of five or six miles over the boggy ground near the seashore, I noticed the reindeer grazing rapidly toward me, being then about six hundred yards distant, and I immediately slipped down to the water's edge, hid the boulder on which I had been resting and converted myself into an immovable Micawber. The reindeer came eating along, and when about two hundred yards away evidently struck a patch of clover, figuratively speaking, for during the next half hour he never left a little spot, where he kept grazing backward and forward until my patience was exhausted. His skin was the exact color of the dancing flames against which he was blowing, and I waited until he was "end on," so that his white flank outlined a figure, I took aim at his head as he was grazing, fired, and hid him in the hind foot. The shock brought him down on his hams, and I thought I had made an effectual shot until I got within about thirty yards, when he first perceived me, and, with one wild snort and a sort of revenue-reform gait, that defied the best aim, he started for the seacoast, about a mile away, your humble servant bringing up the rear as fast as possible. I ran him out skin to a long point of land and thought surely that I had him. On its west side the pack-ice had been carried by the wind and was probably forty or fifty yards wide, being held somewhat open by the outgoing tide. Seeing himself out off from the land side, and my rapid approach, he struggled and plunged against the cokes of pack-ice with his broken foot swinging in the air, until he reached his boundary, when he took to the water. His progress over the disjointed pack was painfully slow, and in the time he had plunged into the water I was about nearest him, and from there sent a bullet through his brain that laid him out floating.

Now, I was in a quandary! It was beyond my reach from the furthest outlying cake of ice, and the tide setting out was not improving matters. Meat was not plentiful in camp, and further, a large supply was needed, as Toooloah was soon to leave us for a two-weeks' absence on a trip that he had planned for himself. I had a look like a flycatcher plash as the ripples of salt water broke over it. In short, I didn't want to lose that deer, and there was only one method of getting at him, and I started about that at once. Stripping myself to my underclothing, I started to wade out through the tortuous "leads" between the ice-cakes, as I deemed this method less liable to produce cramps than jumping in from the furthest cake, besides I did not know how deep, although it only seemed to be about five feet. Reiter myself, I will tell you the ocean water will be about two degrees colder than fresh water when both are holding ice in solution, or two degrees colder than the ice-water of your water coolers and other water receptacles; in short, ice sea water is two degrees colder than freezing. The first few steps made me gasp for breath and by the time I was up to my middle, my teeth had settled down to a regular drum-like rattle. I persevered, however, keeping my hands upon the nearest ice-shelf, I betaken with cramps, and as I was nearing my prize and my breast commenced sinking in the cold, I thought that I had swallowed the North Pole. When I reached one of the deer's horns I was up to my armpits. The whole transaction was done and I had my deer on land in less time than it has taken the reader to peruse it, and this reached, I wrung out my dripping underclothing, the air feeling as warm as a southern breeze, and then giving myself a good shaking over the side, I put on all my clothes, worked like a pirate butchering the deer, slung his fifty pound hams over my shoulders, walked two miles into camp, took a quart of hot reindeer soup that was awaiting me, turned into bed and dreamed that I owned a hundred thousand reindeer worth a thousand dollars apiece.

The reindeer of King William's Land, on their northward migrations, cross over Simpson's Straits from the southern end of the land or a little before the ice breaks up. About the middle of September, when the wind blowing on drives them south, and they congregate in its southern part before the straits have frozen over, and often wait a week or ten days for that occasion before they cross. I have said that the reindeer will swim anything as a lake or river that comes in his way, and the fact that he here seems to wait for the solid ice to form before crossing would appear to confirm that, but this is not so. In the first cold snap comes that tells him to go south, then the ice begins to freeze over water a kind of "mush ice," "slush ice," or "brash," as it is variously called, which is not unlike a foot or two of loose snow thrown into ice water, where it will not melt, and is sufficiently tenacious to even impede the headway of a sailing ship. This hugs the shores and islands and drifts around in the currents, winds and tides like a hilliputian ice-pack. Should a reindeer trust himself to swim through this he would be so impeded and hampered that he could not fall an easy prey to the Esquimaux who congregate hereabouts at this time, and this fact the reindeer know by some sort of instinct.

To this part of the island we also came in order to lay in a supply of meat, clothing and bedding for our mid-winter return trip to Hudson's Bay and civilization. Our camp was pitched near a high hill, on whose top a lookout was constructed to watch for the animals. On the 24th of September a cold snap nearly covered the freezing cover of Simpson's Strait, and the next day we moved camp about a mile near a large fresh-water lake and there built an *igloo* of ice, being one month and five days earlier than the commencement of our *igloo* life in north Hudson's Bay. The hill as a look-out for reindeer was no longer needed, as these animals were becoming so numerous, as the cold weather set in and upon us. On this last day a number could be seen from my station whatever the valleys almost as well as the top of the hills. On the last day of the month I felt quite sure that at least a thousand reindeer passed within in as many yards of our little house of ice, and the first and second days of the next month—October—the number was certainly no less. On the 3d the ice was just thick enough to bear them on the Strait, and the first herd was seen to cross that day, and by the 7th the vast swarms had descended southward, leaving the valleys almost as well as to bear us company. The 30th, the total score showed twenty-six killed, Toooloah scoring twelve, a number to which he limited himself only from the fact that it was the maxi-

man that he could butcher and otherwise dispose of in his stone *caches*, which were now making the surrounding locality look like a well-settled but dilapidated cemetery. With this wholesale slaughter of the reindeer came all the known carnivorous scavengers of the Arctic—the foxes, the wolves, the wolverines, and the Netchilluk Eskimaux; the last the most numerous and troublesome of the whole lot. We put them to scraping reindeer skins and making our winter ski clothing, and thus extracted some small compensation for the vast quantities of meat that disappeared down their throats, which seemed to have a capacity second only to Communiaw itself.

The Netchilluks say that in about a week or ten days after the King William Land reindeer have crossed over, another large batch of straggling herds put in their appearance on their southward migration, and this was the case, according to us in the early winter of '79 while we were there. If so, it would show them to be the reindeer of Boothia and North Somerset, that have been thus detained by the later freezing of James Ross's Channel, a much wider strait than Simpson's, although these animals could have passed on to the mainland by the Boothia Isthmus. During the time these tortuous channels, separating the many islands of the Perry Archipelago, were melting, and the reindeer were free to cross freely from one to another, but I do not believe, reasoning from the well known locality of their trails, that they ever cross unless the objective land be in full sight; that is, they have no better instinct than their eyes. Even in returning they take the most roundabout as well as the most direct ways to reach their northern grazing grounds, and it is not at all unlikely that a reindeer seen in Boothia may graze his second summer on King William's Land, or his third on Baring island and so on. This is proven by the testimony of the natives of these regions, who say that there is a great disparity in the numbers that may visit them at different years, and whose northward migrations were determined, no doubt, by some protracted storm, either forcing them into one locality or denuding it according to its direction, intensity and duration. Esquimaux told me that the reindeer graze with the wind in their faces, and that I have so often seen them feeding against it, and also at other angles in regard to it, that I am inclined to think that it can not be put down as an invariable rule. I think it probable that when the seasons have determined their boreal or austral migrations, the wind has but little effect except to deviate them through small angles as already explained, but as the windings ceased, the wind, uncomfortable from dam, or hill-sides, may influence their local migrations so as to make them obey this law, if it be so, as they claim.

We started on our return journey on the 8th of November, and did not see any reindeer (as we have not seen any since October 7) until the 12th of December, an interval of sixty-six days, when we saw two, who used their face under such peculiar circumstances that I must record it. We had just left the Dangerous Rapids, at the mouth of Back's Great Fish River, a few miles, when the natives of the advance sledge of the three reported *luk-too* (reindeer) in sight, and we soon saw two animals about a mile away, trotting leisurely from us along the west bank of the river. Before us was a large island in the river, and as it was evident that their movements would soon bring them behind it, *Toolooah* ran like a mad horse to reach its further end, and cut them off, hiding himself behind its sheltering side as regards to the deer, some of the other hunters following directly on their trail and stringing themselves along the island. When the sledges reached the nearer end of the island, about a mile and a half in length, they were stopped to await the result. Hardly had they done so when a shot was heard from *Toolooah*, and we all anxiously waited to hear the sound or more, or see the other deer, if he would run toward some of the many hunters, for you may rest assured we were eager to get both, so long had we been without fresh venison; but nothing was seen of him, although it seemed impossible for him to get away without again coming into view. The whole matter was soon explained by *Toolooah*, who came in to get the dogs, and reported that he had killed both deer, and that this had been done twelve other times by *Toolooah*, and each time he had been so quiet, enough, but when he had been absent from this kind of game for over two months, and then, stumbling on a couple, to annihilate them at a single discharge, seemed almost too wonderful to believe. I have said that *Toolooah* has done this wonderful feat a great number of times, and I do not wish to be misunderstood that I mean he killed one at a wound, and the other to reach his further end, so that of that character, but that these killings, or combinations, that no further shooting was needed. Once he killed three, and the number of times he at one shot killed one and wounded another so that it could afterward be slain was not recorded.

The 2d of January *Toolooah* killed two reindeer, the thermometer showing—08° F., and the next day brought them into camp, the thermometer showing—71° F., the coldest we recorded on the trip. I note it to show that American arms properly cared for will work under any temperature. At—71° F., or 103° below freezing, everything animate becomes enveloped in a mist that will soon obscure them, if they stop to rest, from a person at a distance, but that makes their presence doubly certain from this very sign. Herds of reindeer and musk-oxen can be located by this means at a distance of five or more miles, and this is the only way, so far as I know, to find them, or to get their trail, or to see them, or to see three times that distance. The native hunters claim that even at these extreme lengths they can tell the difference between the two kinds of animals by some varying peculiarities of the va's. Reindeer chased by dogs look like so many puffing locomotives.

The end of February saw us almost home. We had net a King-eared Eskimaux from Hesterfield Inlet, who told us that *Devoah* had been on the ice for several days, and if we took light sledges, and we accordingly left all our heavy stuff with him in order to get through, and purchased two days' reindeer meat of him to complete the journey, for none would be found on the way, he said. Our three days lengthened into five, and a terribly stormy day on the fifth saw us not yet home, out of meat, and no sign of reindeer in the country before us, but on the fourth day, during the storm and soon after returning, that it was folly to hope for such weather with such prospects. At dark *Toolooah* came in. He had found the tracks of three deer five or six miles south of camp, followed them on a circle which brought him due north of our igloos, there overtook them and killed them all, having followed their trail the whole distance at a fair run. Of such stuff was my best hunter made who that day saw his last reindeer, and on the next day we returned out of a grand total of 522 killed by all the members on the expedition.

AFTER QUAIL.

If we had been inhabitants of another sphere we could have created greater curiosity—George and I and Busy than we did as we alighted from the emigrant train that morning. Here I carried a rifle basket on a great railroad, but of such small consequence that the great railroad permitted only one train a day to stop there. Indeed, the place was so little known, even in the pretentious city not twenty miles away, that when George and I had mentioned our proposed excursion thither, one-half of our fellow sportsmen had never heard of the place, and the other half said "Pooh! you won't get anything there. Why, I never even heard of anyone going there to hunt." But George has a remarkably observant eye, two of them, in fact, and when these eyes roamed over a certain patch of ground in the momentary view afforded by the car window of the lightning express, George said, "That looks like quail," and we were to-day intent upon verifying George's surmise.

As the train pulled away out of sight around a curve the open mouth of the entrance of the Peruvians gradually relaxed from their amazed stare, and a yellow dog that had crouched by the platform made a sheepish attempt to form an acquaintance with Busy, but retired in dismay at her warning growl.

"Morin, stranger," ventured one of the group, at length. "Good morning, my friend," said George, "will you tell me where is my game, to be killed hereabouts?" "Well, now, I dunno," drawled the countryman. "I guess not much with braggin' on, but there's Jim Seely, learnin' agin them fence rails, he's game constable, and might be able to tell ye. Hey, you, Jim! Here's some city fellers that want to know if they's any game hereabouts."

Jim, at this greeting, ceased his occupation of whitening a pine stick, and, expectorating a stream of tobacco juice, repeated with great courtesies of the Peruvians gradually opened him raised him above his fellows.

"Game? In course they's game enough, if ye know how to get it. They's coons, an' they's gray squirrels, an' they's foxes, an' down to Tamarack Holler they's muskrats. But you fellers won't git none rigged in them fixin's, now I tell ye. Is that thar a good 'coon dog?" contentiously indicated Busy by a squirt of tobacco juice in her direction.

"Well, no," said George, "I wouldn't, not exactly a 'coon dog, but she's some on muskrats." "Umph!" sneered the oracle, "I wouldn't trade Tiger there for a bull drove of city dogs. Take him 'n' dad's rifle — a good twelve pound of solid iron—an' if they's fur in Seneky county, you kin git it."

"Well," said George, "we'll do our best, anyhow. By the way, he's out of the game, he's a friend here. I'd like to get posted, so as not to kill anything out of season."

"Oh, wal, I dunno," hesitated the game constable, "don't kill no little birds, and don't set no trap afir, nor leave no fence rails down, an' the law won't bresh ye."

Thanking our informant for his elucidation of the Peruvian laws, we shouldered guns and clambered over the hills back of the railroad toward George's expected quail ground.

"Now, Busy," said George, "you'll be a better quail hunter a dozen times more or less, and ought to know a good deal about it by this time. From this hill top you can see what I picked out as a likely quail ground. Now, in your opinion, how had we best proceed to get the most birds in the least time?"

"Well, I should cross this clover meadow, and work Busy over every foot of the meadow, and then the field, and all that. I fear your quail hunting hasn't taught you much thus far. But the trouble is, you don't study these matters. Now, what kind of weather have we had for these few days back?"

"Cold, with occasional rains and hurries of snow."

"Right. Now, quail aren't at all partial to exposed places in that sort of weather. To be sure, to-day, although cold, is clear, but I've found that Bob will be generally with the timber a day or two after the storm, so see if it is really a clear-up, or only making believe. So you needn't put a shell in while we're crossing this clover and that stubble field, for no quail will feed there to-day."

"But, George, just look at Busy. She's struck a hot scent, by her actions."

"Yes, she's struck a scent, but no. This bunch of thick clover, in a nook out of reach of the wind, is where a covey roosted last night. See, you can count the exact number of birds. Fourteen, isn't it? All in a covey, you see, so that, in case of a surprise, one's flight won't impede another's. Now, the company that lodged here last night will most likely be found in that scrubby patch of timber beyond this stubble field. It may be that you'll have hard work to put them up, as they'll have a goodly warren ahead of a dog sometimes in timber. But I have faith in old Busy, and she's been hunted on quail so many times that she knows their tricks even better than her master, I think."

"This 'timber' was a patch of land that had been partially cleared some years before, and was now covered over with a tangled mass of brush and briery shrubs, some higher than a man's head, but the major part reaching hardly to the shoulder. It was uninviting ground for a setter, but Busy's small, lithe body was soon working in and out in the thickest tangle. Her intelligence was simply marvelous. After striking the scent and finding that the birds were running swiftly away from her, she seemed to use every endeavor to turn them toward the open field close by, and, evidently understanding that we were unable to follow her course through the brush, she often ran ahead of a dog sometimes in timber. But I have faith in old Busy, and she's been hunted on quail so many times that she knows their tricks even better than her master, I think."

"Now, Busy, if they haven't doubled on her like a hare, as they will do when a dog is hunting on strategic principles, and not altogether from scent, we must hurry into the open, and skirt along the border, where we'll probably put 'em up ourselves. This way, all ready?"

"Where's that?" said George, "I'm not in the covey. Firing too soon, my first barrel made a clean miss, and one bird fell to my second; while cooler George, biding his time, dropped three to his gun. The frightened covey separated in wisps, and flew in various directions."

"No easy job to pick up those scattered fellows," said George, taking the last retrieved bird from Busy's careful mouth. "They'll be so close and still that the dog with the finest nose can't see 'em. That's what some old hunters call 'withholding scent.' Mark any down in your direction?"

"Yes, near that brush pile standing alone."

"Well, we'll tackle that first, as it's near by. Hee on, Busy!"

knocked over. Turning to order Busy to fetch, she was seen to be still pointing the same spot. Another kick brought another quail, and the same result as before. Still Busy had not left her point. Another kick from George, but no bird.

"She's mistaken this time, George," said I. "No, sir!" replied my friend, emphatically; "Old Busy's never mistaken; keep your gun ready," and he administered several hearty kicks in the dry brush. True enough, out started a third quail, which we grasped at twenty yards, and old Busy at once began to trot for the dead birds.

"George, will you sell that dog?" asked I. "Not for this whole country. But, there aren't ten men in A—that have her intelligence and honesty; yes, intelligence. Do you mean to tell me that it wasn't a reasoning power that worked that covey out of the timber patch?" asked I, looking directly at me, as if a denial on my part were a personal insult.

Proceeding then to another part of the field, where George had marked down three of the birds, we beat back and forth through the high grass and weeds in vain, and even Busy was unsuccessful. We were about to abandon the search, when out from my very feet sprang a quail, so close I could almost have knocked it over with my gun barrel. It was the same as the other, and unexpected and sudden appearance, one so close on another, and "rattled" us, for we both missed our first shots, and I my second, George grissing with his left at a tremendous distance.

"I'm always ashamed to miss an easy shot when Busy's along," said George, "for just to see how grieved she looks over it." And indeed, from her sympathetic eye and lowered flag, I am half inclined to believe she was blushing beneath her dark coat at our awkwardness.

Following a row of asphery bushes by the fence, we got two more, and then ensued a period of three hours or more marked with a blank, for not a quail did we start in that time. In the afternoon, however, we marked a covey of eight birds down in an orchard separated by the turnpike from the rest of the farm, and George with Busy taking the orchard, and I, in position, and every tree and timber, by careful maneuvering we killed every one of the covey, five falling to my gun.

"Eighteen birds," said George, "I guess that will do for to-day. We might get a dozen more, but I'd like to know that there are some left for our Thanksgiving hunt, and we've got enough for Sunday's dinner at the boarding-house. Let's quit. I am half dead."

"I'm willing," said I, "but meanwhile, suppose we tramp across the river and ask old Jesse at the col-pot if any ducks have come in the marsh yet."

"Just what I was going to propose," answered George; and calling Busy to heel, we set out for a six-mile tramp to the river and back. Two more unfortunate quail, rising with others out of the very yard and a farmhouse, dropped to our guns on the way, and one hare, which we crossed the road ahead of us on a kecy jump was too rash to go unpunished, and I howled him over.

"Only got one rabbit, eh?" sarcastically remarked one of the Peruvians that night while we were awaiting the train. "Oh, in course, I see all them little quails, but, Lord a massy, I'd as soon think o' shooting highlanders. They ain't no more out on a dozen o' them to make a pot small reely tuitin'."

SENeca.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHAW.

Third Paper.

ON the day following we tightened up the shrouds and hobshtay, looked to the strapping of blocks, and made everything snug and ship-shape for the next day after we were to make a sail of forty miles by sea to the next inlet below—Hillsboro' River. The day broke clear and fine, and by nine o'clock a fresh wind was blowing from the north. Everything was propitious, so we made sail, hoisted anchor, and put to sea, keeping well inshore, just beyond the line of breakers, to avoid, so far as possible, the current of the Gulf Stream, which here flows northward at a two-knot rate.

As we passed the reef near the trails from the thickest settled portion of Lake Worth, we saw a lady busily engaged in picking up sea-shells. Jack seized the covey-horn and blew a shrill blast, at which she looked up and waved her handkerchief; whereupon Jack, Squire, and Skipper vied with each other in a display of pocket hunting. At the foot of Lake Worth we saw, on the beach ridge, the cabin formerly occupied by the Hubbel family, whose three years before we began our tramp down the coast to Key Biscayne. Five miles further on is U. S. Life Saving Station No. 3, and ten miles further we were abreast of the bold rocks of Boca Raton, where there is a closed inlet to a branch of the Hillsboro'. There is a great sameness in the appearance of the southeast coast of Florida, being mostly a narrow white beach, backed by a low sandy ridge which is covered by very palmetto, oak scrub, sea-pines, and myrtle, with occasional clumps of cabbage palms and live oaks. At last, after a delightful sail, we sighted Hillsboro' Inlet, with its group of cocoanut palms, which we reached at four o'clock, having made forty miles in seven hours—pretty good sailing against the current of the Gulf Stream. The tide was running out, with but a foot of water on the bar, so we were compelled to drop anchor and wait for the flood tide. Skipper, who was out of the boat, went ashore to explore the inlet, while Cuff jumped overboard and swam ashore to chase 'possums, 'coons, and hares.

I never saw a better boat for a dingy or tender than the Daisy, a Strauban folding canvas canoe, ten feet long and weighing but twenty-five pounds. I frequently passed in and out of inlets, through the breakers and combers, looking for the channels, and never shipped so many times a pint of water as we began our tramp down the coast to Key Biscayne. My sea was always on top, skimming the crests like a sea-gull. We towed her stern the entire voyage in all kinds of weather and in some pretty rough seas, but the Daisy was always right side up and dry, and moreover, was no detriment to our sailing. The wooden skiff, Wail, would not have lived two minutes under conditions where the Daisy floated like a duck, and was always hoisted on deck before sailing.

The wind hailed around to northeast, blowing fresh and kicking up quite a sea, causing the Rambler to jump and strain at her cable like a tethered mustang. Finally, through the contrary forces of wind and tide, she settled in the trough and began rolling feebly among the breakers, when Skipper and I sprang to a stern anchor in the Daisy and hauled her round into the wind, and she lay head and but poor Jack was already the victim of *mal de mer* and had

zone below, where he remained until eight o'clock, when there being a half fathom of water on the bar, we sailed into the river.

On the little bay just inside of the inlet is an old palmetto slanty and a well, constructed by old man Fitch several years before, where I then found him, nearly starved, waiting for his companion, "Sailor Jack," who had gone to Lake Worth for provisions, but who never went back, having slipped on a boat at Lake Worth for Halifax River, leaving the old man to shift for himself. I found this Sailor Jack a few days afterward at Lake Worth just as he was about to sail for the Halifax, when I took the opportunity to preach him a "sermon" on "man's inhumanity to man," which seemed to be thoroughly appreciated by the small but attentive audience.

While out hunting the usual arrival at Hillsboro' in the beach comb, an unusual object caught my eye as I was passing an open space between two bushes, which I saw at a second glance was a large rattlesnake coiled up within two feet of me. As I stepped back and withdrew a buckshot cartridge and inserted one of small shot, he began crawling languidly and slowly away and without shaking a rattle, when I shot his head off. He was six feet in length, and had a very beautifully marked skin which I took off at once, being the body of Skipper, who had often horrified the boys by telling them of his great fondness for fried rattlesnake. But although this was a fine specimen, four inches in diameter, with luscious and tempting-looking steaks along the backbone, all portehouse and tenderloin, he seemed to have suddenly lost all desire and appreciation for that kind of meat, at all events, he "didn't seem to haunter after it."

As we returned, we passed a shallow, muddy bayou, the bottom of which was left dry by the tide, where we saw some oysters, and struck it rich. These oysters were the fattest, largest, and had the finest flavor of any I had ever tasted, and this is saying a good deal for one born and bred in Baltimore. They were all single oysters, none less than six inches long, and were attached to the denuded stems and branches of sea-fans (*Gorgonia*), and were thereby carried in bunches. Our dinner that day was a royal one: oysters, raw, broiled, and fried; roast beef, broiled; venison steak; baked yams; boiled rice; sliced raw tomatoes, and for dessert bananas and green coconuts. A full-grown green coconut is a delectable, delicious and unadorned delicacy calculated to delight and tickle the palate of the most satiated and *habes* epicure. Taking off the husk, one of the "eyes" is opened, the milk poured out into a cup, and the shell cracked in halves, when the meat will be found quite raw, and to know how to eat it, the milk is then poured back and the contents eaten with a spoon.

After waiting a day or two in vain for a fair wind, we left Hillsboro' River with a strong southeast wind and a heavy chop sea, and sailed close-bowed, making long legs and short ones down the coast, bound for New River Inlet, twenty miles below. After a few miles Jack was compelled to go below and Skipper was anxious to put back, but we were obliged to know how to handle the boat, and in a heavy sea. She worked to a charm, and after an exceedingly rough passage, the sea running very high, and in the teeth of a half gale, we made New River Inlet, where, though the tide was ebbing, there was plenty of water on the bar, and we at once made the run in, with Skipper at the masthead to look out the channel. A large brig beating down the coast ahead of us and laboring hard in the heavy sea, was visible to us for some miles, but we were so close that it was, forsooth, lumpy and dusty enough, and proved to be the roughest bit of sailing we encountered on the voyage. The wind had been squally for several days, hailing from northeast to southeast, consequently, old Atlantic was on a high and tried his best to carry our bowsprit away, but it was a stout stick and stood the market bravely.

As we anchored in the river a hundred yards above the north point of the inlet, where there was plenty of water and good holding ground for the mud hook. New River, for six miles above its mouth, is the straightest, deepest and finest river I have seen in Florida, although a narrow one. It is famous for its sharks, regular man-eaters, some of them, and for the immense numbers and variety of its fishes. The boys drove down a saubing post at the point of the inlet, where they baited our shanks with their arms, which I had, in return, on that occasion, with the utmost complacency and even with hearty satisfaction, helping them to haul out some of the larger ones, for I remembered how nearly I came to being devoured by the monsters, at that very place, three years before. On that occasion Wash Jenkins, who has charge of the Life Saving Station (No. 4), eight miles above, had sailed us down the river to the south shore of the inlet, where we remained our tramp to Biscayne Bay. It was that stick of a snake near the top of the inlet, and the scrub at the inlet, so that he, seeing the smoke, could sail down for us. We were gone a few days longer than we expected, and arrived at the inlet again one day about noon. We saw an old yawl-boat across the inlet, tied to some mangroves, and which belonged to old man Fitch, but so far as we were concerned it might as well have been in the sky. We set fire to the scrub, but strong wind and rain from the north kept the smoke near the ground and Jenkins failed to see it. We slept on the beach that night, and the next morning I told my party that if they would help to build a raft, I would cross over and get the boat, when we could walk up the sea beach to the station. We found a few water-soaked logs and tied them together with vines, constructing a rude raft about seven by three feet, but which, of its own weight, settled first with its water. I found a flat stick like a garden paddle, some five feet long, a half inch thick, and three inches wide, which I don't duty as a paddle. I mounted the raft, which sank to the bottom in the shallow water, but by floating it into deeper water I managed by great care to preserve my balance, standing upright, and found that it would sustain me, though it sank beneath the surface some six inches, with my weight.

At low water slack I started, but I found it difficult naving my raft manage to rise out of the water, and I accordingly ran up and to prevent the frail structure from turning turtle and spilling me overboard; a single plank would have been a ship in comparison. But by dint of hard and careful, but extremely slow work, I reached the middle of the stream. The tide then began to make, and with it came hundreds of sharks, string-rays, sawfish and porpoises. I had not thought of them before. These man-eaters swarmed around my raft, making me rather nervous, but I was so close to the fish would come darting toward me, stop suddenly, wagging his tail, seemingly undecided whether to run a saw on me or flop me over with his tail, while the harmless porpoises went rolling by, thinking it great fun. The slightest

touch of a shark's tail would have capsize my raft and sent me floundering into the water, where I would soon have been divided, piece meal, and distributed into the maws of a dozen sharks. But I struck at them with the slight paddle whenever they came too close, and thus kept them at a respectful distance. While using the paddle in this way, I cracked at the middle of it required double caution in paddling and striking. Finally, after a half hour's hard work I succeeded in getting across safely, where I hauled out the boat, in which was an oar, and sculled over after the boys. Under such trying circumstances there is nothing like self-possession, level-headedness and presence of mind, unless it be, as Pat said, absence of body.

Rushing in and out with the tide, at New River, fishes can be seen by thousands, swimming, and in a little while the white rag tied to the hook and thrown to them by a strong hand line. We took creville from ten to thirty pounds, always large ones here, never less than ten pounds. By anchoring a hoit in mid-stream they can be speared or grained as they swim rapidly by, often pursued by sharks and porpoises. Mr. Jenkins takes them in this way up to forty pounds and eures and smokes them. The largest alligator we killed was here. He had crawled on to the shore where the boys had some heads, when Jack shot him from the schooner with a mid-range Peabody-Martini rifle at a hundred and fifty yards, knocking the cap of his skull off; he was twelve feet in length. Alligators seem to be as much at home in salt water as in fresh.

Six miles above the inlet is the "haulover," opposite the site of old Fort Lauderdale, and marked by a group of cocoanut trees. From here the river runs southerly, to its mouth, and parallel with the same heads, with intervening strips of ridge being nowhere much over a hundred feet in width. At the haulover the river spreads out into a broad, shallow bay, into which empty its North and South branches and several creeks, and is diversified by several islands. Two miles above the haulover, on the east bank, is the wharf or landing of Life Saving Station No. 4, the latter a quarter of a mile away on the sea beach. We made fast to the wharf and went to the station to see my old friend Wash Jenkins, the boatman, who had come with him alone, his family being away on a visit to Key West. He was very glad to see us, not having seen a human face since his family left three weeks before. His nearest neighbors are at Biscayne Bay, twenty miles below, and Steve Andrews at Station No. 3, twenty-four miles above.

We spent two or three days here shooting ducks, coots and snipe, and one day went out with Jenkins and his dogs for deer. Wash, one mile from the neck of land between the North Branch and creek, drove the rest of us taking stands across the timbered strip. I was sitting at the edge of some spruce pines, near an open space covered by galberry and myrtle bushes, when I heard some quail near by. I began to whistle and call them up, and soon had them all around me. There were, perhaps, thirty of them; they had never seen a human being before. I kept perfectly still, but continued whistling and calling, and had them hop about on their feet, cocking in the combing little heads and looking knowingly at me with their bright round eyes, as they ran about picking at the buds and leaves and bits of grass, twittering and chirping like so many young chickens. They soon wandered off and I was alone again.

That night we planned an expedition up the South Branch to the Everglades, to visit an Indian village, some twenty miles distant. Accordingly, next morning we moved the boats and set out on foot, carrying our arms, traps and taut. Taking our guns, a rod or two, some trolling tackle, and grub enough for several days, we embarked on an Indian cypress canoe, belonging to Jenkins, some twenty feet in length, and two feet beam, with sprit-sail, poles and paddles. We started at nine o'clock, sailing across the bay to the South Branch, which, being very crooked, we furled the sail and each man took a paddle. This branch of New River is much like other rivers in Southern Florida, about an average width of fifty yards, with perpendicular banks, green to the water's edge with a profusion of wild grasses and shrubs, and with a varying depth of from three to twenty feet. Many alligators were sunning themselves on the sand spits at the lower end of the stream. As we progressed the water became deeper and the current stronger. The banks were clothed, usually with pines, with an occasional bunch of palmetto, water oak, swampy maple, bay, Spanish ash and other timber. Here and there were little coves or bights thickly grown with rushes, and aquatic plants bearing bright-colored flowers.

We soon reached the great cypress belt, through which the amber-colored stream poured silently and swiftly, though so clear that great masses of white, coralline reefs, seams, fissured and lying in endless confusion, could be plainly seen at the bottom, through the water. There were growing in the bottom beautiful and curious aquatic plants and crosses. The tall cypresses, with pale and grizzled trunks, stood in serried ranks like grim spectres, ornamented in a fantastic fashion with the scarlet plumes of air-plants, while their long arms meeting overhead were draped in heavy folds and festoons of gray Spanish moss. The solemn and impressive stillness was broken only by the whistling of some startled egret, lily or osprey, which echoed through the weird forest with a peculiarly hollow emphasis, and at last died away in a low mournful cadence. Our own voices sounded unnatural and strangely sonorous, resounding as though beneath the dome of some vast cathedral.

Passing through the cypress belt we came to the "sloughs" where the stream divided into several smaller ones. The "sloughs" is a margin of tall grasses and shrubs of very luxuriant growth, intersected by numerous small streams, and lying between the cypresses and the Everglades proper. Getting through this we finally emerged into the Everglades seemingly a sea of waving green grasses, with innumerable islands of all sizes. But these grasses are all growing in water, clear and limpid, with channels a few feet wide, diverging and crossing in every direction, through which a canoe can be sailed or poled; there was then two feet of water in the Everglades, and the water was uninfected with the salt and went skimming along, greatly to our satisfaction and relief, for we were quite tired after paddling up stream some six hours.

It is a hard matter to convey a correct, or even an approximate idea of the region called the "Everglades," it is unique, there is nothing like it anywhere else. As far as the eye can reach stretches a broad, level expanse, clothed in verdure of various shades of green, with a few tall, thin, and leafless cacti seen nowhere but here. The surface is dotted and diversified by thousands of islets and islands, of all shapes and sizes, from a few yards to many acres in extent, clothed with a tropical luxuriance of trees, shrubs and vines. The

mangrove here gives place to the cocoa-plum, which grows in endless profusion amid the swamp maple, sweet bay, mastich, water poplar, gum, limbo, satin wood, water oak, and lowering above these, clearly revealed against the blue sky, the plume-like palmetto, while the ever and around all, running riot in their exuberance, are innumerable vines and creepers bearing flowers of gorgeous dyes.

Seeing a smoke several miles away, we sailed in that direction through the intricate and narrow channels, often making short cuts by plowing through masses of lily-pads, deer tongue and lotus. As we neared the smoke we saw several canoes shoot out from behind islands on our right and left, their white sails gleaming and darting along in the rays of the setting sun like sea-gulls, but all proceeding in the same direction, toward the smoke. Suddenly, one we had not seen came swooping down upon us like a huge bird of prey from the shelter of a small island, a tall young Indian, clad only in a light-colored shirt, a red belt and an enormous red turban, stood upon the pointed stern guiding the canoe with a pole, while an elderly Indian sat amidships holding the sheet of the sail. They sailed toward a converging channel into our course and waited until we were alongside.

"How 'd'ye!" said I.
"How!" answered the old man. "Me see 'um canoe; me see 'um white man; me wait; me glad see 'um. How!"
"We come to see you; have a good time; come to see your village," said I. "We got big canoe—schooner—at station—at Jenkins's."

"In-eh!" (yes, or all right). Me glad see 'um; in-eh!" replied he.

Hero Jack put in his oar, saying: "We like Ingu; big Ingu; Mr. Lo! Come see 'um; big Ingu, whoop-eh! squaw, hoop-la! papoose, hi-yah! wigwam! wampum! you bet! wa-hoo!"

I saw from the twinkle of the old man's eye that he understood English very well, as he replied, good-naturedly:

"Big! Young man—talk here—talk much—ho-la-wau-goo!" (and, on to go). Then he continued: "Me Tiger; Big Tiger—old Tiger—old my father—the chief—the chief! Then, pointing toward the pines on the mainland, he said: "Me go—village—you come—in-eh!"

The y, hauling at the sheet, they shot away, our own heavily-laden canoe seeming to stand still in comparison. These Indians had been at work in their fields on the islands, but seeing us coming, they quit work earlier than usual so as to get to the village before our arrival.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance.

Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

FAMILY FALCONIDE: THE FALCONS.—CONCLUDED.

13. Marsh Hawk—*Circus cyaneus* Aud.; *Circus hudsonius* Ridg. 430; *Circus cyaneus hudsonius* Cs. 480.—Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds on the ground; lays from four to six dull bluish white eggs, generally faintly blotched with purple. The male incubates the eggs in May. The eggs are laid throughout the inhabited portions of the State. The light gray plumage and the comparatively smaller size of the male bird misleads some persons into the belief that it is a different species of hawk from the larger female with its rich cinnamon brown coloration of plumage. But the large white space over the base of the tail, common to both sexes, may easily be seen as the bird pursues its low flight over the fields and meadows, and is a characteristic marking of the species. The marsh hawks do not frequent the forests, but make their haunts about the fields, marshes, and open lands, where they may be seen quartering their chosen ground as systematically as trained hunting dogs. They are very destructive to small game birds, such as are found in the fields and marshes, and they also prey upon mice, frogs, snakes, &c. This hawk does not commonly pursue its prey but pounces upon it unawares.

14. Cooper's Hawk—*Accipiter cooperi* Aud.; *Accipiter cooperi* Ridg. 431, Cs. 495.—Rare. An occasional visitor from the south. I have never observed this hawk in Maine, nor even seen a specimen killed here. Prof. A. E. Verrill mentioned it in his list of the birds of Norway, Maine. Mr. Bourdman mentions it as "rare." Mr. N. C. Brown informs me that he has seen but two specimens here. One of these in the possession of Mr. L. C. Daniels, taxidermist, at Portland, April 15, 1875, and the other was alive in captivity at Gorham, Maine, in the possession of Chas. B. Merrill, Esq. Mr. Harry Merrill gives me the record of two specimens killed in Penobscot county; one in 1878, and one in 1881.

Although not a very large hawk, this bird is endowed with great strength, daring, and speed of flight. Many hawks capture their prey chiefly by darting suddenly upon it, but the Cooper's hawk will pursue the swiftness of his while on the wing, with a sustained flight that I believe to be unsurpassed in speed by any other bird. I remember an incident that well displayed the wonderful rapidity of flight of which this hawk is capable.

One autumn day in Virginia, while shooting partridge, or quails (*Ortyx virginianus*), a partridge that had been well alarmed by a shot from each of my two companions, flew close by me, and at that instant I observed the bird to suddenly increase its speed, as a Cooper's hawk gave chase. Swift as was the utmost speed of the partridge, yet much swifter was that of the hawk, which was quickly overtaking its prey as both birds disappeared from my view over the tops of a grove of small pine trees. The incident served to illustrate the facts that a swift-flying bird like the partridge, already frightened, was capable of greatly increasing its speed upon urgent and necessarily demanding it, and that a hawk of this species is capable of a sustained rapidity of flight even greater than the utmost speed of the *Ortyx virginianus*.

15. Sharp-shinned Hawk—*Accipiter fuscus* Aud.; *Accipiter fuscus* Ridg. 432, Cs. 494.—Abundant. Arrives in April. Breeds on trees. Lays four or five eggs, white with brown blotches, in May. Next to the marsh hawk the most abundant species of hawk throughout the State. This little hawk is not much larger than the rusty-crowned falcon, but in its appearance it seems like a diminutive fair sibling of the Cooper's hawk. The sharp-shinned hawk is a deadly enemy to small birds, such as warblers and sparrows, but does not commonly attack birds larger than these. It is often locally, but erroneously, termed "pigeon hawk" in Maine. I shot a

Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

THE NEW YORK GAME LAW.

A meeting of the Committee on Game Laws of the New York Legislature was held on Tuesday at Albany, to hear arguments on Assembly bill No. 8.

Gen. S. W. Johnson occupied the chair. Of the committee there were present Messrs. Helm, O'Connor, Locke and Biltner. Messrs. Geddes, Irvin, Goddard, Bailly, Ferris, Church, ex-Senator Wagstaff and Dr. Piffard, of New York; Mr. J. D. Collins, of Utica; Dr. Phelps, of Franklin county, and a number of gentlemen from other counties appeared before the committee to represent their sections of the State.

The Chairman read the first section with regard to the change in the time for deer. Mr. Collins stated that Mr. Hoard had written him in behalf of the citizens of Ogdensburg, stating that they desired the privilege of eating trout and venison at the same time. He therefore suggested that the time in Bill No. 8 be extended so as to make the open season from Aug. 15 to Nov. 15. Mr. Irvin of St. Lawrence spoke for the sportsmen of that county, and opposed any alteration of the present law. He also strongly advocated the forbidding of the use of hounds. Mr. Goddard supported Mr. Irvin's statements. Senator Wagstaff preferred to leave November open. Dr. Phelps, of Franklin, made a strong appeal for the protection of deer from night shooters. He said that men came to the woods in August and slaughtered the deer by scores with jacks, and that it is impossible owing to the darkness to detect the offenders. He also gave a graphic picture of the manner in which the deer are killed during deep snows by men on snow shoes.

The Chairman then read Section 2 of the amendatory bill. Mr. Bailly, of Snfok, said that the provision forbidding summer bay bird shooting was oppressive to the people of Long Island. Mr. Wagstaff favored the prohibition of spring bay snipe shooting, but would have the clause relating to ducks as it stands, i. e., no duck shooting after April 1. The representative of Essex and St. Lawrence advocated the forbidding of all shooting of ducks and bay birds after February 1, but stated that bay birds should be shot after July or August 1. Mr. Church, of Queens, requested that the bill might be so amended as to allow the use of batteries in Long Island Sound and adjacent harbors.

Section 3 was now read. Mr. Wagstaff hoped that the section would be so amended as to permit the shooting of woodcock on Long Island in August. A gentleman from Lewis county desired to have that county excepted, and another from Wayne asked the same favor.

Sections 4, 5 and 6 of the bill seemed to be generally satisfactory.

Section 7 was read, and the representative of Forest and Stream said that the provision limiting the number of specimens to be taken by any licensed collector during one year was oppressive to the ornithologists, and recommended that it be amended.

In Section 8, Dr. Piffard suggested that the English sparrow be added to the list of birds whose nests might be legally robbed. The reading of Section 10 gave rise to considerable discussion. Mr. Collins explained that the provision forbidding the taking of trout of any kind at any time for the purpose of stocking private ponds, was aimed at individuals in his section who stocked private ponds, and who hire men, women and children to catch from the public waters all the trout that they can possibly take, and transfer them to preserves, from which they sell them. He stated, also, that these parties actually go to the spawning beds, secure the trout spawn, and transfer it to their private hatching houses, and suggested that this ought to be forbidden by law.

There was but little discussion over the following sections until Section 14 was reached, when ex-Senator Wagstaff suggested the placing of a bounty of fifty cents on the fox. On reading section 16 it was suggested that the time for selling venison should be extended to Jan. 1, provided that the time for killing was extended as above suggested. In Section 17 an exception was suggested in favor of tide water mills and of mill ponds.

The chairman stated at the close of the meeting that the committee were anxious to give to sportsmen all the protection which they desired, but alluded to the very widely different opinions which seemed to be held on some important points.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I am surprised that you advise the Legislature to open the season for bay snipe shooting on Long Island on August 1. Of course the date for opening named in the bill at Albany (October 1) only shows the ignorance of our game-law framers for after October 1 almost all the bay birds are gone. But a law opening the season at August 1 would only serve the purpose, if observed, of allowing many a good flight of such birds as dowitchers, which come back in July, to pass on to Jersey swamps. As bay birds come to our shores only on their way South (and back again the next spring), there can be no reason why a summer bird should not be shot whenever it arrives.

I am an earnest advocate of the prevention of all spring shooting; but I know that the Long Island people would pay no attention to a law forbidding bay bird shooting later than July 1.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As to the catching of trout for stocking purposes. The reasons for this are very important; the most so of any provision in the bill. In this section of the country, men, women and children are employed to fish the small streams for salmon trout. They are kept alive in boxes and carried away to restaurants to be served up to customers—put into private ponds to be sold out in season. In Redfield, 160,000 were carried away alive in one season. At the Trenton Falls trout ponds an equal number are caught and sold each year. The proprietor fishes the whole close season, keeping his fish alive to stock his ponds for the coming season, taking them from spawn beds and small streams and in any way he can obtain them. There are other ponds doing the same

thing. The result is, the most abundant and prolific streams are utterly depopulated of trout. At other places, they are caught in the same way and placed in a public stream, upon premises owned by a hotel proprietor, where guests that are taken to the detention of all other streams for twenty or thirty miles around. Unless this practice is prohibited, good-bye to trout, and that very soon. The plan is, to let those who want trout for stocking purposes either breed them or obtain them from the State hatcheries, as is provided for by the laws relating thereto, which are independent of the game laws. If the friends of protection are interested in the protection of trout, let them by all means insist upon the amendments as framed, or even that they be more stringent than now proposed.

UTICA, New York.

JOHN D. COLLINS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Bay snipe commence to come about the 20th of July, and travel until about the first of November. These birds are all birds such as you shoot over decoys, namely the large small yellow-legs, jack, curlew, robin, willows, dowitchers, hunt birds, and black breast plover. They return again in May, when there is a two weeks' flight. English snipe come here about the middle of March and stay until the first of May, and return about the first of October, and stay until it freezes up.

There is a little of all kinds of shooting here all the time. The day it snowed and blew so hard I killed three wild geese in the river. I have killed some mallard ducks in the river this winter, the first I ever saw. I am greatly in favor of abolishing spring shooting. If something is not done soon, there will not be any game left. Battery shooting at ducks should be stopped from Maine to Florida. It is not any use to stop it in one State, because the birds would be killed in the next State. We could have the best duck shooting in our bay that there is in the world, if it were not for disturbing the birds on their feeding grounds. There are two marked gunners neighbors to me, since last fall they have killed three thousand ducks, mostly broadbill, with some redheads, canvas-backs, and whistlers.

What point shooting we could have if ever the time comes that every battery is burnt up! There are three things we do not want, one is spring shooting, another batteries and finally cats. The cats destroy more quail than hawks and gunners combined.

SAVILLVILLE, Long Island.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I wish to enter my protest against the amendment of Section 1, Chapter 534, which prohibits the shooting of deer with the aid of jack lights, or otherwise in the month of August. A friend and myself have, for the last seven years, spent from three to four weeks in the Adirondaeks, and the last three years have each taken a son with us, the youngest being but eleven years old the first year that he went in. We always camp out, kill what deer we want to eat, also catch fish for our own use, and have not wasted or brought any venison out of the woods. Now, if I could not in the only month I can get away from my business, and I believe I speak for a large class of persons that are situated in a like manner. I also believe that if I had not taken just such a vacation, that my health as well as my friend's would have broken down, so that we could not have followed our usual avocations the remainder of the year.

The month of August is the best part of the year for any one used to live in the woods in the North Woods, and it looks as if the advocates of this change in the law wished to freeze out just the class of persons that it does most good to take this kind of recreation. Now from my own observation I think more deer are killed in July than in August. Only enforce the law as it now stands, and after what few are killed in August there will be a good show for those parties that wish to go in September and October with their packs of dogs and run the deer into the traps. Now, if I could not in the only month I can get away from my business, and I believe I speak for a large class of persons that are situated in a like manner. I also believe that if I had not taken just such a vacation, that my health as well as my friend's would have broken down, so that we could not have followed our usual avocations the remainder of the year.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Should the number of natural history specimens (of one species) allowed to be taken, be limited to five annually, as provided in the Townsend bill, or limited at all? Neither, decidedly; for at the rate of five per annum, it would require three or four years for an ornithologist to collect a series for a simple comparison, not to mention any extensive work with a species. And now, look at it in perhaps a more practical light: Let a man start out to-day with his collecting outfit, his object being to collect some adult males of *Sayornis nigricans* (lesser redpoll). Well, let him be fortunate enough to come upon a flock of this species containing several males; and now, while creeping up to pick out the rose-breasted bird, he is left just as it is in regard to shooting deer in August. They are then in good condition and the fawns are able to care for themselves; and may the time never come when there are no deer in the Adirondaeks is the sincere wish of

HARK.

fully balance all things. It is only where that desecrating monster, man, interferes, that the scales are not evenly weighted. A sportsman or gunner will shoot a hawk or an owl, either on principle or by instinct—perhaps both—when ever an opportunity presents itself, provided only he is not in the immediate vicinity of game. To offer a bounty on these birds means to have every boy and every loafer of the country village turn out with the old musket or like arm, to try to make a dollar or two by the bounty. Of course this causes a decided decrease in the number of birds of prey. And what of it? Why just as decided an increase in the numbers of depredatory rodents and weasels, and consequently a corresponding decrease in the number of birds, both song and game. For we cannot forget that the food of our *Falco* and *Strigidae* consists mainly of the small animals, reptiles, batrachians, etc. (only about five per cent. of the contents of the stomachs of the birds of prey examined by me have been avian remains, the remainder being either those of the mammalia or reptilia). And then too, all those notes that were in your paper some time ago, concerning the depredations of our snappy little red friend the red squirrel *Sciurus hudsonicus* must be taken into consideration, for he together with like plunderers, is quite an item in the menu of these birds.

The views expressed above agree with those of all the other members of the Linnean Society of this city, with whom I talked at the society's meeting of Saturday, January 27.

New York, February, 1883.

LOUIS A. ZIEGLER.

[The bill provides that the societies which may grant bounties to collect specimens shall be: The New York State Museum; the American Museum of Natural History; the New York State Natural Sciences; the American Society of New York City; the Lyons Scientific Association of Cornell University; the Poughkeepsie Society of Natural History; or other scientific college in the State having a department or museum of natural history.]

THE QUEBEC ASSOCIATION.

THE twenty-fourth annual report of the Fish and Game Protection Club of the Province of Quebec, presented Jan. 20, was as follows: The executive committee, in presenting their annual report, congratulate the club, first of all, upon the unprecedented success which it has achieved during the past year.

This success is not alone confined to its financial affairs, which are highly satisfactory, as will be seen by the treasurer's report, nor yet to its great increase of membership, but it is to be found in the fact that the club has become known and its weight felt throughout the whole province.

The laws for the preservation of fish and game are becoming better observed every year, and people are beginning to find that the consumer is feeling even a greater benefit from the enforcement than the market hunter or the sportsman.

Your committee has great pleasure in reporting that during the last session of the Quebec Legislature an act was passed for the better preservation of the game of this Province.

The following are the amendments to the game act (as it then existed) which your committee recommended, and which were adopted before the committee of the House by a majority which twice visited Quebec for that purpose:

1. That the close season for deer, caribou, moose, and their fawn, should commence 1st January, instead of 1st February, to prevent these animals being butchered in the deep snows of January, and at a period when the females are heavy with young.
 2. That the close season for partridge should commence 1st February, instead of 1st March, so as to give one month's additional protection, this species of game being rapidly exterminated by snaring.
 3. That the close season for black duck, mallard, wood duck and teal should commence 1st March instead of 1st May, your committee contending that it is impolitic to molest these birds in the spring, when they come here to remain for the purpose of breeding; the numbers killed some seasons being immense, besides those that are driven from their natural breeding grounds.
 4. That the snaring of hares be prohibited.
- The following are the changes which were actually made in the law as regards close season:
1. Moose not to be taken or killed before 1st September, 1883. After that date close season for moose, deer, and caribou to remain as before—viz., 1st February to 1st September.
 2. Close season for hare changed from 1st February and 1st September to 1st March and 1st November.
 3. Close season for partridge changed from 1st March and 1st September to 1st January and 15th September.
 4. Close season for wild ducks of all kinds, and geese, from 1st May and 1st September to 15th April and 1st September.
 5. Close season for insectivorous birds, or more properly for all other birds than those named in the act, excepting eagles, hawks, wild pigeons, crows, ravens, waxwings, and shrike, from 1st March and 1st August to 1st March and 1st September.

Your committee, while regretting that deer, caribou, and moose have not received the protection asked for, and that the snaring of partridge has not been prohibited, consider that a great step in the right direction, and that the bill as passed is a very great improvement on anything we have heretofore had.

The thanks of the club are due to the Legislature for the manner in which they have taken up the matter, and for the kind consideration which they have shown toward the club. Throughout the past year the laws have been very well observed in and about the city. The dealers and markets have been closely watched for game and fish offered for sale. Only a few cases have been reported, and these were successfully prosecuted. Twenty-two persons in all were taken by the club during the year, out of which we obtained sixteen convictions. Seizures were made at several times of fish and game in the hands of express and forwarding agents, that had been shipped to this province during our close season, and which was distributed among the hospitals and other charitable institutions of the city.

The thanks of the club are due to the railway and steamboat companies who have allowed us to pass freely, and to assist our officers. Thirteen unlicensed acts have been seized, and a great number of fish baskets and other illegal apparatuses destroyed. In many cases it was impossible to find the owners of these nets and traps. If the funds of the club will permit of it, your committee would strongly advise that an officer be kept on the St. Ann's District constantly

from the 15th April until the 1st July in each year. This district would include Isle Perrot, Vaudreuil, St. Eustache, and Horse Island at the foot of the Cascade Rapids. As this locality contains so many islands and channels, it is very difficult to protect, and requires to have a man constantly on the ground.

Your committee has much pleasure in reporting that an officer has been appointed for the River Benedict, and that that very valuable breeding river is now well protected.

During the month of August a guardian was sent to watch the lower end of Lake St. Francis, and remained there until Mr. Baker was appointed to that district by the local government. The shooting on this lake has greatly improved this year. The new game act, which imposes a \$30 license on all non-residents of the Province, has effectively protected it from the horde of American market-hunters that formerly shot over it. Officers were also sent to look after cases which had been reported to the club from Missiquoi, Pike River, St. Hyacinthe, Dundee, Sorel, River Maskinongé, St. Jerome and other places; also to visit the lakes in rear of Terrebonne and Argenteuil.

Beside the convictions obtained by the club, we have paid rewards to persons who have obtained convictions under the game act.

At a meeting of your committee, held in November, it was resolved that the sum of one hundred dollars be asked as an extra subscription from members for the purpose of sowing wild rice on the feeding grounds of water-fowl, and that a petition be forwarded to the local government asking for a grant of \$500 for the same purpose. A deputation waited upon the Hon. Premier, and after explaining the object the amount asked was granted.

The annual dinner took place at the St. Lawrence Hall on January 26, and was attended by over fifty members and guests. It was as usual a very great success.

During the past summer the Fish and Game Club was formed in connection with the Fish and Game Protection Club, the object being to acquire and maintain a club house for the use of its members, and members of fish and game protection clubs are alone eligible for membership. It is managed by a committee of five, chosen from its members. It has proved a great success, its list of membership numbering some 120 names, and its very comfortable rooms are well patronized.

Your committee have had more to acknowledge the very valuable services of Mr. Eugène Roy, and would like to thank of the club are due to this gentleman, for the very able manner in which he has conducted our cases in court.

During the past summer your committee had printed a large number of posters, setting forth the close season for game and fish, and also the changes that had been made in the game laws. These posters were distributed throughout the Province, and posted in railway stations, hotels and country stores.

The total number of members at the present time is 387. There has been added to the list 102 new names since our last annual meeting, and 40 have been struck off for non-payment of subscription.

All which is respectfully submitted.

G. H. MATTHEWS, Secretary.

"HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN."

WHILE hunting in the Rangleys wilderness, way back gone in the "forties," when the woods were stocked with game to their full capacity, before the white man had become to thin out the moose, deer, caribou and the fur-bearing animals, I began an exhaustive trapping effort which lasted for twenty years.

In the fall hunt, while setting traps and boating here and there through the lakes, ponds and rivers, it was very necessary that I should carry a gun, but when the lakes and rivers were open and the snow had melted, and I was covered with snow, and the snowshoes had to be worn, and the heavy pack had to be shouldered, loaded not only with bread and pork and other shank for a ten day's cruise, but with traps, bait, blanket, cooking utensils, such as camp kettle, frypan, and other "calamity" beside an ax and gun, it became a serious question, what particular article of weight could be left out to lessen the load.

For two or three years, when I carried the gun and found it very convenient to bring down grouse, rabbits and larger game sometimes, for my daily living. Finally I gradually left my gun in camp through the winter months while trapping, and carried it only when on a moose or bear hunt.

Through the coldest weather very little game is stirring, and it requires considerable courage to lug a good-sized double gun that would do for I was "making unless you can get some reward for it. Yet I could have killed in all those years, I am satisfied, enough to have well paid me if I had always carried it.

I frequently saw otter, mink, lynx and other valuable game, and it was very tantalizing to stand and have it come up within easy range and know you cannot secure it, and think, "I wish I only taken my gun."

At one time I was going up the snow from the sun, which was shining brightly in the early morning, when I saw a fox coming down toward me; the sun bothered his eyes and he came down within rifle shot before he discovered me—but when he did, he stopped short—I stood still, and after looking me over for some time, he came along several rods and then halted again. I stood still from the first and thought I would see what he would do for I was "making unless you can get some reward for it. Yet I could have killed in all those years, I am satisfied, enough to have well paid me if I had always carried it.

At another time I was standing on the shore of a pond, the snow being some four feet deep and a warm winter day, when up came an otter within ten yards of me, from under the ice through the snow; and, by standing perfectly still, I had a fine view of him and his pranks. He would roll over and over, and then stick up his nose and snuff; then make two or three jumps; then slide on his belly on the hard snow; then stick up his nose toward me and snuff again. This he repeated constantly until I started to get between him and his hole in the snow, when he just let me see his prowess—he did not seem to run or slide, but he went for that hole in no time, and was out of sight.

At another time I was traveling in the woods on the side

of a mountain, when I heard a moose very near to me! "Thug, thug, thug—like striking an ax on a rotten log. (This is a common sound they make to call their mates, and is made, I think, only by the male.) This time I had a Colt's navy revolver in my knapsack, but while I was getting it out, the old fellow made off. I felt, however, that if he had discovered me, and had been in the mood of it, he could have demolished me in a minute.

Another time I was fishing on the west arm of Molly-chunkmunk Lake one cold morning, when I saw a mink come from the shore out toward the middle of the arm within easy range, had I had a gun, but I had none, and the next best was to get between him and the shore and try to run him down on the ice. Well, he allowed me to get the inside track and then it was nip and tuck across the shore. Presently as I came near to him he ran into a lump of snow, about as large as a bushel basket, which happened to be just there. I got on to my knees and peeped in, for minks were then worth ten dollars, and I felt sure I had him safe, so I began to dig away the snow with my hands, when all at once down I went into the lake all over. The bunch of snow covered a breathing hole in the ice and the mink disappeared with him, and I realized that I was up to half way to camp on the run, where I found my clothes frozen stiff and locomotion difficult.

BETHEL, MAINE, 1885.

THE WORCESTER FOX HUNTERS.

THE month of January has been exceptionally bad for the fox hunters in Massachusetts. Nearly every snow storm ended with rain, making one continuous sheet of crust and ice almost the entire month. The snow of last Sunday and Monday was, however, an exception, beginning with rain and ending with a light fall of snow. Tuesday, January 30, was mild and still, in fact a perfect day for fox hunting, and all hands were out early. The rendezvous at M. E. Shattuck's cigar store was thronged Tuesday evening with members of the "fur company" and their friends, to hear the reports and it was really an entertainment worth attending. Everybody had had a good chase, whether they had killed a fox or not. The excitement ran high when Mr. Bancroft and John Stearns came in and reported two large dog foxes as the result of their chase. The details were given in full and listened to with the greatest interest, but the climax of excitement was not reached till Mr. Kinney arrived. His report was so remarkable that I think it may be interesting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Mr. Kinney went to Millbury as usual for a chase with his friend J. M. White. They started a fox early in the morning and led directly off, and the dogs were soon out of hearing with the exception of one which failed to get on with the pack.

Mr. White followed after the started fox, while Mr. Kinney kept a stand on a runway, hoping the fox would make a turn. After waiting with rain and ending with a light fall of snow, he began to think he was "left," sure. The fox failed to get off with the pack had been at work and was beginning to bark with some animation, which caused Mr. Kinney to look in that direction which was across a large pond. Much to his delight he saw a pair of foxes come on to the pond, making directly toward him. He remained perfectly quiet till they were within easy range and then he made a "right" and "left" and "right" and "left" and "right" enough to do of course, but the chance to do it is not likely to occur more than once in a lifetime. Mr. White shot at the other fox at long range, but failed to kill him. So few foxes have been added to the list as I gave it January 1, it will hardly be worth while to give it again till the close of the season, which will be March 1.

The Sportsmen Club were challenged for the State team badge, which they lost to the Marlboro' Club last summer. The match will be shot at Marlboro', Feb. 14.

Feb. 3, 1893.

GROUSE SHOOTING PAR EXCELLENCE.

"WELL, I do know of two covers of quail within a mile and a half of your place, but less me, why don't you drive over to B.?' It's only twenty or thirty miles, and you'll see more quail and meadow in one day there, than you could find in a year in our country. Of course, I've been there. Me and John and Old Dan, went regular every season, until a few years ago, when rheumatism and the like of that, laid us by the heels."

The idea grew on us. Here were Jock and Floss spoiling for practice. Here was ourself able to take a day or two, at the most, and go with them to be lost in a strange home and "make a wife" was consulted and the faithful old dog, in many a happy outing to woods and waters, before our quiver was so well filled with "arrows of the Lord," urged our going, while she tarried by the children. She, herself, packed the sportsman's valise and sent us off with orders to "come back, when we would rather be home than anywhere else."

For years we have been spending money on a country side in New Jersey, where the introductory conversation above narrated took place. Wending our way thither, James was instructed to be on hand with the bay team, Colonel and Frank, bright and early Tuesday, A. M. Imagine the next day, crisp and bright, a good looking colored man—that's James, the "boss"—that's us (when we are in the country)—a team of big bays attached to a buggy, a small liver and white pointer dog, Jock, valise, bags, bundles, gun, etc. James was to leave the four coveted articles of seeing the "boss" shoot, and picking up a rabbit "his self"—all bound for B. Floss, a Gordon setter, was left behind for lack of room, since even a sportsman's buggy won't hold as much as an omnibus.

Before we were out of sight of the house, snap! goes the frost spring. Frost and a little sleet did it. My pride ourself goes through when we start, so did not take long to impregnate the nearest vehicle—an open juggler wagon—in the service, transfer traps and send back for Floss. Once more under way we hold it true for ten miles, and then get a little mixed as to route. But the team is a good one, the air delightful, and the country surprisingly beautiful for the season, so we don't count the extra miles, and finally call halt at a roadside inn seven miles distant from B.—to lunch and get our horses and dogs and two big dogs, turning fire of the stove in the barroom. Floss is voted the best dog of our two, "only she's got the ague, bad," as with trembling delight she interprets the halt to mean business, while Jock, who, if only one dog could be taken ahead, would be preferred by his owner to any, knows there is no use in getting excited until "boss" puts on his leggings. Turning from

their interviewing of the dogs, a volley of questions are fired at us as to whence, whether, for how long, and what (and for?) in the midst of which "hunch is read." We have fared at times more luxuriously, but seldom with better appetite, and leave the little inn with kindly feelings, that change a wee when we discover later on that we have been deliberately sent five miles out of our way in order that a dog merchant may have an opportunity of showing us a dog, which he would like to sell—this, in spite of the fact that we had explained that we only were interested in birds. Discovering the fraud too late to retrieve, we hold on our way, rejoicing that though we have driven many miles further than we had intended, our road lies through romantic and at times wildly beautiful mountain scenery, and the horses don't mind, and we finally reach B.—The hotel accommodations are fine, and—the cars from Jersey City arrived about the time we did.

Instead of primal fastnesses and the gnaner's paradise we had been told to expect, and that the scenery had been preparing us to find, handsome villas, stylish equipages and a general civilized air, made our hearts sink. Inquiring for our guide, we found him out escorting a party of sportsmen from Newark. Subsequently he and they concurrently offered to let us in, but although we had a great deal going to try for birds in the direction from which we had come, we declined with thanks, and engaged another guide, "young but experienced," and the morrow beheld us off for birds.

"Ain't seen none myself this season, but know where they must be if there are any about." For six hours we climb mountains up and down; Floss, somewhat dejected, but Jock working like a mule, and the dogs, that it should have been so exactly like a machine as to be without stopping. But not a point nor sight of any game, save that James got his rabbit and the guide likewise blew smithereens out of a sleeping cotton tail. At length, standing on a knoll on the edge of a thicket with a box of fuses in my hand, essaying to light a homemade bound sugar, a shout goes up from the guide, "The fox is in a palming stance, loop!" and with a rush, in goes the guide, off goes his gun, and the fox comes straight for me, and away across the open toward an adjoining thicket. What further happened I overheard James telling in the barroom that evening. "I see got a rabbit and the other fellow he's got a rabbit, and 'Boss he fired twice at a pheasant and didn't get nothing, and I see got to take the morning in my own self."

We came home on the cars that same evening, the conditions of our return fulfilled.

BELL-RINGING FROGS.

ONE day in June, 1881, the writer and three others, including the veteran angler, Rev. P. Parker, D. D., took a trip to the celebrated fishing waters of Floy's, beyond the Ohion River, ten miles from Dresburg. We arrived there in good time to get plenty of squirrels and a nice mess of white perch and black bass, for supper and breakfast, and after a hearty supper and the usual routine of anecdotes we spread our bedding on the heavy moss carpet, with which the banks of the basin are lined, and turned in for the night. As we were in a palming stance, and listening to the delightful strains of the knocking lids over our heads, (it must be remembered that in June they sing every hour in the night as well as in the day), when my attention was called to the "tintinnabulation that so musically wells from the jingling and the tinkling of the bells, bells, bells." Knowing that Bro. Parker "knew everything," from a life-long experience in fishing in the stream, I gently called to him if he was awake, and asked him where came with the sound of so much tinkling and jingling of bells come from. "Why," says he, "they are the bell ringers." And from a thousand little throats, down among the water lilies and the "bonnets" in the basin, came gently and sweetly the tinkle, tinkle, tinkle of a thousand little silver-toned bells that lost their echoes among the majestic oaks lining the banks.

We took our boat, and in the clear moonlight we glided across the placid water to the other shore, where was shallow water, and lilies and bonnets and other water vegetation, which afforded fine breeding grounds for fish, and which was alive with these small white-throated frogs. But we did not capture any, so we left them in peace, and returned to our camp in the morning with our traps prepared to the fun on hand for the next day. If any of your readers have any similar experience would like to hear from them.

Robias have made their appearance here in vast numbers. The boys who have been skating on the ponds about town, report having seen, under the ice, large schools of white perch and myriads of minnows. A few woodcock have put in an appearance, and quail are always here in goodly numbers. S. M. Jackson and J. W. Nichols in one day last week bagged eighty-six, and on another day fifty-four. Wild geese are to be found occasionally in the wheat fields. A. B. Tigrett has killed nineteen in his field, with a Winchester.

T. L. W.

DRESBURG, TENN., Jan. 29, 1893.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.

THE present winter has been rather unfavorable for our style of fox hunting here in New Hampshire. For about six weeks there has been a crust on the snow, which would hold up a good horse, but not a good fox, and it is impossible to out. However, within a day or two there has been a heavier crust formed, and as soon as there is some fresh snow, we shall endeavor to make up for lost time.

Last winter I killed a good many foxes in the immediate vicinity of my home, and I find it has caused them to be rather scarce; but by going two or three miles from here, I can usually start one or two. The first part of the winter I had one, one of which was a gray one, the body being gray and the breast and belly black. The last time I was out I saw another like the above, only handsomer. I had a good chance to see him, as he came almost within gunshot three times. If we have any fair kind of running I mean to kill that fox, if it takes the rest of the winter.

There are quite a number of quail about this winter, which is somewhat unusual for this part of New Hampshire; whether they will stand the rest of the season remains to be seen. The ruffed grouse are also more numerous than for a number of years. Most every night I can see four or five, within 150 yards of the house, on some birch tree picking off the buds.

C. M. B.

DUNBAR, N. H., Feb. 2, 1893.

NEW HAMPSHIRE BIG GAME.—Colebrook, N. H.,—We brought out in the month of September last, three caribou from Second Connecticut Lake. I mounted the heads of two, the largest had symmetrical antlers, 28 inches spread, 32 inches from point of brow nail to top of main branch, and ten points, estimated weight of animal 535 pounds. Head can be seen in Exeter, N. H. I do not expect ever to see a larger one. Your correspondent "R" will be sad as he looks at this, they came from his favorite pond. I have not allowed the June jack-light barbarian to look at this unknown trail and in the future I will not act as guide for any man or party that brings along a gun to protect his miserable carcasses with driving that month. I hope this may be seen by all who come this way, to avoid last year's scenes at Second Lake. I received for mounting the head of a black-tail deer killed near the Garrison River, Col., with eight points on each horn, uniform in appearance, greatest width 30 1/2 inches, 2 1/4 inches high above skull. Is it unusual in size?—NED NORTON. [The horns were large.]

"NESSMUK'S" SHIELD.—Great, noble, glorious old "Nessmuk." Thy sentiments have "such divine complexion." With a Year's Service in the woods only many thousands more like thee (there would be no pothunters and trout hogs to infest the forest and pollute the streams. There would be no park improvement companies to slaughter the "antlered monarchs of the waste" to feed gangs of laborers, desecrating the lovely face of virgin nature to build high-roofed hotels for that modern vandal, the summer tourist, if there was only more of "cynical old hunters" like thee. Aye, "old woods lover," "thy destiny" which shapes our "cud's" guide my footsteps some day to thy camp "amid the dear solitary groves where peace does dwell," where I shall find no "greasy pack of cards" to detract from their surroundings, and where I may reverently look upon that old single barrel, that will never be held to bring down "the mother doe or her bright-eyed fawn" while thou art its master.—CAPT. DORSAL FINN.

GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.—Detroit, Mich., Feb. 2. *Editor Forest and Stream:* I read "Brindle's" communication in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 11, "Guinea Fowl as Game Birds," wherein he says, "How these birds would be to a setter or pointer I cannot say." Three years ago last October I was shooting partridge, and when working through a very thick piece of cover, my pointer, Don, who had passed through the thicket, pointed stiff and staunch at a little clump of bushes about twenty feet ahead of me. I came up on the "ready," and after waiting a few seconds he jumped and flew away straight and strong. I shot it and it proved to be a fine guinea hen. It was fully half a mile from my house; the bird was alone and lay to the pointer like a quail. I have no doubt that if a few guinea fowl were allowed to run wild in the woods they would skulk and hide like a quail or turkey after being hunted a little.—G. M. S.

MASSACHUSETTS NOTES.—Taunton, Mass., Jan. 27.—Quail and ruffed grouse are wintering well, notwithstanding we have had some quite severe snow storms. Quite a number of ruffed grouse were shot in the open season, but enough were left to breed next season. Quail were plentiful when the season opened, but owing to the thick swamps and woods near their feeding ground, which they were ever ready to jump and dash and flew away straight and strong. I shot a large flock, feeding in an old cornfield, that I started very early, only two had been killed during the entire open season. Several other large broods lost but a few from their ranks, and if not shot during the closed season there will be a goodly number left to breed next summer. One snowy owl was taken in the vicinity of this place in November. Hares and rabbits are as abundant as usual, and several foxes have been shot this winter.—CHESTER.

QUAIL IN NIAGARA COUNTY.—Quail have not been so plenty in this county for years, owing probably to the past mild winter and favorable breeding season. Many good bags have been made in one day's shooting, among which were Abe Tenbrook and Steve Lockwood, 31 birds; T. F. Uley and Fred Hawks, 22 birds; Andrew and Wm. Patterson, 17 birds; and other parties report doing as well. I was told by a party last week that he knew of four or five bags, and that had not been disturbed, and I know of one brood within a half a mile of the city limits that had not been molested up to Monday last week. If what birds are left are well protected and we do not have too severe a winter there will probably be an abundance another season.—I. L. D. (Lockport, N. Y., Jan. 8, 1883).

THE AIR-SPACE IN RIFLES.—Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 1883.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In discussing the "air-space" in rifles I expressly stated that bullets which were "wedged" were quite another matter. Mr. Jordan, even, ought to fear a "burst" if they fire rifles in which the bullets are stuck fast, or rifles which contain gross obstructions, such as sand, mud, snow or scales. But it is of no use. Some people will continue to lug in those things, just as, to the end of time, they will continue to burst rifles by permitting such unnatural conditions to obtain. During the last three months, in experiments I am now conducting, I have fired over a hundred shots hereon, and expect to prove my assertion exactly as I made it in your issue of Nov. 23-30, 1882.—W. MCK. HEATH.

RABBITS IN OSWEGO COUNTY.—Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* According to the statute laws the season for hunting rabbits closed on Feb. 1 in this State. The board of supervisors passed a resolution a few years ago, giving any one the right to hunt or kill in any way, at any time during the year in Oswego county. No such local law is in force, and any one who kills, or has in possession, or offers for sale any rabbit between the dates of Feb. 1 and Nov. 1, commits a misdemeanor and is liable to a fine and imprisonment.—DANIEL BOONE.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Quail in considerable numbers are being offered on our market, and at reasonably low prices, though I regret to say they are not bagged by sportsmen. Pot-hunters with nets and traps are doing the butchery as a rule. Other kinds of game are abundant, but, as with the quail, they are not the result of legitimate sport. In fact, the young sportsmen about Nashville have abandoned the manly exercise. The few who have not, and have the means, are off to Florida, where they find better shooting than here.—J. D. H.

LONG ISLAND WILDSOWL.—Extract of letter dated Good Ground, January 26, 1883, from William N. Lane: "The bay is all frozen over. I think we shall have lots of redheads here this spring. They come in the bay every day to look, and as soon as the bay opens they will be here. We shall have an inlet now all about a week. I think we shall have good gunning this spring, as everybody is codfishing, and there won't be many eminers. There is lots of feed for redheads, and we had more in the bay last fall than I ever knew in the fall."

THE QUEBEC LAW.—Fort Covington, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The new Quebec game law, which was put in force on account of the "sportsmen" who come in yachts and send out boatload after boatload of "hunters," say all fall, kill any number of ducks, keep them until they spoil, and throw them overboard to the amount of two or three hundred at a time, has put a stop to the "chickens" who didn't scratch and spoil the garden. Should the chickens suffer as well as the "old hen?" Such is the law, however.—GUYFALLON.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN the contribution from "Porked Deer" in Camp Fire Flickerings, issue of January 18, I see that credit is given to Mr. Newton Dexter for classifying the ibis referred to. I think that the FOREST AND STREAM must have supplied the name "Newton" for I am quite sure that "Porked Deer" is not acquainted with the gentleman nor ever had any correspondence with him. My reasons for thinking as I do are: first, I received the wing and head referred to, and have them now in my cabinet; second, I sent "Porked Deer" a long account of the bird, which I obtained from Audubon and other naturalists' works; and, further, I made a drawing of a glossy ibis, which I sent with the letter containing the description. The above would not have been written had it not been for the tale connected with the killing of the last bird, the shooting of which he wrote me about, but never once hinted about "the edible qualities of the bird." "Porked Deer" and I have corresponded for some years, and he writes me of his shooting and fishing excursions, but he has never said one word about that dinner of glossy ibis on that farm in Mason Valley. How he must have suffered in mind the past three years! Only think of it!

I have never had an opportunity to try glossy ibis, so cannot judge of its quality for the table, but I have tried one bird which every one condemns as good for nothing, even to the editors of FOREST AND STREAM, and that bird is the horned grebe, commonly known as the dipper, tinker loon, hell diver, etc. Now don't laugh, for you may make a mistake, for the bird is good. Last October Mr. Payne and myself, while gunning for ducks in Narragansett Bay, killed sixteen grebes and thinking that they might be made good (although I had never heard of anyone eating them), I took them home and cooked them for supper the next evening. A friend calling in at this time was invited to have supper with us, and he being something of an ornithologist and sportsman, was glad of the opportunity. I had taken the precaution to have something else ready in case the grebes did not turn out well, but we did not make use of it for all at the table were pleased with the grebes. I wrote "Porked Deer" at the time about our shooting excursion and gave him an account of our grebe supper, and now that he may not go wrong on the grebe, I have sent him an explanation of how I cooked them. Grebe is good; but it makes a great difference how you cook them. Some day I may tell you how I did it. SAMUEL F. DEXTER.

PAWBUCKET, R. I., Jan. 22.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

There is, I think, a love of novelty in all men. We prefer to fish new waters when we can, and it is sometimes pleasant to explore, even without success, than to take fish in familiar places. New and the scenery is always worth taking.—W. C. PRINE.

POSITION OF REEL—WEIGHT OF RODS.

FOR some time I have been tempted to say something on the subjects contained in the caption of this article, but have refrained from doing so, thinking that it would be a work of supererogation. I am forced to do so now to defend myself and many good friends of mine from the idle aspersions of some of your correspondents. I hope those of your readers who may feel interested in this matter will refer to the articles cited, and read them in full, in justice to their authors, for I will only quote the points material to a proper understanding of this reply.

In FOREST AND STREAM of October 5, 1882, appeared an article entitled "The Henshall Rod," by C. L. Jordan, of Texas. In the course of this article occurs the following: "When in Florida last winter with my friend, Dr. Henshall, I had only one rod. It was what he styled 'the coming bass rod,' with ash butt and lancewood second joint and tip. I think it weighs about eight ounces, but have not weighed it. I used that rod all the time while there, and have it now in the good condition as the day I got it, nor did I use but one tip during the time."

"As to the holding qualities of this rod, its 'give and take,' its perpetual elasticity, I don't think can be surpassed on earth."

"The bass that we took in that country are simply enormous, and an eight-ounce rod that will master these eight to ten-pound fellows is certainly good enough for the most obstinate stickler."

"But in all the bass-fishing in Florida with that little eight-ounce rod and a little silk line the size of three horse-hairs, I never lost a fish, putted a line, or broke a hook but once, when I had an old, half rotted line, a seven or nine-pound bass struck just as the line got kinked on the reel and snapped it."

"The rod that I have has the reel-seat behind the hand, and the first bass that I took in Florida—a five-pound one—came near cutting my finger off with the line, I then

look the reel off, placed it above the hand, and fished it on with a string. I had no more trouble afterward. I don't see the sense of a reel behind the hand, or where the idea even came from."

In FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 19, "Floridian" proceeds to "enlighten" Mr. Jordan, and in the course of his article uses the following language:

"It did not occur to him (Mr. Jordan) that this was another thing for him to learn, and that the burning of his fingers was due to improper handling. For his benefit I will say that this position for the reel is the result of the heavy anglers for a long time, that a reel in front of the hand adds to the apparent weight of the rod, and one behind the hand tends to balance it. If Mr. Jordan will restore his reel to the old place and learn to use it there, he will never go back to the obsolete custom of placing it in front."

Now, Mr. Jordan knew perfectly well when he penned his article, that click reels on fly rods were properly placed behind the hand, at the extreme butt; but, as his remarks applied solely and only to bait-fishing and the use of bait rods and multiplying reels, he, of course, omitted any mention of the fly rod or click reel. He particularly mentions the bait he used—"half-grown broom"—and the manner of using it—"casting the minnow à la Henshall." Yet in the face of all this, "Floridian" tells him that his trouble was due to "improper handling," and advises him to replace his reel behind the hand, and never go back to the "obsolete custom" of placing it in front. "Shadows of Walton! What lamentable 'angular' ignorance! The only way in which a minnow or other natural bait can be cast with a reel behind the hand, is the method employed by youthful anglers and negroes, who use a line tied to the end of a stiff pole. This consists in first throwing the bait behind, and then throwing it forward overhead, when, if the bait is not jerked off the hook, it is hurled into the water as from a catapult. Nothing heavier than the artificial fly can be cast neatly overhead, and this necessitates a very pliant rod. What will our manufacturers of rods say to the 'obsolete custom' of placing the reel-behind in front on bait-rods? And how about 'the observation of anglers for a long time' that led to this 'result'?"

Mr. Jordan, thinking, perhaps, that "Floridian" misunderstood him, put in a rejoinder in FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 28, in which he acknowledges the reel behind the hand and the method of casting in fly-fishing, and then proceeds to more fully his reel, and made a mistake, and asks: "How can you cast the minnow à la Henshall, with the reel behind the hand?"

To this "Floridian" replied in FOREST AND STREAM of Jan. 11, 1883. As his article is a short one, I will consider it *seriatim*. He says: "For the style of fishing that he (Mr. Jordan) aims at, he is right in having the reel in front of his hand, and especially with the reel behind the hand."

Then where was the necessity of finding fault with him in the first place? And why advise him to replace his reel behind the hand? Mr. Jordan clearly described his manner of casting in his first article. "Floridian" can truly say, with lago: "But I am nothing, if not critical."

Then "Floridian" delivers himself of this sentence: "This is the style used in heavy sea fishing for striped bass weighing from five to fifty pounds."

"Floridian" here shows his utter ignorance of the style of angling alluded to by Mr. Jordan, and this fact, though so palpable in his first article to any well-informed angler, needed but this statement to confirm it. Sea fishing for striped bass is practiced with a very heavy and short, two-handed chum rod, and though a rapid multiplier is used, the casting is entirely and essentially different, as all intelligent anglers know, from that of casting the minnow, single-handed, "à la Henshall," as Mr. Jordan styles it.

"Floridian's" next sentence is overwhelming, far-reaching and crushing: "Dr. Henshall, like all Southern and Western anglers, believes in and uses heavy tackle, and for those who like that style it is good enough."

I would here enter my protest against this wholesale slander on "all Southern and Western anglers." In this assertion "Floridian" believes his *nom de plume*, and this reminds me that he is solely to refuse from credit to any better anglers of the South and West that I have deigned to notice an anonymous writer. It is scarcely necessary to say to any angling reader of FOREST AND STREAM, except "Floridian," that "Southern and Western anglers" as a rule, use as light and elegant tackle as those of any other section of the country. I will go further, and leave it to the tackle manufacturers of the East to affirm or deny, by asserting that, barring the "Cuisin" fly-rod, the best tackle on any better (which we have no use), Southern and Western anglers use lighter rods and lighter tackle, for the same fishes, than those of the North and East. So much in vindication of "all Southern and Western anglers," but for myself a word or two more is necessary.

Last summer I was soundly berated in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM for deprecating the use of very light rods for sizeable fish in my "Book of the Black Bass." I made but one reply to the over-zealous and irate gentleman who inaugurated the discussion, owing to his unfairness in trying to commit me to the advocacy of "heavy rods," preferring to leave the matter to the jury of your readers, rather than to continue a profitless and acrimonious discussion. Out of this matter, as all are aware, ensued a controversy on "light vs. heavy rods," which was remarkable only for its latitude and wide divergence from facts, and the evident misapprehension on the part of some of the participants. Of course, as in most discussions, rife with a prominent part, and such irrelevant and inelegant expressions as "holding hard and killing quick," "fishing for meat," "fishing for count," "bean poles," etc., were freely indulged in. Some spoke of "Dr. Henshall and his disciples" in connection with "heavy rods," even the fishery editor of FOREST AND STREAM, usually so fair and correct in his statements, was led astray by the "book" of Dr. Henshall (in Adirondack Notes) to "Dr. Henshall and other advocates of heavy rods." And now comes the feeble echo of "Floridian." "Dr. Henshall, like all Southern and Western anglers, believes in, and uses heavy tackle." "But get the pity of it, Lago! O, Lago, the pity of it, Lago!" (I have been reading "Othello" lately).

Now, it is not necessary to state to old readers of FOREST AND STREAM, that I have, since the establishment of this journal, been prominent in the advocacy of light and elegant tackle for black bass fishing; and I flattered myself that I had done the angling guild some service by inducing the manufacturers to produce a short, light and elegant single-handed bait rod for black bass fishing, and in doing away with the long, heavy and cumbersome rods formerly made for that purpose, I have always contended for a standard

weight of eight ounces for both bait and fly rods, for the smallest calibers or rods manufactured, and for the best and most approved reels and hooks for black bass fishing. I have nowhere favored the use of a heavier rod, except for exceptionally heavy bass—straggling three pounds or more, as in Florida—in which case I have stated that a nine or even ten-ounce rod would be pleasanter to handle; but even here I inserted the proviso that the eight-ounce rod was sufficient in the hands of an expert. Now, unless an eight-ounce rod is considered a heavy one for black bass angling, I defy "Floridian" or any one else to show by the record, or in any other manner, where I have advocated "heavy rods" or "heavy tackle."

The next sentence in "Floridian's" reply is as follows: "The trouble with Mr. Jordan was that he had a reel that needs to be checked with the thumb placed on a trout rod, and then wondered who ever devised the placing of the reel behind the hand."

Most trout bait-rods have the reel bands "before" the hand, but Mr. Jordan's rod was not a "trout rod," nor a fly rod, but, as he explicitly stated, was a "conning bass-rod," or "Henshall rod" (as designed by me for black bass bait-fishing), but the manufacturer who sent it to him, for reasons best known to himself, makes and advertises this rod with "reel bands above or below the hand," and "with either standing guides or rings." It is too short for a fly-rod—eight and a half feet—and, like Mr. Jordan, I can only wonder why the reel should be so placed, unless for the benefit of such anglers as "Floridian." But the rod was an excellent one, and had another redeeming feature, it weighed just eight ounces; most makers of this rod make them too heavy.

"Floridian" then says: "He (Mr. Jordan) asks how can you find a minnow *à la* Henshall with the reel behind the hand? I can only answer that you can't."

This is the only reliable statement in either of his little screeds, but then he goes on to say:

"That style requires the reel in that position, but for fine fishing a stiff trout rod with the reel behind the hand is desirable to those who prefer science to main strength."

Now "Floridian" evolved this sentence of contrarities out of pure malice, I verily believe. There is certainly no ground in either of Mr. Jordan's articles upon which to base such a contradictory statement as to fishing with "science and main strength," forsooth, and with a "stiff" trout-rod at that—and with the reel behind the hand for "bait" fishing! "O, most lame and impotent conclusion!"

"Floridian" caps the climax with this last sentence in his "reply," thusly: "I hope that we now understand each other, and that Mr. Jordan will eventually work up to the point of using finer tackle and getting more sport!"

It is consistent with the only "fact" "Floridian" would go unadvised. Yes, I think you "understand each other" perfectly. Mr. Jordan distinctly and repeatedly stated that his rod was a supple and pliant one, a little rod of eight ounces; that his line was a silk one the size of three horse hairs (it was size G, or No. 5, the smallest made; I gave it to him myself); and his reel a "Mock" (No. 2); and that with this light tackle he averaged a half dozen black bass from ten ponds, playing some of them an average of a half hour each before he was able to land them, and, moreover, "Floridian" had just volunteered the information, in a preceding sentence, that Mr. Jordan's rod was a "trout rod," yet in spite of all this Mr. Jordan is told to "work up to the point of using finer tackle and getting more sport!" But there is the "fact" of the "stiff" rod, "Floridian" persistently says that for "fine fishing," "stiff" rods are desirable, and a "reel behind the hand," but he is silent as to the line, perhaps it also should be "stiff" for "fine fishing"—it might do to "stare" it. But then, again, how is he to get "more sport"? Is it desirable to have a large fish tugging at a light rod more than "half an hour"? And, in this case, where does "science or main strength" come in? Or who displays the "science," and the "main strength"—the fish or the angler?

If "Floridian" prefers a stiff rod and reel behind the hand in bait fishing he has a perfect right to enjoy and recommend that style, and I would be the last one to object to or find any fault with him for his preference, but he has no right to interfere with or decry the methods of others upon false hypotheses, willful assumptions and gross misrepresentations.

I am always open to conviction in all matters, and would gladly learn the merits of any particular mode of angling, or the desirability of any special feature of tackle, being always willing to cheerfully and patiently investigate them when brought to my notice in a proper manner, and will always defend my own convictions and reply to those who honestly differ with me when the matter is entertained in a gentlemanly and courteous way. JAMES A. HENSEHALL.

CRYSTALIA, Ky., January, 1888.

A MOSQUITO-PROOF TENT.

NOTICING with what unanimity my brother sportsmen complain of the persecutions of the mosquito, which in the woods, I am led to give them my experience, and it is quite extensive, beginning in 1872, in the mountains of this State, and since then extended to Upper and Lower Michigan and both shores of Lake Superior.

My first regular business interview with the mosquito was early in June, and I had pitched my camp for the night on the shore of Batchawana Bay, near Irons Point, on the north shore of Superior. Our tents were sound and we had taken the precaution to hang two thicknesses of mosquito netting inside the doors. We turned in, but alas, not to rest. The sun had scarcely set when our friends began to drop in, and in a short time the air was thick with them; they went to work as though they had not had a meal that session, and drove us nearly frantic. We brushed powder until the air was so thick with smoke that we were obliged to lie down in order to breathe; but it was of no avail, the smoke seemed just the same they needed for their meat, and finally we were obliged to take to the boats and lie off shore until morning, when we rescued our property from the tents and proceeded on our way. That night broke the spirit of P. I was days before we recovered from the effects of the poison.

That and numerous other similar experiences disgusted me so much that I invented what probably may another sportsman has made, but I have never seen it mentioned in print. In the Lake Superior country I always use a size ten and in addition have a tent the exact duplicate in size and from the same material as inside the tent, the was used. It is heavily bound at all the seams and has four brass rings made fast at equal distances along the ridge,

There are also other rugs placed at intervals of, say a foot along the eaves, i. e., the angle of the roof with the wall of the tarlatan tent.

After pitching the canvas tent I hoist the tarlatan tent up to the ridge pole by means of cords made fast to the ridges on its ridge, and passing over the ridge pole. I then hook the rings along the eaves into hooks or snaps which are placed along the top of the wall inside the canvas, thus making the tarlatan fit snugly to the inner side of the canvas. The hooks and rings along the wall may be dispensed with and pins used instead, but I have yet to see the man who loved a pin.

The tarlatan or other similar material should be used, as the meshes of ordinary mosquito netting are too coarse, and great care should be used in making it up. The seams and edges should be securely bound with linen or other suitable material to insure durability. The one I have was made in 1878 and is as good as new to-day.

My experience in the woods led me to the following conclusions, which can be taken for what they are worth, viz.: That black flies are active in the daytime and prefer the open to the thick woods, while on the contrary mosquitoes are active principally at night, and in the thick woods and underbrush. I therefore pitch my camp in the woods, within a short distance of the stream, and am annoyed but little while attending to camp duty in the daytime, while at night I build a roosting fire in front of the tent, throw open the canvas front and lie inside the tarlatan enjoying my pipe, the cheerful fire, a game of cards and above all the angry protests of the infuriated mosquitoes who have assembled in clouds but can't get in.

The tarlatan is light and packs in a very small bundle, and when on the march should be packed inside the canvas or in a bag, to prevent it from being torn. This arrangement allows you the free use of your tent without the annoyance of being compelled to use a head net or other similar device.

I have called the attention of several dealers in sporting goods to my tent, but as yet know of none who have put them on the market.

A word in conclusion. I have found that castoline or vasoline with a little pennyroyal mixed in it is preferable to oil of tar for several reasons, one alone causing me to prefer them, viz.: that you can carry them in a box and are not troubled by the bottle breaking as it frequently does when you use the tar.

EMM. A. JAMES, 1888.

JUGGING ON THE BIG MUDDY.

"Did you ever go a jugging?" We had been telling the fish warden the office of Doctor G.'s drug store one hot morning in the latter part of July, when the question was addressed to the writer by the Doctor, who had just finished compounding a prescription he had advised for the party, and poured it into the several glasses containing broken ice. The listeners of the Doctor, while averse to taking medicine except when authoritatively prescribed, could not of course question the sincerity of the generous doctor, who had suggested the catfish, and the writer who he had made of the party, and which he assured us was the proper thing to ward off the harmful effects of miasma, ever present along the turbulent Missouri.

"Did I ever do what?" I asked, as I set down the drained glass and lit off a piece of the lemon peel it contained.

"Did you never go jugging for catfish?"

"Well, now, Doctor, you've got me, I have caught a great many kinds of fish in many different waters, even the ignoble catfish have I hooked and yanked out of his muddy bed, but what the jug has to do with catching this *Pimelodus*, I own I cannot see."

"Why, out here we go jugging once a year, and I presume it's because you never lived long on the Missouri River, or you surely would have gone jugging before this. What say you, boys, let me take Pimelodus jugging."

"Why, certainly," chimed in the rest. "Finn, how long will you be in town? We'll go sure."

So it was speedily agreed that on Saturday, if I would stay so long, I should be initiated into the mysteries of jugging for catfish on the raging Missouri.

I was given an explanation of the sport, and the tackle which was necessary to be used, and the necessary supplies by the Doctor and friends, as my own kit did not contain the articles needed. What was wanted, I was informed, was a boat and a dozen stone jugs tightly corked, to whose handles were tied six or eight feet of good line, with a large strong hooked attached.

The intention was to take passage with the boat and jugs on a river steamer bound up the stream Saturday morning, to a point about twenty miles above the town of Hannibal, bait the hooks, leave over the jugs, which served as huge floats for the lines, and serenely drift along in company with the flat while we watched the jugs for a bite.

Saturday, after an early breakfast, the party of three and myself assembled on the levee, awaiting the steamer just coming in sight around the bend below the city. The boat, a river tug, being of light draft, the gentlemen, rather a heavy crew, lay upon the landing, and stowed under the seats along the bottom were twelve small stone jugs, all corked, and with short lines tied to their handles. This, to me, novel fishing outfit, attracted my attention, and while examining them I noticed one jug slightly larger than the rest, and though it had a cork there was no line to its handle. I turned to the Doctor, who had been watching my movements, and taking my attention to the pointed end, when, with a smile, he answered my look of inquiry with, "That jug don't need any line, it is for suckers, not catfish. Show you how it's worked when we get there." Of course this satisfied me. At least if not exactly satisfied, I contented myself with the thought of how easy it was to catch some kinds of fish.

The steamer soon lay alongside the levee, and out came the line and huge gangway peculiar to those craft. The roustabouts picked up the boat and its contents and deposited it upon the steamer, while we followed it aboard. The captain agreed to land us at a woodyard some fifteen miles up the river, where he stopped to wood up, and from which point we could launch our boat and jugs. We were soon off up the river, and as the sun climbed toward the zenith his rays gazed and poured down in increased intensity. The steamer was loaded and the current

strong, so that she made slow progress against the stream, and it was noon when we reached the place where we were to disembark. As we were anxious to get back to the city before dark, we ate our lunch.

We now launched our boat and went off down stream, and prepared to commence the sport. Baiting the hooks with a piece of the bell and ventral fins of bluegill fish which the Doctor had bought in the market that morning, we examined the corks of each jug, and overboard they went as fast as we could bait them. The Doctor and H. baited the hooks, while G., taking them when ready, stood up amidst splash, and swinging the jug in his right hand, held lightly the handle and hook in his left, and cast them as far out into the muddy current as he could get them. As yet no remark on the marks upon the grass and distance of the casts as the jugs splashed into the turbid water, and G., each time trying to excel his former effort, stood up on the seat to get a still better swing. Making a grand effort and swinging the jug round in a circle, he leaned forward as he cast—just a little too far. The boat, which sat deep in the water, gave a lurch in the same direction, and overboard went G. and the jug. His feet were the only thing that struck the mud-walk as he went out of sight with a splash and a lurch that half filled the boat with water. Evidence is conflicting as to how far his head went into the mud at the bottom—G. would never say when questioned—but only a brief moment elapsed, and he appeared with a splash and a gurgle a few feet from the stern, and floundering for a second or two, struck bottom on the edge of a sand bar, and was again out and sat down, a sadder and very wet man, while the boat, carried rapidly by the current, drifted some distance below.

I had put the helm hard down the moment G. went over, and every one in reach had made a grab at his heels as he went out, but it was done so quickly and the water poured in so thickly that no one was able to hold on enough to save himself. In fact, it is likely, had we done so, we would have been capsized at once. The boat drifted with the strong current out of G.'s reach when he came up, so it was lucky for him that the river was low and the friendly sand-bar near; the water, too, being warm, the ducking, save for the muddy water, did him no harm and afforded grounds for an immense amount of chaffing when once under weigh again. Still, bottom on the edge of a sand bar, and a lurch into the sand-bar, had G. sat getting the muddy water out of his ears. The sun blazed down with fury from a cloudless sky, and we were awful hot and tired when we reached it. While the rest of us got the water out of the boat the Doctor examined G.'s pulse, opened the jug, and prescribed for him, remarking that an excess of moisture upon the skin of the bottom of the feet would cause a thorough saturation of the interior of the *Siphia sordidula evanescens*, which evidently occurred in that opinion from the way he pulled at the neck of that jug.

We were soon under weigh again; our jugs went by this time all out of sight, down the river—even the ninth one, which had caused G.'s mishap, had disappeared, so we pulled rapidly along with the current after them. We cast our eyes about, remaining until the jugs in advance came in sight again.

Each jug was closely scrutinized as it came into view, to see if a fish had been hooked; but all were floating placidly thither and thither upon the dark water, mixing themselves up as they turned round and round in that eddy, or carried off by the current, and were not to be seen for two or three miles in single file. Having got them all in good sight they floated along, guided only by the rudder, and amused our selves chaffing G. on his tumble.

"I say, G.," said the Doctor, "feel better now?"

"Oh, yes," said G. "I'm all right, I only wanted to see how deep it was."

"That's the best of yours was the longest one you made," said the Doctor, winking at Finn.

"Your right, Doc," says H., "though for grace and delicacy I have seen better."

"Yes, boys, that's all right," answered G., good-naturedly, "but you all fail to see the most material point."

"Why, how's that?"

"It was not so much the cast that pleased the crowd, as the fact that you landed so quickly after you pulled them in. The fun was interrupted at this moment by H. with, "Look! Look there, boys, a cat has got that jug out yonder. See how it hobs around. Something has got it, hasn't it, Doc?"

"That's a cat got hold of it, I guess," said the Doctor.

"Pull away boys, before he runs into that bayou."

H. and G. seized the oars, and we were soon nearing the bayou, the water, and the eyes of the crowd, and the fishes efforts and the current which circled and eddied about it.

"Steer above it, Finn," said the Doctor, "and the current will drift you on to it. Unship your oar, G., and stand ready to catch the jug, while I put the gaff in him as soon as he comes within reach."

The boat, as it grasped the jug with both hands and hauled steadily. A jerk or two, a splash of a tail, and a great catfish stuck his ugly brownish-black head above water; another struggle and the Doctor had the gaff in his side, and with a flounder and a grunt he landed in the boat. He was hooked to stay in the booby jaw, and the Doctor, not stopping to mistake it, gave him his quietus with a stab in the back of his head. He was a fair specimen of the Western catfish, but for my eyes he had less attractive than a Government mule, now that he was captured, and as for eating him, he might do us a pinch, but I prefer something else.

"There's another member of the family trying to run away with a jug," said G., who had been eyeing the other jugs in sight. "There that one right in the middle of the river, trying, don't you see it?" The crowd, who had been so far from the boat, spreading out from bank to bank without a sandbar, and right in the middle of the current was one jug either stationary or coming up stream toward us, bobbing up this way and that, as if some mighty fish was towing it where he pleased, while all the rest in sight were sailing on placidly some distance below.

"Pull, boys, pull," cried the Doctor, standing up, "that's an old wren got that jug."

G. and H. pulled the oars, and with the strong current swept along at a rapid rate. The Doctor clambered forward and stood up in the bow and as we neared it, G. laid down his oar and knelt down on the seat ready to grab it as soon as within reach. On we went with all the impetus of a pair of oars and the current, another moment and we shall be upon it when—did you ever notice how queer it feels to have the air brakes applied suddenly and strongly to a

AFTER ANTELOPE.

ON the 9th of January, as I was returning from an Eastern trip over the Texas & Pacific Railroad, having heard that some acquaintances were hunting antelope near Marienfeld, I concluded to stop and spend a couple of days with them.

Their camp was eight miles from the depot. I had a corral cyclone indeed. My friends regretted that I had not arrived sooner, since the warm weather, which had lasted two weeks, had caused the antelope to drift northward, so that there were comparatively very few near camp. We concluded to take a wagon the next morning and go up to "Ranger Wells," some ten miles further up the "draw." This "draw" seems to be a dry slough, very much like the old bed of a river, winding through the plains. I was told that it extended more than a hundred miles, and was formerly the road, which the Indians, when on stealing expeditions to the settlements, mainly traveled. Water is to be found at different places along the "draw," always in basins or wells, the latter dug by the rangers or surveyors. I could not help meditating on the former days when countless herds of buffalo and hordes of savages roamed over these plains free and unscared. It has not been long since. Ten years ago it was so.

My companions, "Buffalo Bill" (Wm. Jenkins), and Billy Wagon, are genuine plainsmen. "Buffalo" formerly was with Gen. Custer, and was for a long while one of his most trusted soldiers. Latterly he was a Texas ranger, and did the State valuable service in scouting for Indians and thieves. He followed Sam Bass, a noted thief and desperado, nearly all over the State, one time capturing his whole outfit. Sam escaping only on account of the dense thickets about him. "Buffalo" now wears a knife scabbard made out of leather cut from Bass's saddle. He knows all about life on the plains, and is withal a modest, clever, congenial companion. Billy is a young man just learning the craft of plains life, but he is an apt scholar—a fine hunter. "Buffalo" has Billy both use Martin rifles. I had my three-barrel Baker.

On our way to Ranger Wells, "Buffalo" ranged off to the left, leaving Billy and me to travel on with the wagon. We discovered near the wells, a large herd of antelopes, but before we could get within range they concluded to leave the country, and they did it. Antelope frequently take a run of several miles without having been frightened at anything. While I was waiting for Billy W. to bring up the wagon, a coyote showed himself about 125 yards, and I very easily drove a bullet through his heart.

After filling the water kegs at the wells, "Buffalo" having arrived, we concluded to go out into the hills four miles east. Just as we reached this undulating country, we saw a

mustang quietly grazing. Perhaps we would have shot him if we had not discovered a small herd of antelopes a half mile away. "Buffalo" and I went after them. By taking a circuitous route and some crawling we managed to work up to about 150 yards of them. "Buffalo" told me to shoot and he would "corral" them. By this he meant shooting so as to strike the ground just beyond and ahead of the antelopes, which generally causes them to jump from the dust raised by the bullet and run nearer to the hunter. He showed the red part of his coat lining, to make the antelope bunch up. They did so, and I had just the prettiest chance in the world; but unluckily for me I failed to set my rifle trigger, so that instead of firing the rifle, I shot the left barrel. Of course, I didn't kill anything. Away bounded the herd. "Buffalo" failed to make them "corral," but I got in three shots before they got out of reach, killing a fine buck, and crippling two more. "Buffalo" went after the wagon and dogs. While waiting for him, three antelopes ran across the hill and stopped full 250 yards off. I sent a bullet through the liver of one, which soon doubled him up.

By the time the wagon and dog came it was too late to catch the crippled antelope, and so we had to let them alone. Gathering up some roots for fuel, we made camp. Billy soon came in reporting the killing of an antelope. I forgot to mention the fact that on our way to the wells "Buffalo" killed one, so we now had four to count. The next morning Billy took the wagon to get the antelope he had killed the evening before, while "Buffalo" and I ranged toward the permanent camp. We saw several herds, but they were on the level land and unapproachable. Finally we managed to get within about 200 yards of the herd, and when they started to run we fired several shots. "Buffalo" failed to corral them, but I hit one, though not badly enough to make it leave the herd. The dogs (with the wagon) were so far away we did not try to get them so as to catch our wounded game. By the time the dog came with Billy, who had killed a very fat buck, and had seen a large herd of mustangs. In this section we found plenty of buffalo sign, but the animals had left several days before. "Buffalo" felt certain we could find them fifteen or twenty miles to the north.

We now concluded to hunt toward camp. After traveling several miles without seeing anything, we discovered forty or fifty antelopes feeding along near a hill. Billy and I went for them. By circling considerably to the left, we managed to get within 150 yards undiscovered. I saw a very large buck standing alone and put my gun on him, but the cartridge was bad, and I had a snap. I tried again and had another snap. By this time the antelopes discovered us and bolted away. Billy fired in ahead and crippled them, and as they ran broad side about 200 yards, I had a beautiful shot, and I made it count, for two dropped

as I fired. Billy fired ahead again and the herd turned directly toward us. I got both shot barrels ready and began to speculate on how many I would kill if they kept on toward us. On they came until they got within about 100 yards and then suddenly turned to the left. I fired one shot barrel, but don't think I did any damage. I sent three rifle balls in quick succession after them, dropping an odd buck and badly wounding two small ones. Buffalo seeing the direction the herd had run, bolted across the country and intercepted them, getting several shots, and bringing two in good style. As soon as we could get the dogs, we had two beautiful rags after the antelope I had crippled. By the time we got all our game together it was late, and we went immediately to camp, carrying in twelve antelopes.

Well, it was delightful! I shall never forget the bright plums, the pure, dry atmosphere, the glow of enthusiasm when firing at a herd of running antelopes, the ecstasy of seeing them tumble to shot. Nor shall I ever forget the two congenial spirits who did everything in their power to make my stay pleasant. They seemed to care for nothing but my enjoyment. I shall meet them again, if nothing serious prevents. I am expecting a piece of buffalo meat soon, for they told me they would go out into the buffalo range shortly. Good luck to them.

In conclusion I would advise those who want a profitable antelope hunt to go to Odessa on the T. & P. road. On my return I saw thousands near that place.

EL PASO, TEXAS. GEORGE W. BAINES. (QUESTIONS. 1. Was the distance at which the game was shot paced in each instance or estimated? 2. If estimated, was the party who did it a competent person to determine the distance. 3. Why would there have been the object of shooting the mustang, or the excuse for doing so? What defence can be made for such hunting of large game as is here described.—Ed. F. & S.)

A MONSTER BUCK.—The hunters say there is no end in the vicinity of Craycroft Hill the largest deer they have seen in the mountains. They have shot at him at long range, but failed to hit him. Mike Gilson heard of his whereabouts, and thought he would try his hand to bring him down. Cautiously stealing along the hillside one early morning, he saw what appeared to be a stump with the roots sticking up in the air within fifty yards of him. To his surprise when he looked that way again the stump was gone, and heading away from him was the big buck, at full speed, and, as Mike expressed, with antlers five feet long and six feet apart at the points. He thinks this is no deer will play roots on him again. Downville Messenger.

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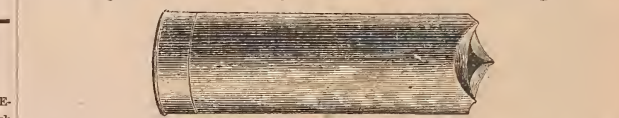
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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

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NEW YORK CITY.

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PARK PROTECTION.

THE consideration of the Tariff bill and other matters have so occupied the attention of the Senate that the bill for the extension and proper protection of the Yellowstone National Park has not yet been called up for consideration. A matter of such deep interest to the people at large must not be overlooked, and we hope that before long it will receive the attention it requires.

The Park is the only one among the many natural wonders of this country that has not yet been turned into a peep show to fill private pockets, and it is hoped that it may yet be saved from the grasp of the unscrupulous monopolists who have endeavored to seize it.

From all quarters are heard protests against the grab, showing that the people are at last thoroughly aroused on the subject.

The letter from our correspondent "P." in another column calls attention to a wonder in the immediate neighborhood of the Park, as it at present exists, which should be saved to the people.

By so amending the bill, now in the hands of Senator Vest's committee, as to extend the Park sixty miles to the eastward instead of forty, as now proposed, and southward to the parallel of 43° 30', a great number of natural wonders which really belong in it would be included in the reservation. Such are the headwaters of Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, of the Stinking Water, Gray Bull and Owl rivers on the east; on the south, the Three Tetons, and a considerable portion of the range to which they belong, Jackson's Lake and Hole, and a number of beautiful lakes, mountains and rivers which would add much to the attractions and the picturesqueness of our wonderland.

Even if it should not be thought advisable to extend the Park westward any further than Cedar Mountain, or that would be better, the 103th meridian, we hope that the extension to the southward may be made. Any one who

will look at a good map of the region will, we think, see the desirability of including within the Park a region of so much natural beauty as this.

Another most important provision which should be inserted in Senator Vest's bill is the one suggested by our correspondent, forbidding the erection of any building whatever in sight of the points of interest of the Park. It is only too true, as he asserts, that in their eager haste for gain the men who are seeking to secure control of the Park will not scruple to degrade its natural wonders to any use that may serve their short-sighted and selfish ends.

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

WE know one "ardent sportsman"—he is not a thousand miles from our elbow, as we write—who is a crack shot in the field, and a better one in his sleep; the real bird rarely fails to drop at the explosion of his gun, the phantom never. Our friend was one night following his dog over the Elysian fields of dreamland, when the dog, coming to a point, wavered and flushed the birds. The sportsman, enraged at such a breach of duty, doubled up his fist and struck at the dog, planting a tremendous blow on the bedpost. Perhaps the pain and the subsequent soreness of scarified knuckles had something to do with his conversion to that humane treatment of his dogs, for which he is now well known.

A somewhat similar experience one night befel our friend H., who was out on a visionary grouse shooting expedition. The birds were plenty and he was having a capital time of it. Old True pointed staunch; our hero walked up; the bird flushed and darted away in circuitous flight through the brush. Instantly wheeling and throwing his gun around to cut down the bird in an opening, the shooter's hand came in violent contact with the trunk of a sapling—and he awoke to find himself sitting erect in bed, his arms outstretched as if holding a gun, and his wife by his side, a very badly-frightened woman with a bleeding nose. He did not soon forget that dream, not so long at least as the black and blue marks on his wife's face remained to remind him of his exploit.

But these misadventures are trivial in comparison with the fate which overtook Mr. Joo. L. Cross, of Highland, Virginia. One night, some months ago, we are told, Mr. Cross dreamed that he was pursuing a deer in the Alleghany mountains, at the base of which is his home; and in the excitement of the chase he leaped from bed, and was severely bruised in the operation. One night last week the same phantom "stag" returned to vex his slumbers, and again the dreamer started on his fanciful chase. Hard-pressed by the hounds, the buck turned at bay, and the hunter, with a wild cry, springing to the scene of conflict, jumped from his bed and rushed headlong down a stairway, receiving injuries from which on the following day he died.

Such is the veracitastic of the press dispatches. There is a ready moral to the story, but we shall permit the reader to frame it, each in his own way.

It is well known that dogs dream of the field, and sometimes an experienced old dog, lying before the fire, will rise from the floor to a staunch somnambulistic point, and then sink down again, still sound asleep. One of the most beautiful points we ever saw was thus made in his sleep by an unbroken puppy.

Sportsmen and their dogs dream of the pursuit of game. Does the game ever dream? May it not be that the sleeping deer springs from his slumber in altright at the visionary hounds upon his track? Is the sleeping circle of quail ever startled by the phantom form of a pointer or the horrible nightmare of a gun barrel? These are questions simple enough to ask, but hard to answer—like the letter that came to the FOREST AND STREAM the other day wanting to know the prospects for success in the diamond fields of Africa, and promising to send ten cents for a copy of the paper containing the reply, upon receipt of a letter telling the letter writer in what issue it would appear.

CLARK'S FORK CANYON.—In our "Sportsman Tourist" columns will be found a communication from our well-known correspondent, "P.," in which he briefly describes the Yellowstone Park country, and gives an account of his exploration of the Grand Canyon of the Clark's Fork. This is, so far as we are aware, the first exploration and description of that region, which, in some respects, is superior in grandeur to the Yellowstone Park itself. Our readers will await with interest the more detailed account promised by our correspondent.

THE DOGS OF HOMER.

IN a former article upon the chase in the time of Homer, we saw how highly the ancient Greeks valued their dogs for the assistance those gave in protecting their flocks and herds and in the pursuit of game. Aside from this much prized service, these animals were held in no less repute for their sterling qualities of sagacity and fidelity. Long before the time which is the object of our study, the dog had become the symbol of trustworthiness, for in Homer this character is proverbial. We cannot avoid drawing this inference from the fact that even then the figure of this animal wrought with skill in costly metal graced the entrance to the abode of wealth and taste. Hephaistos himself with highest skill fashioned of silver and of gold the dogs which were placed on either side the entrance to the palace of Alkinoos to protect the royal household. Homer quaintly adds that dogs of this breed are immortal, and are not liable to be all the time growing old (Od. VII., 91-94). The Romans of a much later time displayed a similar though less cultivated taste in the way of decorating the approach to their houses, for Petronius Arbiter mentions the practice of painting on the wall near by the entrance to the house, the figure of a burly watchdog, and just above the figure the words, *Cave, cave canem!* Look out, look out for the dog!

Priam, referring to the dogs he had reared in the palace, calls them not only the guardians of his gates, but also his messmates or table-companions (Il. XXII., 69). These table-dogs, as we may call them, seem to have been of a distinct breed from those whose duty it was to guard the house. They were kept as pets and for companionship, and were prized for their beauty of form and for their intelligent and affectionate character, as we shall see from what Odysseus says in reference to his old dog Argos. Nine of these table-dogs had Patroklos reared and trained as pets, and when their master's body was laid upon the funeral pyre two of the number were slain and their bodies burned with that of their dead owner, that their shades might walk around his ghost in the sunless regions of the dead (Il. XXIII., 178).

Homer was a close observer of these animals as he was of the men who were their masters. Some of the poet's most delicate touches are employed in displaying their peculiar habits. No one having the slightest appreciation of nature can fail to note with pleasure the fidelity with which he pictures some of their more striking traits. In reading of his dogs, it is not easy to realize that they lived more than three thousand years ago, and are not waiting for us at our own or at our neighbor's gate. One of the most familiar passages is that in which is related how Odysseus came back to his home from Troy after an absence of twenty years in war, and in not less adventurous wanderings. Upon his coming to his native Ithaka, Athena changed his form to that of an old man infirm from years and from hardship, and his limbs were scantily clad with menial apparel. In this guise of a homeless beggar the hero came to the cottage of his old and faithful swineherd, who failed to recognize his master in such plight. To the four dogs that were lying outside the yards where the swine were brought at night for protection the new-comer was a stranger, and his unseemly garb but increased the fierceness of their ill-natured greeting. So bitter was their hostility, that had not Eumaios dropped in haste the leather from which he was then cutting for himself a pair of shoes, and rushed to the rescue of his guest, the dogs would have endangered the old man's life. (Od. XIV., 29). Further on in the course of his story, the poet tells how these same dogs behaved the next morning when they heard the familiar footsteps of Telemachos coming to the cottage upon his return from a short visit to Sparta:

Now the two men in the hut, Odysseus and th' excellent swineherd
Breakfast prepared for themselves at the dawn having kindled a fire—
Saw off the heaviest in charge of the swine collected together.
"Round Telemachos frowned the dogs accustomed to barking,
But they barked not as he came. Then noticed the feeble Odysseus.
How the dogs wagged their tails; and he caught the faint echo of
footsteps.
Spoke to Eumaios at once addressing him words that were winged:
"Really, Eumaios, some comrade of mine to thy cottage is coming,
Or some acquaintance it is, since the dogs refrain from their barking.
But they are fawning around, and I catch the faint echo of footsteps."
(Od. XVI., 1-13.)

But the completest picture Homer anywhere gives of the dog is found in the account he gives of the meeting of Odysseus with his old dog Argos. The passage is a familiar one, but it will bear a second reading by all who estimate at its full worth sincerity and devotion in friendship, though it be shown on the part of an humble brute. The

swineherd was too poor to entertain for any length of time the beggar who had sought his hospitality, and so he proposed to the old man as the best he could do for him that he would take him to the city where he might ply from door to door his vocation as a common mendicant. The poet gives the talk that passed between the two on their way to town, and as they entered the court of the palace from which Odysseus had set out for Troy, and then he adds:

That was the way they discussed such matters talking together,
Only raising his head the dog pricked his ears as he lay there.
Argos that long since was reared by stout-hearted Odysseus,
Not for his master's sake, too eager to be sacred,
That one had gone. But the dog yomg men had formerly taken
Going to hunt the wild goats, the deer and the swift-footed rabbits.
Object of loathing then when long from home was his master,
Lying on heaps of filth which was piled in front of the stables
Where were kept oxen and mules manure awaiting the season
When of Odysseus the slaves should use this for dressing his acres.
There lay Argos the dog all covered over with vermin.
Then, indeed, when he knew Odysseus standing beside him
Favored the dog with his tail, and he lapped both ears for his glad-
ness.

Having no longer the strength that he could go to his master,
That one turning aside brushed a tear unobserved by Eumæos.
Raising a question at once with a view to diverting attention.
"Really, Eumæos, a sight is this dog lying here on the dung-hill.
Well indeed he is formed, but this I do not know clearly
Whether in truth he is swift to run as his looks may betoken,
Or if he be of such sort as attend their masters at table,
Such as gentlemen keep to give them an air of distinction."
Now in reply to the man did thus speak, Eumæos the swineherd,
"This is a dog that belonged to one who died far from his country.
If he were only the same in form as well as in action,
As upon going to Troy his owner Odysseus once left him,
You would quickly admire observing his strength and his fleetness,
For there was not any chance that game which he was pursuing
Should in the forest escape, for he knew the game by the footprints.
Now is the dog taken ill, and far from home has his master
Died, and the negligent women have no concern for his welfare.
Well, but the truth is that slaves when their masters no longer give
orders

Not any longer themselves have a care to do what his becoming,
Half at the least of his word does Zeus whose view is extended
Take away from a man as soon as he falls under bondage."
Holding such converse he came to the palace pleasant to dwell in:
Straight through the hall he went to join illustrious suitors
Then indeed did the fate of dark death fall upon Argos
Soon as Odysseus he saw come after twenty years' absence,
(OLD STYLE, 200 B.C.)
L. B. CHOAPE.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE YELLOWSTONE REGION.

IT is believed that there is no part of the North American Continent where there is to be found so much (and of such varied character) of these four things as in the Yellowstone region, which is grand and beautiful and wonderful in nature, as lies within a circle, described with a radius of sixty miles, with its center at or near the outlet of the Yellowstone Lake, on the head of the Yellowstone River.

On the Pacific slope is that succession of beautiful lakes, bordered by beautiful parks, that are unsurpassed in this regard in any country, such as Jackson, De Lacy (unjustly called Shoshone on the maps), Lewis, Hunt and many smaller lakes, though none the less beautiful. Overlooking this panorama are the highest and most remarkable mountain peaks north of the Union Pacific road, "The Three Tetons," whose needle-shaped pinnacles tower 8,000 feet above the waters of Lake Jackson, immediately at its feet, and 6,000 feet above the main Continental Divide, lying forty miles to the north. These peaks are nearly 14,000 feet above sea level, and are a noted landmark hundreds of miles down the valley of Snake River.

Overlooking this same region is the Red Mountain range, ten miles south of the main range. From the highest peak of this range, Mount Sheridan, (10,400 feet above sea level and 2,500 feet above Heart Lake, immediately at its feet) is the grandest, the most extended, and most beautiful view it has ever been my good fortune to enjoy. Seven lakes are in view almost at one sight, while to the south is a very fine view of the grand "Tetons" and to the north is a splendid view of the Yellowstone Park proper, with Pilot peak and the high mountains at the head of the Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone River, on the horizon to the northeast, and the Shoshone range on the head of the Stinking River, to the east. The main Continental Divide, ten miles to the north and 2,000 feet below, with its small lakes and parks, almost on the very summit, is, apparently a beautiful valley. This divide is not exceeding 400 feet above the waters of the Yellowstone and Heart lakes, and their waters might be intermingled by a canal not exceeding twelve miles long, and without the use of locks.

On the Atlantic slope are the various and very remarkable cañons of the Madison, the Gallatin, the Yellowstone, the Boulder, the Rosebud, the Clark's Fork, the Stinking River, the Gray Bull and the Upper Yellowstone. Near the center of this enchanted circle the most important waterfalls are the Gibbon (named from General Gibbon), the Gardner, the Tower and the Upper and Grand falls of the Yellowstone, the latter with a single vertical leap of 397 feet, the remainder with single leaps of from 120 feet to 160 feet.

What gives this region its celebrity, however, and entitles it to be called the "Wonderland of America," are the numerous groups of overhanging and spouting geysers scattered throughout its entire extent. At the head of these groups stand prominent the spouting geysers of the Upper Geyser Basin, on the head of the Madison. These are, doubtless, the most wonderful geysers of the world. Then come the groups at the Lower Geyser Basin, the mammoth Hot Springs on Grand Island, the Clark's Fork, the Tower and the Gibbon Basins on Platteau Creek, on Alum Creek, and the various groups around the Brimstone, Yellowstone, Heart and De Lacy lakes. Besides these larger groups there are localities where the mountains are full of smaller groups, either active or extinct.

To most of the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM these wonders are more or less familiar, either from personal inspection or the description of others. In the past six

years it has been my good fortune to have explored the greater portion of this wonderful region, and I can truthfully report that the delineation of these wonders, either with the pen or the camera, falls greatly in coming up to the reality. New explorations are discovering new wonders each year.

A portion of the past three years has been spent in a hunting and exploring trip on the heads of the Clark's Fork, Stinking and Gray Bull Rivers, most of which region is but little known, except to a few trappers; and the opinion is entertained that there is enough of the grand and wonderful in this region lying east of the present boundary of the Yellowstone Park to induce a trip across the Atlantic. The Shoshone Mountains, occupying this region, are one of the most rugged and remarkable of the Continental Divide, many of whose peaks are from 12,500 to 13,000 feet above tide-water.

Through this mountain chain the Stinking River has worn a deep valley, denuding in its course that most remarkable formation of red silicious pudding-stone conglomerate, that also crops out at the Lower Falls on the Yellowstone, and on the head of the East Fork of that stream, (forming what is known as the "Hoodoo" region of the mountain men).

For twenty miles the North Fork of Stinking River is walled in by vertical cliffs of this formation, from 200 to 500 feet heights, that assume sometimes such fantastic and wonderful shapes that by their weird appearance they carry one back to the days of the fairies and giants of the story-books. Sometimes the mountain peaks are crowned by castellated structures of this formation. The most remarkable of them is "The Giant's Castle," a noted landmark of the upper valley. Space does not admit at this time of a description of the details of this formation, that is far surpasses in extent, and in every other respect, what has been published in regard to the "Hoodoo" region.

At the point where the Stinking River debouches out to the plains, bordering the Big Horn, is the easternmost outcrop of the geysers. At the lower end of what is known as the "Stinking River Basin" the two forks (North and South) join and run for a distance of about 20 miles to a possible cañon cutting off to the south "Cedar Mountain" from the main or "Sheep Mountain." From this point to the head of this stream, seventy miles west, there is no indication of geyser action. At the upper end of this cañon the side of Cedar Mountain is incrustated with this unmistakable formation, showing evidently that the hot water had at one time flowed down its side and left its deposit. On a bar near the junction of the cañon, at every sulphur spring bubbles up, its waters highly surcharged with carbonic acid gas, while all over the bar and in the shallow water this gas is constantly bubbling up. This water has a sulphury, pungent taste, is a fine appetizer, and is to me as pleasant as the famous Saratoga water, with many of its good effects.

At the lower end of this cañon is quite an extent of this same formation, with several well-developed ones, that were at formation, but now extinct. Though the water has ceased to flow from these cones, it boils up from the bed of the stream, in one case in an immense spring extending half way across the river. From this spring bubbles up a large quantity of gas, supposed to be carbonic acid gas, with probably some hydrogen sulphide, for the unmistakable smell of this gas can be detected for a mile or two. The Indians give this river the present name, what in their language means "stinking." The "sign talk" of the Crows in alluding to this stream is most amusing and suggestive. The formation near this spring was almost pure alum, of such an alkaline character as to burn holes in a silk handkerchief in a short time. There is, also, near an abundance of almost pure sulphur, with a warm sulphur spring on the opposite bank.

On two occasions I have crossed this stream in mid-winter. On one occasion, after leaving camp, above the forks, with both streams frozen solid, from a temperature of -32, a few days previous, and approaching the ford below the cañon and looking into its clear and limpid waters, without even a skin of ice fringing its borders, the contrast seemed so marked as to suggest the idea of a spring of warm water, but a slight current here, as if produced by carbonic acid or dilute sulphuric acid. To produce this marked change in such a volume of water, and in so short a distance (two or three miles), presupposes the existence of many more and extensive springs near the center of this cañon. This stream has never been known to freeze over at this point, and yet there is said to be an abundance of trout to be caught at the proper season. This cañon will bear a great deal of investigation.

But by far the greatest wonder of the Shoshone Range is the Grand Cañon of the Clark's Fork, located near where this stream debouches on to the valley of the Yellowstone. As there is an old traveled trail passing within four miles of the deepest part of this cañon, it is the more remarkable that its wonderful features are entirely unknown to even the guides and mountain men.

Within the past few years a half-dozen military expeditions have passed along this trail, but having no information of the locality, made no investigation. In 1879 I spent six days in the South Fork Park within six miles of it, but never happened to stumble upon it. In 1881 I spent two months on "Sheep Mountain" and within twelve miles to the south, and only saw enough to induce further investigation, but as it invariably descends to the South Fork Basin, at a distance of 21 or 24 miles, and down a much drenched trail, it was not undertaken that year. From a high point, at least 3,000 feet above the water below "Lookout Point," its most interesting features, then known, were discovered, including the "Zeta" Falls, formed by the "South Fork" apparently leaping out from a hole in the vertical wall into the main gorge. All these features were pointed out to me by one of the boys on his way into the Grand Cañon Park during that summer. As I have never seen his report, do not know whether the limited time at his disposal admitted of a further examination of this cañon, as neither of us were aware of the depth of the upper part of the cañon outlined in the distance before our eyes.

During the past summer (June and July, 1882), circumstances gave me an opportunity to make a further examination. Having been detained at the mouth of this cañon three or four days by the laborious and dangerous business of rafting my camp outfit of 1,200 pounds across this rapid stream, advantage was taken of the delay to explore the lower end for about seven miles, to a point where the cañon walls close in to the water's edge. This point, however, is only one mile below the lower edge of the South Fork Basin, which can be reached by a circuitous route involving the extending of this cañon having been detailed by high water in the Stinking River, I spent several days in this exploration, at and below

the mouth of the South Fork. This involved a great deal of the severest labor (one day climbing up and down a vertical height of 2,600 feet), but the results amply repaid the effort.

I have seen all the principal cañons of Montana and Wyoming, and have seen enlarged photos of the Royal Gorge on the Arkansas River of Colorado, yet I have no hesitation in asserting that this cañon, in most regards, surpasses them all, and is only secondary, in this country, to the "Grand Cañon" of Arizona.

The lower seven miles of this cañon are rather open, sufficiently so for a good wagon road (at one place there being a little park). The walls rise up with a slope of about 1 to 1 with the highest peak on the East Side, of 4,000 or 4,500 feet above the water; and not exceeding 1,200 yards to the east on a horizontal line.

The point where the water shuts in to the water's edge is opposite "Point Lookout," 3,100 feet vertically above the water, and not exceeding 500 yards away on a horizontal line. Looking down from this height you imagine you can cast a stone into the water, apparently just at your feet.

From this point to a point just below the mouth of Crandall Creek, about twelve miles, this stream rushes through a narrow chasm, or rather "crack," in the granite rock ledges, evidently of recent origin. The solid granite walls, slanting in the stream to the water's edge, are almost vertical, their slope being about $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, and near the lower end are at least 1,200 feet in height above the water.

From the south comes in Dead Indian Creek and the South Fork, through chasms of a similar character, except not so wide, and falling, from the fords on the trail near the level of the basin, three and one-half and four miles above, to the level of the main stream, 1,200 or 1,400 feet vertically. The former stream descends in a system of cascades and rapids the entire distance. The latter and much larger stream descends in the same manner but not quite so rapidly, until the gorge of the main stream is reached, when it loops out from the face of the vertical wall and tumbles down 300 feet into the valley below, the first 100 feet being the most beautiful, and the most successful of cascades. On the brink of the fall the width of opening in the wall is about 50 feet, with walls rising 700 or 800 feet, almost vertically, on each side. Near the top of this wall, on the east, is, apparently curved in the face of the cliff, the letter Z of colossal proportions. Hence I suggested as the name of these falls, "Zeta," from the Greek letter Zeta, which is the letter Z. It appears sloping out from a hole in the solid cliff. It is this an incalculable river, as those can testify who have seen it at its average stage.

This stream joins the main stream about 200 yards above Dead Indian Creek (the military maps indicate they come together before their junction with the main river), and in that distance the side of the chasm is a mass of huge boulders, evidently having rolled down from the original convulsion of nature. One of these boulders by its weight, contained 820 cubic yards, which would indicate a weight of about 700 tons.

The gorges through which these tributaries passed were scarcely secondary in interest to that of the main stream. On Indian Creek a point was reached stopping further progress where the water flows over a ledge which was 25 feet, with 600 feet walls on each side. Just above this point the head was heard the noise of no inconsiderable fall. On the South Fork was found a point where a stone could be cast into the water below with a little more effort than merely dropping from the hand. A succession of trials with its round boulders as could be found showed that their descent took eight seconds to the water. In leaping, by the law of falling bodies, without allowing for air resistance, a depth of over 1,000 feet. A lead ball would have fallen in somewhat shorter time. The next day a descent was made, by a side gorge, to the water's edge, a little below, and the anemoid indicated 700 feet. This point was estimated 400 feet above the main stream. The width between walls at this point at top, as determined by the known curve of a rifle ball, was 180 feet, with a wall which across the mouth of the cañon was not exceeding 200 to 250 yards. The water channel was 75 to 80 yards. The main stream falls for the entire length of the channel, say 19 miles, 2,300 to 2,500 feet.

I have thus briefly given the main features of this remarkable cañon, and will defer to a future paper to give more details. The vertical height are no guess work, but are given by personal observation, and the anemoid barometer, checked by such means as the case suggested.

Comparing this cañon with that well-known one below the Grand Falls of the Yellowstone; it has something less volume of water, but is fully as long; has vertical, solid granite walls instead of walls of earthy material, with slopes of 1 to 1; its depth is greater, 1,200 feet, whereas the depth of the latter cañon, at the point of Mt. Washburn, does not exceed 1,000 feet, with highest peak, within one mile of the water, of not exceeding 1,500 feet, whereas, the first descent cañon has a peak of 4,000 feet height and within three quarters of a mile of the water.

There are no landscape views from points near the Yellowstone Cañon. There are, on the contrary, mountain peaks immediately overlooking the Clark's Fork Cañon below, including Zeta Falls, but one of the grandest views of park and distant mountain peaks to be had in Montana or Wyoming. There are peaks within twelve miles of this locality 12,000 feet above tide level.

I heartily concur in the recommendation of Gen. Sheridan, that the boundaries of this Park be extended, on the east to the line of Cedar Mountain and on the south to the forty-fourth parallel. I would recommend the southern boundary be extended farther to the west, a third and a half degree parallel, or at least far enough to include the "Three Tetons" and the Teton Basin. Hayden's Survey shows that none of this district will be of less elevation than 6,500 feet above sea level. I have never known any crops either in Montana or Northern Wyoming, to be raised at a greater altitude than 5,500 feet, so that no interest will be injured by a further extension. The extension of the eastern boundary to Cedar Mountain will take in the "Stinking River Basin," the summer range of two large lands of cattle and some small bands of horses. That vicinity might be obviated by making the line pass through the "Two Sentinels" of Captain Jones's survey, situated immediately at the lower end of the Cañon of the North and about twelve miles west of Cedar Mountain Fork of Stinking River, and consequently having no prospecting for minerals, and in case of valuable mineral deposits being found, to give facilities for

the working of such mines. There can be no serious objection to this proviso in the new bill.

Doubtless it has occurred to the minds of many visitors how invaluable the exclusive hotel privileges of this grand Park would be with the railroads approaching its borders. But who ever thought such exclusive privileges could be bartered away to anyone? It was, therefore, not to be wondered at that the public were surprised, a short time since, to learn that not only were the exclusive hotel privileges with a large tract of land leased at each point of entrance to the Park, but the exclusive right to furnish transportation and guides, as well as the hotel, had been leased for a term of years to a syndicate of distinguished gentlemen for a mere song. To any one acquainted with the Park and its surroundings, it was apparent this magnificent woodland was placed entirely under the control of a few individuals, and no one could visit it without their consent, or at least without passing through their hotels, guides, stages, etc. A man of moderate means even could not "do" the Park, much less the poor man who would in the old-fashioned but pleasant way by pack horses and camp outfit.

I presume there is no one who finds fault with this syndicate of distinguished and patriotic gentlemen for accepting the terms of this lease. It is even claimed by some of their friends that some of these privileges were forced upon them. Who can blame them for accepting? One of them enthusiastically excluded, in the confidence of friendship, not only the boys but his "little millions in it," but there is "\$1,000,000 in it." But that a high official of the Government could be found who, in the absence of his chief, and, as it is understood, without his authority, and almost surreptitiously, as the papers have it, to contract away these privileges for a song, is a most remarkable occurrence.

The thanks of the people are justly due to Senator Vest, seconded by the trenchant blows of the FOREST AND STREAM, for turning the full glare of public opinion on this extraordinary transaction.

There are a few other points to be guarded in this lease that I have not seen mentioned, and they are respectfully commended to the attention of Senator Vest and his committee. It should be expressly stipulated that no hotel building nor bath-house nor structure of any kind should be erected in sight of any of these wonders of nature. Such an act would be an outrage on "the eternal fitness of things." This especially should be guarded against at the Upper Geyser Basin. There are hotel men catering to the people to buy their sacrilegious hands on "Old Faithful" and "The Grand," and who would quench their wonders by clapping a common square frame building over their craters, and utilize their perpetual-motion powers to supply their guests with hot and cold water. No building should be allowed within less than three hundred yards of this grand group of geysers. There is an abundance of hot water and steam, large and hotly discharging pools, with boiling hot water, for all bathing and culinary purposes, within one-half mile of this group.

Another requirement should be inserted into the contract; i. e., that the lessees should supply a great abundance of pure cold water, not only for their own guests, but for all other visitors. The water of Fire Hole River being almost always contaminated with the Geyser water, is unwholesome and unfit for drinking. The delicious water can be had from the extreme westerly fork of Fire Hole River, by bringing it in pipes 2 1/2 or 3 miles, and with head enough to "squirt" much higher than Old Faithful. Good water can also doubtless be obtained from the main Fire Hole River by tapping it above the falls.

The length of this communication does not admit of an allusion to the game question, as intended. I see, however, by the Beacon paper, that additional contracts have been made for elk meat by the agent of the Park for sale at seven cents per pound, also additional contracts for Cook City, and hunters have gone into the Park to kill elk for that purpose. Outside of all questions as to the "fitness of things," this syndicate can have beef delivered at that price, and of much better quality for food than poor elk meat. Elk meat at this season is unfit for food. P.

DENVER, Colorado, Feb. 5, 1887.

THE NATIONAL PARK GRAB.

IN the course of a letter, written by John Schuyler Crosby, Governor of Montana, to the Chairman and Committee on Territories, under date January 17, he very pertinently says:

"I received a recent letter which I had occasion to write to Senator Vest on the subject of preserving the Yellowstone Park, as a refuge for the large game of the Northwest. I lightly touched on certain leases made to private parties disposed to speculate in this national pleasure ground. But I did not mention the names of the speculators. As the newly appointed Governor of Montana, it was my duty to guard her interests in the public Park for her borders. But, as I learn from a special dispatch to the New York World, Mr. Rufus Hatch, disregarding my forbearance as to mention his name in an odious connection with a proposed trespass upon public rights, arraigns me by name, for guarding the interests of the Territory which I have the honor to preside over, and accuses me of posing as a public reformer. I cannot retort the accusation. Mr. Hatch has achieved a certain sort of national reputation as an unscrupulous monopolist and speculator. But it would be irony to call these vicious things reform. I am not unwilling to be called a reformer. My great grandfather was one when he signed the Declaration of Independence. I should be sorry to forget "the price of liberty."

I am attacked in good company to be sure, for General Sheridan, whose official report struck a damaging blow at the scheme of Mr. Rufus Hatch and his coadjutors, is fiercely assailed by this notorious speculator, who, however, is totally mistaken in his statement. The letter to Senator Vest was written from General Sheridan's office quarters. Neither General Sheridan nor any of the officers at his headquarters, ever saw the letter till it was ready for publication, though I believe he, in common with many patriotic men who do not believe in the business of feathering nests by plucking the public, approved of the sentiments of my letter. Mr. Hatch's dissent is natural.

The issue between Mr. Hatch and me is neither important, nor of my seeking. The real issue is national and personal. It is whether the Yellowstone Park shall be, in the language of the dedicatory statutes "a public park and a pleasure ground for the benefit and enjoyment of the people," or whether it shall be the cattle ranch of Mr. Rufus Hatch et al, who propose to establish vast "cattle enterprises close to the Park" and secure unlimited forage and immunity from disturbance in their trespass, by controlling the

Park as hotel monopolists, who lease some four thousand acres embracing every object of interest to the tourist, and mean to let their cattle obtain free pasturage over the remaining millions of acres. The issue is "shall the public, or shall a band of speculators profit by the Yellowstone Park?" Mr. Hatch knows that if he shall carry out his defiant threat to push his cattle ranches close to the Park, the cattle will swarm into it. That is his purpose in choosing this proximity. By his monopolistic schemes within the Park he intends to exclude all trespassers, except his own. No possible fence could separate Mr. Hatch's cattle from the public domain that is covered by the fishing rods, the great purpose of the Park, as an asylum for the hunted game of the Territories that border it. The fence would exclude the game also.

It is rather amusing to have Mr. Rufus Hatch pose as a patriotic and public spirited citizen. But so he does, according to the World's dispatch. Yet it is demonstrable that his patriotic desire to protect the National Park, came into being only when he proposed to make money out of it by monopolizing every curious feature in it, and running his "cattle enterprises close up" to it. Because he is proposing something prejudicial to the Territory which I have the honor to govern, and hostile to the interests of the great Northwest, and odious to unselfish public sentiment throughout the United States, I need hardly apologize for taking a little space in following him through his inconsistent statement of motives. He has unwisely uncovered his hand too soon, and shown that my letter to Senator Vest was not premature. Under Mr. Hatch's accidental avowals, and his impudent defiance of Congressional authority, and interpretation of contracts but his own, he has made it clear that if any man in the United States is not to be trusted with the slightest power within the Yellowstone Park, that man is Rufus Hatch, of New York.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

Fourth Paper.

WE soon came in sight of the Indian village, a cluster of twenty-five or thirty huts, on the ridge of the pine woods, where we soon landed, and were immediately surrounded by the young bucks, who looked on with great interest and curiosity as we unpacked the canoe. Cuff was at once at home with the Indian dogs. Big Tiger then came down to the landing, and pointing to a group of two or three huts a little distance inland, said:

"You house—you eat—you sleep—in-ah!" We carried our plunder to the huts indicated, followed by the young bucks, who were much interested in the guns, rifles, and especially in the fishing rods, the use of which had to be explained to them by signs.

This village is one of several, where dwell the four hundred Seminoles "remaining in Florida; the largest village is in the "Big Cypress" some thirty miles distant. These villages or communities are governed by petty chiefs, who owe allegiance to Tallahassee, the great head center, who lives sometimes at the Big Cypress and at other times at Pease Creek. This village was governed by Little Tommy and Big Tiger. The latter is the son of old "Tiger-tail," the late principal chief of the Seminoles, who had been killed by lightning a year or two before. Tiger-tail fought at the battle of Okechobee, and he is said to have been one hundred years old at the time of his death. Besides Big Tiger and Little Tommy there was Big Charley, Tommy Doctor, and several others with their squaws and families, half a dozen or more young bucks, several old women, a good many children and a host of dogs. The sun was setting in the Everglades as we got everything up to the huts and prepared supper.

These Indians lead a quiet, peaceable and semi-pastoral life, cultivating fields of corn, pumpkin, sweet potatoes, beans, bananas, etc., in the rich hammocks on the adjacent islands, their villages being in the pines or the border. They also make starch from the "comptic," or wild arrow-root, which grows abundantly in the pine woods, and in the winter they hunt deer and bears. Such a life is not without its charms, shut out, as they are, from all the world by the penitentiary crosses, swamps, the only avenues to civilization being by way of the streams which drain into the Everglades, the currents of which are so swift during high water that few attempt to ascend them to the Everglades, and still fewer succeed. In the spring and early summer the Everglades are comparatively dry; as Big Tiger said: "In two moons all water gone—cause no go more." During the autumn and winter the men go to the settlements, mostly to Miami on Biscayne Bay, by way of the Miami River, where they sell tobacco, buckskin, beeswax, comptic starch, vegetables, bird plumes, alligator teeth, etc., and buy cloth, calico, ammunition, tobacco, etc., and occasionally wy-ho-mee (whisky).

The men are tall, well-formed, straight and clean-limbed, and are quite neat in their dress, which consists of a calico shirt, a burl, breech-cloth and a turban; the latter is a head-dress quite remarkable in its construction and conspicuous and picturesque in appearance. It is some two feet in diameter and six inches thick or high, with a hole in the center to fit the head. It is formed of bright-colored shawls, the outside layer being sometimes a light red cotton or bandana handkerchief; its shape is exactly that of a flat cheese, or a grindstone. It is quite heavy, and the body must be carried very erect to keep it balanced on the head; perhaps the erect carriage of these Indians is to be accounted for, to a great extent, by the wearing of this singular head-dress, for they are never seen without it, except sometimes when hunting.

The men's legs and feet are always bare, and look like columns of polished mahogany; sometimes, when hunting in the scrub, they wear buckskin leggings and moccasins. The women dress in short calico petticoats and a jacket or short sateen of gay-colored cloth. Their necks are ornamented by many strands of beads, sometimes a hundred or more, and weighing many pounds. The young women and girls have usually very good features and are very vain of their personal appearance. The hair of the men is shaved at the sides, that on the top and back of the head is formed into a long plait and coiled on top of the head. The women dress their hair in a way perfectly incomprehensible to me, though plaited part a part of the arrangement. The old squaws are not dressed with good looks, and do the drudgery of the camp. The children are bright, active and full of fun; some of the boys go entirely unclothed, though when they stay they wear short calico shirts. The boys are never without their bows and arrows, in the use of which they are very expert, killing quail and other birds, hares, squirrels, etc. The older ones, with their dogs, hunt gophers (land-tortoises), and spear aquatic turtles and fish. The two sub-

chiefs, Big Tiger and Little Tommy, wore a kind of hunting shirt of light blue calico with a broad collar, the whole ornamented with bright-colored fringes, and strips of turkey red chief along the seams. These shirts have agreeable, musical voices and talk in low, pleasant tones.

The houses are formed of upright posts set in the ground, a thatched roof of palmetto leaves, and a floor about three feet from the ground, the sides being open. They sit on the floors during the day, and sleep on them at night, their beds being rolled up in the day-time. They all sleep under mosquito bars, which are laced up during the day. The mosquito bars are a strip of muslin, and are loosely thatched all around, with a door in one corner. The interior of the village is a level, cleared space with a tall pole in the center, where they hold their dances at stated periods, the "green corn dance" being the most important. These are occasions of feasting, revelry and the wildest enjoyment, in which, wy-ho-mee (whisky), as in more civilized assemblages, takes an active and prominent part.

As the twilight faded upward, and the darkness closed around, the night was filled with wondrous, small camp-fires were kindled in the open spaces between the huts, casting a ruddy glare around, lighting up the gay attire and swarthy features of the Indians as they silently moved about, gilding the trunks of the lofty pines and setting the shadows dancing and flitting through the open huts. The white smoke glided upward like tall ghosts and disappeared in the gloom above the tree tops. The young moon hung low in the west, carrying the "old moon in her arms" across the mysterious wastes of the Everglades, leaving a trail of silvery tracks behind her. The jeweled belt of Orion and the flaming Southern Cross blazed in the heavens above, while myriads of fire-flies flitted and flashed their tiny lanterns over the slender spires of reeds, rushes and rank grasses, their reflections gleaming and sparkling with the stars in the still reaches of the channels. The air was heavy with the redolence of balmy shrubs, honey-scented flowers and the spicy aroma of the pines. Strange night birds flew by in noiseless wing, great moths whirled about in erratic flight, and fierce beetles went buzzing overhead. The chuck-will-widow was calling loudly, and the great horned owl woke the solemn echoes of the dense pine forest, while an incessant twittering and clattering of waterfowl, the piping of frogs, and the occasional hellow of an alligator came from the marshes. What wonder that the Seminoles found the nocturnal and desparingly for their sunny homes.

We repaired to the largest and best of the huts, where the village were sitting and lounging about. The squaws, each with a babe in her lap tugging at the fount of nature, were shelling beans, pounding hominy or pulling tobacco, the men looking on, talking and smoking, and the children and dogs romping and playing. We were offered the best log at the fire and sat down. I performed a few simple sleight-of-hand tricks, such as, by palming half-tobacco, making them disappear and then taking them from under the young bucks' turbans, out of the older men's tobacco pouches, or from under the boys' shirts; but they were especially delighted when I took two from the mouth of a baby. Other tricks were performed with a string and a handkerchief, which were received with grunts of applause and nods of approbation. They wanted Squire, Jack and Skipper to do something, but I told them I was "mechanic man," and that I was not a "crack" but a "good" man, which pleased them amazingly. Skipper then put Cuff through his paces, who is a very intelligent dog and performs a variety of tricks. There was a large garish roasting on the coals, at which Squire spit tobacco juice as at a target, in spite of Jack's nudges, and he seldom missed the mark. I said something about baked fish and tobacco sauce, but still, as Jack said, "he didn't tumble to the racket." Finally a squaw turned to me and said "tumble" to me. "I thought it was a stick of wood," said he apologetically. But the besting did it no harm, for the squaw cracked it open with a stick, the hony covering parting in halves like a bivalve shell, the meat appearing white and savory, which was divided among the children, together with some sweet potatoes which she raked out of the ashes.

The young bucks and squaws are not allowed to talk to white men, but they do talk to each other about; they affect not to understand, answering only "Duh-uh-uh-uh," but get the bucks apart to themselves and they can talk "Englis" well enough for all practical purposes. Big Tiger prides himself on his ability to "Englis" talk, good. I asked him why he did not succeed his father, Tiger-tail, as "Big Chief" instead of Tallahassee. I gathered from his answer that it was (as in the affairs of some other people) the man who talked the fairest and promised the most who was selected. He said:

"The chiefs and officers have council. All come. All smoke. One man get up—talk, talk, talk! No lie—good talk. Other man get up—talk, talk, talk! Must no lie—must good talk! Every man must talk, talk! Every man good talk—must no lie! When all men talk, they say who chief. Tallahassee he talk heap—good talk—no lie—make him Big Chief, but," he added commiseratively, "lie no 'Englis' talk. Englis' talk good." Capt. Hendry, of Fort Myers, took one of the young bucks (whom he is educating) and Little Tommy to the State Fair at Jacksonville a few months before. I asked Tommy what he liked best of all things that he saw there, he answered, "Big hog!" The admiration of these Indians for hogs (of which they have a number) seems to surpass that of all things else.

Little Big Tiger if he was fond of wy-ho-mee (whisky); he said:

"In-ah; little my-ho-mee, good; too much wy-ho-mee, ho-la-wat-gus! You got 'um?"

"No; where can I get 'um?" asked I.

"Miami, you get 'um; Key West, you get 'um. Miami wy-ho-mee, ho-la-wat-gus! Key West wy-ho-mee, good, in-ah! Miami wy-ho-mee, me ho-'um; in four days (holding my hand out fingers), sour, ho-la-wat-gus! Key West wy-ho-mee good! No sour, strong! In-ah!"

We discovered that night why the Indians used mosquito bars; but my pen is inadequate to describe the other things and torments we endured through neglecting to take our wits with us. We slept, or rather tried to sleep, in the hut assigned to us, where by maintaining a circle of fires and smudges around the open hut we managed to pass the night. We spent two days at the village and were much interested. The Indians are good hunters and fair shots, but we beat them all at the target, as you thought it necessary to do so in order to convince them of the superiority of our rifle. They were much interested; we modified their defeat, however, by attributing our success mostly to our superior rifle, which we told them were even inferior to most rifles now made. Jack then kicked the fat into the fire by beating each Indian with his own gun; but

when he donned up crows at a hundred yards with a Steves's pocket rifle, twelve inch barrel, they refused to shoot any longer, saying their guns were ho-la-wau-gus! Jack said that the white man's supremacy must be maintained. The Indians use modern breech-loading rifles of the best manufacturers, .38 and .44-calibre. Their canoes are made of huge express logs, are beautiful and are handled carefully and skillfully by the crew. The boys learn to handle and sail them when quite young. They use the pole in preference to the paddle, owing to the shallow water, and always sail them when there is a fair wind. In the fall there is from four to six feet of water in the Everglades, caused by the heavy rains of summer, but in the spring "navigation closes."

We purchased some sweet potatoes, and when we reached the canoe and prepared to leave when Chif was missing. I had seen him not long before with a large Indian dog in the woods. Skipper was sorely troubled, fearing that the bucks had secreted him; but I was satisfied he had gone limning to show off his smartness to the Indian cur. Finally we left without him, Tiger agreeing to bring him down to the station next day, saying:

"When sun so, printing in the west to where the sun would be at an high, 'me come—canoe—white man's dog—me bring um—in-ah!"

Three hours of sailing, paddling and the swift current of New River took us to the station landing, where we found the Rambler all right. The next day at the appointed hour Tiger was seen pulling a small canoe across the bay, with Chif seated in the bow.

The most favorable wind for sailing on the East coast of Florida is a westerly one, which, blowing off the land, renders the sea comparatively smooth. The day after I returned from the Everglades the wind was north-west, and had Cuff been aboard, we should have at once set sail for Biscayne Bay, that being the most favorable wind we could have had. As a rule, the wind in Florida boxes the compass in the regular way, following the sun, so that by the time we were ready to sail it was easterly, but rather light, and though there was not much sea, the water was long and heavy swell from the northeast. We went out over the bar at old tide. New River Inlet is one of the best on the southeast coast of Florida, there being at low tide three or four feet of water on the bar. As the channels to these inlets are constantly changing, owing to the shifting of the sand, it would be useless to describe them in detail; but as a rule the entrance there was not very deep, they were long and heavy swell from the northeast. We went out over the bar at old tide. New River Inlet is one of the best on the southeast coast of Florida, there being at low tide three or four feet of water on the bar. As the channels to these inlets are constantly changing, owing to the shifting of the sand, it would be useless to describe them in detail; but as a rule the entrance there was not very deep, they were long and heavy swell from the northeast.

The shore line for ten miles below the New River Inlet is of a similar character to that already described, but it afterwards becomes more heavily timbered, owing to the proximity of streams about the head of Biscayne Bay. Twelve miles below New River we were abreast of Life Saving Station No. 5, the last one on the coast, under the charge of El. Barnott, and eight miles below it we entered Bay Biscayne through Narrow's Cut, between the mainland and Virginia Key. The lighthouse on Fowey's Rock (formerly on Cape Florida), and the first buoy marking the entrance to Hawk Channel from here to Key West, were in plain sight as we passed in. We at once sailed across Biscayne Bay, about eight miles, to Miami (old Fort Dallas), at the mouth of Miami River.

We sailed into the river a few hundred yards and anchored off the wharf of Mr. Ewan, who keeps a store and lives with Mr. Chas. Peacock in the old stone officers' quarters of Fort Dallas. Here I met my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Peacock and family, Mr. Ewan and his mother, also Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle, of Cleveland, O., E. O. Gwynn, Esq., Mayor of Key West, and Mr. Curtis, of Jacksonville. Mr. Curtis was collecting specimens of woods for the Smithsonian Institution and other scientific museums, and had a valuable collection. We crossed the river to the store and post-office of Mr. Brickell, where we found an abundant supply of mail matter, this being the only post-office between Lake Worth and Key West, the mail being received via the latter place. We also met here Little Tommy, one of our Indian friends from the Everglades, who was down on a trading trip, coming in his canoe by way of the Miami River, which penetrates the Everglades. There are many points of interest about Biscayne Bay, among others the "Punch Bowl," a large spring in the lakam of Mr. Brickell, and near the shore of the bay. In times gone by the lucaucers, pirates and wreckers of the Florida Keys and Spanish Main frequented this spring to fill their water casks from its great rocky bowls. There are several stories of buried treasure near the haunts of pirates obtain, and many and vain have been the scorchings in the vicinity of the Punch Bowl. A few miles up the Miami there is quite a rapid, called "The Falls," which will well repay a visit, being a lovely and most romantic spot. At the lower end of the bay the "Indian Hunting Grounds" begin, running to Cape Sable, where large gnu woods. At the head of the bay, Snake and Arch creeks empty. Spanning the latter is a natural stone bridge or arch of coralline rock, under which boats may pass and the fortunate occupants enjoy the beauties of the scene.

In a beautiful grove of cocoa-palms at the mouth of the Miami, were encamped Mr. and Mrs. M., Mr. and Miss H., and Mrs. O., of Staten Island, New York. The group of white tents added an additional charm to the spot, and lovely and romantic as it is, the scene was not unbecomingly and fit were as complete and comfortable as possible, and they really enjoyed their open-air life. Mrs. M. and her sister, Miss H., were afflicted with pulmonary consumption, and had been drawn hither, as a last resource, to try the healing virtues of the chlorinated breezes, balmy atmosphere and warm bright sun of this, the fairest, the most charming and most healthful season in Florida. Miss H. had been greatly benefited by the disease, not having made such fearful inroads and rapid progress in her case, but the fell and insidious destroyer had already impressed his flaming red seal upon the fair, was cheeks of her patient and courageous sister, and claimed her for his own.

One evening, as the full, round moon rose grandly over the beautiful bay, bathing the palms in a flood of silvery light, we sat under the shade of the tent, the fair sufferer propped up by pillows in an easy chair, the soft and grateful breeze fanning gently her fevered brow, while her great, dark-gray eyes calmly and peacefully drank in the glorious and wondrous beauty of the scene, and loving ones whispered words of hope and encouragement; but as the silvery track of the moon was flung across the waters of the broad bay almost to her very feet, I knew, alas! that she was slipping pathway by the side of the tent, and was already traveling heavenward. She is now, doubtless, at rest and calmly sleeping under the wintry snows of her Northern home—a fitting winding-sheet for one so pure and lovely.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

169. Ruffed Grouse—*Tetrao u. rufus* Aud.; *Bonasa umbellus* Ridg., 473, C. 562.—A abundant, resident throughout the year. Breeds. Nests upon the ground in the woods, and early in May lays from ten to fifteen brownish yellow eggs, sometimes obscurely spotted. This is the grouse locally termed "partridge," "birch partridge," or "grain partridge" in Maine, but its proper name, ruffed grouse, is gradually coming into popular use through the aid of sportsmen, by whom this name is now quite generally used. The ruffed grouse's habit of seeking a shelter beneath the snow in severe winters, sometimes occasions much havoc among their numbers when the weather suddenly changes to a thaw or rain followed by such freezing as to form a crust that imprisons the birds beneath it until starved to death. It is said that the bird darts into the snow while flying. I have seen it emerge from under the snow, but have not seen it enter. Yet an examination of many of their burrows has proved to me that it does not always dart in, as above mentioned, but often first alights on the surface of the snow.

A more frequent cause of destruction than the snow crust is a continuance of cold, wet weather during that period of spring in which the young are hatched. Whenever either of these destructive causes becomes generally prevalent, there results a scarcity of grouse for several succeeding seasons.

But the most insidious enemies to these birds, and far more destructive than all natural causes, are the snares set by man. I have known the ruffed grouse in a locality where naturally very abundant to be almost entirely exterminated by snares. Yet no one in the vicinity appeared able to assign the cause of the disappearance of the birds, not even the man who had snared them.

A friend of mine, familiar with the subject, thus man told me of his success, which continued until "all of a sudden there didn't seem to be any at all in the woods where they had been plentiful," and he gave up snaring in consequence, without appreciating the fact that the total disappearance of the birds was a result of his snares. His skill and experience had enabled him to take all the grouse there were resident in the woods, but he had not been successful in his migratory, the place would remain depopulated until by some chance a new generation should be started there.

The "drumming" of the ruffed grouse may be heard occasionally in any month of the year, even in mid winter. But it is of most frequent occurrence in the spring and autumn. This "drumming"—performed by the bird's rapidly beating its wings, while standing upon the neck of a fallen tree, a rock, or the ground—produces a noise that resembles the sound of a muffled drum, hence the term "drumming." The performance is usually written of as peculiar to the season of early spring, and the charming writer Mr. John Burroughs has criticised the poets for referring to this drumming as occurring at other times, yet it is of frequent occurrence during the warm sunny days, and moonlight nights, of autumn, a fact well worthy of notice, and which, I believe, where these birds are found, and probably in nearly every farmer's hoy in Maine. I have heard the "drumming" of the ruffed grouse in winter as far north as the species is commonly found in Eastern America.

FAMILY PERIDIAE: THE PARTRIDGES AND QUAIL.

170. Virginia Partridge or Quail—*Ortys virginiana* Aud., Ridg. 480, C. 571.—This most widely distributed species of the American partridges has at various times been introduced into Maine, but never with any permanent success. Our long winters with deep snow render starvation almost certain, excepting in occasional seasons of unusual mildness. An abundance of food may be found here in summer, and some sport may be attained by annually introducing the birds to favorable localities, and shooting them and their progeny during the autumn, their places to be supplied the following spring by the liberation of others to be obtained from Southern States.

171. Migratory Quail—*Coturnix coturnix* Linnaeus; *Coturnix douglasiana* C. 579.—European species first introduced to North America in 1877. (Martin G. Everts, Esq., Rutland, Vt., 290. Mr. Warren Haggood, Massachusetts, 100) and to Maine in 1879 (100) and 1880 (2,600).

In the "Report of the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game of the State of Maine," for 1880, I gave some account of the migratory quail, and from that report I quote some of the following notes:

"This quail (*Coturnix coturnix*) is the common migratory quail of Europe, that for centuries has crossed the Mediterranean Sea from its winter home in Africa to its breeding places throughout Europe, returning again to Africa in the autumn. The bird resembles in outward appearance our American partridge (*Ortys virginiana*) that is termed "quail" in New England. The migratory quail is one-third smaller, and the throat of the male is more brightly colored. The throat of the female extends from the bill downward. The notes of the quail may be expressed, as nearly as possible to translate into words or syllables, by "who-ah—ah—ah—ah—ah," the preliminary crescendo "who" not being heard at a great distance, but the three clear notes may be heard a quarter mile away. Often the notes seem to come from a bird near by, but really afar off, and upon this point the migratory quail repeats a low thrilling note as it flies away. This note resembles the ordinary cry of the pectoral sandpiper (*Tringa maculata*), but is softer, and only to be heard when uttered within a few rods of the listener.

The quail is strictly a terrestrial bird, and inhabits the fields, where it also nests. Fifteen eggs to a nest is not an unusual number, and the eggs are laid by a bird and not an incubator. The weight is as large as the egg of our robin, we have been frequently asked how so small a bird manages to lover and hatch so many eggs in one nest.

The nest is a depression hollowed in the ground, and lined with grass by the bird. In this nest are laid the eggs in regular order, upon the bottom and around the sides of the nest, the upper ones supported by the eggs beneath and the sides of the shallow, lower ones resting upon breast and sides by the eggs, while its wings are raised to cover the top layer of eggs upon each side. Many nests, of fifteen eggs each, have been reported as found, in which all the eggs were hatched.

One nest of eighteen eggs deserves especial mention, as of

interest to students of ornithology. The eggs in this nest were laid in tiers or layers most carefully and compactly arranged, one above the other, as if placed by the hand of man, the bottom layer most entirely laid from view by the eggs above. But twelve of these eggs were hatched, and evidently the bird was not so unskillful. Probably the remaining eggs were so covered by the others, that sufficient warmth was imparted to them from the body of the bird.

The eggs of the quail are of a greenish color, profusely blotched with brown. Like other eggs, if deserted and left exposed to the sunlight for days, the color will fade until it becomes almost white. This year [1880] the eggs were laid in June and hatched in July. The young birds leave the nest as soon as they are hatched, mature very rapidly, being strong of wing in September.

Among the noteworthy characteristics of the quail are its gentleness, and the extreme pertinacity with which it adheres to its domestic duties. We found two nests with eggs with in a few rods of a farmhouse, where a lot of the birds had been liberated, and close by a traveled highway, as well as near a railroad. The birds were occasionally observed among the chickens about the house.

Quite a number of quails have been killed by mowing machines. One might naturally suppose that the clatter of one of those machines approaching would sufficiently alarm any bird, even while sitting upon its eggs, to cause it to leave its nest temporarily. But some have had their heads cut off by the knives, and in one instance the machine was a typical "lawn mower" which passed over and completely crushed the quail and its eggs on the nest beneath it.

The quails have a strong seek, readily detected by setters and pointers, but they often seek to escape by concealment, or without taking flight.

Some young quails were captured near St. John, N. B., this year, although none were liberated nether than at St. Stephen. Several quails were heard and seen near Mackinac Island, Michigan, and Ontario. None had been liberated nearer than the Penobscot Valley on the west, and at Calais, forty miles to the east. This is not remarkable, however, in consideration of the fact a quail can easily fly fifty miles within an hour. Unlike our American partridge, or "quail," it is capable of long sustained flights without stopping to rest.

No quails were imported to Maine in 1881, but some were observed early in May of that year at various localities in the State, and as no newly imported birds had been previously liberated elsewhere that season, it was evident that some of the migrating quails had returned.

It has been proven that these birds can find an abundance of suitable food here, that they are hardy, and do not lack that instinctive love of home which is the prime incentive to common migratory birds to return to the place of their nativity.

The domestic sparrows were repeatedly introduced from Europe ere the desired results were attained, and the similar experiments with quails may not be at first entirely successful. Probably the liberation of a considerable number of birds in one favorable locality, repeated for several consecutive years would insure permanent success. I feel confident in the belief that the migratory quails can be permanently added to the avifauna of North America.

FAMILY CHARADRIIDAE: PLOVERS.

172. Black-bellied Plover—*Charadrius hiaticula* Aud.; *Squatarola hiaticula* Ridg. 513, C. 580.—Common on the coast during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in May. Locally termed "beetle-head." Unlike other species of the plovers this bird has a small, well-developed hind toe. In ordinary plumage its lower parts are grayish white, often mottled with black. But in adults in the perfect plumage of spring it is uniformly pure black over the whole surface of the head, neck, breast and belly, hence the name black-bellied plover. Nearly all of the birds of this species have passed by Maine to their breeding places in the far North ere attaining this perfection of plumage, yet a few such specimens are observed here each season. The black-bellied plover frequents the sandbars, beaches and soft marshes along the coast, but is not commonly seen far inland here, nor in any of our ponds and swamps.

173. Golden Plover—*Charadrius auripennis* Aud.; *Charadrius dominicus* Ridg. 515, C. 581.—Common during autumn migration, August and September and sometimes abundant. Never seen here in spring. Locally termed "black-breasted plover." The lower parts are pure black in spring only, and in this plumage the bird is never seen in Maine. The upper parts are spotted with golden yellow, and hence the name of golden plover. The favorite resorts of this species are high pastures and fields, as also newly mown meadows and marshes; it is rarely found frequenting the beaches, although common at times upon the high land of grassy islands. There was a remarkable flight of golden plovers through Maine during the last of August and first part of September, 1875, such has never since been witnessed here, and which resembled that of pigeons. For days the air was clouded with the incessant passage of flocks of these birds, and great numbers were killed.

174. Killdeer Plover—*Charadrius vociferans* Aud.; *Onychos minutus* Ridg. 516; *Agallites vociferans* C. 584.—Rare. An occasional visitor from the South. I have the following record of the occurrence of this bird in migration at Seaboard, Me.: August 9, 1852; three, August 10, 1853; one, March 29, 1855 (the sole instance of its known occurrence here in spring, and this a remarkably early date); one, August 1, 1870.

175. Semipalmated Plover, Ringneck—*Charadrius semipalmatus* Aud.; *Agallites semipalmatus* Ridg. 517, C. 585.—Abundant along the coast during migration. Arrives in August. Frequents the sandbars and beaches. I have procured an egg of this species on an island in the Bay of Fundy, but it is a very unusual occurrence to find the bird breeding so far south as that, and none are known to breed in Maine.

176. Piping Plover—*Charadrius melanotos* Aud.; *Agallites melanotos* Ridg. 520, C. 587.—Common on the coast. Arrives in early April. Breeds upon the ground, four eggs, laid in dark brown spots. This little plover much resembles the ringneck, but does not associate in large flocks, utters quite different notes, and the general coloration of plumage is much lighter. Unlike the ringneck it is very gentle and unwarlike.

FAMILY HEMATOPODIDAE: THE OYSTERCATCHERS AND TURNSTONES.

177. Oystercatcher—*Haematopus pilularis* Aud., Ridg. 507, C. 596.—Accidental. A Southern bird. The only record of its occurrence has been reported by Geo. A.

ber. I have three old ones in the same piano box, with glass windows laid on top; they are healthy, and don't seem to mind the cold.

[The bird is a tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*).]

SNIPES WINTERING IN COLORADO.—Fort Lyon, Colorado, Feb. 3, 1888.—A soldier brought me to-day a true snipe (*Gallinago Wilsoni*) and stated it was in company with another. It was a male, in very fine condition. Size, average. Gizzard contained partly digested fish. In one of them (about one-fourth of an inch long) the eyes and tail could be plainly seen by the aid of a good lens. The bird seemed more lively plumped than usual. I have skinned and stuffed him. He was shot at a spot where a small underground stream issues from the sand and the water does not freeze. It would seem an unlikely place to find snipe at any season, being perfectly barren—all sand and small stones. The ground here has been frozen solid for two weeks. No rain since last July. Severe nother with snow for the three days previous to this; temperature last night, 22 below. As all the wintering of snipe North of which I have heard described them as being found in sheltered, springy places, I thought the fact of their being found in winter in this bleak, barren country might be of interest. It is also, to me, a surprise to learn that Wilson's snipe sometimes goes a fishing. I would like to know if this fish diet is adopted from necessity, or if the bird ever eats fish when it can bore in the ground?—L.

PINE GROSBEAKS IN NEW JERSEY.—Lockport, Niagara Co., N. Y., Feb. 3.—In your issue of this week I noticed Harry De B. Page's mention of pine grosbeaks in New Jersey. Last Sunday while taking an after-dinner stroll in the western part of the city, I noticed a flock of birds in an evergreen a few rods from the street. I approached within less than two rods of them, and watched them for some minutes while they were feeding. I came to the conclusion that they must have been pine grosbeak, although I had never seen but one specimen before, which was secured by a young friend some years ago, and the only one I ever knew of being taken here. On Monday, after banking hours, I took my gun and went to the same place, and found the birds within twenty rods of where I saw them the day before. They were in the light of the sun, No. 13 shot, and seemed fond of them, one hawk and three female. My son has stuffed and mounted them in different positions, as I saw them while feeding, and they make a fine addition to his collection.—J. L. D.

OPSSOMS ON LONG ISLAND.—We were shown this week an opossum which was killed at Wading River, Suffolk county, L. I., on the fifth of February last, by a dog belonging to Mr. L. C. Valentine.

"WHEN THEY COME AND WHY."—In sixth line of the paragraph under this head, page 11, for "four or five years" read "forty-five years."

MINNESOTA SENATE RESOLUTIONS.

UNDER date of February 8, comes the following dispatch from St. Paul, of the proceedings in the Minnesota Senate relative to the seizure of the Yellowstone National Park:

In the Senate to-day Mr. Wilson offered a concurrent resolution reciting the attempt of a party of capitalists to secure control of the Yellowstone National Park, and the warning of H. S. Sheridan and Senator Vest upon the topic, and requesting that the Senators and Representatives of Minnesota in Congress use their influence to secure this Park for the public good, free from the extortions of monopolists. The resolution also thanked Gen. Sheridan and Senator Vest for their timely efforts to prevent the securing of the Park for a cattle ranch and for the purpose of extorting money from the general public. The resolution is a copy of one passed by the Legislature of Illinois. Some inquiry was made as to the certainty of the charges, which Senator Wilson stated was a matter of general report.

Senator Peck remarked that the matter had been before Congress and the people for thirty days. In Senator Vest's resolution the matter was fully explained and widely published at the time. Senator Gilliland moved to refer the resolution to the Committee on Federal Relations. He held that the Senate would show unseemly haste in adopting a resolution upon insufficient knowledge. The yeas and nays were called for on Senator Gilliland's motion to refer, and the motion was lost by a vote of 20 to 2. Mr. Gilliland gave notice of debate. Objection was made by some Senator to the words "cattle ranch," and Senator Wilson ceased there.

THE SEVEN-LEAGUE BOOTS.

I CAME yesterday into possession of the Seven-League Boots. How this rare good foot time was attained need not be detailed; but I beg to assure you it was no such infernal compact as that by which the ubiquitous Peter Schlemihl once wore the same wondrous leathers.

Sitting in my easy chair before the grate last evening, impatient to test their magic, I pulled on the Boots. Of what followed I shall not attempt to give more than the barest of time. Hardly were my feet fairly encased in the Boots before I found myself two thousand miles away to the North, amid the peaks of the Arctic, jangling the reindeer with Lent, Schwatka and his faithful Toobah. The change in temperature was, as you may well conceive, something tremendous, but partly because of the excitement of my novel position and the exhilaration of the chase, and partly because of certain properties of the Boots, I felt it not. With barely time to count the Lieutenant's game, I was whisked away another two thousand miles, and as quickly forgot the reindeer, in company with "Seneca" putting up and bringing down the Bob Whites in an out-of-the-way spot in Western New York. But only for a moment—for quick as comes and goes the buck's flag in the opening of the brush, I passed twelve hundred miles to the South, and with Dr. Henshall explored the borders of the Everglades, where I was as much interested in the sweltering Seminoles as but a few minutes before in the frozen Esquimaux three thousand miles away.

From southern Florida it was but a bagatelle of fifteen hundred miles to the Maine woods. Thence to the London Argentin, three thousand miles, and a like distance back to New Hampshire. Thence with the speed of lightning I was transported to—but, my dear FOSTER AND STREAM, you must long before this have perceived that I have been all this time sitting here in my comfortable chair, before the fire, reading the pages of your last number, which came in my mail yesterday. Neither you nor I would be so bold as to declare the Boots themselves a myth, though I confess for myself that I never expect to wear them; but do you know? I really don't care much for them, so long as I am sitting in my chair. I can travel the world over without such a companion as yourself.

MEAT-HAWK.

Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

RUNNING FOR LIFE.

IT WAS three o'clock of a starlight morning in November, 1846, that I mounted as fleet a filly of four years old as I ever rode. I was to go down the river fifteen miles on an errand and to be back before breakfast. My father had a large farm, and I was the chore boy for all; so I was always at home in the saddle.

I had to pass through a thick hemlock growth of about four miles without a clearing. Soon after entering the woods I was thrown forward on the neck of the colt, and she snorted and made an effort to turn. I looked ahead and discovered what I supposed to be a large dog. I was vexed with the pony to think she should be afraid of a dog, so I struck her with the stick, and she bounded up with a leap that would have thrown me had I not been used to riding; and as I passed the creature it leaped toward me and grazed the colt on the hip. That made her about as frightened as it did me, for I then discovered that the animal was a very large catamount. The pony flew like the wind; and as I recovered from my first fright I looked over my shoulder and found the creature was right after me. My knowledge of the panther's habits, furnished by the old hunters of that day, was all correct. I thought if I could only keep the colt at the distance now gained I might out-wind the panther, but I had no experience to tell how long she might follow.

The filly hugged the ground and flew like the wind. Every moment I looked back to see if the creature was gaining on me; but I found I was holding my own. The time I passed over that four miles was very much quicker than I need to wish it, although I never enjoyed it. I had a pack of twelve wolves one dark night through a piece of thick hemlock timber in another part of Oxford county, and the filly had come out all right, although I came near being left; but this was quite another kind of beast. The first three miles it was about nip and tuck, but as we neared the first clearing I found I was gaining on the panther, and I began to take courage. The colt still hugged the ground, and she rattled behind her like hail; and still we flew on, with the panther in the rear. While I was thinking over what I should do if she still continued to follow, I came to the clearing on which was a log house; but I knew it would be useless to stop there, so I made up mind to keep on; and I passed the house I looked back, and the panther had turned off in the woods, perhaps thinking that I was not good meat.

I did not go back as soon as I had intended; but when I did return I measured the track and found the leaps, which averaged twenty feet. The creature was shot a few days after by a man named Spencer, in the town of Baldwin, Oxford county, and I measured it. It was just nine feet from tip to tip. I think that it was the largest panther there is any history of being killed in this region.

S. P. HUBBARD, M. D.

FREEDMAN vs. BOB WHITE.

IT IS funny to me that your correspondents, after telling I, you of the almost universal scarcity of partridges, should inform you the negro is in no wise responsible for that scarcity, because, forsooth, he has lost all fondness for hunting. I wonder it does not occur to those gentlemen that the sable Nimrods have given up the hunt wherever it may be for the simple reason—"I don't pay." It gives them no more pleasure than it does us to carry a gun all day long, and come home with an empty bag. In autumn, for weeks together, negroes, by scores and hundreds, go out every night in fresh tide-water marshes after sora, which they kill in great numbers by torchlight; and this they did in the time of slavery, when they had to work all day; now they are out all night if they choose, and sleep during the day. And old Virginia, at this very time, would be a possum paradise, but for the nocturnal darkey, who would not swap a big fat possum for all the canvas-backs of the Chesapeake.

No doubt Dr. Ellzey speaks correctly, for the part of Virginia with which he is acquainted is the grazing section of the State. But I apprehend he knows very little of the system of farming, the physical condition of the country, or of the habits of the negroes in tide-water Virginia. In the counties of King William, New Kent and Charles City, extending from the Mattaponi south to James River, farming is not done so carefully as before the war, but it is exactly the farming partridges delight in. Hedge-rows, ditch-banks and springy places all grown up in briars and bushes. Wheat, oats and peas are grown on every plantation that pretends to be cultivated, and the manner of harvesting is the same now as for the past thirty years. There is an abundance of cover and of food—wheat, oats, peas, Magotha bay-bean, and sometimes millet, but no birds. Whereas, for several years after the war, the whole low country was alive with Bob White notwithstanding there was not so much of small game then as now, particularly of peas and the bay-bean, a spontaneous growth in lower Virginia, highly esteemed by birds and supplying excellent cover.

If Dr. Ellzey would only make one visit to these counties he would never again in his description of the general condition of Virginia talk about "the thicker settling of the country, and clearing of forests and swamps and brushlands;" for the reverse is exactly true in every particular as to nearly every part of tide-water Virginia, away from the cities of Norfolk, Hampton and Suffolk. The second day of Christmas, 1882, three deer were distributed at King William C. H. among the huntsmen. Deer are not found of a thickly settled country where forests, swamps, etc., are cleared up; yet they are largely on the increase in all the counties I have named. And to-day I believe King William county is nearly ever part of tide-water Virginia, away from the cities of Norfolk, Hampton and Suffolk. Still I know of but one farm in the county which affords good sport, and that is owned by a gentleman who does not allow hunting or trapping by his tenants.

In the country of which I am writing, most of the negroes, who are heads of families, like to rent a piece of land with a cabin on it, so as to be near their fields and near to their wives and children, and raise a crop of corn and such vegetables as grow without much attention; but

not one of them will hit a lick, Saturday, in his own crop. For their meat they depend on hunting, trapping and fishing, although they are always glad to sell what they catch (except possums), themselves, finding only what is not salable; and it is remarkable how little they eat when they have their own food to find. For money they rely on wood-chopping, loading vessels, working at saw-mills and in the harvest field, and gathering the crops of corn on the large farms. In this way they handle more money than those who hire themselves to farmers by the year, although they are not so well paid when Christmas comes, because so much of their time has been spent loading and unloading a gang; and "there's where the money goes." But the negro is going to hunt small game till the crack of doom, if the small game will only abide with it. He never goes for large game.

So I stand to my text that the partridge has been ever night exterminated by the ever active, eager, ingenious dog streetiveness of man, which has become of the bison on the sunrise side of the Mississippi? Done to death by the fur hunter. And why are we propagating fish artificially? Let seines and gill-nets and fyke-nets and purse-nets and pound-nets and gun-o manufacturers answer.

RALLYWOOD.

VIENNA, February 8, 1888.

[In issue of Feb. 1, article entitled "The Negroes and the Birds," last line on page 7, for "destructive as a sportsman" read "destructive as a city sportsman."]

IMPROVED SHOTGUN SHELLS.

DURING the past year the English sportsman has been investigating the merits of a shotgun shell recently placed on the market under the name of "Kynoch's Perfect Case." This shell is composed of very thin and flexible brass in order that when loaded the end may be closed to retain the charge as in paper shells. The shells are of course, waterproof, and as regards shooting do not appear to possess any special advantage over paper shells shot in the same gun. They are, to say the least, a little different in pattern or penetration between a 12-gauge Kynoch and a 12-gauge paper shell each charged with the same load. Continued and careful experiment, however, brought to light the fact that a 14-gauge Kynoch shot in a 12-gauge gun gave much better results than a 12-gauge paper shell shot under similar conditions. To about a 14-gauge K. in a 12-gauge gun, or rather, to shoot the chambers of the gun, or obtaining a new pair of barrels specially chambered for the 14-gauge Kynoch. When this is done there is little doubt that greatly improved shooting results, as careful trials by the editor of the London Field, by Mr. Greener and others testify. Our British cousin is now trying to make up his mind whether he will have his barrels altered or new ones made, or whether he will stick to his old barrels and paper shells. We make these statements in view of the fact that we have recently had an opportunity of examining an American invention which promises to more fully meet the requirements of sportsmen than does the Kynoch. Theoretically the shooting should be as good, if not better, than that of the English shell, and it can be used in guns chambered in the ordinary manner. It appears to possess the same strength and strength as the brass and paper shells without their special defects. It is reliable, waterproof, tight, capable of being crimped, but slightly more expensive than the paper shell, and probably not more than one-fourth the price of the ordinary brass shell. We hope at an early day to be able to give full details concerning it. The improved shell is the invention of our occasional contributor, "H. G. P."

ADIRONDACK WINTER NOTES.

A FEW days ago I met one of our best still-hunters, who in five days last fall, had killed nine deer.

"How many did you and the boys kill with the dogs?" "We hunted ten days," he replied, "and got one big buck and two does. The buck I killed on the runway; he had got by all the other boys and was making for the swamp; we had run him three or four different times, and he always got away, but I smoked him."

"Then you better still-hunt than with the dogs?" "Yes, I can kill five to one, when the snow is good. But the deer are wild this season; they have been dogged so much. I wish every dog was dead—no, I don't, either. We guides get lots of days' work that we would not get if we did not hunt with dogs, and if we did not hunt with dogs very few people who come from the cities would ever see a deer."

"That is so, and don't you think that the dogs are a protection to the deer in this way, that they make the deer harder for the still-hunters to get up to?"

"Yes; I used to kill ten deer where I do one now, and I had to work harder every year to get up to them. Four is the most I ever killed in one day. Bill Danforth says he has killed seven in one day. I have known of his killing five in a day, but he has been out a number of days this season, and the last time I heard from him he had not killed a single one. He says he never saw them so wild."

"Do you think the deer are growing scarce about here?" "No; I never saw the deer signs so thick as I did the day I was in back of your house, where I killed the two bucks. I could have started a dozen deer that day. No; I think the deer are on the increase every year."

"Do you think the dogs by running deer worry them so many of them die after the dogs leave them?"

"No; I never found but one that I thought would have died. I found him in the ice where he could not have got out, and I killed him and took him home to save his life!"

I have given this conversation just as it took place, showing the opinion of one of the best of our still-hunters in a day, but he has been out a number of days this season, and the last time I heard from him he had not killed a single one. He says he never saw them so wild."

I have read much about bears in the FOREST AND STREAM during the season, and have one little story that has not been told in print. About the first of last year, "Lime" De Bar set a trap at Hayes Brook to catch a muskrat. His first day's work was a three-mile tramp to about a half-mile, and he set a trap with the trap of twenty pounds, and meat twenty-five more. One week from that day he visited his bait and found the trap gone, with good signs of bear. He followed the trail about one mile and found the trap by the side of a stump—a "little hair, no bear."

"Lime" is naturally of a thoughtful turn of mind; so he set down to "study the signs" and satisfy himself as to how the bear set a trap, and then he set a trap to about an hour, then he picked up the trap and went back to the "cubby house" to set the trap again, and found that the bear had

THE MISSOURI ASSOCIATION publish in convenient form their constitution and by-laws, with rules for trap shooting, together with the game and fish laws of the State. The pamphlet gives these facts concerning the society: "The origin of the Missouri State Sportsmen's Association, though not quite a tradition, has not been preserved in its minutes. The credit of the original organization belongs to St. Louis, Kansas City, and St. Joseph, and the clubs of those cities. The first meeting was held at St. Louis, in 1878, and D. H. Hall and J. E. Guinote, of Kansas City, elected president and secretary, respectively, for ensuing year, and Kansas City was selected as place of convention of 1879. The second meeting was then held October 22, 1879, at Kansas City, the constitution and by-laws adopted, officers for 1879-80 elected, and Mason City chosen as third place of meeting. In 1881 the convention was held at St. Louis, and tournament consisting of St. Louis Gun Club, and in 1882 at Sedalia, and tournament given under auspices of the Sedalia Gun Club. The present officers are: F. Houston, Sedalia, President; Paul Francke, St. Joseph, First Vice-President; W. W. Judy, St. Louis, Second Vice-President; J. C. Parnelle, Sedalia, Recording Secretary; W. R. Thomas, Sedalia, Corresponding Secretary.

PENNSYLVANIA GAME AND FISH LAW.—Catwissa, Feb. 8.—The Catwissa Fish and Game Protective Club held a meeting Feb. 3, and reorganized by the election of the following officers: W. G. Yetter, President; Abel Thomas, Vice-President; Wm. Eyer, Treasurer; A. H. Sharpless, Secretary. It is the intention of the club to strictly enforce the game and fish laws in this vicinity. A committee consisting of W. G. Yetter, H. Aldrich, W. H. Brown, Esq., and A. H. Sharpless was appointed to draw up and circulate a petition asking the Legislature to amend the fish laws relating to illegal fishing, so as to enumerate more explicitly what is meant by "permanent set means," etc., and the game laws to allow the killing of pheasants or ruffed grouse from Sept. 1, also asking that a bounty be offered for the killing of hawks. The club think the above changes proper, and ask the different clubs throughout the State to take a similar action, and through their representatives to bring the subject before the Legislature now sitting.—A. H. SHARPLESS, Sec'y.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Hollidaysburg, Jan. 15.—The past shooting season has been rather a poor one in this section; ruffed grouse are scarce and wild and white rabbits are plenteous than ever before, the quail have just begun to reappear, and the deer are the victims of the terrible winter of 1888-89. If we could only get the "sacch" law, as our grouse friends call it, on the statute books again, we might have reasonable hopes for the return of the splendid quail-shooting of four years ago. Woodcock shooting during the past summer and fall was a farce. I think not over four score birds were killed in the county. Since the close of the season our young shots have turned their attention, and with fair success, to the destruction of the foxes, whose numerous dog-like tracks dot every thicket, field and knoll. One of our young men has seven hides laid away to dry, all of them shot before the dogs, and proudly has the distinction of making a right and left on this cunning "bunt," as they played along in front of his pack of beagles.—T. D.

MINNESOTA.—Andubon.—I am very glad to note the stand you have taken against the park grab. Whatever the outcome may be, there are here many ardent admirers of your action and fearless treatment of the steal. I have been interested in their discussion of "hounding vs. still-hunting" and I would like to see the "sacch" put on, and every man who aspires to hunt the deer obliged to match his own skill against the instinct and cunning of that much-hunted and inoffensive animal. I have lived years in the deer country of Minnesota, and did I hold the pen of a ready writer, I think I could convince those who hold themselves open to conviction that the use of hounds is destructive to the best interests of the sportsman, which means the fostering of the deer to be hunted, and should love to see that he will be willing to sacrifice the use of the dogs.—VETERAN.

"RISING YOUNG SPORTSMEN."—Editor Forest and Stream: After you get through with the Yellowstone Park speculators, could you not fire a single volley at the benighted press of this State, so that one might read so influential a journal as the Philadelphia Times without running on some half a dozen clippings like this: "Young Johnny Pig-head bids fair to become one of our best shots. On last Monday he killed seven quail with one shot from his father's marshy field." Or, "Mr. C. has just taken a large party of our most successful sportsmen; he recently killed a wild turkey with one shot as they followed a trail made with corn to the blind in which he sat." It is "a thundering pity" they did not beat his pot-hunting head off with their wings, for a very few such men will more thoroughly clean a country of game than a regiment of decent shooters.—T. D.

UPPER MICHIGAN.—Union City, Ind.—I noticed that in your issue of November 16, Major H. W. Merrill recommends Mackinac and Schoolcraft counties, in Upper Michigan, as a good hunting country. I went there last October with four others on a hunt, and must say it is the worst country I was ever in. The railroad from Point St. Ignace to Marquette runs nearly the whole way through a marshy country, but there are no roads nor teams there, consequently you gave it up in disgust and came home without seeing a deer or bear.—D. B. C.

NOTE FROM FLORIDA.—An Oak Hill correspondent writing under date of Feb. 1, says: "The shooting has been wonderfully good this year, big bags of all kinds of game being the rule instead of the exception. The fishing has not been extra good thus far on account of inclement weather, still some good fish have been caught, the largest weighing 42 lbs., a channel bass. The Duke of Newcastle and a friend, Mr. Langley, of England, are here now, fishing and shooting.

NEW YORK.—Foxes are plentiful; one man here got a double shot, killed one, and shot one foreleg off the other, and then it got away from him. Your correspondent, Clarence A. Farnum, of Wellsville, has been appointed County Judge of Allegheny county. If his judicial decisions show any real sense in the game question, then Allegheny county is to be congratulated.—J. ORIS FELLOWS (Hornellsville, N. Y., Feb. 4).

NEW GLASGOW ROD AND GUN CLUB.—New Glasgow, N. S., Feb. 3.—The annual meeting was held on the 1st inst., and the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. B. Moore (re-elected); Vice-President, A. M. Frazer; Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Cavanaugh (re-elected); Executive Committee, Norman McKay and H. T. Sutherland.—GLOBE SIGUR.

MANASSAS SETTS.—East Douglas.—Game has been quite plenty here this winter; the woods were full of squirrel; grouse were plenty, but quail were scarce.—AMATEUR.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., Feb. 5.—Our hunting has never been so poor as this season; no woodcock; very few snipe and ducks; quail, of course, plenty, also rabbits.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

The wary trout that thrives against the stream;
The well-grown carp, full laden with her spawn;

To take the fish, is give her leave to play,
And yield her line."—Shepherd's Eclogues (1644).

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

"Angling our summer mora alone,
I sat me down upon a stone,
A little purple brook beside,
Whose modest, silver, rippling tide,
Mow'd by the zephyr's softest sigh,
Was scarcely heard by passer by."

FEW are the friends from whom the angler can choose a boon companion to fish with. There is that in the "gentle art" which shrinks from a coterie and can only be thoroughly enjoyed by the "lone fisherman" or, at the utmost, by two, and then the twain must be as "one flesh" in the pure and simple love of the pursuit. Yet who dares call angling an "selfish pleasure"? No brother of the craft, I trust, and cynics always sneer at what they cannot comprehend, or lack in taste to enjoy.

The angler is "never less alone than when alone" for the varied forms and phases of nature are with him in sympathy, pleasant thoughts are inseparable from him, and the very trout which he deftly and humanely transfers from the stream to his creel seem to have a subtle understanding that he is their friend and no foe at all.

"Do I write a paradox? Let us see. No angler, *par excellence*, is a butcher, nor does he crush the daisies by the meadow brook athirst for blood. He comes alight intent upon pleasure, to which the blithe birds, the flitting butterflies and the sweet flowers in the way minister. The very air is bathed in the perfume of him, and a charm beyond that of being in the habit of fish. The graceful sway of the birch and the alder he mimics as he casts his fly, and mercy, not greed, controls his entch. Didn't ever see any "cold, pitiless depths" in an angler's eye? I never did, and I have looked straightforwardly into many (some were, alas! closed to the pleasant scenes of earth) since I threw my first fly, at the callow age when the very thought of "crossed" feet and gray moustaches was unknown. How- ever lined and flamed by age and care, the face of the orthodox angler auger than a gleam of youth upon it, and the kindly touch which Nature gave it can never be effaced.

Here and now I am constrained to pay a fond tribute of praise to an honest angler whose genial and kind face has been lately hidden by the cere-cloth of death, and whose form has been lain in the dust to await the general resurrection of the last day. How often, in our piscatorial faith, have I seen his eye gleam with pleasure and his face alight with the love of the craft of which he was so thoroughly the master. His was a type—and a right noble one—of an honest angler's life and love, and those who knew and loved him the best miss him and mourn him the most sincerely. Quiet, gentle, unobtrusive, like many a pure stream he was wont to love and cast his fly upon, he passed from our sight so suddenly that his loss cannot be fully realized. "Lon to me, my memory green" and may his light perpetual shine upon him!

Of necessity the life of the angler, in practice of his craft, is contemplative and, barring short "runs" and doubtful crises, there are few exciting incidents in brook fishing. An angler may, perchance, ride hard to hounds, or put no dog to shame on the moor, but, pent in the "blind alley" of truth, the odds are he will confess that his first and dearest love is his rod and the "sparkling stream."

"Peachy nature" is the word, so many a time, of an angler, and once an angler always an angler may be as positively asserted. True, he may have little or no practice with his rod for years, but present the opportunity and the angler is "to the fore," with nerve aquiver for the first cast, and eye ready to mock the guilt of the captured fish.

Once (forsooth a few times) in a long life there may be found a congenial soul with whom we can be at one as we fish and "read in the beauties of Nature, but the harmony must be so complete and perfect as to be unique in common fellowship and purpose. Deny it who may, there is a subtle influence in the pursuit of the gentle art that may be as easily affected as the flexions of the magnetic needle, and then all becomes awry, "like sweet bells jangled," the gentle spirit shrinks and shudders like the aspen in the blast.

Desolation is a tireless hound and gives no quarter! It follows "hard upon" the tread of civilization and in many places a mead and over many a mere may be read the legend "Irlabod,"—its glory is departed! Depleted waters, dammed (and damned) streams and befoiled lakes are the order of the day and generation, and it becomes the bounden duty of every angler to befriend his craft, the goodly fish and his favorite haunts.

It is high time to send the "black flag" to the peak, and all "two legs" should be taught its significance. The gentlest stream may be need the need the angler's nature when rude feet and ruthless hands invade realms of nature that should be forever inviolate against the Goths

and Visigoths, who have no scruples as to how, or with what size of fish, their creels are filled.

Zounds! I have written myself into a furious pet, and digressed a long way from my intent.

One hint! Every reader must answer for himself, and every fisherman must act, as he best can, in what I have suggested, or there will not be a decent fish to "sweat by," much less to catch, by the time we slip into the "clean and slippery pantaloons" period of life's pilgrimage. O. W. R.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

THINKING that a few words from this section of the country to my fellow sportsmen in the East might be accepted, I have determined to give you a short account of a fishing trip I had to-day along with a fellow "tenderfoot." I have been located in this part of the country (they call it God's Garden in the Leadville and Gunnison papers) for just one week and probably heard more of swopped about mountain lions, wild cats, elk, deer, haw, beaver and trout than I ever heard before, but I did want to have the chance to do something myself. Tails of trout of fabulous size and gameness that could be caught "in the spring" were continually being sounded in my ears, but to my oft repeated question "Why don't you catch them now?" the never-failing answer was, "They won't bite, they ain't in the creek now, and there will be any day," said I, "I dun no, you get down to the river, I reckon." To do a long story short, I got tired of that inevitable answer and determined to look for them in the Surface Creek, and with what success you may judge for yourself.

Last night Al said he would go with me, so we hitched the two mules to the "democrat" this morning and started off. I must confess, with no hopes of success.

In the way we stopped at "Sleep's" to get the mail and there had the surprise and pleasure of getting the opinions of three of the oldest settlers in the country, and they all agreed that "we couldn't catch a trout now, might get one, etc., etc." That, of course, was a splendid thing for our already much depressed spirits. However, we jogged along till we reached an old beaver dam, the point we had settled upon to make our trial. Al grasped the axe with a sort of a now-or-never determination, and set to work to cut a hole in the ice. After chopping for a while we found that a shovelful was not the surest and best method, and he set to another "old settler's" cabin and there once more had the benefit of four wise heads' opinion on the trout question. They all agreed again, though finally old "Trackie" did say that his boy had seen one trout not long since where they got their water. Back we marched again and finally succeeded in cutting a hole.

I was carefully "putting a look on my line and getting ready for business when a wild yell from Al announced the pleasing fact that he had hooked a fish, but he lost him. Of course he was a "whopper." Procuring short poles from the brush we set to work, and then the fun began. Al had the start of me, and had landed five large fish before I dropped my hook in, and when I did get started the second fish took my hook, and things then were blue. By the time I got ready again Al had ten fish the start, but the way we fished did fly for about fifteen minutes was a caution. When one of our was taken off the hook, and another fish, and so we kept it up for half an hour. Finally we dropped two more holes, but they were not up to our first location, so we stuck mainly to that one. We fished, I should say, about three hours, and the total catch was eighty fish, largest one pound, no "fingerlings," five fish weighed to gather three and a half pounds, net weight of all sixteen pounds, average three and one-half ounces. Not very bad for our first day, but when we were tired and were on our way home we came by the "back way" not wishing to get all of our good fortune to the entire settlement, and to-morrow we intend trying another spot before the news spreads. Think of it—people settled all along the bank of the creek and living on hog, venison and rabbit altogether, when within fifty yards of their doors such dainties can be so easily had, you might say for the asking. Maybe John, our host's, eyes did not close on us when we came home. This, you know, is a new country, and any sportsman can find a lot of game if he will come so far. TENDERFOOT.

THE PRESERVATION, COL. JAN. 29.

PENNSYLVANIA ASSOCIATION.

THE Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania has taken a very handsome club room at 1020 Chest street, Philadelphia, and at a meeting on Saturday evening the 3d, President Spangler told of his taking a large shark in our bay in which when opened were found sixty-eight pounds of beef bones, crabs, etc. Other members narrated similar adventures.

This meeting was the first one held in the new rooms, which are large and commodious, and will go far toward promoting sociability among its members. The old rooms at Broad and Fairmount avenue were not central enough, and consequently but few of the association frequented them. It is the purpose of the society to decorate the walls of the new rooms with angling scenes, trophies, specimens of tackle, etc., and to have the tables supplied with appropriate literature. In addition to this it is said there will be weekly bulletins from all the fishing centers as to whether the fish are biting, and regarding the condition of the weather and streams.

President Spangler stated the society was in communication with the State Fish Commissioners on the subject of stocking the rivers with fish, and a committee on that subject on Perkiomen Creek was read, recommending that body of water as an excellent breeding place for the rainbow trout. This we do not recommend, as the stream is stocked with black bass—at least that portion a mile from the Schuylkill—and these fish will be destructive to the fry in their growth.

The new club was organized last November, and has now 120 members. Its object, as they appear in the prospectus, were the encouragement of fish culture in Pennsylvania by the restocking of its streams with game and other valuable food fishes, the protection of the same by a rigorous enforcement of existing laws, which are strong and good, and the advancement of the art of angling and the promotion of sociability among anglers. Doubtless a fly-casting tournament will be inaugurated in due time.

HOMO.

MANASSAS SETTS.—East Douglas, Feb. 1883.—Some fine strings of pickerel have been caught here of late through the ice, one of twenty-one weighing 33 pounds; another of forty weighing 32. Among these were several weighing between four and five pounds.—AMATEUR.

* Mr. Lorenzo Prouty.

THE NEW "SCREED."

ALTHOUGH "Nessmuk" is perhaps the first to publish the law in such a truly original and emphatic way, I trust that he will believe that there are many others who in this respect have long been a law unto themselves, and through their example have perhaps been the means of restraining others from ruthlessly destroying the already fast diminishing game.

That game must go is not only an inevitable conclusion, but in many localities has become a fact. Trout streams whose waters were once teeming with the speckled fellows now yield only an occasional straggler fit to basket. Were it not for the beautiful scenes which surround these crystal streams and for the pleasant memories which hang over each rift and pool I think I should soon forget my usual trips to their solitudes. Even the solitude is about gone.

It is only a short time ago that I remember of meeting one of those chaps "Nessmuk" tells of. "T. H.," in large capitals, was marked on his face. He stood on a half-submerged rock just below a pretty country bridge fishing one of the best pools on the stream—a pool I had just walked five miles to make, and I do not forget that man. He was of medium size, clothed in a suit of dark gray flannel, him almost without a wrinkle; legs and feet were encased in the proverbial long rubber boots, and a high crown, soft felt hat covered his head. A "lightish" colored beard, trimmed neatly to a point, grew on his chin close up to a pair of thin lips, over which hung or protruded a somewhat long and pointed nose. Eyes, an indescribable gray, small and restless. This was the man; "sleek," I think, would be a good word to sum up with.

"Good morning, sir," I said.
"Good morning."
"What luck?" I asked.
"I have about seventy in here," he answered, tapping an ordinary sized creel as he spoke.

I stayed no longer, but turning to my partner, we hurried away. As we passed out of sight Charles opened his creel, wherein, upon a bed of bright green moss, lay twelve hand-some trout. As he gazed upon their wholesome proportions he seemed lost in a deep study; finally he asked: "Did he say he had seventy trout in that basket?" "Yes, Charles, and as he raised the lid I saw it was not nearly full."

RUDOLPH.

MUSCALONGE OUT OF SEASON.—Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 5.—One of our Sunday papers reports: "Two of the prominent residents of 'over Grand Island caught twenty-six muscalonge, ranging in weight from fifteen to thirty pounds, off Sunkus Island, on Jan. 23. The information is volunteered that they fished with a night, line baited with cats." Muscalonge were openly exposed for sale here last week and we hear of arrests. Sometime ago District Attorney Hulet considered it a trouble, succeeded in getting some "seiners" convicted, but they were let off with a fine of \$3, as they were "poor men with families." It is to such unlawful practices as the above that we owe the scarcity of good fish in the Niagara River. Perhaps if measures were taken to enforce our present laws instead of mulling new ones the time would come when the people who can not afford to go to Florida, the North Woods or the seashore could enjoy one or two days' sport near home.—CABALEIRO.

ONE TROUT ON TWO FLEES.—Seattle, W. T., Jan. 27.—Queen fishing and hunting adventures seem to be the order of the day in FOREST AND STREAM, and I wish to add my tribute to the general interest. The writer, and I, and a friend, a writer and a companion were fishing for trout, and I regret to say were using salmon roe, the weather being cold and the water high. While standing about twenty feet apart, fishing in the same "hole," we simultaneously felt a "bite" and truck, and upon bringing our hooks to the surface, were surprised to find that a ten-inch trout had attempted to appropriate both baits, and that each of us had him hard and fast. Let some one now raise me with a story of a trout and three anglers. The capabilities of this style of story are only limited by the number of hooks a trout's mouth will contain, but this was a fact.—ALKE.

CANADIAN FISHERIES.—A paper on "The Fishes of the Ottawa District" has just been published by the Ottawa Society, by Mr. H. Beaumont Smith, Ottawa. The lecturer said that probably not more than one-half of the species really existing had been made known. The fishes of Canada, and especially of the Ottawa district, presented a field of observation as yet partially traversed, and one that will repay minute investigation, as there are very few works of reference on this subject. Valuable statistics are furnished by the Fisheries Department of Canada; but this is of little use to the naturalist. Mr. Small urged the project of having a large public aquarium, accessible to visitors, with a working model of a fish hatchery, which could be attached to the museum.—W.

A NEW ANGLING BOOK.—We have just seen the proof sheets of some colored plates of flies which are to appear in a book to be issued by Mr. C. F. Orvis next spring. They were finely done, and if the entire work is in harmony with the beautiful plates of flies it will be a good one. Mr. Orvis assures us that he intends it to be a standard work and in no sense an advertisement. Articles on various topics will be contributed by a corps of writers whose names we are not at liberty to publish at present, but who are all well-known anglers and writers. Mr. N. Cheney is assisting in the preparation of the work. When it is issued we will announce the fact.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me." LAST fall a gentleman from Auburn, N. Y., was visiting a brother here. They went out for a night hunt. Eyes were seen. One of the shooters "let go" of them. Then there was a good deal of racket in the brush. Venturing up a little nearer, they saw a large black object, which suggested that whoever saw a bear "let go" of him? The farmer has an odd ox now, and forty dollars for the other one. One more. A young Nimrod went about three miles along the railroad track, when he saw an eye, at which he made a fine double shot, but failed to dim it in the least. It proved to be a headlight on an engine—some five miles away.

BEANK.

Fishculture.

MEMORANDA ON LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

BY CHARLES G. ATKINS.

A.—SYSTEMATIC POSITION.—There have been thought to be several distinct species, or at least several varieties, of land-locked salmon in this or that district, have thought their new species and have called them *Salmo sebago*, *S. gloveri*, etc. Within a few years Bonar, and others in Washington, have carefully compared them with *S. entar*, and find no specific difference.

Difference in size is commonly very great, land-locked salmon in general being but one-fourth or one-fifth the size of the river or sea salmon. Same differences in color. Land-locked salmon never in the young season assume so bright colors as male river or sea salmon. Aside from these important differences may be mentioned as more important the difference in habits, land-locked salmon never going to sea, as a rule, though rarely they do so. In fact, they are observed to stray individuals to descend the St. Croix or Presumpscot to the sea. They find their normal sea in the lakes. Also may be noted that though in maturity smaller, in embryonic stages the land-locked salmon are larger, the eggs being perhaps ten per cent. greater in diameter than those of the sea.

Another interesting point of comparison is the retention of the embryonic markings to a much greater age by land-locked salmon than river salmon. I have seen a Sebago salmon thirteen months old with the dark bars on the sides still very distinct, and in removing the skin of adult land-locked salmon, I have found the marks still distinct on the under side of the skin, and on the membrane that still covered the fish, as though the fish were only a few days old. Land-locked salmon to fresh water had stopped his development, keeping him still in a somewhat embryonic stage.

B.—RANGE.—FOUR DISTRICTS IN MAINE, viz: 1. Basin of Presumpscot River (Lamoignon, etc.). 2. Basin of Sebec River, a branch of Penobscot Basin. Singular that they have not spread all through the Penobscot. It has many lake basins throughout. 3. Basin of Union River, Hancock county. 4. Basin of St. Croix River.

The fish of the Presumpscot and St. Croix had earlier wide range than the others, and in both rivers were occasionally taken almost to the head of the streams. The first specimens seen two that were taken at Cooterland Mills on Presumpscot.

C.—SIZE OF ADULTS.—This varies much. The Sebago fish often reach eight and a half pounds in weight. In Lake Umbagog (or Schoodic), as we commonly call them rarely exceed six or eight pounds and average two and a half. They are larger in some parts of Schoodic lakes than others, but these differences are not constant. In 1875, three caught at Dobbs Bay were nearly twice as large as those of Grand Lake. It is probable the latter have increased in size year after year, until now they are about same as the Dobbs fish. The Union River fish are large, about like the Sebago. The Sebco fish about like the Union River fish.

There are local differences recognizable to one acquainted with the different varieties, but hardly to be described. One interesting point of difference between Schoodic and Sebco fish is that the Sebco fish average at a smaller size than the Schoodic, and, while still small, frequent some grounds with large ones. Sebco fish apparently mature having lost the red spots and dark bars, may be taken same day, with hook, all the way from eight inches up to two feet in length, but the smaller forms with red spots and dark bars (young fish) are rarely found on the same ground with the larger fish.

D.—Grand Lake Stream is the headquarters of the variety of "School Lakes." That is, to no other streams do so many resort to spawn and in many instances, and in many instances, home as in Grand Lake. After prevailing backwoods system of nomenclature, the stream that flows out of Grand Lake is called Grand Lake Stream. Here, as in many other instances, the flow of the salmon moves down from the lake into its outlet at the spawning season, instead of up into the tributaries. It follows that the young fish instead of dropping down with the current as young sea salmon do, are in fact ascending their native streams till they reach the deep water above.

Grand Lake is one of the finest spots of water in Maine—clean, wooded shores, and very clear water. Grand Lake Stream is a bright, dancing stream, three miles long, quick water almost everywhere, and abundant spawning.

E.—THE BREEDING OPERATIONS.—For eight years we have been conducting almost the entire business of spawning for the fish. Our traps span the stream at the outlet of the lake. No fish ever get out of the lake, and no spawning naturally. With line-meshed nets we build a series of inclosures. Those which the fish first enter are on the principle of a weir or pound, and few fish ever get out against our will. They come in passively by the force of the current, and are held in the traps. We assert them, taking spawn from all that are ready. The earliest fish begin to spawn in the stream before the end of October; we begin to take eggs a few days later, till 8th of November. Many of the females have to be kept some days before they are ripe. (Not so with Penobscot fish—sea salmon—which are generally all ripe together, and some days earlier than Schoodic.) Yield, 1,000 eggs per female. Commonly catch four females to three males. Males come in first in the season, and are ready to spawn as early as the females. Full fish continue to come in until November 20; sometimes not all manipulated till December. Often there is severe cold weather during the spawning season. We operate in the open air, and the fish are exposed to the elements in communication with the lake; but if not, we take the fish we have manipulated in cars and tow them one or two miles up the lake, where they are set free. One-fourth of the spawn taken is hatched, and the rest lost in Grand Lake, in the water and the mud. There is no loss of spawn, or no falling of it so far. Young are reared along the shore scotterly where there are loose, rough rocks for them to hide under.

We have threespawning houses, or rather one developing house (extensively so) and two rearing houses. The first is a small house is fed with lake water. Its location compels us vacate it in March, but the long stay of the eggs in the cold lake water keeps development back so that none are hatched and grown enough for planting till June, when their natural food is become abundant.

Our best hatching house stands on the lake shore and is a very substantial structure, partly under ground with massive stone walls; capacity for developing four million eggs or hatching one million. It is arranged on six floors and water runs through the series, so that it can be used at least three times, with ample facilities for aeration. We pass water from one trough to another by letting it fall in a broad, thin sheet over the side of a trough. It is so effective, and young hatched in this house are exceedingly vigorous. The above hatching house covers 1,500 sq. ft. of ground. Have also a small little cottage for the superintendent, and lodges for foreman, ice house, woodshed, etc. In winter part of the house is heated.

Our method of manipulating fish is, perhaps, common. Use "dry methods," wholly. Ten quart tin milk pails receive spawn and milk. Fish are used just as the "dipper" hands throw up, male or female first, as may chance. After eggs of four or five fish are ripe and well milted, another hand takes

them, agitates them diligently for a few minutes, and then slashes them off at once, after which they stand in pails on sides till convenient to carry to hatching house. Careful observation shows loss of vitality in instances where, upon contact of milk, and all agitation and waiting is merely to secure contact. Milk in pure water loses spawn in few seconds, retaining scarce any power after one minute. Eggs liberally mixed with milk, and put into water, lose vitality in few minutes. Either eggs or milk can be exposed to air for hours without losing power. The mucus that comes from the fish when they are milted, and the eggs liberally mixed with milk, it retains its power for hours. If males are scarce we stain out the milted liquid from a spawn pan and use it again. In a can standing in water I have kept it forty-eight hours and it has retained its power. Eggs liberally mixed with milk, and put into water, lose vitality in few minutes. 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State of Michigan to, at present, interrupt the admirable work done which has been prosecuted under its commissioners. Even if the work of multiplying the whitefish in the great lakes is abandoned, there is much to be done in the way of stocking the inland waters. For this I have recommended both the blue herring and the whitefish, the former perhaps most readily adapting itself to the requirements. To obtain these, however, in sufficient quantities to affect the 5,000 lakes in question would require the maintenance of at least one fishery, in Michigan where the work can be prosecuted. From 100,000,000 to 300,000,000 of eggs of the lake herring should be taken every year for the purpose of stocking. Hoping that I have furnished the information desired, I remain, yours respectfully,

SPENCER F. BARTD, Commissioner.

CARP CULTURE.—Carp will live and multiply almost anywhere, grow very rapidly, and are of excellent quality. I am solicited almost daily for instructions how to prepare, care for and manage them. In detail I shall now speak to farmers and small pisciculturists. I shall not go into the considerations of principles, but merely give the foundation for them. First, let us speak of small ponds, such as will answer for family use. One with eight or ten square rods in it, with good care and attention, produce as many fish as a pond ten times the size, and, in fact, larger the pond the better. It makes but little difference how they are made or what shape they are in, so that there is, say, four feet of water in the deepest part, with considerable shallow water. In very cold climates, where water freezes to a considerable depth, one of the best methods is to dig a trench deep as you wish to freeze the pond to the bottom. All ponds should have a drain-box in the bottom of the dam, for at least two reasons; first, that all the water may be drawn off without injuring the dam, and next to separate the fish, if desired, also to see if there is anything wrong, or any enemies to the fish in the water. This box may be made of four boards sufficiently long to reach through the dam. The two side-boards should have a groove cut across them about six inches from the end, deep and broad enough to admit a gate. These side-boards should set on the bottom board, the ends crossing even, and the top board coming just against the gate. From the gate to the ends of the side and bottom boards it should be covered with a net, driving them down well. The net next to the gate and the one at the end should be mudded smoothly and trim. Now you want a wire screen over the end of the box to keep the fish from going out when you draw the water. A fine old wheat riddle will make a good one. As to the two-board operation, you will fill it with earth so as to prevent any leakage; but with a good flow of water this top space may be covered solidly, omitting the earth filling. The net, of course, will be made to fit the pond, and in making dams I prefer, and think it will pay, to board them up on both sides. Have, say, four stringers, two on a side, one at the top and one at the bottom. Then set the boards and the net, driving them down well. The net next to the gate and the one at the end should be mudded smoothly and must be a waste-box to carry off the water. This may be made of three boards, one on each side and one on the bottom. The upper end of this should also be screened to keep the fish from going out. The net next to the gate and the one at the end should be mudded smoothly and must be a good fit. The pond should have plenty of water-cress, lily and grass, or some aquatic vegetation in it, for several reasons. First, it gives shelter to the fish; second, there is a very good reason for this, in the case of the carp, and third, it is indispensable, for on it the fish deposit their spawnings. The eggs are adhesive and stick, or adhere to the sprigs or branches, and without this the eggs would fall to the bottom in the mud and be lost. There is no need of netting the ponds, and no need of a net in the gate. If you must have a pond we must protect it, and to do this we must have a good canal or ditch all around it to carry all the surplus water away and not allow any overflow. This all the water, fresh or salt, as the history of these fish proves that they will adapt themselves to all waters; but the warmer the water the better up to one hundred degrees, and this will be the growth of your fish. The water should be kept at or near a uniform depth. The flow of water is important, so that there is plenty of life in it. Of course the greater the flow the better (so you can control it), and the greater number of fish can be crowded into a given space.—LEVI DAVIS (Forestville, Saouma county, Md.).

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BRNCH SHOWS.

February 20, 21, 22, and 23, 1888.—Grand International Bench Show, Washington, D. C. Entries close Feb. 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Office, Skating Rink, Washington, D. C.
 March 26, 27 and 28, 1888. Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Ontario, Canada. Entries close Feb. 12, 1888.
 April 3, 4, and 5, 1888. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Fifth Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries for the Bench Show hereby for England and Scotland, close Feb. 12, 1888.
 May 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1888.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City, Chas. Lincoln, Supt.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.

PREMIUM LIST.

1. Extra champion English setter dogs, champion gold medal. 2. Extra champion English setter bitches, champion gold medal. 3. Champion English setter dogs, \$30. 4. Champion English setter bitches, \$20.

OPEN CLASSES.

5. English setter dogs, \$20, \$10, \$5, silver medal. 6. English setter bitches, \$20, \$10, \$5, silver medal. 7. English setter dog puppies, under 18 months, \$10, \$5. 8. English setter bitch puppies, under 18 months, \$5, \$3. Puppies that have been qualified for the Derby Bench Show must be also entered in either classes 7 or 8, according to sex.
 9. Extra champion Irish setter dogs, champion gold medal. 10. Extra champion Irish setter bitches, champion gold medal. 11. Champion Irish setter dogs, \$20. 12. Champion Irish setter bitches, \$20. 13. Irish setter dogs, \$30, \$10, \$5. 14. Irish setter bitches, \$20, \$10, \$5. 15. Irish setter puppies, under 12 months, \$7, \$3.
 16. Champion Gordon setters, \$30. 17. Gordon setter dogs or bitches, \$20, \$10, \$5. 18. Gordon setter puppies, under 12 months, \$7, \$3.
 19. Champion pointer dogs, \$20, \$10. 20. Champion pointer bitches, \$20, \$10. 21. Pointer dogs, \$20, \$10. 22. Pointer bitches, \$20, \$10. 23. Pointer puppies, under 12 months, \$10, \$5.
 24. Champion Irish water spaniels, champion gold medal. 25. Irish water spaniels (open class), \$10, \$5. 26. Champion field spaniels (any color), over 28lbs., champion gold medal. 27. Black field spaniels, over 28lbs., \$10, \$5. 28. Champion cocker spaniels (any color), over 28lbs., champion gold medal. 29. Black spaniels (small size), dogs or bitches, under 28lbs., \$10, \$5. 30. Cocker spaniels, other than black dogs or bitches, \$10, silver cup, \$5. 31. Spaniel puppies, under 12 months, \$5.
 32. Foxhounds, \$10, silver cup, \$5. 33. Foxhounds, \$10, \$5.
 34. English beagles, \$10, \$5. 35. Bench-legged beagles or basket hounds, \$10, silver cup, \$5. 36. Beagle puppy, dog or bitch, under 12 months, \$5. 37. Dachshunds, \$10, silver cup, \$5.
 38. Champion fox terrier dogs, champion bronze medal. 39. Champion fox-terrier bitches, champion bronze medal. 40. Fox-terrier dogs, \$10, \$5. 41. Fox-terrier bitches, \$10, \$5. 42. Fox-terrier puppies, under 12 months, silver cup, \$10, \$5.
 43. Greyhounds.

NON-SPORTING DIVISION.

44. Mastiffs—dogs, \$10, silver medal. 45. Mastiffs—bitches, \$10, silver medal.
 46. St. Bernard's (rough-coated), silver cup, \$10, silver medal. 47. St. Bernard's (smooth-coated), silver cup, \$10, silver medal.
 48. Newfoundland, silver cup, \$10, silver medal.
 49. Champion collies, champion gold medal.
 50. Collies—dogs, \$10, \$5. 51. Collies—bitches, \$10, \$5. 52. Collies—puppies, under 12 months, gold medal, silver medal.
 53. Bulldogs, \$10, silver medal. 54. Bull-terriers, \$10, silver medal.
 55. Scotch or hard-headed terriers (except Skyes and Yorkshires), silver cup, \$10, silver medal. 56. Champion Skye terriers, silver cup, \$10, silver medal. 57. Yorkshire terriers, \$10, silver medal.
 58. Champion pug, champion gold medal. 59. Pugs, \$10, silver cup, \$5.
 60. Black and tan terriers, silb. or over, \$10, silver cup, \$5.
 61. Toy terriers (any breed), silb. or under, silver cup, \$5.
 62. King Charles spaniels, \$10.

63. Italian greyhounds, silver medal.
 64. Black Russian pointer dogs, over 28lbs., silver cup, \$10. 65. Foodles, small size, under 25lbs., silver cup, \$5.
 66. Miscellaneous class. For the best specimen of any breed of dog that has not been assigned a separate class, two prizes will be given each of \$5.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

A.—The Bench Show Derby Stakes (closed for fifty entries) for the best English setter dog or bitch, whelped on or after January 1, 1882. Purse to be divided as follows: fifty per cent. to first, thirty per cent. to second and twenty per cent. to third, \$10 added. A sportsman also adds \$15 cash to the Derby.
 B.—The society offers for the best sire of the greatest number of field trial winners in the American Derbys of 1882, \$30. Entry \$2.
 C.—Society offers for the dam of the greatest number of field trial winners in the American Derbys of 1882, \$30. Entry \$2.
 D.—Society offers for the best bench show setter or pointer, dog or bitch, that has won a first, second, or third prize, at any field trial held in America, \$30. Entry \$2.
 E.—For the best English setter, dog or bitch, entered in the open classes, Parker Brothers offer through J. Palmer O'Neill & Co., double-barrelled, breech-loading shotgun, value \$125. Entry \$5.
 F.—For the best English setter, dog or bitch, owned in Pittsburgh, Joseph Eichbaum & Co. offer side-board set, value \$25. Entry \$2.
 G.—For the best English setter bitch, and litter of puppies two or more, under 3 months old, E. F. Tolcher & Sons, offer silver water pitcher, silver and goblets, value \$30. Entry \$5.
 H.—For the best English setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny, progeny to be under two years old of the progeny to be considered with the dam in judging, D. McKay Lloyd, offers cash, \$25. Entry \$2.
 I.—For the best matched brace of English setters (regardless of sex), color and quality considered in judging, Frank Shanley, offers pair lace leather hunting shoes, value \$15. Entry \$5.
 J.—For best English setter bitch entered in the open classes, Lafin & Rand Powder Co. offer one case Orange Lightning powder, value \$32. Entry \$2.50.
 K.—For best English setter dog or bitch, shown in the best bench show condition, James Kerr, Jr., offers case grooming implements, value \$25. Entry \$1.50.
 The President's Prize.—L.—The president of the society, Edward Gregg, offers gold medal, value \$30, for best English setter dog, owned or entered, either from Canada, Great Britain or Ireland. Entry free.
 The Secretary's Prize.—M.—C. B. Eilen, secretary of the society, offers \$25 for best brace of Irish setters, dog and bitch. Entry, \$2.50.

N.—R. B. Campbell offers barrel refined oil, value \$5, for hand-smeared English setter dog in show. Entry, \$15 cents.
 O.—For best Gordon setter, dog or bitch, entered in the open classes, J. D. Clcott offers painting of Mike, a champion Irish water spaniel. Entry, \$1.
 P.—The society offers Currier's ball rotating trap, value \$7.50, for best pointer dog. Entry, 50 cents.
 Q.—For best pointer bitch entered in open classes, J. Palmer O'Neill & Co. offer Ruperius single-barrel breech-loading gun, value \$15. Entry \$1.50.
 R.—Walter E. Hague offers \$10, gold, for best pointer, dog or bitch, owned and entered from Canada.
 S.—Capt. W. C. Beringer offers dog collar, whip and whistle for best Irish water spaniel, dog or bitch. Entry free.
 T.—For best cocker of field spaniel, dog or bitch, silver cup, value \$5. Entry free.
 U.—Society offers bronze medal for best foxhound, dog or bitch. Entry free.
 V.—Society offers bronze medal for best beagle, dog or bitch. Entry free.
 W.—Society offers \$50 cash, or a piece of silver plate, same value, for best mastiff, dog or bitch. Winner of prize can take his option. Entry \$5.
 X.—Boggs & Buller offer black silk dress pattern, value \$30, for best pig, dog or bitch, in open class, entered and owned by a lady. Entry \$2.

Y.—Society offers China tea cups and saucers, (24 pieces), hand painted, value \$30, for best Skye, Yorkshire or black and tan terrier, dog or bitch, that has not taken a first prize. Entry \$2.
 Z.—T. P. Bedlion offers pallias vase, value \$10, for best toy or pet dog or bitch, owned and entered by a lady. Entry \$3.

Z.—Merwin, Hurlburt & Co. offer set toilet vases, value \$7.50, for best King Charles or Japanese spaniel. Entry, 50 cents.
 B. A. Elliott offers plants and flowers, value \$5, for best pet pointer, dog or bitch. Entry free.

BB.—A lover of dogs offers hunting scene, painted on tile, value \$25, for the best large sized imported Russia pointer. Entry \$2.50.
 C.—Society offers J. Palmer O'Neill & Co., donate two cases Enreka dog biscuit, to be given to the second best mastiff. Entry free.

DD.—Heymer & Bro. offers for best bull, dog or bitch, box of collars, value \$7. Entry free.
 EE.—Society offers for best collie, dog or bitch, entered in the open classes, silver cup, value \$10. Entry, 50 cents.

FF.—Haworth & Dewhurst offer for best bull-terrier, dog or bitch, box of cigars, value \$7.50. Entry free.
 GG.—Society offers for best fox-terrier, dog or bitch, silver cup, value \$5. Entry free.

HH.—Society offers for best Yorkshire terrier, silver butter dish, value \$5. Entry free.

ENTRIES FOR SPECIAL PRIZES.
 All dogs to compete for the special prizes, must previously have been entered in their regular classes. This refers also to progeny of stud dogs and brood bitches.

It is expected that more special prizes may be donated; if so, they will be duly announced in the sporting papers, and should there not be time to make the entries before the date of closing, they will be received up to the first day of the opening of the show; but it must be distinctly understood that this refers only to the special prizes that may hereafter be offered.

Prizes of prizes can have cups or medals in place of cash, if they so desire.
 All entries for prizes that are published in this list must be made on or before the 10th of March.

Address: Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Lock Box 303, Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUPPIES' BITES.—The St. James's Gazette (London) says: "The verdict of 'Death from Hydrophobia' returned at an inquest held yesterday on the body of Thomas Jenkins, a baby of fourteen years of age, who died in a hospital in London in the habit of teasing puppies. The evidence showed that deceased pointed at a retriever of three months old now dogs of all kinds hate to be pointed at, which thereupon usually bark and cough. The cause of the death of which was grazed." That was in September last, and on the 16th inst. the boy showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and died in St. Mary's Hospital on Saturday last. It was stated in evidence that the boy had been bitten from puppies several times, and that from old dogs—a fact, if it were so, more dangerous than generally known as it should be. If puppies bite and scratches be more dangerous they are certainly far more common, especially if a "graze of the skin can be called a bite, and if a dog's teeth can be called a scratch, it is sufficient to induce hydrophobia." We very much doubt the alleged facts. It is exceedingly improbable that the boy died from the effects of the bite of the puppy. The statement that the boy was bitten from puppies are "more dangerous than from old dogs" is pure nonsense. We have been bitten hundreds of times by puppies and have yet to suffer any inconvenience therefrom.

A GOOD SCHEME.—A citizen of Paducah, Ky., recently became possessed of a litter of pups of a worthless breed, but being a humane man, was averse to slaughtering them. So he put them in the capture net, and gave them a good meal, then up the Tennessee River and try and give them away. The captain told the owner to put them in a basket, cover it with mosquito netting, and invoice them to some person in Florence, Ala. at a value of \$25 each. This was done, and the basket of pups placed at the foot of the cabin stairway, where they were surrounded by an admiring throng, the captain occasionally speaking a good word for them. Before the boat reached Johnsonville every pup in the basket had been stolen and spirited away by admirers of choice dog flesh.

MORE BEAGLE CLASSES WANTED.—Editor Forest and Stream: In your issue of February 8, I am much pleased to see Mr. J. M. Bergold second Mr. Elmore's letter of last week, in which he proposed to give me \$100 if I would send him up my name to a list, which I hope you will have before long, asking for such changes as will bring out a grand display of hounds at our bench shows, with classes arranged so as to show all our good ones of different types. I also hope you may show me a few kind of good ones, increasing gradually until 1-16 grains can be taken, the idea being to keep just short of the dose which causes this spasm or stiffening of the muscles. Cod liver oil should be given if needed, as shown by experience. Good living and a dry kennel are necessary adjuncts to a cure.

THE WASHINGTON SHOW.—By the time this is published the entries will have closed. Up to this time, judging the entries so far received are very good, and include the best dogs in the country, nearly all the crack champions are entered, beside a large number of new dogs in the open classes, and owners who have not heretofore exhibited. Washington's Birtch dog will be a gala day in the city, and as the railroad companies grant reduced rates, it will afford spectators a rare opportunity to visit the city, and take in the dog show at the same time.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

We have received from Messrs. Schlegel & Fattler, 25 Southmarket street, Boston, Mass., their seed catalogue for the spring of 1888.

ADVERTISERS will please bear in mind that this paper will go to press next week on Tuesday. All advertisements must be in our day earlier than usual.

Yachtsmen, attention! Do not fail to have your yachts fitted with electric apparatus. Mr. J. H. Longstreet, No. 9 Barclay street, New York, has a catalogue which appears in this issue, makes a specialty of furnishing yachts with all the latest and best electric apparatus.

Who smote the marble gods of Greece? Nobody knows. Why are Bacchus and his revelers, and the gods of Olympus, and the gods of the world, because they are quick, powerful and sure. Who will ride in a coach when he can travel by rail? Why will you not take a special car when you can be relieved to-day? For sale everywhere, Price 25 cents.—Ad.

AN EXCURSION TO CUBA.—Messrs. Levo & Alden, the well-known tourist agents, inaugurated last season the first series of sea-water excursions to Cuba. The experiment proved a flattering success. Messrs. Levo & Alden are now engaged in forming a party for the winter season, to Cuba, leaving New York by steamer, upon February 27, in charge of a competent conductor, and will be absent one month. The rate for merchandise has been reduced to 75% of the time when John Jacob Astor first engaged in handling fur, etc. He associated with Ramsay Crooks, who ultimately succeeded Mr. Astor, and who secured the contract for the winter season, 1873-74. Mr. Macnaughton died on Mr. Crooks's death. In 1879, Mr. Wm. Macnaughton died, and the business passed into the hands of his son Ramsay. With such a pedigree, it is not surprising that the business should be successful. Messrs. Macnaughton buy all sorts of furs and pelts and advertise correspondence from trappers. Attention is called to their advertisement in this issue.

CLAY PROCEEDS FOR LIVE BIRDS.—It appears from our English exchanges that the agitation against the use of live birds for sport is doing much good. The following is from the London Globe of Jan. 31: "Nothing could be more graceful and womanly than the rumored action of certain ladies who have been in the habit of supporting and exhibiting Hurlingham, and the Gun Club shall give up slaughtering pigeons and use the newly-invented 'terra cotta' pigeon." The ladies and humanity, are, as might also have been expected, the first suggestion of this pretty conspiracy came from the kindly heart of the Princess of Wales."—Ad.

for foxes to take upon leaving the hills for the woods. The hounds having been put on the scent by Mr. Whittaker...

"The hounds pressed the fox so hard that he had to leave, and broke cover in full view at the northeast corner, running a small distance in the open to another small opening, which he ran through without stopping; and going again into the open, running straight for Ed Jennings, who, when within ten paces or nearer, let go two barrels, missing him each time...

Captain Ross, seeing his chances of a shot gone, got behind his last pony and went tearing along, taking the lead of all the others, and going full gallop, he reached, by a short cut, the hill near the North Shimecock Gate, and as the hounds crossed the road, he having had a view of the fox which was now about half a mile ahead...

Report says Ed Jennings (who is a money-making farmer) has made a fox and practices shooting at it at seven yards distant, while his son-in-law attends to the farm.

SOUTHAMPTON, Long Island, February, 1883.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.—Editor Forest and Stream: The New Orleans Gun Club has done well in providing a stake for the winning dogs at Field Trials; but would it not be better to style the winner of that stake "Champion of America," rather than "Champion of the World?"

DOG COLLARS.—A person unaware of the number and variety of dog collars and trimmings manufactured, would be well paid a visit to the establishment of the Medford Fancy Goods Company, formerly at 90 Dnane street, but now in more commodious quarters, at 101 Chambers street, corner of Church.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.—There was not a quorum at the meeting on Tuesday evening of the Board of Governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club, and the meeting was adjourned to next Tuesday evening the 20th, when the committee on grounds for holding the trials will make their report.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.—Remember that the entries for the National Derby will close March 1. Entries are received of the secretary, Mr. D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn., or at this office.

CELERT. "For the want of something better," writes "Wells," "nor even half so good, I ask you to publish the following pretty and touching piece of verse, the production of Hon. William Robert Spencer. I have never seen it in your columns, and I feel sure some reader of your excellent paper will be obliged to me and to you for giving him an opportunity to read it."

BETH GELERT, OR THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND. The spearman heard the bugle sound, And cheerily smiled the morn, And many a brach and many a hound Obeysd Lewellyn's horn.

Oh where does faithful Gelert ram, The flower of all his race, So true, so brave, a laub at home, A lion in the chase? 'Twas only at Lewellyn's board The faithful Gelert fed, He watched, he served, he cheered his lord; And scented his bed.

In sooth he was a peerless bound, The gift of royal King, But now no Gelert could be found, And all the chase rode on. And now, as o'er the rocks and dells, The gallant chidings rise, All Snowden's scrabby chas-yells The many mingling cries.

That day Lewellyn little loved The chase of hart and hare; And scant and small the booty proved, For tielert was not there.

Unplensed Lewellyn homeward bled; When near the portal set His truant Gelert he espied, Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle-door, Against the chief-stain stood; The bound, all his' was smeared with gore; His lips, his f'ours ran blood.

Lewellyn gazed with fierce surprise, Unused such looks to meet. His favorite checked his joyful gait, And crocheted and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Lewellyn passed, And on went Gelert too; And still whenever his eyes he cast Fresh blood gouts shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found With blood-stained cover rent, And all around the walls and ground With recent blood besprent.

He called his child—no voice replied; He searched with terror wild; Blood, blood he found on every side; But nowhere found his child.

'Hell bound, my child's by thee deyoured,' The frantic father cried, And to the hill his vengeful sword He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell No pity could impart. But still, his Gelert's dying yell Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell Some slumberer wakened figh, What words the parent's joy could tell To hear his infant's cry?

Concealed search a trembled heap His hurried search had missed, All glowing from his rosy sleep The cherub boy he kissed.

Nor scathe had he, nor harm, nor dread, But the same couch beneath Lay a gaunt wolf, atony and dead; Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Lewellyn's pain? For on the truth was clear. The gallant hound the wolf had slain To save Lewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Lewellyn's woe; 'Best of thy kind, adieu! The frantic blow, which laid thee low, This heart shall ever rue.

And now a gallant tomb they raise With costly sculpture decked, And marbles stori'd with his praise Poor Gelert's bones protect.

There never could the spearman pass, Nor fosterer unmoved, There, oft, the tear-besprinkled grass Lewellyn's sorrow proved.

And there he hung his horn and spear, And there, as evening fell, In fancy's ear he oft would hear Poor Gelert's dying yell.

And till great Snowden's rocks grow old And cease the storms to brave, The consecrated spot shall hold The name of Gelert's grave.

KENNEL NOTES. NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS. Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notices, respondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

- 1. Color. 2. Breed. 3. Sex. 4. Age, or date of birth, of breeding or of death. 5. Name and residence of owner. 6. Name of owner's imported stock. 7. Sire, with his sire and dam. 8. Owner of sire. 9. Dam, with her sire and dam. 10. Owner of dam.

NAMES CLAIMED. See instructions at head of this column. Lela and Sheila. By Mr. Fred W. Rothera, Spring Creek Farm Kennels, Simco, Ont., for Scotch collie bitch, whelped Jan. 22, 1883, by Ch. Marcus out of owner's imported Lassie.

Bred Harle, Billy Tombar, Juby Taspie. By Mr. Geo. W. Leavitt, Jr., Boston, Mass., for spaniel puppies (Beau—Gene). See sales.

Comps. By Mr. W. H. Lee, Boston, Mass., for black, white and ticked setter dog pup, whelped Nov. 17, 1882 (Dash III.—Bessie). Corrier Belle. By Mr. S. B. Dilley, Rosendale, Wis., for liver and white pointer bitch, whelped Sept. 1, 1882, by his Ranger out of White Lily (Dine—Queen).

Clippers. By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrrior—Rosey).

Clubs. By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Lill (Warrrior—Rosey).

Freddie. By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Bergold's Lady (Vidocq—Fussie).

Lill II. By Fulton Kennel Club, Canal Fulton, Ohio, for white, black and tan beagle dog, whelped Dec. 13, 1882, by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Bergold's Lady (Vidocq—Fussie).

Milly. By Mr. W. H. Lee, Boston, Mass., for mastiff bitch, whelped Sept. 3, 1882, by Wm. H. Lee out of Wm. H. Lee's Bessie. Rory O'More III. By Mr. Frank Storr, Brookline, Mass., for red Irish setter dog, by Rory O'More out of Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly). Wag and Lory. By Mr. Stewart James, Jamaica, L. I., for red Irish setters, by Wenzel's Chief out of Pettie's Bessie.

Nodman, Bona, Duncan. By Mr. Chas. J. Stewart, Jamaica, L. I., for lemon and white English setter puppies, by Water-fury's St. Ives out of Forsley's Beauty.

Sir Kay, Fritz Pack, Lady Enid. By Payne-master George R. Watkins, L. S. N., for white and orange English setter puppies, whelped Dec. 1, 1882, by Kaymaster out of Grand Crook.

Carrie H. By Payne-master George R. Watkins, L. S. N., for blue belton English setter bitch, whelped June 14, 1882, by Empirer Fred out of Crook.

Briarstone. By Mr. Washington A. Coster, Flatbush, L. I., for lemon and white English setter bitch pup, whelped Dec. 15, 1882, by champion Gladstone out of Swager (Duke—Juno).

White Noble. By Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., for black, white and tan English setter bitch, whelped April 9, 1882, by Count Noble out of Sabina's Jack.

Bruce. By Mr. J. W. Houston, Chicago, Ill., for liver and white pointer dog, whelped Nov. 12, 1882, by Hindoo (champion Faust—Devonshire Lass) out of Flight (champion Row—Madge).

Tot D. By Mr. H. M. Delapole, Hyde Park, Mass., liver and white ticked pointer bitch, whelped March 11, 1882, by Sport (Duke—Betsey) out of P. (Sandy—Venus).

Valor, Chancellor, Guard, St. Nicholas, Judge. By Mr. Chas. E. Shaw, Clinton, Mass., for mastiff dogs, whelped Jan. 20, 1883, by his Duke (Earl—Bellet) out of his Pride (Duke—Juno).

Count Elcke. By Mr. James Anthony, Fall River, Mass., for black, white and tan ticked English setter dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1882, by Cashier (Duch III.—Opal) out of Flake (Duchess—Suzette).

Capitoline. By Dr. N. F. Spencer, Fall River, Mass., for black and white ticked English setter dog, whelped Oct. 16, 1882, by Cashier (Duch III.—Opal) out of Flake (Duchess—Suzette).

Count Dash. By Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., for black, white and tan English setter dog, whelped May 21, 1882, by Count Noble out of Dashing Novice.

BRED. See instructions at head of this column. Holly—Buckferry. Mr. T. P. Conolly's Flatbush, L. I. lemon belton setter bitch Sally (Belton—Blonde) to Mr. W. A. Cosser's Flatbush, L. I. Buckalane (Dread—Ruby), Jan. 13.

White Lily—Ranger. Mr. S. B. Dilley's (Rosendale, Wis.) pointer bitch White Lily (Dine—Queen) to his Ranger (Dine—Y.) liver cocker bitch Nell—Turk—Mr. W. H. Lee's mastiff bitch Nell (Mam—Fawn) to owner's Turk (Rajah)—Brewia, Jan. 3.

Queen Bess—Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) mastiff bitch Queen Bess (Turk Baby) to Prince Waldemar (Queen Prince—Necessity), Jan. 5. Druidess—Turk. Mr. W. H. Lee's mastiff bitch Druidess to owner's Turk, Jan. 7.

Jule—Turk. Mr. C. W. Cook's mastiff bitch Jule (Jack—Baby) to Mr. W. H. Lee's Turk, Jan. 7. Dot—Duch. Mr. C. A. Dole's (Lynn, Mass.) lemon and white pointer bitch Dot (Guss—Spot) to Mr. A. M. Tull's lemon and white pointer Dash (Duch—Tull's Jenny), Jan. 7.

Spider—Hornell Dandy. The Hornell Spaniel Club's (Hornellville, N. Y.) black and white cocker bitch Spider (Bob III.—Trix) to their black cocker Hornell Jandy (Hornell—Bessie) Jan. 1.

Feevey—Bonanza. Mr. J. Bryson's liver cocker bitch Feevey (Dunkirk Dan—Josie) to the Hornell Spaniel Club's black spaniel Bonanza (Brush I.—Janet), Jan. 1.

Hornell Anna—Bonanza. The Hornell Spaniel Club's black and tan cocker Anna to their black spaniel Bonanza, Jan. 1. Madge—Hornell Dandy. The Hornell Spaniel Club's liver cocker Madge (Benedict—Madcap) to their Hornell Dandy, Jan. 1.

Terle—Hornell Dandy. The Hornell Spaniel Club's black and tan cocker Belle (Waddell's Beau—Blanche) to their Hornell Dandy, Jan. 25.

Hornell Flora—Bonanza. The Hornell Spaniel Club's black cocker Hornell Flora (Bub—Jenny) to their black spaniel Bonanza. Carly—Bub. Mr. Marion Jay's (Woodbury, Conn.) liver cocker bitch Carly (Jack—Topsy) to the Hornell Spaniel Club's Bub (Brush I.—Janet), Jan. 25.

Aileen—Rock. Dr. J. S. Niven's (London, Ont.) Irish terrier bitch Aileen to his Rock. Lorna—Dr. Dr. Wm. Jarvis's (Claremont, N. H.) Irish setter bitch Lorna to Mr. Mcintosh's (Pittsburg, Pa.) Bix, Jan. 21.

Lady Abess—Prism. Mr. Fred W. Rothera's (Spring Creek Farm Kennels, Simco, Ont.) imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lady Abess (Hero—Lottie) to his imported rough-coated St. Bernard dog Prism (champion Hero—champion Amy).

Notice—Prism. Mr. Fred W. Rothera's imported rough-coated St. Bernard bitch Lottie to his imported rough-coated St. Bernard dog Prism (champion Hero—champion Amy).

Harbell—Saugher. Mr. A. H. Wakefield's (Providence, R. I.) English beagle bitch Harbell (Cassie—Olette) to Mr. H. A. Short's (Johnston, R. I.) Singalar (Flete—Queen), Jan. 31.

Her—Dicks. Mr. George Ayre's black and tan setter bitch Her (Sheep—Gypsy) to Mr. Hart's (Dunstable, Eng.) black and tan setter Lohia—Luice. Mr. Bayard Thayer's (Boston, Mass.) imported rough-coated bitch Lohia to Mr. J. E. Thayer's Luice (Bran—Maida II.), Feb. 5.

Gay—Rory O'More. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Gay (Elcho—Fire Fly) to champion Rory O'More. Ance—Rory O'More, Jr. The Rory O'More Kennel's (Albany, N. Y.) red Irish setter bitch Anne Boley (Rory O'More—Queen Bess) to their Rory O'More, Jr. (Rory O'More—North O'More).

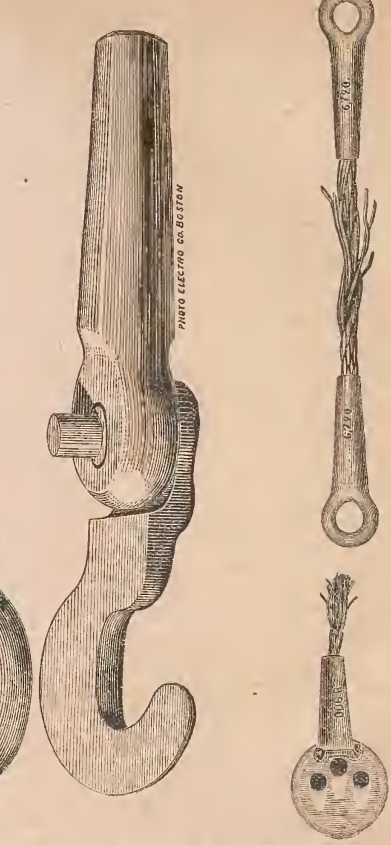
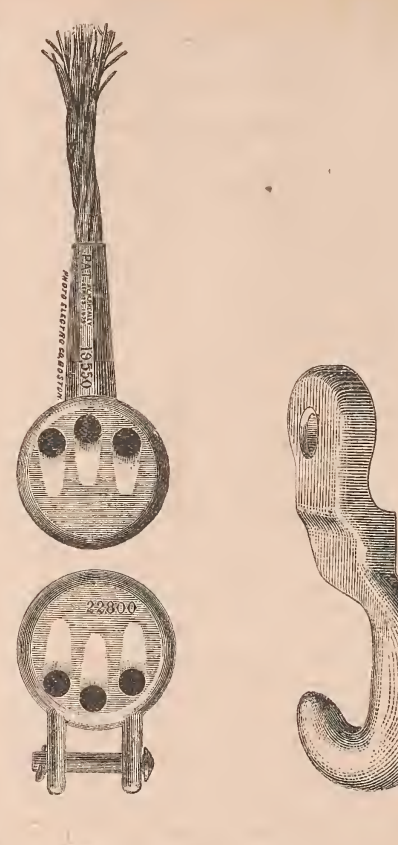
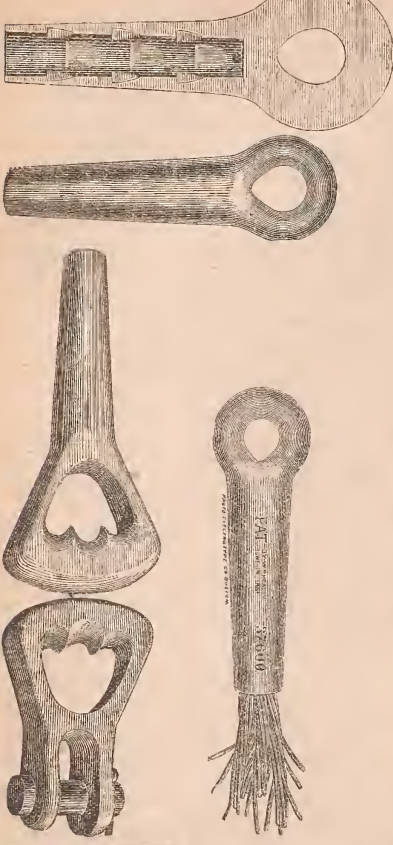
Mignon—Gloss. Mr. Eugene Powers's (Cortland, N. Y.) black and white ticked cocker spaniel bitch Mignon (Dart—Daisey H.) to his Gloss (Bub—Jenny), Feb. 5.

Boatella—Turk. Dr. J. W. Alsop's (Middletown, Conn.) imported mastiff bitch Boatella (Rajah—Queen) to Mr. H. W. Lee's (Boston, Mass.) Turk (Babe—Fay), Feb. 5.

WHELPS. See instructions at head of this column. Lassie—Karens. Mr. Fred W. Rothera's (Spring Creek Farm Kennels, Simco, Ont.) imported Scotch collie bitch Lassie, Jan. 22, one (one dog) by champion Marcus (seven dead).

Lill—Bowie. The Fulton Kennel Club's (Canal Fulton, Ohio) champion beagle bitch Lill (Warrrior—Rosey), Dec. 13, 1882, four (two dogs) by their champion Boxer.

Bergold's Lady—Bowie. The Fulton Kennel Club's (Canal Fulton, Ohio) champion beagle bitch Bergold's Lady (Vidocq—Fussie), Dec. 13, 1882, four (two dogs) by their champion Boxer (Cameron's Boxer—Webb's Lady) out of their Bergold's Lady (Vidocq—Fussie).



METALLIC SPLICING.

The usual method of splicing wire is in imitation of the practice pertaining with rope. The splicing, if well done, is strong enough, but never perfectly reliable, so much depending upon the workmanship. Objections are the time consumed, the waste of wire and the difficulty of making repairs away from a regular riggers' establishment. This last objection is the most serious to owners of yachts, as they seldom command the ability or tools to effect repairs, except in a temporary and crude way, and such repairs are seldom to be trusted, often involving new rigging to make up for the loss of length incurred by the attempts of the crew. The new metallic splice is put on the market to overcome the inconveniences of "making and sticking." It can be recommended for durability, economy of time and material, neatness, and the facility of application and removal. It is practically indestructible by any ordinary usage or exposure. No repairs are needed, and when a rope is worn out the socket may be easily removed and used on new rope. This is a marked advance over the old style splice which requires the frequent attention of a competent rigger to repair or renew the coating or surface of tarred hemp, which, without such care, soon becomes worthless either to hold the splice together or to keep water from going into it, thereby causing rot, expanding the hemp core and spreading the splice laterally and destroying it.

There is a large saving of rope by this method, as none is required to go around thimbles or deereyes; none is used for furling; none to trim off, and in fact no rope is wasted and no hemp service is required either to strengthen or to protect the splice. For ship use no chaffing gear is required, as the socket is a smooth metal which will neither chafe nor be chafed. No repairs are required. The time taken to fasten the rope may be safely stated as less than one-tenth of that required to make and finish the old style splice.

The arrangement is simple to describe. The wire having been cut to the required length, the end is inserted in the socket, cast in one with the various fittings used in rigging, such as eyes, hooks, hearts, fair leaders, etc., and there secured by pouring a strong fusible metal around it, completely filling all the spaces in and around the rope, and forming a perfectly solid and thoroughly united structure which no strain can break, as has been amply proved by a great number of tests made at the U. S. Arsenal, Watertown, Mass., and several other places; and also by practical use on shipboard.

This invention is likely to work important changes to the manner of rigging yachts of all kinds, from the fact that these sockets may be terminated by any kind of device or fastening commonly used in connection with wire rope, for which purpose the Metallic Splice Manufacturing Company have brought out many useful and neat patterns, among which we have selected the principal ones for illustration.

The socket cast in one with the fittings is made with care and always cylindrical inside, as shown by the sectional cut of an ordinary eye bearing presented. The socket is first cut out conical, but subsequent experiments showed a cylindrical hole all that is necessary, since the wire rope invariably wears away before the splice or wearing rope. No special sockets shown in the illustration are not even necessary, for perfect fusion takes place between the wire, filling and surrounding casting if the directions are properly followed. These are written with the comprehension of every one, as appears from the following: Pure tin, or a compound of half lead and half tin. Either of these may be used with the utmost safety, and are obtainable in any part of the world.

except as necessary to assure persons likely to use the splice, that it has been put through well authenticated experiments before competent experts, and that no risk attends the introduction of a method of splicing we regard as a great improvement upon existing customs. The general results of the experiments are set forth in the subjoined table obtained before a board of U. S. naval officers at the Watertown Arsenal, Aug. 22, 1881.

SOCKETS.	STEEL WIRE ROPE.	ULTIMATE STRENGTH.
Malleable Iron, " "	Two Inch,	30,000 Lbs.
" " "	Three " "	45,700 "
" " "	Four " "	73,000 "

The rope was broken in every case and the splices were uninjured.

The following is an extract from a report of tests, made to Commodore O. Hager, commanding the U. S. Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., March 31, 1882:

Commodore—In obedience to your order of the 10th inst., we have examined and witnessed the testing at Watertown Arsenal of the patent fusible wire socket splice presented by W. P. Healey. In one case a five-eighth iron rod—Norway iron—was inserted in the socket, the rod parted and the splice remained intact. By the request of the board two ends of wire rope were put together, and the socket splice put on similar to two ends of a shroud being shot away and put together and the result of the two tests. The rope was broken each time, the splice remaining good. (A splice of this kind does not shorten the rope.)

From the results of the tests and the opinion that if the sockets and splices are carefully made, and a sufficient space given in the socket to allow the metal to go freely to the bottom and penetrate the wire spaces, that it will more than stand the strain of the rope. It is also more durable and economical than the old method of splicing.

(Signed) C. C. CARPENTER, Captain U. S. N.
E. T. SMOOK, Lieutenant U. S. N.
J. B. Aiken, Boatswain U. S. N.
M. H. WENDELL, Supt. Rope Walk.

The strength and reliability of the metallic splice is therefore not open to doubt. Its neatness and advantages will be readily appreciated by the reader. Hon. Benjamin Dean, owner of the well known sloop *Undine*, of Boston, who tried the arrangement on his yacht, has the following to say:

Boston, September 14, 1881.

Supt. Metallic Splice Manufacturing Co.—I am much pleased with your Metallic Splice. It is the nearest thing possible, and secures the entire strength of the rope. Nothing could be better.

Yours, very truly,
BENJ. DEAN.

Since the above is given by the captain of pilot boats and the owners of vessels generally, so we deem ourselves warranted in aiding the introduction of the splice throughout the yachting fleet. We have at our office a sample, cut across in several places, demonstrating the complete welding of all parts in a single mass.

The only caution required is to follow absolutely the directions with regard to heating the socket; the object being to cause contraction of the surrounding iron as the filling metal cools. No skilled expert called for, any builder or carpenter or boat-sharp can execute high thorough work in much less time than they could with the old rickety process. Owners of small boats can doctor their rigging without the trouble of carrying it to a rigger's loft and paying high price for rigging work.

The various sizes of sockets are known by numbers, and suited to rigging according to the circumference, which may be taken as equal to three times the diameter and a trifle over. The amount of filling metal is small and the cost purely nominal, being only 24lb. for a socket 2 1/2 in. internal circumference. Among the yachts fitted with the metallic splice may be mentioned the schooner *Ray*, new of New York, the schooner *Meteor*, the sloop *Crocket*, built by the Woods Bros., of Boston, for Mr. Holt, of Oswego; the *Glosson*, R. V. King, of Boston; the *Charm*, M. Driscoll, and the *Thaetou*, of the same place. Also the sloop *Blanche*, T. C. Lyman, of New York, and the *Undine*, before noted. Quite a large fleet will be similarly supplied this fall, as builders generally are giving the new method their preference. The accompanying illustrations explain themselves. They include the common "round eye," useful for many purposes and a general substitute for eye splicing in all parts of a ship. The dead eyes are neater, stronger and lighter than those of lignum vitae. The "key sockets" or "hearts" are adapted to setting up bowsprit blocks, halyards, and smookestack stays. The slider hooks are familiar in their application to all.

Other cuts illustrate the breaking of the wire before the

crew during a t. official tests. With such handy appliances, yacht owners will be able to find many occasions to work them in to advantage where at present they refrain on account of the trouble and difficulty involved in the old method. Double sockets for joining two ends are also manufactured, so that a break can be overcome without shortening the rigging, by sticking the ends as formerly required. The means for quick repairs, alterations or additions are to be found about even the smallest of boats, so the work can be all done aboard ship with a few spare sockets in stock among the boat-swall's stores. We refer those interested for further information to the Metallic Splice Manufacturing Company, 55 Oliver Street, Boston, from whom samples may also be obtained.

STEAM YACHTS.

DISDE a lot of wretched, half-drowned, ill-shaped launches upon the steam yachts, we have few if any regular steam yachts deserving the appellation. The sausage shaped things, so low in the waist as to be quickly swamped in rough water, and surmounted by tenement houses with a couple of bean poles for rig are at best to be classed as launches which have come into vogue on the strength of their supposed high speed. Nine out of ten of them, however, can lay claim to nothing of the sort, and if not for speedy conveyance up and down rivers to suburban residences, their right to exist may fairly be questioned. With the exception of the Liverpool yachts, these steam launches with their ungainly form, dangerous proclivities, clumsy, antiquated boilers and the engines, are lamentable failures in respect to high speed. Lacking in the only quality justifying their existence, they are worthless toys of no service or value. The cruising steam yacht affording a floating home, and able to make a passage to any parts as reasonable, evenly maintained speed upon the lowest coal consumption and the smallest engine space, is one of these luxuries not yet existing in our waters, and it is fast hourly understood in her ports of excellence and adaptability to yachting. For the vast fleet of steamers ranging from seventy-five to seven hundred tons in British waters we have as yet no counterpart. That they will compose an important element in the near future can hardly be doubted when we keep in mind their fast increasing popularity abroad, and the wide range of their usefulness. Such fresh-decked screw yachts as we have so far built, are to a great extent reproductions of the little launches on a larger scale, and with two or three exceptions, their excessive consumption and cramped engine spaces render them unsuitable for cruising and voyaging purposes. Of the class of economical cruising steamers the English and Scotch have so long made a specialty that now designs will naturally be sought to fill the lack of our own experience. Those in search of the latest practice are directed to the ripe knowledge and close familiarity with the subject for which the architect and engineer, Mr. St. Clair, of Liverpool, have well established reputations. In applying to his professional ability, gentlemen contemplating the construction of steam yachts should certainly first consult him, for by studying his work in the dark, leaving to carpenter and blacksmith the intricacies and neat balances of size, power, rig and accommodations. The clumsy attempts at originality now existing in our waters prove how futile it is on the part of even our best engineering establishments to reach at a single bound upon first attempt the maturity in plan and the nicety of detail which can only be acquired by gradual approaches through many years of time and the closest attention. We are induced to give this warning, because we hear of a cruising steam yacht about to be designed and built by a concern which has never turned out anything of the kind, has no one in its employ who ever stepped aboard such a vessel, and who know nothing of a cruiser's requirements in work, which is being taken in hand by naval specialists, and to renounce their advice and knowledge in favor of the overweening confidence of a brusque agent in search of a commission is to insure failure from the start and another disaster upon the introduction of steam cruisers.

MEASUREMENT IN GERMANY.—After discussion of the systems in vogue the North German Sailing Union has decided to adopt "bulk measurement" and has voted in favor of a system which has been used in practice. An official measurer will be selected, whose expenses will be covered by the union. Expert engineers and army officers, took part in the deliberations, and their support of bulk measurement is strong evidence of its equity. There is nothing unaccounted in their conclusions, nor did they build upon false assumptions and prejudice like certain young club members here. The clubs at Hamburg, Stettin, Danzig, Kiel and Berlin are included in the union. The Royal Copenhagen Club, of Denmark, now in danger of displacement, but as the yacht has been produced by a producing school, dangerous yachts is already becoming apparent; the Danish yachtsmen are likely to follow the lead of the Germans soon.

HULL YACHT CLUB.

PROPORTION OF PRIZES WON BY H. Y. C. YACHTS IN RACES OF OTHER CLUBS.

Table with columns: DATE, CLUB, WHERE SAILED, Total Yachts, Hull Y. C. Yachts, 1st prize, 3d prize, 5d prize, 7th prize, Total. Lists various races from May to Feb.

A MEMORY OF MOROCCO.

I HAVE just read in Blackwood for December, an article entitled "Four Months in Morocco," and the sporting incidents and adventures there recounted have carried me back in memory to ancient days, long before that wild and singular land was invaded and subdued by the armed forces of old Spain.

At the time to which I allude, I was a light-hearted subaltern quartered with my regiment on the Rock of Gibraltar—a youth devoted to sport—and reveling in the lavish opportunities for its indulgence that surrounded us.

The "crack corps" in which I had the honor to serve, numbered among its officers more sportsmen than any other regiment in the garrison; and during the autumn and winter months the raids made by us on the fair domains of Andalusia produced bags that "astonished the natives" and for the number and variety of game may well be remembered in after days with pleasurable satisfaction.

In these excursions we were frequently joined by officers of the United States Navy. The commodore's flag-ship and a splendid frigate being anchored for many weeks—where we hope we may ever find them side by side, with our guns, we struck up a warm friendship, and the frigate was felt as much at home on board their ships, as they did in our mess room and quarters. I never met a set of officers I liked so much. Time and separation has almost severed those agreeable associations, and many an old friend has "joined the majority," but I wonder whether any are left who may possibly have these lines and awaken the pleasant echoes of "Andaluz syde."

At all events I take keen delight in following the doings of the rising generation "by flood and field," and nowhere do I find them so pleasantly recounted as in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

CRIMMA.

WHERE DO THEY BEAG?—While hunting near Green Lake, Wis., about May 10, 1879, I shot in a small marsh four cockbirds, the first was the common red and buff shouldered blackbird, the second was a yellow-headed blackbird, except that the buff patch is wanting, and each of the scarlet feathers, both of the lesser and middle wing coverts, is tipped with black, the terminal spot being quite small in the lesser coverts, but prominent in the greater. Number three is the same, except that the scarlet is altogether wanting, and in its place is a patch of light orange shading into lemon-yellow, and bordered by a wide band of pure white. Number four is the common yellow-headed blackbird, X. leucorhynchus. The yellow on the wing patch of number three is just the same as that on the head and neck of number four. Who will tell me under what variety of A. phoeniceus to put numbers two and three?—W. W. Cooke (Jefferson, Wis.).

A NEW BIRD BOOK.—We understand that the Rev. J. H. Lawrence will publish next summer a work on the Birds of America ornithology, entitled "Our Birds in their Haunts." This work will be an attempt to popularize the sum total of our present knowledge of the birds of Eastern North America. Special attention will be given to the nidification and to the peculiar zoological characteristics of this class of vertebrates. The results of his investigations of a new and carefully explored territory ranging from Western New York through the region of the Great Lakes to Hudson's Bay will be given by the author, who will call attention to the evidences of design in nature as revealed in bird-life. The work will be illustrated.

A CALIFORNIA DUCK TRAP.—The wild ducks are more destructive to grain this winter than are the geese. At least that is the complaint of the ranchers. While the geese feed more or less during the day, the ducks confine their depredations to the night, the result being a great deal of grain lost on successfully warning against them. Charles Chapman has been greatly annoyed by ducks, and his grain has suffered to a considerable extent. But Charley has hit upon an expedient that is not only protecting his grain, but threatening to annihilate the duck band from the vicinity of his farm. One of the latter a small wire ran to the trigger of the gun. This trap was set Thursday night. The wires were only thirty-four feet in length. About 2 o'clock Friday morning work up, but didn't go out. When he arose in the morning he picked up thirty-seven dead ducks—making a total of sixty killed during the night. He was in town on Friday, and told us that he intended erecting at least 500 yards of the trap on his grain fields.—Grizzly Herald.

ANEQUIN, THE INDIAN.—The Secretary of the Navy yesterday received a telegram from the Alaska Fur and Seal Company, January 5, announcing the death from small-pox of the Alaskan Indian, Anequin. The poor Indian, who survived all the perils of the Jeannette expedition to perish at last of small-pox, was a native of Alaska. He joined the Jeannette at St. Michaels, Alaska, in August, 1858, as dog driver and hunter. He spoke a little English, and as time passed on he became more familiar with the language. He was with engineer Melville in the whaleboat and reached land in totemally "waka-ya," but didn't go out. He assisted in the capture of the island. He did his duty manfully, was a capital hunter, and very popular with the crew, who gave him the nickname of "Queen Annie." There were two Alaskan Indians on board the Jeannette, Anequin and Alexy, who were regarded as both great favorites with the officers and men, as they were brave and willing and often assisted their companions by their native singing and dancing. Alexy, it will be remembered, perished with De Long's party, and in De Long's diary Alexy's name figures very prominently. It was Alexy who always went off exploring and hunting, and would keep the commander from freezing in the night by the warmth of his body or by taking off his own coat and wrapping it around De Long.—New York Herald.

FOR Coughs, Asthma and Throat Disorders, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, having proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Sold only in boxes.—Ad.

less the intention of the framers of the law meant to include Jan. 1 in the close season, but the present wording is not to that effect.

J. E. B. New York.—My dog has a white film on one eye, please prescribe. Ans. Drop in the eye twice daily a small pinch of finely powdered sugar.

A. P. Branchport, N. Y.—There are eight game protectors in New York. The salary is \$500 per year, with an allowance of \$200 for traveling expenses.

J. T. C. Boston, Mass.—You may find shooting on the beaches near Boston in proper season, provided you were on the ground before "the rest of the boys."

T. W. N., Porterville, Cal.—For cocker spaniel see our advertising columns. 2. White rice may be had of Mr. C. S. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont., price 82 per bushel.

A. F. L., London, Ont.—Your dog probably has distemper. Keep him in a dry place, and give him with plenty of good food and give twice daily two grains of creosote.

J. H. A., Lockwood, N. Y.—Yes, the pills are good for the money. The arms are not manufactured now, we understand, which will account for the dealers' high prices.

F. P. H., Fort Missoula, M. T.—You may find no trouble in shooting the round bullets from a choke-bore gun, provided the ball easily passes the choke, but we should prefer not to do it.

W. H. P., Concord, N. H.—The 26-inch barrel will give good service, though a longer one is generally preferred. One of the best shots at ruffed grouse we know, uses a 22-in. 16-bore.

G. W. J.,—For map of New Hampshire write to Colton, map publisher, William Street, New York. For New Hampshire game law write to the Fish and Game Commission, Newbury, N. H.

T. S., Port Washington.—We cannot tell you when the bill will be discussed by the Legislature. The bill becomes law and goes into effect immediately upon receiving the Governor's signature.

T. J. F., Freeburg, N. Y.—"The Gun and its Development," by Greener, will answer your purpose. You might supplement it by applying to the various manufacturers for their illustrated catalogues.

SHORT, Newville.—Loaded paper shells which fit, will generally slip out in the way you mention. 2. Choke-bore has been adopted by all the best marks. 3. We cannot well compare the penetration pads to a magazine.

Olo H., Hudson, N. Y.—There are several excellent rifles, both single-shot and repeaters. We must decline to give an opinion as to which is the best. You will find any one of them good enough if you know how to use it.

H. R. T., Georgetown, D. C.—Buckshot can be used in a choke-bore provided they are chambered to fit the choke. To do this insert a wad into the chamber and press the shot to the point where the choke is closest. Then chamber the shot on the wad.

C. H., Havana, Cuba.—It is not customary for first-class gunmakers to fill up barrels in gun barrels with solder. If you write the firm you name, in one of whose guns you have discovered such a defect, we think that they will make it good.

W. O. W., Charlottesville, Va.—How large do German carp grow? Ans. They are sometimes found of a weight of twenty to forty pounds. They will grow to six pounds in three years or more in favorable localities, and sometimes in less time.

J. D. G., Canby, Ore.—For information respecting climate of Southern California, consult the "California" book published by Harper & Bros., of this city. Also Mr. Van Dyke's "Ride, Rod and Gun in California," price \$1.50, for sale at this office.

C. A. M., Skowhegan, Me.—For all practical purposes the 12-bore is as good as the 10 at 100 yards. Choke-boring is a system by which the barrel is constricted near the muzzle. You can use buckshot in a choke-bore, if you use a soft clay-colored egg, spotted and blined with dark brown or black.

W. R. P., Athens, Pa.—The sparrow will do for trap shooting, if you like the sport. 2. The spotted snapper, Tringoides macularius, it is common about rivers and about lakes and pools, nests in the grass, and is a very clay-colored egg, spotted and blined with dark brown or black.

CAHOSET.—Please give the address of some firm from which I can obtain enough carp to stock several ponds. Ans. Milton P. Peirce, 17 Market Street, Boston, or George T. Peirce, Erie Street, Erie, Pa. The United States Fish Commission may have more for distribution in the spring. Apply to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C.

R. W. W., Wrigleyville, Ill.—The male of the Canada goose has a tail about two inches from the end, which looks rather bad. It was caused, I think, by being broken at that point. Would you advise me to cut that much off, or to do nothing without any risk? Ans. If the injury is likely to be permanent we should advise that the end of the tail be taken off, which can be done without danger.

YOUNG ESTABLISHMENTS.—I should be much obliged if any of your readers would tell me any good means of securing your descriptions very really good fly-fishing can be had, and where it would be possible for a young fellow to board reasonably. Ans. You can find good fly-fishing on both sides of Lake Michigan if you go toward the northern end. About Petoskey, Mich., there are numerous good trout streams, and you can get board at reasonable rates.

R. H. D., Canandaigua, N. Y.—It is impossible to identify with any certainty the bird you mention, because your descriptions are so meager. Your No. 1 may be a horned lark (Zenopsis nebulosa); No. 2 perhaps, is a white crowned sparrow (Zonotrichia leucophrys); and No. 3 is almost certainly a vesper sparrow (Zonotrichia leucophrys). If you wish to have birds identified you had better send on the specimens.

This is to say, out of a total of 329 prizes offered in races open to the yachts of the Hull Y. C., 118 were excluded, the latter captured 127, or 38 1/2 per cent. of the lot. Furthermore, this was accomplished with 593 boats out of a total of 690 or with 85 1/2 per cent. of the entries. The prizes taken were therefore one-quarter in excess of the number proportionate to the entries. As regards first prizes, the total taken by all hands was 132. Of these 73, or 55 per cent. fell to the lot of representatives of the Hull Y. C., while by the number of entries their share should have been only 51. In other words, yachts of the H. Y. C. landed half as many firsts again than if the prizes had been allotted according to number of entries.

The above table is valuable for more than club statistics. It exhibits at a glance the great activity displayed in Eastern yacht racing, though only representing that portion of races to which Hull Y. C. craft were admitted. Judging by the present, it will be many years before New York and vicinity will be able to match this gratifying table display.

Starts with 56, 73, 82 and 144 yachts going across are things unknown to New York waters, and must ever remain so until such a maritime nuisance and drawback to legitimate sport as the shifting of dead weight and live weight ballast is once for all stricken from the sailing regulations of all clubs of standing, whether far-reaching or local in their influence. Races in the East follow upon one another so fast that the doings of even the smallest boat can be followed with interest and to good purpose. Several matches a week throughout the season bring together the best material for crews, principally of the amateur sort, and the end of a season finds them so well shaken down in accustomed places that they begin to grow tired of expert handling, creating a vast body from which the future finds fresh recruits to add to the swelling list of owners. Racing in the East, though carried out purely on the basis of genuine sport, an air of business and earnest about all its proceedings, compared to which the desultory, meagre, half-aimed competition in New York waters is but a skeleton and a by-gone, in which the most worthless style of trap is fostered at the expense of yachts proper.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

R. W. DALEY.—The address is 408 Beekman street, New York.

DE PAIVA, Baltimore, Md.—See our advertising columns.

YKONONA, Chicago.—We do not know Mr. Bishop's business.

W. M. H., Philadelphia.—Write to H. C. Glover, Tomars River, N. J.

J. N. B., Cheyenne, Wyoming.—See record of Bogards elsewhere.

RAILWAY TICKET AGENT.—We know nothing of any record for the latter.

T. F. O. B., Buffalo, N. Y.—Write to J. O. Fellows, Hornellsville, N. Y.

J. E., Newport, R. I.—Write to Gard G. Hammond, New London, Conn.

E. M. C., Ripley, Miss.—Write to Thomas H. Terry, Box 2,017, New York.

MAC, Harrisville, Mich.—The word Lafanchois is pronounced Le-fecher.

J. C. W., Fort Wayne, Ind.—We should not advise use of balls in a choke-bore gun.

H., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Write to W. E. Livingston, 10 West 36th street, New York.

G. C. P., New York.—We are of opinion that you will get best results with the No. 4.

J. H. B., Boston, Mass.—The rifle sight will answer your purpose for target shooting.

H. A. S., South Norwalk, Conn.—For skunk-trap bait use a gentleman or chicken feed.

J. H. B., Wakefield, Mass.—We know nothing of any bird of the kind you mention nor of its doings.

C. J. H., Nashua, N. H.—You will find instructions for fly-making in "Halleck's Sportsman's Gazetteer."

C. A. S., Erie, Pa.—For market prices of fur write to the fur dealers whose advertisements will be found elsewhere.

C. K., Blackrock, Mo.—Write to the manufacturers of rubber goods, whose advertisements you will find elsewhere.

H. E.,—See answer to R. W. 2. For plan of Creedmore see "The Rifle Range," by A. H. Weston, published by Harper & Bros.

D. E.,—Write to J. H. Weston, published by Harper & Bros.

D. E.,—Write to J. H. Weston, published by Harper & Bros.

J. A.,—Try a higher priced powder than you have been using, and see if the results are not better. But all powder gives out some.

HUNTER, Jackson, Mich.—We know of no such arm. You will, however, find a rifle and shotgun combination noticed in our advertising columns.

C. C. H., Canada.—The English E. C. powder is a nitro-cellulose powder, claimed by its manufacturers to be more uniform than the Schulzite.

MIZELL-LEADER, Cortland, N. Y.—The close season for ruffed grouse in New York State is according to the law "between the first day of January and the first day of September," which evidently permits the killing of these birds on Jan. 1. Doubt-

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O'Shaughnessy, Tapered Tgd Knobbed	6.50	5.50	4.50	4.00	3.50	2.45	2.20	2.00	1.87	1.66	1.44	1.33	1.33	1.33	1.33	1.33	1.33	1.33
Bass Needle Eye						1.33	1.26	1.11	1.08	.97	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86	.86
American Trout, Marked						2.16	1.87	1.63	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08	1.00	1.00	.86	.86	.86	.86
Carlisle, marked						2.16	1.87	1.63	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08	1.00	1.00	.86	.86	.86	.86
Aberdeen, marked						2.16	1.87	1.63	1.44	1.33	1.18	1.08	1.00	1.00	.86	.86	.86	.86
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[Extract from FOREST AND STREAM, July 7, 1881, p. 444.]

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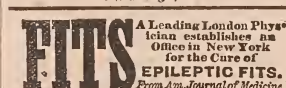


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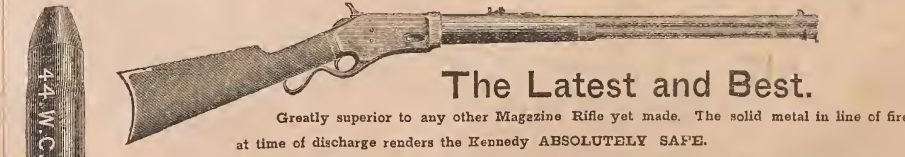
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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1883.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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Forest and Stream Publishing Co.,
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GEORGE DAWSON.

GEORGE DAWSON died at his home in Albany, New York, last Saturday morning, after a brief illness of less than a week.

His death brought to its close a long and active life, well rounded with usefulness and honor. Mr. Dawson had almost attained the allotted three score years and ten, and had retired from active life to spend a well-earned leisure in the companionship of his chosen books and many friends.

George Dawson was born at Falkirk, Scotland, March 14, 1813; and when three years old came to this country with his family, living first in New York City, and afterward in Toronto, Canada. At the age of eleven, in 1824, he entered as an apprentice to the printing trade in Niagara Falls, Canada. In 1826 he went to Rochester, New York, and there became an employe of the late Thurlow Weed, and in 1831, Mr. Weed having established the Albany Evening Journal, Mr. Dawson became foreman of the printing office. This position he held, meantime reporting the Legislature proceedings, and doing other work upon the paper, until, in the spring of 1836, he was called to the editorship of the Rochester Daily Democrat. Thence, after three years, he went, in August, 1839, to the editorial management of the Detroit Daily Advertiser, where, in return for his services to them, the Whigs made him State printer. In 1842 a fire destroyed the establishment, and Mr. Dawson returned to Rochester, and again became the editor of the Daily Democrat, which position he held until 1846. At the invitation of Mr. Weed he became an associate in the editorship of the Albany Evening Journal, of which he became senior editor and proprietor upon Mr. Weed's resignation. In the history-forming years that followed, Mr. Dawson's position was one

of great influence. He wielded a sharp, lucid pen, and through the Journal moulded public opinion in the great crises of the day. In the arduous duties of his editorial management Mr. Dawson did the best work of his life, finding brief rest and recreation in his favorite pastime of angling. In March, 1877, he retired from the active management of the Journal, and devoted himself to the pursuits of a leisure well earned. In 1879 he again took up the pen and assumed control of the Journal, relinquishing it in September of last year. The life we have thus briefly outlined was a busy and influential career. But like many another man born with a love for the beautiful things of nature, Mr. Dawson found time—or made it—to gratify to a normal extent his tastes for out-of-door life. His summer vacations were spent in the woods, in the companionship of chosen friends of like spirit, and in a communion with nature, from which he returned each year renewed in mental strength and vigor, and, like the Norse heroes of old who ate of the magic youth-restoring apples, young again in years.

Mr. Dawson was one of "the simple wise men who love to go fishing." The pastime was a passion with him, and few men could write of its charms with more appreciation or more delicately. His annual angling trips were described in the Journal in several series of letters, fragrant with the fresh, spicy odor of the North Woods and the Canadian forests. In 1879, after returning from his thirty-fifth annual trip to angling waters, he collected several of these letters together into a handsome volume entitled "Pleasures of Angling with Rod and Reel for Trout and Salmon," a book which has taken its place among the classics of this literature.

Among his angling friends and camp companions were many of the distinguished men of the day, President Arthur, ex-Vice-President Wheeler, ex-Treasurer Spinner, Senator Edmunds, Secretary Folger, ex-Governor Seymour, Chief Justice Ritchie, of New Brunswick, and Chief Justice Gray of the Supreme Court. Of his days in camp with these friends some pleasant chat was given in the "Winter Talk," published in the FOREST AND STREAM of Dec. 21 last.

When Mr. Dawson retired from his editorial duties last fall he expressed to the writer the pleasant anticipation of devoting himself to more congenial occupations, and shortly thereafter he began the series of charming "Winter Talks on Summer Pastimes" that have given so much pleasure to the readers of this journal. These essays are believed to be the last of his writings, and in them will be found the reflection of "the calmness of spirit and a world of other blessings attending upon it," which were the crown of a well-spent life.

THE PARK AND THE SENATE.

THE Senate of the United States is displaying a strange apathy in regard to a matter of such vital importance as the preservation to this country of the Yellowstone National Park. The time has come for the members of the Senate to give some attention to the subject. They are apparently over-awed by the impudence of the would-be Park grabbers, who in the very face of the action of the standing committee of the Senate and without any lease, have gone on cutting down timber in the Park, killing game and erecting a hotel, as if they were above Congress and the people. This unblushing conduct calls for prompt attention.

Last Saturday, Senator Vest offered a resolution for the appointment of a committee of Senators to report to the Senate at the next session what is the actual condition of the Yellowstone National Park, what action has been taken by the Department of the Interior in regard to the management of the Park and the leasing or contracting to lease any part of it, and what legislation, if any, is necessary to protect the timber, game, and objects of curiosity, and to secure the proper administration of justice therein.

The resolution also requests the Secretary of the Interior to take no action in the matter of leasing or contracting to lease any portion of the Park for any purpose until the Committee shall have reported, to cause the cutting of timber and the erection of hotels to be discontinued, and to take immediate steps for the protection of game and objects of interest, and to call upon the proper military authorities for this purpose.

The resolution went over to Monday, and was then put off again, to come up when they get through with the interminable Tariff bill. It is very evident, as it has been from the first, that the monopolists have a strong lobby. We hope that Senator Vest will compel the friends of the Park defenders to show their hands.

THE CHICAGO GAME MARKET.

A BILL now before the Illinois Legislature provides that the open season for selling game shall be extended to February 1. This bill is being pushed for the benefit of the game dealers, and is most decidedly against the interest of game protection. The circumstances are these: The Illinois law now permits the sale of grouse to December 5, and of quail to January 5; this allows five days for the sale of game after the season for killing it has expired. This is all the time that can reasonably be asked or wisely granted. But it does not satisfy the dealers, and they have set about securing a change.

Their first step was the organization of a Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association, in which it is needless to say the latter class, who appear to have shrewdly originated the scheme, hold a controlling influence. At the same time, by making it appear that the association is a sportsmen's society, they count on winning the concessions to their demands, which, as simple game dealers, they know they could not do. The present bill is fathomed by this unequally yoked team of sportsmen and marketmen.

There are many good and sufficient reasons why such a bill should be opposed by honest advocates of game protection. It is an axiom that so long as there is a market for game so long will it be supplied to the market, legally or illegally, by fair means or foul. The sale of game ought to stop when the season for killing it expires; a period of five days, as now provided by the Illinois law, is ample time to dispose of the supply on hand. If not, then let the supply be less. If the season for killing game in Illinois is extended to February 1, the sportsmen of that State may make up their minds to the fact that game will be killed to February 1. There is no reasoning that fact out of the way.

Such an extension of the selling season would be alike disastrous to the game interests of other States. So long as the Illinois game dealers, during the close season, could sell game received from other States, or game from their own State under pretense that it had been shipped in from somewhere else, they were content with the old law. But the Wagner decision cut off this privilege. If the selling season is extended to February 1, the Chicago market will be flooded with game illegally killed in Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin. Indeed, such is now the case.

It appears that through the influence of their association the game dealers have this year secured immunity from the law, and have been selling great quantities of game illegally killed in other States. One case in point has just come to our knowledge. It shows most clearly, first, that an open Chicago market means wholesale and illegal destruction of game in other States; and, second, that Chicago game dealers, who are also members of the Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association, have no scruples whatever about selling such game, provided only that they can put the proceeds into their pockets and escape arrest.

On the 22d of last January Mr. R. W. Matthews, of St. Paul, Minn., telegraphed to an ex-president of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association that a large number of pinnated grouse had been, in defiance of the law, shipped from Osakis, Minn., to Bond & Ellsworth, game dealers, of Chicago. But instead of taking any steps in the matter, the recipient of the letter handed it over to the head of the firm against whom complaint was made, who is, by the way, the president of the Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association. A reply from this gentleman went back to Minnesota that Chicago game dealers were selling game in the close season, and proposed to sell it up to February 1st, and that the sportsmen had pledged themselves to stand to one side and make no prosecutions. So the dealer received and, presumably, disposed of the goods which, according to the laws of Minnesota and of Illinois, were contraband.

This is only one case among hundreds and thousands of the same kind. It shows how little sincerity there is in the game protective pretensions of the parties implicated; and it should be a warning to the sportsmen of Illinois to guard their interests as now secured by the present law.

The Chicago marketmen plead that if they do not sell game in the close season others will. This is the silly easiness of men of the world over who can find no valid excuse for engaging in business of doubtful morality. Because the New York and Boston markets are open is no reason why the Chicago market should be added to them and the illegal traffic in game thereby increased. They ought all to be closed when the killing season expires.

For the sake of the Illinois game supply, and of that of neighboring States, true friends of protection will regret to see any such opening of the Chicago market.

THE RIFLE SEASON OF 1893.

WITHIN a few weeks the clearing up of the ranges and the settling of the weather will enable practice to open before the target, and the work of the shooting season of 1893 will be on in full force. It promises to be a brisk season for those interested in rifle improvement, and in official military and amateur civilian circles as well, there is a desire to see progress as well as mere relaxation and enjoyment.

The great event will be the International match, and to secure a creditable showing in this every effort should be bent. There must be no such disgraceful fight against the odds encountered in the last contest. The team of 1893 must not be sent out to any such sure defeat, and it certainly looks as though they were to have choice of some excellent weapons.

Of course it will be a very agreeable outcome of the contest should victory come home with the visiting team, but the match can have only a good effect, at any event, in so far as it points attention to the matter of non-cleaning matches. They are to be the contests of the future in the line of practical rifle practice, and there could be no more instructive series of experiments at Creedmoor than comparative tests with the ordinary military rifles in prolonged series of shots without cleaning. A rifle which becomes useless from leading or jamming, or stripping of bullet patch under such trials, is not worthy of support as a desirable weapon. It does not come up to the requirements of a military arm, where oftentimes it is necessary to have shot after shot for long periods fired, and often very rapidly, too, where cleaning is entirely out of the question. If the arm shoots the more wildly the more it is fired in this way, it very soon becomes a mere stick, and is no better than a quarter-staff or policeman's billy. There would be an added pleasure to target practice if the marksman could be certain that in ridding himself of the labor of cleaning his rifle here he was not at the same time placing himself under a heavy handicap. It must not be inferred that the practice of ten years past on American ranges, where so much attention was paid to cleaning, was misdirected practice. The results obtained were valuable, and make the building of a non-cleaning rifle a comparatively easy task. There is to be no general overhauling of the construction, but by care in a few minor points it will be found that any good shooting weapon under the present system will be serviceable for prolonged shoots without cleaning.

If in place of offering for prizes for the marksman who may hit the best score in a match under our present rules, the N. R. A. should encourage original experiments and carefully tabulate the results obtained under certain known and defined conditions, something could be accomplished in a single season which it would require a dozen years to reach under our present hap-hazard system. In all reports of rifle matches as now given there are so many omissions that the records are of little value as guides to riflemen wishing to improve their own practice. A single score might serve as the text for a very complete lesson of practical rifle shooting, but if the only point aimed at in publication is to designate differences between individuals, then the system now in use is a good one and answers every purpose. Progress, however, is not to be made by years of this sort of work. The experimenter is the leader and there is no reason why the several clubs of the country and organizations generally should not devote some time and attention to securing and tabulating results in these systematic endeavors to overcome some of the present impediments in the way of good and reliable scoring at all times.

It is time, too, in military practice that, there should be a general exhibit of what is and has been done. The regular army has made great progress since rifle practice was taken up a few years ago, and it is to be hoped that with the carrying out of the wise suggestion for the concentration of the troops and the breaking up of the present series of detached posts something may be accomplished in the direction of rifle improvement. In the militia it would be wise if a uniform system of scoring could be introduced so that the relative standing of the men of the several States could be readily fixed, and especially the fact brought out in strong relief that in many parts of the Union absolutely no attention is paid to building up this strong arm to the civil power of the body politic.

It is one of the difficulties of this sort of target practice that it must be kept up under the guise of a pleasure. It must not be made too irksome as a task, for there it is thrown aside as a bore, and all interest in it ceases. It will not do for the authorities to insist upon men making up for the defects of an inferior arm by extra practice and precaution. The best weapons should be secured, and then can the best result be insisted upon from the men into whose hands the rifles have been placed. In this respect the militia of several of the States have very just cause for complaint, and it is not at all surprising that some lively grumbling should at times be indulged in.

It is probable that this year will see some interesting experiments in the direction of repeating rifles for military use. It is an open question whether for sporting rifles to be used in hunting there is any legitimate demand for a magazine rifle, but in military circles it is recognized that the morale of a body of troops is wonderfully strengthened by having them armed to the very highest point of excellence,

and competent experts are working in the direction of magazine rifles with great determination. Much has been done abroad, and most excellent results have been shown on this side the ocean; but there is the service test to be yet applied to many of the models put up for trial.

It would be well if the season of 1893 should see a more general diffusion of rifle shooting, and the sport become popular in all quarters of the country. If for every one of the thousands upon thousands of little pistol plagues which are scattered in every quarter, a good weapon was made and put in careful use, we should have a big decrease in accidents from firearms. To infer from the number of fatal shooting occurrences that small arms are *per se* responsible is most absurd. Carelessness, ignorance or design come in to explain the mishap in fully ninety-nine per cent. of the cases reported. If the season of '93 will see more intelligence on the questions of petty arms scattered among the people, it will see a corresponding reduction in the number of shooting accidents.

NETS IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—We would call attention to the article by Dr. C. Hart Merriam in another column, in which he shows how the valuable food fishes of Lake Champlain are slaughtered on the Vermont side of the lake while seeking their spawning grounds. A year ago one of the New York game protectors complained in our columns of this same thing, and regretted that he was powerless to remedy the matter. The greed of fishermen in all parts leads them to try to capture the last fish in the waters in order to make as much out of them to-day as is possible and to neglect the future harvests. We hope some action may be taken by the authorities to prevent the annual March slaughter this year, and thus secure a fair crop of young fish the coming season. If the fisherman took the fish after they had spawned it would not be so bad, but according to Dr. Merriam they are doing all they can to exterminate the fishes of the lake, whose main spawning grounds seem to be upon the Vermont side.

"ASLEEP AT HIS POST."—Had the artist chosen to tell his story in prose, instead of by a sketch, it would properly have been placed in our Camp Fire Flickerings. The picture is suggestive. The hero is by no means the only unfortunate sportsman who has, by falling asleep, missed one of the golden opportunities of his life. A similar experience has befallen others. We recall an occasion when a fox hunter (New England style), overcome by fatigue, fell asleep at his stand. When he woke to find that the fox had passed within six feet of him, he delivered an oration to himself and the other stumps, which, though eloquent in the extreme, our limited space will not permit us to repeat here. To his friends it was plausibly explained that the fox had been missed because his gun had hung fire; the real truth has never been told before, and it is now given to the reader only in the strictest confidence. May we not ask in return a like confidential relation from some one else?

THE LOCAL PRESS may be utilized to further the interests of sportsmen if a little attention be given to the matter. The local editor is, in nine cases out of ten, willing to give his influence to the cause of game protection, provided only that his attention be properly called to the subject. How clearly and truly the local press can talk, witness the words of the Huron (Dakota) *Leader*, reproduced elsewhere. With such an ally as the home paper, the sportsman of a town or county can accomplish a vast amount of good.

THE MAINE COMMISSIONERS.—We are pleased to learn of the reappointment of Messrs. H. O. Stanley and E. M. Stillwell as Commissioners of Fisheries and Game for the State of Maine. The latter gentleman, although not appearing as such, has in reality held the position and discharged the duties of commissioner during the past year, having served at the request of the Governor's Council. His reinstatement will receive the cordial approval of citizens of Maine.

SEAL HUNTING.—The hardy sport of seal hunting has not found favor with many of our sportsmen, yet no doubt it may be an enjoyable one. We learn that the well-known naturalist, Dr. C. Hart Merriam, whose contributions have often enriched our columns, will start next week for Newfoundland and the Northern ice fields on a big seal hunt. We hope he will have all the success that he has hoped for, and that he will give us some account of the trip.

MAINE BIRDS.—Many of our ornithological readers will no doubt be surprised, as we confess we were, at Mr. Smith's arrangement of the families of the *Grallatorae* in the list of Maine Birds, now being published in these columns. This arrangement was not determined upon by the author without consideration, and we leave it without change and without comment.

THE CHESAPEAKE BIG-GUNS.—Just as we go to press we are in receipt of a telegram from Baltimore dated February 20, which reports that three more big-guns have been captured, making seven in all, and the remainder are located.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the *FOREST AND STREAM*, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED' R. SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

IV.—Nimrod with a Shotgun.—Part One.

WHILE in the winter time the Arctic regions are an almost barren country for the sportsman after small game, there is no place on this planet where it is more plentiful during the short summer, especially of the aquatic variety, and the lover of duck-shooting could certainly gain his fill in a short while.

While camped in North Hudson's Bay it was considered no great doings at all to take the shotgun out to one of the many lakes in this vicinity and get a good mess for our little party. These lakes, which were nothing more than great impetuous basins of granite full of drainage water, were so numerous and oftentimes so large that I do not believe I exaggerate when I say that their superficial measurement would be one-third of the whole country thereabouts; certainly they were a most annoying impediment to inland traveling in the summer, and an equally fortunate boon in the winter when we followed their level surfaces with dog-teams and sledges. Each pond or lake contained its little family or families of elder ducks, and if it were at all large, and especially if it were dotted with flat, grassy islands, which gave them protection while breeding, they would be in large bands over its surface. They only inhabit the ponds and lakes near the sea shore until the young are large enough to fly, when they congregate in the flocks, inlets and bays of the sea, and oftentimes in these vast areas, where they are most plentiful, they will penetrate their ironclad coating of feathers, the greater majority of those secured being shot in the head and neck. As small shot was equally efficacious in this method of destruction, we adopted it, with the effect of increasing our scores.

Our first efforts were often laughable. Colonel Gilder one day turned a duck's feet into the air with a shot of lead, and the bird, as the saying is, "went over the hill" nearly into shore all the time kicking vigorously. The Colonel, desirous of facilitating his travels, commenced throwing large stones just beyond him with the effect of bringing him right side up with ease. The duck looked around astonished, sneezed a couple of times, and when the next stone splashed alongside he disappeared in the water and came up over a hundred yards away, where he proceeded to arrange his feathers for the last disturbance. Could any of the many dealers or manufacturers in shot-guns who advertise so extensively in *FOREST AND STREAM* get a good record on the Arctic duck, I think he could rest perfectly satisfied with his practical test.

The compass is a sluggish, unreliable instrument in the northern part of the bay, and it became necessary to establish a good long north-south line on the water. To this end I proceeded to arrange his feet for the last disturbance. Could any of the many dealers or manufacturers in shot-guns who advertise so extensively in *FOREST AND STREAM* get a good record on the Arctic duck, I think he could rest perfectly satisfied with his practical test.

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The north point was fixed near camp, and the south one approximately about a mile away across a lake; and one night I sent Henry to it to fix it as accurately as possible by this method. I gave him a small torch to define his position, and then expected to find the meridian by signals in the line of culmination, which I had sent in my shotgun case contained a duck call, and I fixed up a good instrument to be heard a long distance, and told Henry that one *quack* meant the right, while two meant the left. The night came and Henry took his place, and I could see that he would be out of the way even a quarter of an hour ahead; and I gave a *quack* that sent him nearly as far out of the way on the other side. *Quack, quack*, was sent to him, and he had just gone about half way back and nearly where I wanted him, when there came floating over the lake *quack, quack*. That dragged him way out again. A single signal from my call to rectify this was answered by about a half dozen single and double calls all over the lake; and I soon found that I had stirred up about a hundred ducks, all of them fully educated in the art of snuffing, and I was very busy in the matter of culminating this party. At last I once gave up the *quack* method and returned to the standard rules of the regular school, but I wasted a bag of shot on that lake next day, and we lived for a week on Jupiter birds, as Henry called them.

One writer says that the mother will lead the young ones to the water almost as soon as they creep from the eggs. Going to the water-side, she takes them on her back and swings a few yards with them, when she dives, and the little ones are left floating on the surface, and are obliged to take care of themselves. After once initiated to the water I think they never return to the land. From these birds is produced the soft down so well known, and which the female plucks from her breast to line her nest. In the sub-Arctic regions the people regularly rob them of this, and it forms an important item of commerce. It robbed, the female forms another nest in the same way, and the third time she is compelled to call on the master of the household for a supply of down from his breast. Each female yields, it is said, about four ounces of this material, and so soft and light is it that it has to be mixed with moss roots and gravel by the old bird to prevent the chicks scattering it away, and she gathered within two or three times its final weight. Upon King William's Land my party in one day saw about forty of these nests, the whole island being comparatively abundant with them, and I have but little doubt that one person alone could have seen as many had that been his sole object. Should aerial navigation ever be completed, such wages as \$25 to \$30 per day (or even less) for the market should become stocked would undoubtedly draw many thither during the breeding season of nearly a month in length.

I have said that the elder favors the little islands in the large lakes or those along the seashore for protection while breeding, the Arctic fox being the most inveterate egg-sucker I have ever met, and consequently their worst enemy. One method they have of circumventing this pest in Spitzbergen is too curious to pass by. If driven off of their nests they will draw the down of the nest over the eggs, and give it with a copious supply of yellow fluid, which not only retains the warmth of the eggs for a long time, but is of so extremely offensive a nature, that the foxes would not touch the eggs tainted with it.

The elder-ducks of Hudson's Bay are mostly the common variety; all of those of King William's Land being the crested or king elder. Yet an indifferent observer would believe that there were a great variety of species, and widely different is the plumage of the sexes, and the fact that when

in large bands they are nearly always separate. The male is dressed with a fleshy topknot, the male vivid yellow, and his whole "set-up" is the most conspicuous contrast of complementary colors, all of the liveliest hues; while the female is a mass of rusty brownish-black almost the exact color of the half-dried moss in which she makes her nest, and where she will never be seen until with a whirl like a ruffed grouse, she springs up right under your feet apparently. Sitting in a line on the edge of a large ice cake, the males look like a regiment of Hussars or a squadron of dashing dragons in full uniform, while the females look like a procession of Carthusian monks in their sombre garb.

We almost lived on our eggs for a short time while on King William's Land, and the suddenness with which they became added was wonderful. One day nine eggs were obtained, all of them good, as had been all previous ones, and the next day (which dates I have always regretted not recording) twelve out of thirteen were added so they had to be thrown away; and after that not one good one was found, although we kept feeding them for three or four days, until we were convinced that further efforts would only result in an unwarranted destruction of small ducks. The manner in which the young ones appeared about three weeks later was almost on a par, and it seemed as if we had suddenly been visited by a shower of young ducks. In some parts of the Arctic slippers made from the breast of the older are used instead of the inside reindeer stockings, and do not wear so long, and are ruined by damp.

One day, in the last part of September, I walked along the eastern shore of Terror Bay, and here I saw the elders marshaling for their southern crusade. This shore is seven or eight miles long, and from its very southern cape until I reached its head I was passing by straggling bands reaching half a mile to a mile from shore, the outlying members of each little party being so efficiently mixed to say the least, as to not wear so long, and are ruined by damp.

But of all the Arctic ducks that will force themselves upon your notice, there is none like the noisy *tauk-sok!* of the Esquimaux, evidently the "old wife," "old squaw" of the winter in the temperate zones (*Uveralla goralis*). I have never seen them in large flocks in the North, but they make up in noise and variety of sounds all they lack in numbers. This garrulous bird, however, is not a common sight in the highlands of the temperate zones, seems to multiply them as it visits the North to breed, and whenever we asked any question of our Esquimaux comrades regarding the numerous, wild, unearthy and variegated sounds that we euphantly heard, the stereotyped answer was *tauk-sok! taik-sok!* until we accredited everything to this mocking-bird of the North, the "scrittologist," as Colonel Gilder called him, who had seemed to be the only accomplishment of his many others. He loves the North, and sticks to its dismal regions long after others of his species have left, or as long as he can find the least bit of open water. As long as a few are in a lake near by, the Arctic does not seem in the least deserted. I have no desire to speak further of the many kinds of ducks familiar to both zones and with which the sportsman comes in contact every shooting season at his own home.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MISADVENTURE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY EDWARD MANNING.

A QUARTER of a century ago I found myself in Cape Town, South Africa. I was then a sailor, and making the abusive and cruel manner in which the commander treated his crew, I declined to continue longer in his ship. While waiting for a vessel that needed an officer I became acquainted with two Englishmen, by name Mr. Whitley and Mr. Baker. They had come to Africa solely for the purpose of hunting the large game which at that time was said to be found in one forty or fifty miles to the north and east of Cape Town. This was the country of the Bushmen, and as they were not of a particularly brave or warlike character, a party of hunters could generally get along without meeting with any serious obstructions from them. The danger of treachery from the Bushmen added zest to the sport, and if a thieving negro was shot now and then instead of a rhinoceros or a hyena, when there was no other game in Africa.

When I first made the acquaintance of Whitley and Baker they were preparing to start for a week's shoot, and they kindly invited me to join them. They also generously offered to supply me with a large calibre rifle, ammunition, knife, and everything else which I should require for such a journey. This liberality I did not attribute to an excessive fondness for my company. On the contrary I had the pleasure to see that another white man added strength to the Anglo-Saxon element, which was a very important item when it is considered that our attendants were all black men, who had been picked up while looting about Cape Town. The savage instincts of the race had not been so thoroughly eliminated by their frequent contact with the white men as to make them altogether honest and trustworthy, and it was necessary that this fact should be borne in mind. The food supplies consisted largely of hard bread prepared in the manner of the natives, and to supply the party with fresh meat, I should neglect to say that my English friends were careful to see that the hind part of the provisions was not overlooked, and as this consisted of a generous quantity of old English ale in bottles, I thought their forethought very commendable.

The provisions, a shelter tent, three rifles, two shotguns, and the ammunition embraced about all we cared to be encumbered with. To the negroes we assigned the duty of hunting out supplies. This was very well so far as the ammunition and shelter tent were concerned, but we found before long that a great mistake had been made in committing to their care the food and liquid supplies.

The arrangements being completed, we started off one fine morning, and after trudging through a mountainous country for five hours, we selected a cool and shady spot, where we prepared to partake of some refreshment and to rest for an hour. While munching we heard some very suddenly made aware of the presence of one of those slimy and poisonous serpents which inhabit this part of the earth, by observing the excited manner and wild gesticulations of one of the negroes. Looking up I saw the basilisk eyes of a snake glaring at me, and as it was not more than fifteen feet away, and ready to spring, I was in a position of great danger. But the man who was a few rods to my left, seized his gun and shot the snake dead. Fortunately for me he had carried

his gun, expecting to shoot some birds before we uncovered the large game. The probability of this cool and shady place being the favorite resort of poisonous snakes was not pleasant to contemplate, and the proposal to move without further delay met the hearty approval of the party.

We pursued our journey until nearly seven o'clock that night. The creeping vines and rank vegetation made the walking difficult and fatiguing, and had Whitley or Baker suggested the advisability of camping long before this hour, I should have been very glad to have done so, but we were anxious to reach the borders of a small river or creek, where they expected to find the hippopotami and rhinoceros in the jungle which extended along its margin.

The lazy negroes were now becoming restive, and I believe they would have refused to continue longer with us had not Whitley threatened to shoot them if they dropped our stores. This was not a Christian-like way of persuading men to do one's bidding, but it must be remembered that our men were savages, and I do not know of anything a savage can understand is force. This was the opinion of Whitley and Baker, and as their experience in such matters was much greater than mine, I suppose they must have been the most competent judges.

When at last the order was given to spread the tent, we had gotten within eight or nine hundred yards of the river. We were on the verge of the forest, and the jungle was within one hundred yards of the spot. Supper was prepared, and ample fuel was done to not over luxuriant fare. We had expected to shoot an antelope during the day, but none had been seen. An antelope steak would have materially improved our larder and been appreciated by the party.

After the negroes had eaten their supper we set them to work gathering fuel for the fires we intended to build around the camp, and when night set in the torch was applied and we worked our way into the forest, and were glad to keep off the prowling hyenas and other wild animals during the darkness. As we could not trust the negroes to keep the fires burning without being watched, we divided the night into watches, and Whitley agreed to stand the first, Baker the second, and I the last watch.

Wrapping a blanket around my body I lay on the ground inside the tent and was soon asleep. I had been asleep four or five hours when I was aroused by a series of prolonged howls and snarls, and I started up, and when I had jumped up, and seizing my rifle, rushed out of the tent. The fires were burning low, and some were quite out. Whitley and Baker were standing close together holding their rifles cocked, and when I saw them in this fighting attitude I cocked my rifle and joined them. The cause for the alarm was soon explained. The negroes had stolen our stores, and they had gorged themselves with the food and drunk so much ale that they were ready to burst. They were crazy drunk, and while their stomachs were so distended they could not stand, they could still use their tongues, and this they did so well that the forest fairly resounded with their cries. Four or five hyenas were prowling around the camp, and when the dogs attacked them two of the dogs were killed and one was badly wounded. The injured dog was moaning pitifully, while the unhurt one was yelling with all his might. We could hear the crunching of bones just as they were being devoured, and when I was learned later that one of the negroes more drunk than the others had fallen in a stupor outside the fires, the horrible thought became a certainty, and we knew the hyenas were holding their ghoulish feast over his body.

"Hist!" said Baker. "Don't you see those glittering eyes yonder under those bushes? pointing with his hand toward a clump of bushes not over thirty yards away.

Whitley and the direction pointed out, and we saw the gleaming eyes of some animal.

"That's no hyena," said Whitley. "Stand close together, and take the best aim you can, and when I give the word let's fire together. For God's sake be quick or he'll charge us!"

In the presence of such imminent danger our nerves became as firm as steel, and in less time than it takes me to tell you, we had drawn our rifles together. Hardly had the word "now," we fired at the glittering eyes. The report died away when a fierce growl, followed by the fall of a body within twenty feet of where we were standing, made us spring aside. The animal gave several fierce growls and struck out mightily with its paws, scattering one of our fires to the four winds of heaven, and then it rolled over and remained quiet. We loaded our rifles, and cautiously advancing we fired three more shots into the animal's head. As the bullets crashed through the forest, a tremor of the body could be seen, and we were now convinced that it was dead.

On examination it proved to be a large male lion, and after this was known we mentally thanked God for our deliverance. Of all the beasts of the forest we dreaded to encounter, the lion was the one which we feared the most, and it was understood among us when we left Cape Town that should one cross our path a shot should not be fired unless it was imperative to do so to save our own lives.

"Fix the fires at once," cried Whitley when he saw the carcass of the lion. A large quantity of brush had been piled up in the camp before night set in, and from this the fires were fed, and soon they were burning brightly.

The probability that more lions might be prowling around the camp effectually destroyed our inclination to sleep any more that night, and we agreed to remain on guard until daylight.

The sharp report from the rifles, followed by the growls of the lion, seemed to arouse the drunken negroes to a sense of their danger, and they staggered to the center of the camp and huddled close together, perfectly submissive now, and as docile as kittens. Whitley expressed the greatest contempt for them, and had it not been for Baker, I verily believe he would have driven them beyond the fires to take their chances with the lions. Some time later Whitley explained that he fell asleep during the latter part of his watch, and the negroes had taken advantage of this to steal our supplies and get drunk. He knew it was a bad thing to do, but he was so overcome by the bodily exertions of the day that he could not help it.

The fact that lions and other savage beasts were prowling around, only waiting for a favorable opportunity to make a dash at us, kept our nerves strung up to the highest tension, and when at last daylight appeared, and if a mighty load had been lifted from our minds. The negroes had nearly demolished our stores, for what they could not eat they had scattered over the ground in the most wasteful manner. We gathered enough bread and cheese to last for a day or two. Baker found some coffee, but for awhile we thought we should have to go without it,

as the coffee-pot could not be found. Knowing that the negroes could not eat it, we made a close search, and finally found it under some bushes twenty feet beyond the camp. It smelled powerfully of stale ale, and this was convincing proof that the negroes had used it to drink out of, and when they were well "set up" they had tossed it away. The bold manner in which they had acted convinced us that we had picked up about as bad a lot of black thieves as could be found in Cape Town, and it was decided to drive them out of the camp as soon as they could stand. It was impossible to continue out a week, and it was agreed that we should hunt that day and return to Cape Town the following day. The wounded dog was beyond the hope of recovery, and we shot him to put him out of agony.

Whitley took the coffee-pot and started toward the river to get some water, and after an absence of ten or fifteen minutes he returned with it filled. He said he had seen a full-grown hippopotamus just emerging from the water not more than one hundred yards from where he was standing, and not wishing to alarm it he had filled his coffee-pot and made his way back very quietly.

Whitley was a true hunter, and I could see how intensely pleased he was at the chance of getting a shot at the hippopotamus. Our bad luck and misfortune of the night had temporarily flown from his mind, and while waiting for the coffee to boil his impatience to be off to the river was manifested by several vigorous expressions, and the coffee-pot was banged about more than once. At last the coffee was ready, and after making a hearty breakfast we gathered up the few remaining supplies and the tent, and hid them under some bushes, piling a lot of brush on top to make them as safe as possible. As we apprehended no immediate use for the two shotguns, they were hidden in another place, and more carefully, as we did not care to have the negroes find them after we left the camp.

We now took the ramrods from our rifles (this was before the era of the breech-loading) and applied them to the carcasses of the negroes, and so vigorously and heartily was this done that it proved the very best medicine we could administer to the half-drunken brutes. They were soon dancing about, and after Whitley had explained to them that their company could be immediately dispensed with, they realized that their fun was over, and slowly slunk away in the forest. The only dog left belonged to the negroes, and he followed them despite of what we could do to coax him to remain with us. This dog, I regret to say, for we could have used him to advantage in the jungle.

After reaching the banks of the river we made an effort to walk along its margin, but the soft mud was so yielding we had to abandon the attempt. We now forced our way into the jungle, and after an hour's laborious work we struck a rift leading from the river in the direction of the forest. It was apparent that it had been caused by the fall of many large animals, and Whitley thought it was their path to the water. As we approached the water we saw a large hippopotamus coming out of it. His body was well out of the water, and offered a good mark for our rifles. We had come upon him so suddenly that he was not aware of our presence, and before he had time to discover us, Whitley and Baker gave him a shot from their rifles. He belched and tried to back into deep water, but it was evident that he had been hit hard, for he soon after rolled over and after a few minutes he was dead. As the water was not very deep where he fell, we had a good view of his body, and we found him to be a large specimen of his kind. If our negroes had been with us they could have had a royal feast off his carcass, for it was certainly large enough to supply even their wants, gluttons that they were.

While viewing the dead hippopotamus we were startled by hearing several loud and savage yells, which were followed by the barking of a dog.

"What's up?" cried Baker. "It sounds like the yells of a party of black devils. Let's investigate," and moving toward the border of the jungle which faced the forest, we saw a large party of Bushmen, who were shouting and pointing with their assegais toward the place where we were standing.

"Our thievish niggers have joined them," said Whitley, and they started to attack us. "Stand up! make a dash for the forest and fight them from behind the trees!"

"We can't do it," replied Baker. "They will overtake us before we reach it. We had better lie low here and give them a few shots before we make the effort."

The Bushmen ran huddled together, and advanced toward the jungle, and as they came on we heard the yelping of a dog some distance ahead of them. The cur seemed to have scented our whereabouts, and as the Bushmen followed us, it was evident that in a few minutes they would be upon us.

In silence we awaited the onward rush of the savage negroes until they had gotten within one hundred yards of us, and then, picking out three of the leaders, we raised our rifles and fired. Every shot took effect, and the three negroes dropped to the earth. This brought the party to a sudden halt, and we improved the time by loading our rifles. The respite, however, was of short duration, and they were about us within a few minutes, and they were now on us, and a fierce rhinoceros charged right into their midst, trampling one of the negroes on his horn and knocking down and trampling on all whom he encountered in his fearful charge. The monster's charge was so sudden and unexpected that it demoralized the negroes, and they scattered and ran in all directions.

The appearance on the scene of such an ally astonished us, and in a few seconds we were quite dazed by the event. But we soon recovered our senses, and we were given the chance offered by the panic among the negroes, we ran for the forest, and in a very short time we reached its sheltering fold and were hidden from the view of our enemies. We continued on a "dog trot" through the forest until quite exhausted. As the shouts from our foes had long since died away, we moderated our pace and proceeded more cautiously. Whitley had a small pocket compass, and we looked to him to extricate us from the wilderness and guide us to Cape Town.

As night approached and the shadows were cast over the forest, I imagined that I saw spectral forms flitting before me. Hungry, with no chance of getting anything to eat; weary and footsore, with no safe place to rest, we felt truly miserable. How should we pass the night? In a tree, was the only solution to the query, and we looked around to find a tree which we could use for a perch. There was a large enough to protect us from the attacks of snakes, and

Deliverance from this woful predicament was near at hand, for while we were in the act of ascending a tree which Baker had hit upon for a "roosting place," the barking of dogs was heard some distance on our right, and soon

after we heard the cracking of twigs and a creaking sound which we could attribute to but one cause—namely, an excitement much in need of a lubricant. The party (for such it proved to be) soon after came to a halt, and through the oppressive stillness of the forest we heard orders given in a language that sounded as sweet to us then as the most heavenly music, and soon the cheerful blaze of a fire illuminated the forest.

"We now cautiously approached the camp of the strangers, and when the dogs began barking Whitley cried out in a loud voice, "We are Englishmen in distress."

"The dogs were beaten back and we heard a voice calling us "to come into camp." This we were not slow in doing, and we found the strangers to be a strong party of hunters returning to Cape Town after a month's shooting. They were thoroughly equipped with arms and supplies, and had a pair of oxen to haul the cart containing them. The party consisted of four Englishmen and two trusted Caffre servants, and when I asked one of the Englishmen if he did not fear an attack from the Bushmen who treated us so fearfully he laughed, and said "he thought they wouldn't bother us. If they did a volley from the rifles of his Caffres would scatter them."

We ate a hearty supper, after which our friends supplied us with a blanket, and we were completely exhausted. We were excused from making a very lengthy recital of our adventures that night.

Nothing occurred during the night to disturb our rest, and very early in the morning we ate our breakfast, after which the party resumed the march to Cape Town, where we arrived, without further misfortunes, late the same night.

The last time I saw Whitley and Baker they were getting ready a strong party of friendly Caffres "to have that shoot out anyhow." They swore they should get even with the Bushmen, and when this remark was made I saw by the wicked look in their eyes they meant business.

TWO AFTERNOONS.

SAM and I had been hunting quail all day, and late in the afternoon, as we were working over toward Ellis Hollow, I suggested that we take a run through the olders down in the Hollow and get a few grouse before dark. "Sam," said I, "do you remember how even our bags have always been when we have hunted over here? We have usually killed about the same number of birds each, even if you are the best shot; but this time I'm going to try to get only one response was a simple grin, which spoke volumes to me, as more skepticism was crowded into that one contraction of the vocal chords than could have been expressed by any combination of words.

Ellis Hollow was a ganey little valley, through which a small stream runs. A strip of alders a few rods wide shades the richest of boring ground, for woodcock, and on either side are knolls of beech and oak woods in which ruffed grouse are always to be flushed, the birds usually being found along the stream late in the afternoon. Here and there are open places grown full of cat-tail rushes, and along the tumbledown, lichen-covered fences the dogs sometimes get into a chronic condition of pointing, with few intermissions, for an hour or so at a time.

Sam and I renewed their noses up to their widest gauge as we approached the alders, for they had been before and knew what was to be expected. A little more cautious step, a little more pausing with heads high in air, and a more careful eye to each other's movements marked their actions. Just as we passed through a clump of hemlocks old Belle's legs commenced to grow stiff, and the youngest Grouse was soon in the same condition. At that instant, with a sudden rattle, a grouse dashed from under a log and flew straight for Sam's head, and the latter, turning quickly around, coolly wound his gun up in a festoon of grapevines, vainly trying to pull over that part of the woods to which the grapevines were attached, as the bird made his way across an open place in plain sight. Another grouse sprang out of a hemlock and disappeared quickly, leaving only a little wave of branches to mark the place, and an old cock bird ran clucking a circle of a patch of briars, and then, with crest raised and tail spread widely, and started a circle of rustling leaves in his wake as he, mounted on wing. The Parker was on him in an instant, and he turned over and over in the air, leaving a stream of feathers floating back on the breeze as he bounded in among the wintergreens.

"Tell you what it is, Sam," said I, "this was a pretty fine thing. You can see your bird will be better before your eyes, and can fairly see the shot hit him." "Yes," said Sam, "that's a fact; but my bird didn't happen to wilt, and, besides, I ran a stick so far into my eye that it poked my hat off from the back of my head." "That's a poor excuse, old boy," I answered, "and you want to get another excuse ready for the next bird, and hurry up with it, too." Old Belle fetched the helpless bird proudly, with her short tail wagging and ears up, while Grouse stood trying to poke a feather off from the end of his nose with his paw, and then we started into the alders in earnest, but worked clear across them without finding anything except a rabbit or two. Both dogs again made game at the edge of a beech knoll, and the bird flushed wild. Sam failed to stop him, and as he came hurrying past me at forty yards distance I pulled up. One leg fell dangling in the air, but the grouse still kept on flying like an arrow, and went way up in the swamp. We started after him, but he had not alighted at the place where we marked him down, and the dogs finally had to give it up. It gives one a very disagreeable feeling to wound a bird and then not be able to find the poor thing and put it out of its misery; but this bird did not want to be put out of his, and we left it to his choice. We went on through the alders again, and we found a lot of borings where a late woodcock had stopped over night, but the bird could not be found, and the dogs started off on a new trail, with a grouse sort of behavior, trailing toward an old fence where we usually started a grouse. Sam kept near the dogs, while I went to one side, hoping to get a more open shot.

Suddenly Sam called out, and both dogs were steady on a point, and at the sound of his voice a bird rose, and I immediately following the report of his gun, I then saw another grouse sprang out from almost under my feet, and by the time that he was far enough away to shoot at, the alders again hid him from sight. A quick double snap shot failed to stop him, and he went a long way up on the side hill and over the fence into the woods. "I suppose that you are wondering how I got that bird," said Sam, "but if you'll look ahead there you will see that he was about six rods of solid alders, and the under will be

cleared up well enough to plant potatoes on in the spring." "That's all right, Sam," said I, "but I usually use the right barrel to clear up the brush, and the left one for killing the bird after I have got him shucked, and that was certainly hard hit." Sam was very skeptical, but I started up to cross the lot to the place where the grouse had entered the woods and there found him lying on his back as dead as a stone, and nicely laid out on a wide bed of green moss. I picked the handsome fellow up, smoothed his feathers, tucked his wings close to his side, and then slid him down head first into a hole in the ground, just where he fell with a thump against the one already there and the quail. How nice it feels to shake the edge of your coat a little and settle a heavy bird down in the corner where he will fit. And how your dog's eyes do sparkle as he watches the bird sliding out of sight and knows that it is safe.

Turning back toward the alders again I heard a quack double snap below me, but no following "w-h-o-o-p" from Sam, and two grouse hurrying off over the tops of the trees told the story.

Both dogs commenced working together again along an old cart path, and slowly and cautiously followed up the bird for several rods, finally coming to a point in a narrow strip of alders. Old Belle was crouching low, with nose raised as if he was still as a poker, while Grouse stood square alongside of him, with his nose down, and more than his anticipations that he had forgotten all that he had seen, and one hind leg raised in a most awkward attitude, but one which meant business nevertheless. Sam stepped over on one side of the alders and I stayed on the side with the dogs and very near to them. For a moment we watched them admiringly and then, with a sudden rush, out went the bird, dragging up his legs as he jumped and raising his crest as he thrashed his wings. He ran a rod away from me, and flew out across the open. How the black bars on his sides and the spots on his back did look as I fixed my eyes upon him and snatched still he was four or five rods away. The gun came to my shoulder, fitting as neatly as a glove, and I coolly pulled the trigger. The lusty bird halted in his swift course, and dropping his head and raising his wings put his head down, and then, knocking the dry leaves from his bill, swung his head and stood with the branches swish as he tumbled crookedly through, and lay bending a tattoo on the ground with his wings, leaving a few prettily marked feathers hanging in the branches of the maple, while two or three others floated down with the gyrating leaves. Belle fetched the bird eagerly, and after smoothing out his feathers and feeling of his plump breast I slipped him into the pocket on the other side of the coat for ballast.

By this time we were almost at the upper end of the alders, and the dogs were making game near the edge of the brook. There in a patch of soft ground on the bank were several groups of small round holes bored into the rich mud, with here and there a patch of white about the size of a half dollar. We expected every instant to hear the familiar twitter of the long-billed, brown-eyed, black feathered bird, that had left his mark, but we could not have the pleasure of seeing him top the alders and fall lifeless back, for he had evidently only tarried there awhile the evening before on his journey South.

It was fast growing dark, and we started for the road, stopping at a farmhouse long enough to get a couple of glasses of sparkling elder and to light our pipes, preparatory to our long walk home in the dark.

The next day was devoted entirely to grouse in a favorite hunting ground of ours, and we killed as usual enough to make us thank our fortunes that we were hunters. I remember one remark which Sam made on that day. We had flushed a magnificent cock bird twice without getting him, and then cornered him under a fallen tree-top. Sam mounted the tree-top, and as the grouse dashed out with a startling whirr-r, sent him head over heels into the bushes; and when the bird was fetched, Sam held the splendid bird out at arm's length, and gazed at him fondly for a moment; then, taking a deep breath, exultingly said: "Look at that bird! Just look at him! Who cares for titles! Who cares for millions! They are all vanities! Shallow! when a bird of that growth will in our woods! How many times since in a morning have I seen a hundred grouse on the Indian summer light under the overhanging branches of the great forest trees in an inspired attitude, repeating that sentiment.

Shall I ask pardon for this digression? Well, we will go on to the following afternoon. Sam and I had again been hunting quail, and had gradually worked over into the vicinity of Ellis Hollow again. Grouse getting rather late in the day, and Sam suggested that we get a few birds to take a run through the alders, and give him a chance to get even with me on the previous score made there. I willingly consented, and we started in enthusiastically, but hunted over one favorite bit of ground after another without raising anything except a couple of rabbits, which Grouse watched wistfully with one eye, as he kept the other on my wily pocker. When we had almost finished the trial of alders, and were wondering what had become of the birds, we suddenly noticed that the dogs were quiet, and just then a grouse jumped out and was handsomely tumbled over by Sam. The dogs instantly began following another trail, and followed it clear to the last bunch of alders, and as I turned to look for Sam a grouse flashed close to me and made off in safety, my charge of shot being stowed away in the trunk of a tree about four feet from me. That was provoking certainly, for it did not seem possible that that grouse could get away in such an open place, but the fact remained that he had gone, and we marked him down closely. Although the day was fast closing, we decided to go back after the bird, and before we had gotten half way to him I walked "right on top" of a pair of grouse that had probably just come down to the alders. As they tumbled away from me, I saw a forked branch, one foot each, but a forked branch held my gun barrel about a foot under the first one, and something else from the bird's lucky star prevented me from getting bearings on bird No. 2, so that they escaped in the style.

My chagrin was rendered more poignant at seeing a grouse arise at a long distance from Sam and fall circling back to me, and I saw as though Grouse and Belle glamed reproachfully at me as the bird was brought in. Sam, I firmly decided to kill the grouse which we had marked down anyway, and as both dogs pointed staunchly at his hiding place it seemed that the bird must come my way. He didn't do anything of the sort, however, but acted just as grouse have acted before, by getting behind the fence, and keeping behind it until out of range. Another bird just pulled up a short distance from Sam, and another started the feathers but did not kill the bird, which

followed the first one, and we watched both as they climbed up the side hill, and on bent wings went sailing into the woods. In a moment we were upon them again, and the dogs had hardly commenced to work before they pointed. Sam flushed a grouse and down past me at full speed it fell dead before my very nose just as my trigger was on the point of being pulled. The other bird then started from behind Sam, and as it made straight for the tops of the trees, Sam pulled and reversed the bird's lever so that it came quickly backing down again. The grouse on striking commenced fluttering and bounding at a great rate and went bounding down the side side hill. This was too much for the nerves of young Grouse, in spite of his knowledge of the rules of propriety, he rushed in and made a grab for the bird, stumbling as he did so, and rolling over and over alongside of the fluttering bird, his feet in the air and his neck stretched to its fullest extent, reaching for the grouse amid a shower of dry leaves which were being kicked into the air. The spectacle was so amusing that it was hard to punish the eager youngster afterward, but it was necessary to punish him just a little to remind him that there were certain limits to his usefulness.

Sam now had four grouse and I had none, and it was already dusk. We had hardly re-entered the alders, however, before both dogs came to a point near an old fence, where the brush was so thick that I could barely see them.

As they stalked forward I flushed the bird, and, catching a faint glimpse of him, I fired a snap shot. A whop from Sam was enough to show that the grouse was down, but I rather doubted the fact until the thumping of his wings on the ground pushed the fact into my willing sensorium. Sam could see the whole performance from where he stood and swore that my shot did not kill the grouse. He explained by saying that he believed the bird to have been so mortified by the absence of the man who possessed check enough to try a snap shot like that, that he flew against the top rail of the fence and deliberately committed suicide. Sam accounted for the shot marks by saying that it was a bird which he had fired half a dozen charges into during the autumn. "Now, see here, Sam," said I, "you know perfectly well that that was a better shot than you ever made. All of your birds this afternoon gave you such easy work that I fired a snap shot, and myself with a hope that I had been standing in your shoes. I'd rather have a bird in my pocket than a dozen of yours, but anyway we will hunt for grouse all day to-morrow and try and get our records smooth again. I'll acknowledge that you are even with me on the score we made here day before yesterday, but don't think that it was quite fair in you to try and get ahead."

That evening, after we had reached home and had disposed of an enormous quantity of slip-jacks, stewed grouse, milk and pumpkin pie, Sam set a big pitcher of cold cider on the table and we tipped our chairs back on two legs against the wall, lighted our pipes and told yarns till bedtime with two or three of the boys who had dropped in as usual after supper.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

Fifth Paper.

WE left Miami at eleven o'clock in the forenoon with a light easterly wind. H. E. Gwynn, Mayor of Key West, having concluded his business at Miami, accompanied me, but not leaving for several days, in fact had not yet arrived from Key West, we offered him a passage, as we intended going direct to that city. We greatly enjoyed his genial society on the trip, for being well informed, and a close observer, he possessed an abundant stock of information of that section of the country.

As we sailed out of Miami River a group of small boats in the bay from the ocean were plainly visible toward the southeast, the most northerly being Virginia Key, then Key Biscayne, Soldier Key and Ragged Keys. The south point of Key Biscayne is Cape Florida, upon which stands the Lighthouse tower, now abandoned as a light station. Eastward of Soldier Key, and five and a half miles S. E. 3/8 S. from Cape Florida, is Foley Key's Lighthouse, on the northern extremity of the Florida reefs. It is an iron framework, with the lantern one hundred and ten feet above the sea, showing a fixed white light, visible in clear weather some sixteen miles. This light is situated at the northern entrance to Hawk Channel, leading between the line of Florida Keys and the outlying reefs, along the Florida Straits to Key West. The channel is from three to five miles wide and is from one hundred and forty miles from Virginia Key to Key West.

Biscayne Bay is broadest almost of Ragged Keys, and about here begin the Feather-bed Shoals, a series of parallel and shoals stretching across the bay. They are easily discernible, showing quite white at a distance, and by following the shoal in either direction an opening will soon be found. Below Ragged Keys is a long one called Elliott's Key, we sailed out of Miami River a group of small boats stretch across Biscayne Bay, separating it from Card's Sound. Small boats may proceed through Card's and Barne's sounds, and then keep under the lee of the line of keys to Key West; but it requires some previous knowledge or the employment of a competent pilot, to avoid the many mud flats, shoals and reefs of this route, for the water is shallow. Beyond Key West is a delightful but not a safe anchorage, which I hope some day to make. Owing to the many keys, mangrove islands and shoals, with the mainland to the north and the Florida Keys to the southward, the water is always comparatively smooth. There is an abundance of shore and wading birds, an endless variety of fishes, oysters, turtles, etc., while on the Indian hunting grounds on the mainland there is plenty of large game, indeed, with a few caribous or moose, a few deer, and Florida panthers, and a few bears in a small canoe, capable of being sailed and paddled, and it is surprising to me that some of our enthusiastic and venturesome canoeists do not attempt it.

Sailing down Biscayne Bay we took a number of tarpon, groupers, eavalle and barracudas on the trolling lines, and saw numerous loggerhead and green turtles. At the south end of Elliott's Key is a passage to the sea called Cesar's Creek, winding between the Key and some smaller ones. We followed Cesar's Creek to the main channel inside the Florida reefs, before mentioned, where we anchored at sundown, some thirty-five miles from Miami. The next morning broke clear and fine with a fresh E. N. E. breeze, and leaving the mouth of Cesar's Creek we went dashing along, leaving Old Rhodes Key to the starboard. We next came to the mouth of the Key, and saw a number of white birds we caught the last glimpse of the mainland that we would

have until we sighted Cape Sable, after leaving Key West. Jack, catching the inspiration of the theme, mounted the cabin roof, waved his hand toward the distant peninsula, seen through the fast-closing gap between the keys, and dramatically declaimed:

"Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue."

"Ta, ta! Jack," said Squire, "I'll see you later; 's'mother evening."
But Jack was not to be smothered in any such manner, and continued;

"O'er the waters of the dark blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home."

"If you want any surveying done, call on Mr. Gwynn, here; he is county surveyor of Monroe county, as well as Mayor of Key West, and has jurisdiction all along these keys."

The wind continued to freshen, bringing in a long-rolling sea between the outlying reefs, which caused Jack to seek the cabin and his bunk; so we had no more poetry that day.

We were now opposite Caystrot Reef Lighthouse, which is twenty-three miles S. by W. from Fowey Rocks Light. It shows a bright flash every half minute, visible some seventy miles. Key Largo, is some twenty miles long, and is the largest of the keys, and has the largest pine-apple plantations, the largest being those of Mr. Baker. These keys are, most of them, thickly wooded with a variety of hard timber, buttonwood, crabwood, bay, palmetto, etc., with a fringe of mangroves. Several vessels were in sight, in the channel and outside the reefs. Those moored up were heading northward under reefed canvas, but the Rambler, with the wind abaft the beam, had just enough for her cruising rig, and went bowing along with every third drawing in the spinnaker breeze. We were in succession, leaving them all to starboard, Rodriguez and Taverier keys—both small ones—and Plantation, Vermont, Upper and Lower Mattacomb and Umbrella keys. Indian Key, a small, but high and prominent one, came next, where there is good anchorage and a number of large cisterns, where water can be purchased by passing vessels. Southwest of Indian Key is Alligator Reef Lighthouse, thirty-one miles S. W. ± S. from Caystrot Reef Light. It is an iron frame pyramid, showing a scintillating light flashing every five seconds, every six flash being red. These lighthouses, built on submerged reefs by iron screw piles, are completely isolated, their keepers being shut off from all communication with the keys except by boats, a few very secluded and semi-hermit life, while exposed to the fury of fierce gales and the fashing of the angry seas.

The Florida keys are now nearly all inhabited, and new buildings are being erected on many of them, owing to the "cocoon boom." These keys were all being taken up, pre-empted, leased or bought, principally by Key West parties, and set out to cocooned trees. As these trees will grow wherever there is soil enough on these rocky keys, and require little or no care after being planted, and as each tree is said to pay at least a dollar and a half per annum after six years old, it will be seen that a few thousand trees will yield a handsome income in a few years. If all accounts are true. On some of the keys are coconuts, palm trees, now full grown and in bearing, and whether they pay or not financially, they certainly add very much to the beauty and tropical appearance of the islands, and viewed in this light the "cocoon fever" will prove of lasting benefit to this location.

At Long Key we left the main channel and went inside the line of keys to Channel Key, where we anchored at five o'clock, under the lee of the Key. The route usually taken, it being somewhat shorter, is to go "inside" or on the northerly side of the keys from Long Key to Bahia Honda, from whence the main channel is again followed to Key West. The choice of routes is, however, usually determined by the direction of the wind and the state of the sea. With a northerly or westerly wind, the main channel is the smoothest, being then under the lee of the keys, while with an easterly or southerly wind, the other route is taken for a similar reason. The next morning we set sail at seven o'clock, the wind blowing harder than on the day before, and from the same direction, or a few points nearer east. We passed Grassy, Bamboo, Vaccas, Knight and other keys in quick succession, leaving them to port, and with the strong breeze and smooth water, under the lee, we made ten miles an hour from Channel Key to Bahia Honda. Coming outside the reef, we found a heavy sea running, catching us on the port quarter, but the Rambler, very high in the water, and being under full sail, skimmed the rollers like a sea gull. We did not ship a sea on the whole voyage. The fishing snooks, turtles and spongers were all lying at anchor under the lee of various keys, waiting for better weather.

In plain sight was Sombrero Key Lighthouse, thirty miles S. W. by W. ± W. from Alligator Reef Light. This is a conspicuous open frame iron work tower, one hundred and fifty feet high, showing a red light, visible in light breeze, and being under full sail, skimmed the rollers like a sea gull. We did not ship a sea on the whole voyage. The fishing snooks, turtles and spongers were all lying at anchor under the lee of various keys, waiting for better weather.

Key West, a thriving and prosperous city of some fifteen thousand inhabitants, is situated on the western portion of the island, the latter being five miles in length and about a mile wide. From its position as the "Key to the Gulf," with a deep and spacious harbor, and as a naval depot and coaling station it is a place of great commercial and maritime importance, and has a number of fine residences, buildings, and churches, several of which are of great value. The Russell House—a marine hospital, a custom house, and U. S. naval depot, is under a neat and commodious barracks

with well-kept grounds, though the troops are at present stationed at Tampa. There is also quite a large convent, surrounded by handsomely arranged grounds, just outside the city. The cemetery is tastefully laid out and charmingly adorned by tropical trees, shrubbery and flowering plants. The city is defended by several forts, the largest being Ft. Taylor, a brick and stone fortress mounting some two hundred guns. Steamers for Havana, Mexico, New Orleans, New York, Galveston and the Gulf coast touch here almost daily, beside a great number of sailing vessels. It is but sixty miles to Havana, and some four or five days by steamers to New York.

Key West is a quaint and charming city, full of oddities and incongruities, a veritable town of eccentric "patch-work" wherein each edifice forms a piece. Buildings of all sizes and of every conceivable style, or no style, of architecture, are promiscuously jumbled together, but are joined or seemed to each other by a wealth and profusion of tropical foliage, which surrounds, invests, surmounts and overshadows them, softening the asperities, toning down the harsh outlines, and uniting the separate pieces, which merge their individuality in a harmonious *tout ensemble*.

The modern stilt and bushy Gothic church glazes superciliously through its clasp, and catches the window, as through an eye-glass, at the weathered eaves, but stout and solid old Spanish chapel, which looks up dreamily and good-naturedly at its prin rival, while the cocoa palm stretches its long arms over it protectingly, the date palm caresses it with slender, green fingers, and the almond tree looks on with conscious pride. The stilted, upstart frame residence, with scroll work hanging from large-board and eaves, like cheap cotton lace ostentatiously displayed by a vulgarly-dressed woman, looks down lightly on its little neighbor—a rambling one-story cottage, of stone, with broad, projecting roof and cool verandas, almost hidden in a mass of vines, creepers and flowers, which cling to it in loving embrace. The iron-front store, with plate-glass windows, shoulders aside the dark and sombre Cuban café with its cages of singing birds and parrots hanging in the Pride of India trees, and its cool shadows embowered and emblazoned by the bloom and fragrance of the olanders.

And so, many a thing, in its own way, canopies, porches, lattice windows, oriel and dormer-gables, hoods and pavilions—pillars, columns and pilasters—are mingled in endless confusion, but harmonized by arabesques of fruit and foliage, festoons of vines and creepers, wreaths and traceries of climbing shrubs and trailing flowers, and shady bowers of palm and palmetto, almond and tamarind, lime and lemon, orange and banana.

And its population is as diverse as its structures. Americans, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Spaniards, Cubans, Bahamians, Italians and negroes make up its numbers, the majority being Cubans and Bahamians, or "Couchs," as the English natives of the Bahamas are called. There may be seen every shade of complexion, from white to yellow, brown and black, cosmopolitan all, though each class seems to live in its own particular quarter of the town—as "birds of a feather" mostly congregate in specialized groups—where, after a night's sleep, they enjoy themselves, each class after its own fashion, drinking, dancing and even drinking in its own language. Jack said he learned to drink beer in seven languages while there, which is a linguist accomplishment that few attain, and fewer enjoy.

But there is a large and popular dance house at the west end of town, which we "took in" for Skipper's benefit, where the harmonizing influences of the place are again exemplified, and where white, yellow, brown and black meet on a common level, dancing and even drinking in their own language, with "lyric" test" to the aspiring strains of a cracked violin and a piano which seems to possess a thousand wires and all loosely hung. And if the test of enjoyment is the energy displayed, they certainly enjoyed themselves to the top of their bent.

But we will take a long and upward step to a nobler and far more attractive scene, where the youth and beauty of the island city are assembled at the "Rink," a large and brilliantly lighted hall in the heart of the town. Here youths and maidens who had never seen a snowflake or an icicle, and who had never heard the merry jingle of a sleigh-bell; but all the same they were gliding along gracefully and smoothly on roller-skates, or dashing around the outer edges on the swift-whirling bicycle to the fascinating strains of the "Beautiful Blue Danube," while the mingled odors of the epee jessamine, the tobacco and the orange blossom were inhaled in the waltz and the quadrille. Oh, what a subtle and potent power in beauty, music and flowers! And they had their influence on Jack, who was deeply enamored of a little Cuban beauty; and no wonder, for she was perfectly brilliant and glorious in a wealth of jet-black hair, a clear olive complexion, pouting coral lips disclosing regular and pearly teeth wreathed by a perpetual smile, while her eyes were as black as midnight, with her soul looking up out of their mysterious depths, and her form was even more lovely than her face, and its loveliness was enhanced by her grace. Poor Jack! "Beauty draws us with a single hair," and here he was harnessed to each particular hair of the beauty's head, frizzes and all. We tried to convince him that it was the effect of the music or the fragrance of the flowers, and that he would get over it when he went out into the fresh air; but he answered;

"If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again; it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor."

Then Squire made the only quotation he was ever guilty of, though it did him credit, for it was from the "book of books,"

"Stay me with figs, comfort me with apples; for I am sick of love."

But he spoiled it all when he added: "But I think it will be better to rub his hands of unattractiveness with a soap stick!" The chief industries of Key West are the manufacture of cigars, sponging, fishing, turtle and wrecking. There are, perhaps, a hundred cigar factories, from the one-story hut, scarcely bigger than its sign, to the large, airy and extensive buildings, each giving employment to hundred of hands. The cigar makers are mostly Cuban refugees, and the tobacco is imported from Cuba, though for a time some Eastern dealers made a fortune in a large quantity of domestic tobacco, which they sold at a high and broad discredit on Key West cigars, so that the demand for a consider-

able extent; but, happily, the dishonest practice is discontinued, I believe, and only Cuban leaf is now used.

A large fleet of vessels are engaged in sponging, the crews being mostly "Couchs" and negroes. The sponges are taken in shallow waters, off the reefs and banks, where by means of the "sponge boats," a wooden pail with a glass bottom, the sponges are plainly seen attached to the rocky bottom, and to shells, when they are torn loose by a strong iron hook affixed to a long pole. Each vessel tows six or eight small boats or yawls, in which the men work. Some Eastern houses have sponge depots here; among others I noticed that of McKesson & Robbins of New York. The sponges are here washed, dried, bleached and assorted, and are of various grades and kinds.

Every morning may be seen many small fishing smacks, moored stern on along the fish wharf, with their wells filled with live pan fish, such as grunts, porpies, groupers, snappers, hogfish, yellow tails, spots, etc., which are killed and strung in bunches as fast as sold, selling for five or ten cents a bunch, and on account of their cheapness form the principal part of the diet of the working classes. These pan fish are some of them very beautiful, as well as excellent food fishes, and are caught in the channels near the city, but are taken principally with the sea-crawfish bait, for they are all caught with hook and line. The larger smacks bring in kingfish, otherwise known as cero, or black-spotted Spanish mackerel, a large and handsome fish weighing from five to fifteen pounds, almost equalling the real Spanish mackerel in flavor; they are usually taken by trolling off the keys. The fishermen are mostly "Couchs," who are by nature nearly amphibious, learning to fish, to bait, sponge and handle a boat almost as soon as they are able to walk, or at most, when old enough to walk pants. They are the descendants of the English settlers of the Bahama Islands, and have the cockney habit of changing the "w" to "v." Even a negro, born in the Bahamas, said to me one day:

"The weather ain't no good for fishin', an' the vater is too rough, and the vind too 'igh fur spongin'!"

A number of large smacks regularly supply the Havana market with kingfish and red snappers. By leaving Key West about sundown they are in Havana by daylight the next morning. Had we not been pressed for time, or been in Key West a few weeks earlier, I should have made the run in one of these smacks.

The fruit and vegetables and products brought to Key West from the mainland and keys are always disposed of at auctions, which are held every morning, and are attended by the citizens as regularly as Northern people go to market. The supply of the staples is small, onions and other commodities are scarce, for the average Key Wester is not happy without an auction.

We were shown every kindness, consideration and courtesy during our stay in Key West by Mr. and Mrs. Gwynn and their two charming daughters. These young ladies possessed all the advantages of a good and thorough education, being well versed in belles-lettres, music and painting, and were as refined and graceful as our Northern ladies, though they had never been away from their little island home, having been educated entirely at the convent of Key West.

A PLEA FOR RECREATION.

AFTER Herbert Spencer had been in this country a few weeks and had tested the pessimistic qualities of saddle-rocks at Dorlon's, the hills of fare at Delmonico's and the Brinswick, seen the famous trotters of Vanderbilt and Bonuer, and whizzed up and down a few times on the Elevated roads, he concluded that we were "going too fast to stand it" and must hold up, or mental and physical depreitude would ensue.

But seriously, what he said at the banquet given in his honor was as true as preaching; but who are the men who are breaking down in the face of the modern machine he describes? Not alone those who are apparently in pursuit of the almighty dollar, for all callings contribute their quota to swell the tide that goes down to premature graves. While it is indispensable to success that all the faculties of brain and body should be brought into requisition, it is just here that so many make the fatal mistake of their lives. No man can run his mental machine in one groove long at a time without firing. Exhaustion of the nervous system and disorder of the body is the certain result of an excessive whipping-up of the tired faculties, and finally prostration ensues. The trite saying that, "All work and no play makes dull boys" is so true that he who runs may read

I can recall a score of bright men, both business and professional, who within ten years have succumbed from simple exhaustion. For awhile apparently tireless, their powers suddenly failing and nought but a wreck was left. At fifty years of age they were indeed "dull boys," and all work and no play had done the business.

Various motives impel men to "dare and die." The heroes of a forlorn hope, the discoverer of a truth the world spurns, the zealot who abandons pruderee for principle, may perish on the field of battle, expire at the burning stake, or die by "pendulous strangulation;" yet there may be compensations for sacrifices like these; but the man who virtually commits suicide, who equally certain though slower, process of a profligate waste of the nervous fluid, is a well, he isn't smart.

The causes that lead to this undue work are not obscure. We inhabit a comparatively undeveloped country. The natural increase of population, augmented by an unprecedented immigration, forces every capable man to strenuous efforts as a producer. We have to compete with older nations for the markets of the world; they have so long monopolized in short, we have to do the work of two generations in one. We seem really unable to "go slow;" we are hustled and crowded forward, until the tax upon the nerves and endurance of the ordinary man is tremendous. It is wise to halt now and then and get our breath, and the ability to do this can be acquired when once the necessity for it is fully comprehended. The trouble is, we do not stop to consider that the daily and yearly wear and tear is killing us.

Very few people are naturally athletic, the majority die by violence, self-imposed, it is true, but violence nevertheless. The advice of Punch is in order; "Don't!"

Thousands owe Mr. W. H. H. Murray a debt of gratitude for the attractive setting out he gave the North Woods. But for those well-written drafts on his imagination, as well as a literal portrayal of facts, scores would now rest under the sod. To be alive and kicking (when the wind but in the north-east) is glorious if one feels good. To be able to say that one may have been a little better off on October, is a matter to be thankful for, so we thank the

promoters of the game laws. To be able to handle the swift canoe, the well-poised rifle and that artistic thing of beauty, the light fly-rod, we thank the constructive skill of our mechanics merely, but genuine artists, but for superabundant health, love of the wild woods, and all the beautiful things a trained eye perceives in nature's retired places, we thank our Maker.

Now I affirm, and "defy successful contradiction," as a local blower is wont to say, that "all the world and the rest of mankind in general," ought to be able to use a gun skillfully, and a fly-rod artistically. In that case, the gun works that "Nessmuk" says have "got to go," would have a chance to stay and pay dividends. And the rod makers and a host of that ilk would "smile a smole" all the year round, too, and grow fat and sleek, sport side-whiskers, part their hair in the middle and carry a cane.

I don't see for my part, why more of "yon fellers" don't take your wives to the woods with you. They enjoy trout and venison as well as you. You don't own one, ha? Well then, I would take time by the foretop, as the Californian is said to do: "My pet?" "You bet." And straightway proceed to the nearest minister who loves "to go a fishing," hand him a shining piece of the needful and be put in possession of the treasure who can cook your trout, make your coffee, and perpetrate your name.

Referring to Thoreau, I heard Dr. Collier say, a few evenings ago, that had he lived in these days he would have been honored with the appellation of "crank." "Pshaw!" says that would sound like "Henry D. Thoreau, crank." "Well, why not have "woods cranks" as well as any other cranks? To make a thing go well—just a little better than the other fellow—one must be something of a crank.

TENNIS,
RIVERTON, CONN., Feb. 9.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY SCOLOPACIDÆ: THE SNIPES, SANDPIPERS, ETC.

179. Woodcock—*Microptera americana* Aud.; *Philoctetes minor* Ridg., 525, Cs. 605.—Abundant; arrives in March and April. Breeds on the ground, lays four eggs (sometimes five) dull greenish white. Commonly remains until November (and in rare instances until December), whenever an abundance of food offers inducement. The young birds pass through a partial moult the first year. In Maine this moult usually occurs in September and early in October, and the moult of the adult birds occurs in August and early in September. The eggs are usually laid here in April and early in May.

A remarkable circumstance was that of a woodcock, picked up dead in Camden, Maine, February 23, 1882. For the record of this fact I am indebted to Mr. James Wight, of Rockland. Since the summer shooting of woodcock has been abolished in Maine these birds have much increased in numbers.

Formerly, when these birds were hunted by comparatively few persons in Maine, large numbers were to be found congregated in favor of the sportsmen, just previous to their departure in the autumn. Now, the same places are so persistently explored by very many sportsmen during the season as to prevent the assembling of many birds together in any one place; but the aggregate number of woodcock now killed in the State each year vastly exceeds that of former years. While the number of these birds annually killed here has been more than trebled increased, the number of persons pursuing them, and among whom those killed are divided, has been more than tenfold increased. For these reasons it is now rarely possible for a single person to kill so many in one season as formerly. During the season of courtship these birds may be observed at dusk mounting high in the air and circling about on whistling wings, pursuing one another, and performing various interesting movements in the air, or they may be seen strutting upon the ground, with upturned tails and drooping wings, much in the manner of a male turkey.

During the migrations all birds are accustomed to signal each other by calls, and the woodcock is not excepted from this habit. It utters a quaint cry, somewhat like *quack*, which is repeated while the bird is on the ground, as also when upon the wing. By this cry passing birds are called to tarry, or tarrying birds are called to join those which are journeying. Immediately after the moulting season, the woodcock begins to assemble at favorite feeding places, families coming together from their various breeding resorts, which are often in places not visited by sportsmen. The movements of the woodcock in autumn are quite similar to those of nearly all of our native birds which are migratory. During the period of moulting they are more secluded in their habits than at other times, are timorous as if realizing their weakness at that time, and will seek safety by running, or by rising upon wing as at other times. When in the midst of moulting these birds do not emit their ordinary scent, and the best dogs often fail to detect their presence, even when in very close proximity. The birds then resort to the warm, dry hillsides, but always near to suitable feeding grounds. During the daytime they usually remain secluded away from the haunts where they have been accustomed to seek their food, but as soon as the moulting process is so advanced as to render them strong of wing, again the woodcock will be found in the haunts where sportsmen are accustomed to look for them, if there be food for them. Sometimes their usual feeding places become dry early in the summer, and fail for a time to yield a supply of food. The birds then, from necessity, go elsewhere. But they will return to the same haunts later if the season is favorable.

The woodcock which breed east of Maine remain there in autumn as late as, and often later than those in Maine, but when birds start on their migration to the South long flights are made in a single night, so that only rarely do any of these more Eastern birds tarry in Maine en route. Occasionally a sudden change of weather, such as a snow fall, will stop the birds for a time, but only for a day, or at the first favorable weather occurs. The movements of the native birds from the many secluded nooks where they have been bred to the coverts where they are found congregating in the autumn, form the preparatory assembling

for migration. Such an assembling is common to birds of other species, the warblers, sparrows, swallows, crows, etc., and usually extends throughout a number of weeks. These movements for assembling are local, and governed not by any cause, but by the action of instinct, and occurs simultaneously over a large territory, the final departure of the woodcock varying but little throughout Maine.

Woodcock are both diurnal and nocturnal in their habits, feeding in dense coverts and secluded places during the day, and going into the open fields, pastures, plowed ground and meadows in the night. They are very active during the day, and at night, and often seek their food far from any growth of trees or bushes, especially just after a rainfall, which brings the earthworms in the fields to the surface of the ground.

180. Wilson's Snipe—*Scelopax wilsoni* Aud.; *Gallinago wilsoni* Ridg. 526a; *Gallinago wilsoni* Cs. 608.—Common. Arrives in April. Breeds on the ground, lays four eggs, brownish-yellow with blotches of light and dark brown, in May. Abundant only during the autumn migrations, which occur in September and October. But few breed in Maine as compared with the great numbers which breed further east. This is the common snipe, sometimes locally termed "English snipe."

181. Red-breasted Snipe—*Scelopax noveboracensis* Aud.; *Microptera grisea* Ridg. 527, Cs. 609.—Abundant along the coast during migrations. The spring migration occurs during the last two weeks of May, when the birds pass by on their northward journey in large flocks, after the manner of sandpipers. At this time they are fat and delicious for the table, but the flight is very brief and chiefly over the sea, so that it is only in favorable places, such as the marshes at Scarborough, and at some of the islands on their route, that many can be obtained. The males arrive the first week of May, and the females a day or two later, and all have passed by before the first week of June, and usually before the first day of that month. Early in July a few returning ones make their appearance from the far Northern breeding places. The first arriving from the North are generally adult males, which are followed by their relatives in straggling numbers, rarely in flocks of more than a few individuals, throughout July, August and September. These birds are locally termed "blue snips," and are not commonly known here except along the coast.

182. Long-legged Sandpiper—*Tringa hudsonius* Aud.; *Microptera hudsonius* Ridg. 528, Cs. 611.—Not common, but apparently a regular autumn migrant. No record of its appearance here in spring, and probably it is one of those species which chiefly follow the valleys of the Mississippi River and its tributaries during the northward migration in spring, but during the less hurried migration of autumn a portion of their numbers return along the Atlantic coast.

I append a record of specimens shot in Cumberland county, Maine, all in the Scarborough marshes, excepting one at Cape Elizabeth, and possibly the one recorded for 1870, as the locality is given for that specimen in notes quoted. 1849, three specimens; 1849, one; 1850, one; 1851, eight (possibly four of these were taken in two or three records quoted, and if so, the number for 1851 should be given as five); 1852, two, August 9; 1854, two; 1856, four; 1860, one, September 18; 186., one, September 21, one September 23; 1868, one, August 14; 1864, one, August 14, one, August 31; 1865, one, September 10; 1866, one, September 16; 1872, one, August 12.

During a period of twenty-eight years. Of course many others may have been shot in the same locality and not recognized nor recorded. My friend Nathan Clifford Brown has given me the record of the captures of several specimens. In 1875, July 19, at Chebeague Island, Casco Bay, and one August 14 at Cape Elizabeth; one August 24, 1877, at Scarborough; one September 16, 1878, at Scarborough; one July 25, 1879, at Scarborough. At Scarborough, in July, 1879, two were taken, and five more of these birds came to the decoys of Mr. J. W. Pillsbury, and all but two were shot. Afterward a single one was shot at the same locality of the marsh at Scarborough. One shot at Scarborough September 1, 1882.

183. Semipalmated Sandpiper—*Tringa semipalmata* Aud.; *Ereunetes pallidus* Ridg. 541; Cs. 612.—Abundant during spring and autumn migrations, especially along the coast. Arrives during the latter part of May and early in June. One of the "peeps," and locally known as "black-legged peep," also "winter peep" on account of its presence here in the autumn long after the disappearance of the next named species.

184. Least Sandpiper—*Tringa pusilla* Aud.; *Actodromus minutilla* Ridg. 538, Cs. 614.—Abundant during spring and autumn migrations, and frequent along the coast. Arrives in May, and arrives here in advance of the next preceding named species, in spring.

185. White-rumped Sandpiper—*Tringa schenki* Aud.; *Actodromus pusillifrons* Ridg. 536; *Actodromus leucoparvus* Cs. 617. Common in autumn along the coast. Regular autumnal migrant, yet the species is not abundant here. Not common in spring. The autumn migration extends far into the month of July to October. Messrs Harry Merrill and N. C. Eddy inform me that they procured several specimens near Bangor, October 23, 1881—a noteworthy occurrence as a record of the late date in the year, and the species is rarely found here far from the coast, although Bangor is on tidal water. I am indebted to my friend, Nathan Clifford Brown, for the sole record I have of other species taken at Bangor, in the State of Maine. On September 14, 1875, at Lake Umbagog in land in Maine. There were shot two, one on October 14, and one previous to that date. Mr. Brown has also given me the record of a specimen shot at Scarborough, May 30, 1881. The only other record I have of its occurrence here in spring is that of a single specimen, shot at Scarborough, May 29, 1882. Probably its spring migration is over the ocean, when passing Maine, in company with other shore birds, when passing Maine, and its spring migration is such a route, and are never seen on our shores at this season except in rare individual instances.

186. Baird's Sandpiper—*Actodromus bairdi* Ridg. 537; Cs. 615.—This sandpiper is a common Western "peep" and is accorded a rank as a species distinct from the white-rumped sandpiper, which it much resembles. But few specimens have been recorded as taken in Maine, and are recorded in the following: One September 1, 1875, at Umbagog Lake, (Wm. Brewster in Nutt. Bull. No. 1, April, 1876); one shot by Mr. Philip G. Brown at Scarborough, September 9, 1875, (N. C. Brown in Nutt. Bull., Jan. 1877); one September 4, and two September 5, 1880, at Lake Umbagog, (Wm. Brewster in Nutt. Bull.).

If the many "peeps" shot here yearly were carefully examined, probably many more would be found referable to this form.

187. Pied-billed Sandpiper—*Tringa pectoralis* Aud.; *Actodromus maculata* Ridg. 534, Cs. 616.—Abundant in flocks during autumn migrations. Commonly known as "grass-bird," by local sportsmen. This species is so very rarely seen here in spring that I cite the only instances of which I have any records. Locality of observation, Scarborough. Several seen May 8, 1852; one May 11, 1853; one April 30, 1864; one April 13, 1871. The first arrivals of the southward migration are rarely seen before August. During September and October these birds become more abundant about the marshes, and occasionally a few linger here into the month of November.

188. Purple Sandpiper—*Tringa maritima* Aud.; *Argus-tella maritima* Ridg. 530, Cs. 620.—Abundant in November and throughout the winter about the outer islands of the coast, more especially of the easternmost portion of the State. Exclusively a maritime species. Locally termed "rock peeper" and "rock snipe." But few of these sandpipers proceed further south than Cape Cod in Massachusetts, and no other sandpipers range further so far north. Their summer homes and breeding places are in Arctic regions.

187. Red-backed or Black-bellied Sandpiper, American Dunlin—*Tringa alpina* Aud.; *Ptilidus alpina americana* Ridg. 539a, Cs. 624.—Abundant on the coast late in the autumn, but very rarely seen here in spring. May 27, 1879, I shot a single specimen, which was detected in association with a flock of "black-bellied snipes" on the coast. This was an adult female in the plumage of spring, having the belly black. The name black-bellied sandpiper is given to the bird only on account of this temporary phase of plumage. Like the preceding species, these birds frequent the coast and rocky shores, and are termed "rock snipe" and "hill snipe." But they also resort to the sand beaches, and are not so common as the other, frequent, and are also sometimes found on the marshes, as in the case of a specimen, in early autumn, upon one of the marshes of the upper portion of the St. Croix River, which had not completed the moult of its summer plumage. This fact and its presence so far from the coast led me to suspect that possibly a few of the species may occasionally breed in that region. This is not probable, however.

Although some are resorting the purple sandpipers in form, the dunlins differ much in their habits. None remain upon our coast during winter, but great numbers pass by and go beyond the southern limits of the United States. I have observed them upon said islands in the Gulf of Mexico early in May, as they were returning to the North. Probably the greater portion of their numbers went their way to the breeding places in the North, via the Mississippi and St. Lawrence river valleys. Those which come along the Atlantic coast in spring leave the shores of Massachusetts, and pass by Maine far from land over the ocean. Cold easterly storms prevailed on the coast of New England during their migration in May, 1882, and dunlins, as also many other shore birds, were driven out of their usual course. At Scarborough two dunlins were shot May 28, 1879, and one May 31, and one June 2, total of nine specimens, all were in the summer plumage.

190. Curlew Sandpiper—*Tringa subarquata* Aud.; *Ptilidus subarquata* Ridg. 540; *Aegialitis subarquata* Cs. 625.—Accidental. Extremely rare. Apparently occurs in America only as a straggler from Europe. Audubon found but three specimens in America in all his explorations. One was shot near Cape Cod, and the other two were taken on three specimens near the mouth of the St. Croix River. A single specimen was shot at Scarborough, Maine, September 15, 1880, and its skin is preserved and in the possession of Mr. C. H. Chandler, of Cambridge, Mass., who obtained the bird at Scarborough. By the courtesy of Mr. H. A. Purdie, who has examined this specimen, I am assured of its identity.

Red-breasted Sandpiper—*Tringa hudsonia* Aud.; *Tringa caudata* Ridg. 529, Cs. 626.—Common on the coast during migrations. Arrives in latter part of May. With various other birds of the same family, this sandpiper extends its migration to extreme northern regions. I have seen a specimen of *Tringa caudata* in the ornithological collection of the British Museum in London that was killed at St. George's north light, and the coloration on the breast and lower parts of the body, which is due to the moult. This sandpiper is peculiar to the plumage of spring and summer. Specimens in this phase of coloration are obtained in Maine during the last of May and first of June. When next seen here upon their autumnal migration the plumage appears quite different, and the birds are then sometimes termed "blue plover," the upper parts being bluish gray, and lower parts white.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE HORNED LARK.

BY REV. J. H. LANGILLE.

IT was early winter. The ground was covered with snow, but the atmosphere had been laden with a dense falling mist. The temperature falling below the freezing point, throughout the night, a zephyr-like wind from the northeast continued to crystallize the moisture on every object, arraying the landscape in a most magnificent hoar-frost. The delicate plumose or spinulose ornaments increased every twig and sprig of grass to many times its size, and every tree and shrub seemed almost as dense as when arrayed in a young foliage; telegraph wires were as thick as cables, and the delicate array of spinulose plumes on the evergreens was of greater magnitude than their own dark covering. The exquisite delicacy and beauty of the pattern of crystallization were indescribable. The whole landscape was a charming fairyland. As the hoar-frost of rural night was falling, and the stars were beginning to appear, the delicate had been at work; while in this inimitable robe of snow-white purity the Christian fanatic might read the thoughts of Him who is the author of the beautiful as well as of the true and good.

Perfect stillness reigned. The slightest sound was awfully menacing. What could be more pleasing to the lover of nature than to see a flock of many times its size, of many flocks at such a time than a flock of many times its size, of many flocks (*Ereunetes alpina*) appeared, alighting in the fields and along the highway, and they seemed as social and happy as so many Frenchmen, as they flew and ran, and squatted and hopped, vying with each other in their soft conversational *leap, leaper*.

This is one of the most characteristic birds of Western New York. In Orleans county and westward, throughout

the year, unless it be in December, there is none which one is more likely to meet. Though in much smaller flocks, he may as frequently appear in the snowstorm as the snow-bunting, and is much more common in the finer weather of mid winter than the goldfinch or the lesser redpoll. From the frozen fields or the frost-clad fence, he greets us with his song already in early February, several weeks before we hear the soft warble of the bluebird or the resonant notes of the song sparrow, and so gives us the first bird song of the year. When the earth is soaked and the air is chill from the thaws of spring, he is as merry and chipper, and full of song as ever. He is amid the happy throngs of May, traverses the heated dust of the highway in July and August, and in the mild, hazy days of Indian summer, gives forth a respectable echo of his more vigorous song of the breeding season.

Until very recently, the habits of this species have been wholly consigned to the far north, but it is now well understood that it breeds abundantly in the lake country of Western New York, and in corresponding latitudes westward, raising two broods, the first of which is very early. Rev. Wm. Elgin, now of Indianapolis, Ind., a competent observer, writes to me as follows: "On the 29th of April, 1875, I discovered in the park near the lake at Buffalo, the nest of a pair of horned larks containing four young birds, which he was at the age of six days old. I had observed the parent birds in that locality early in the month, and had been watching their movements ever since, being convinced from their actions when first noticed that they were nesting."

But my search was not rewarded till the day above named. When the parent birds were first seen, the ground was bare, but about the 10th, there fell several inches of snow, which lay on the ground several days, during which time the temperature frequently fell almost to zero. Under these circumstances it seemed to me a marvel that any of the eggs hatched, since the bird must have been sitting while the ground—and in fact herself—was covered with snow. Yet, the nest was admirably contrived for this weather, being placed in a small basin scooped out of the level ground, and carefully lined with the dried grass, the top being on a level with the surface. Such a case of nidification certainly argues a high degree of intelligence in the species. Another circumstance which fell under my observation, and which tends to confirm this opinion. On the 7th of April, 1878, near the village of Wayne, in Steuben county, I observed a female horned lark feeding a pair of young in the nest; the young being so far matured, as to be able to fly from the road to the fence, a distance of fully three rods. In this case, the nest must have been begun early in March.

These instances accord with the nest reported as found near Wisconsin, while the snow was on the ground. On the 6th of April, 1880, as I was crossing a meadow a few days after a snowfall of some three or four inches, a female horned lark flew out from under the snow near my feet. Thrusting my finger carefully through the cold covering I touched the eggs still warm; and picking out carefully the snow which had fallen into the nest as the bird left it, I found four eggs about half incubated. Who would not be impressed with the fidelity of this bird to her charge, thus allowing herself to be snowed over and continuing to sit as she no doubt would have done, till she thawed out again.

The second set of eggs is laid in June. The full-fledged young are of a mottled gray color, somewhat like the first plumage of young screech owls. The nest is made of stubble, rootlets and dried grasses, sometimes having a little wool or horse-hair in the lining. It is well sunken into the ground and is generally a frail, loose and inartistic structure. The eggs are usually four, but 887, 63, are grayish white, thickly speckled all over with greenish brown, having a small marking of pale blue or purplish-brown. They cannot be easily mistaken for any other egg in this locality. Our outly bird's egg which they resemble in color is that of the shrikes, and the marking is very much finer than that of these.

Mr. James Booth, of Drummondville, Ontario, for thirty years a distinguished taxidermist for Niagara Falls, Buffalo and the region about, says that the horned larks did not breed here formerly; that the southern extension of the species was with greenish brown, now having a small marking of pale blue or purplish-brown. They cannot be easily mistaken for any other egg in this locality. Our outly bird's egg which they resemble in color is that of the shrikes, and the marking is very much finer than that of these.

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But no, he has alighted in safety, and steps along with all his wonted statelyness, dividing the time between his lunge and his song. Many a time since, and sometime as early as the last days of February, I have witnessed the same manoeuvre, and always with renewed pleasure. No Bayard Taylor is not mistaken after all, when in his "Spring Pastoral" he speaks of—

"Larks responding aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird."

And though the song of our bird can bear no comparison to the astounding song-flights of the sky-lark, their similarity of manner indicates the relationship of the two species.

But in the distant Northwest we have a very wonderful bird, the Missouri skylark, which its lofty flight and great powers of song, seems scarcely if at all second to the famous bird of the Old World.

The horned lark is 7 to 7½ inches long, somewhat larger than an ordinary-sized sparrow, its shape being as peculiar as its voice. The bill is rather long for a song bird, quite pointed, and a little curved; on the head of the male are two tufts of crested black feathers, from which he receives part of his common name. As in the case of other larks, but unlike the rest of the song birds, the scales of the leg extend around behind, and its hind claw is very long and straight. This lark is always in a squatting position with drooping tail when at rest. With a long black patch on each cheek, a somewhat triangular black spot on the upper part of the breast, reddish light brown above and dull white beneath, with yellow throat, long pointed wing-tipped with black and a tail of the same color, a peculiar undulating flight often accompanied with a soft *teep* or *teeper*, whether sitting, walking or flying, this bird readily appeals to the eye of the observer. It was formerly placed with the *Fringillidae* family among the sparrows and their relations, but it now stands with a lark family formed by later ornithologists. In the main it is a seed-eating species, but also subsists largely on insects.

FEEDING THE PINE GROSBEAKS.—Kennebec County, Me., Feb. 12.—This is not a game county, but it contains some sportsmen, one of the greatest pleasure in reading the FOREST AND STREAM, and says amen to the stand taken in relation to trout hogs, pot-hunters and park grabbers. This being close season, the only game we have is fox, which are quite plenty, but just now the snow is so light that it is hard to follow them, even on snow shoes. Only yesterday two foxes were seen from the village of C. This being an unusual cold winter, our northern friends, the pine grosbeaks, are with us, and find they can be easily tamed if, instead of giving them a charge of fine shot, a person will take the trouble to throw out a little cracked corn or crumbs for them. As I write, about a dozen of the birds are gathered out and about the window still eating canary seed and cracker crumbs, which are daily thrown out to them, to the delight of two very small boys who stand within a foot of the birds as they are eating.—12-GAUGE.

MIGRATORY QUAIL.—DOVER, N. H., Feb. 1.—Thirteen migratory quail were seen in the yard of the Cocheo Manufacturing Co. yesterday, by several persons. This yard is in the center of the city, and the quail came there?—G. A. W. [We should like to have further information about this matter.]

Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

WHEN THIS OLD GUN WAS NEW.

WHEN this old gun was new
 'Twas in life's youthful time,
 When flowing locks were golden-brown
 That now are white with time.
 When skies were bright and meadows green,
 Days all too short for play,
 And precious was each moment,
 Of the weekly holiday;
 Ah, then when first the flush of dawn
 Lit up the eastern sky,
 Now joyous from the garden gate,
 Out to the fields to fly!
 Sometime with little slender rod
 With line of silken strand,
 We'd seek the winding river's marge,
 A gay, exultant band.
 Sometime we'd seek the old mill-pond,
 Down where the trees leaved o'er,
 Where water-lilies were afloat,
 And cat-tails lined the shore,
 To cast for club, or perch, or trout,
 Or pike, or yellow bream,
 And fill our wicker baskets
 With treasures of the stream.

But greater yet the joy to lift
 This old gun from the wall,
 And pass forth where the pine-woods
 Rose bravely and tall.
 For there the blue wood-pigeons flew,
 There on wild berries fed,
 And when this little gun outspoke
 How many were the dead!
 'Twas but a simple flat-lead thing,
 Long ere the cap and cone,
 But still its powers seem'd marvelous,
 And the gun was all our own!
 How precious seem'd our powder store,
 Precious as sands of gold,
 Our shot-bag was a treasury
 Of leaden wealth untold!

Since then full many years have sped,
 We've hunted far and near,
 But never was such sporting joy
 As in that earliest year.
 A costlier weapon we have swung,
 The smart breech-loader come,
 But none so dear-beloved as this,
 The child-gun, bruis'd and worn!

—ISAAC McLELLAN,

IN THE ST. LOUIS VALLEY.

ALAMOSA is situated nearly in the central part of the San Luis Valley, in the southern part of Colorado. Pleasant met Bert, a good woodman as there was in the valley, who was going out prospecting. He kindly invited us to go with him, assuring us we would have a good time.

On the 7th of July, the day after our arrival, we started for the mountains, going to the southwest and turning our backs on the snow-capped Sierra Blanca.

There were four of us in the party, and the outfit consisted of an extra solid platform spruce wagon, a good team, a good saddle, a good pair of boots, a good pair of trousers, and the requisite cooking utensils, four repeating rifles, two shotguns and two fly rods. After a very pleasant journey, during which we passed the plaza of San Rafael with its gaunt and vicious dogs and villainous-looking inhabitants, we came to Conejos with its Church and Convent of the Sacred Heart, both of which are constructed principally of adobe mud. Here we met its good-accured, accomplished sheriff, Joe Smith, who is ever willing to render the stranger any favor he may ask in regard to shooting and fishing.

After leaving Conejos, prairie dogs become very numerous; but the owl and rattlesnake found further north are here wanting.

When we struck the Los Pinos Creek we left our wagon, and after packing our outfit on "Rocky Mountain elevators" (burros), started on. About five miles up we pitched our tent in a clump of pine trees, the lines right by the creek. We were now about two miles east of "The gorge" and just over the line in New Mexico, and in as pretty a country as one could wish to see.

The following day we went up into the mountains, and before returning Bert shot a doe, and my friend Charley and I bagged five grouse. After returning, just before sunset, I joined my rod and started out for trout, and before landing a half a dozen I managed to break the tip of my pole on account of my ignorance of the manner in which to land them. It, however, did not take me long to learn a point or two, and in two hours I had fully ten pounds of fish. Bert, however, had been more successful.

That night we had a glorious supper of venison, grouse, trout and the never-to-be-forgotten flapjacks. After a smoke and some yarus we turned in.

Between hunting, fishing and prospecting I passed seven of the happiest weeks of my life. On one occasion when we happened to get out of venison, and were sick and tired of trout, we invested in a goat from a Mexican herder that happened to pass through the mountains with the herd. Though the meat was not as delicate as some other, I was surprised at its passable relish.

In fly-fishing I found that any fly not highly colored was good, although the "professor" and "dunghill" seemed to be the best.

During the seven weeks we were in the mountains a cinnamon bear was shot by Bert, and Charley and I shot three deer. Deer seemed to be very plentiful, but at that season they were in the aspen timber and very hard to shoot. Bert, however, got two.

One night we were annoyed by a mountain lion, and at one time thought he was bothering our stock; but after an inspection found everything all right. He had evidently smelled the meat that was hanging up near our tent, and the shooting on the prairie in the valley is very fine. After saddling our ponies, and with a shotgun and ear-tricks stuffed in every available pocket, we started out duck or goose shooting. Riding along the Rio Grande, beginning near Alamosa, we swung along at an easy gallop, and when a flock of ducks or geese are sighted we circle off on the prairie. When opposite the ducks or geese, jump from the ponies, and running up to the bank shoot the few that rise. If the river being considerably lower than the banks, this can easily be done.

The lakes in the valley also afford good shooting for fowl, and lots of sport can be obtained.

The three months I spent in the valley were the most pleasant I can look back to, and should any wishing sport go to Alamosa he will find it, certainly if he is lucky enough to get into the company of Bert. CASON PETER.

JERSEY CITY, FEB. 15.

THE DUSKY DUCK.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago I shot my first dusky duck. My father was a fine shot, and spent a great deal of time in the woods and on the lakes of New England. He had four boys, all of whom were very fond of the gun. We were not allowed to have a gun till we were fourteen years of age, and as I was the youngest boy my turn to have a gun did not come until all my brothers had left home. I used to go with my father in the woods and on the lakes long before I had a gun, and I know how to set the decoy ducks well.

We lived on the shore of a small pond called Smith's Pond, situated between Fresh and Spy ponds in the town of West Cambridge, Mass. It is now Belmont. This little pond was quite a place for dusky ducks, teal, bluebills, coot, etc. We always kept forty or fifty dark colored tame ducks for decoys. Many of them were fine callers, and when a dusky duck or teal came to the pond, were sure to bring them in.

Very few ducks are as shy as the dusky duck, but they are very easy to decoy, if one has tame ducks that are good callers. When they come into the decoys they will sit motionless on the water for fifteen or twenty minutes, then if nothing disturbs them (if there are more than one) they will swim together. But if they see the least motion they are off like the wind, and will seldom stop till they get to some other lake or pond.

Sandy Pond, in Lincoln, Mass., was a fine place for black or dusky ducks. They like shallow, wooded shores of that beautiful sort of water. Seventeen years ago I came to Northwestern Iowa and since then have seen but three dusky ducks. One was killed ten miles north of this place by Messrs. Kaip, Foster and Howland, of New York; which killed I do not know; it was with a flock of mallards; all of them shot and this duck came down. It was one of the finest specimens I ever saw. Since then my brother shot one at Buffalo Fork, a small stream twelve miles north of town. I saw one three years ago with two mallards, on the upper Des Moines, but did not kill it. I think they are scarce in the West, as most of the Western sportsmen have never seen one. J. G. S.

ALGONA, IOWA.

THE BIG GAME AND THE PARK.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I commend the course taken by the FOREST AND STREAM in the matter of the National Park grab, and your hearty support of Senator Vest's bill, all of which I endorse, except the proposed Park extension. This I deem unwise and unwarranted. This clause in the bill was inserted, I believe, to conform to the recommendation of Lieutenant General Sheridan in his report of Nov. 1, 1882, to the War Department, which proposes to extend the limits of the Park forty miles east and ten miles south. The extension west would take in a large portion of the district known as the New World Mining District (so-called the Clark's Fork Mines). These mines have been occupied for ten years. The entire tract which the bill proposes to take in is a mineral-bearing country. But this matter we will leave to our delegate in Congress. I hope Congress will not grant any exclusive privileges within the limits of the Park; 640 acres would be a very large tract of land, as it could be so mapped out as to take in the entire upper geyser basin, in which are situated nearly all the most wonderful and interesting geysers in the Park. I trust that in granting privileges Congress will not allow any hotel or other structure to be erected nearer than one-fourth of a mile to any of these great wonders, and that a survey may be made and permanent lines established, taking in all the beautiful springs and geysers, and that the same may be forever free. The PARK AND STREAM has well said that pasture lands are very scarce, particularly in the vicinity of the geyser basin, and for this reason should be free to all. I should think that twenty acres of land with each hotel privilege, would be a very large one, and that this rule should apply to location of such privileges throughout the entire Park.

Much has been said upon the subject of game protection, and I believe Gen. Sheridan recommended the extension of the Park particularly that the noble game of the Rocky Mountains might find a retreat from skin hunters. I herewith submit some figures showing shipments of skins from Bozeman, which has been the principal shipping point of Eastern Montana for many years, which, however, is now somewhat changed by reason of the settlement of the country along the Yellowstone River and the opening of new markets for skins. I am sure you will be interested in the figures with these matters and submit the figures to show what species of game most need protection. In 1874 the following shipments were made from Bozeman:

Elk skins, 97,000 lbs.; deer skins, 82,350 lbs.; antelope skins, 33,407 lbs.; mountain sheep skins, 760 lbs.; moose skins, 4 skins only; bison, none.

Average weight of skins: Elk, 12½ lbs. each; deer, 3½ lbs.; antelope, 2½ lbs.; mountain, 3½ lbs.

This includes the entire catch of skins sold by white hunters and Indians. The average prices being for elk skins 20 to 30 cents per pound, deer 24 to 35 cents per pound, antelope 27 to 40 cents per pound, mountain sheep 15 to 20 cents per pound, moose skins 20 to 30 cents per pound. During the two years following shipments were light, owing to the market being overstocked and the consequent fall in prices. The shipments of skins from October, 1881, until July, 1882, were as follows: Elk skins 45,000 lbs., deer skins 35,000 lbs., antelope skins 5,000 lbs., mountain sheep skins 960 lbs., moose, three skins only, bison, none.

Never within my recollection has a bison skin been offered for sale by a skin hunter in this market, and I have knowledge of but one skin having been brought to this vicinity from the Park. The bison has been the prey of all wild skinners most valuable to the hunter. In November and December—the bison does not leave the high altitudes. Therefore to hunt him is to encounter deep snows; his whereabouts are uncertain, for there are but few herds; his skin is heavy and cumbersome to handle; hence it does not pay the skin hunter to hunt him; for these reasons only he is safe from skin hunters. Tourists and sportsmen, who linger to hunt in the Park, are his only enemies. The only game found in all seasons in the thick forests of the high mountains, and are not numerous enough to warrant hunting them for their skins. The mountain sheep, from their peculiar habits, flourish in the highest and most rocky and rugged mountains, and if protected during lambing season will take care of themselves and last for many generations to come. Of these animals the bison and moose should be particularly protected from sportsmen when the hunting the summer season, when the feeding grounds are accessible.

It will be seen by the larger quantities of elk and deer killed for skins, they are by far the most numerous, and must be soon protected, or it will be too late. Two or three severe winters with deep snows, a good demand for skins with such prices as prevailed in 1874, will seal the fate of the elk and deer of the Rocky Mountains. The all important question presents itself, can the animals be protected? Surely not by simply extending the limits of the Park; certainly not by any law that Congress can devise for their protection within the Park. I believe this can be accomplished only by the hearty co-operation of the Territories of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, and the passage of such laws by the Territorial Legislatures as will entirely stop the killing for skins only. Killing should only be allowed from August 15 to December 15, and then only for food. The migratory habits of the elk and deer are such that the first October snows are the signal to descend from the secure summer retreat high up in the densely timbered mountains, even above the timber line, where snow banks are found at all seasons of the year, to lower levels; and as the season advances the journey is continued until the base of the mountains is reached, then the table lands, then a general scattering—far but not far from the timber line. However, remain near its borders, during mild winters, and are killed more or less by skin hunters. Deer do not remain in or near the Park during the winter. The great slaughter, however, takes place along the tributaries of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers, and goes on unceasingly from November until May, when, as the snow begins to disappear, and new grass starts, such animals as have survived this season follow the melting snow until the summer retreat is reached.

To illustrate how mercilessly game is slaughtered, I will relate one instance that came within my own observation. While traveling down the Yellowstone in the winter of 1880, in the month of February, the snow being deep, sleighs were used by the stage company in place of wagons. There was a crust on the snow, and the sleighs were not to be weighed. The driver and I discovered a band of antelope in the road some distance in advance of us. At first they were somewhat shy, and would run as we approached, but finally we came quite near them. There being about fifty,

they occupied a long space in the road, and as they became accustomed to us, we came very near them. I would reach out of the sleigh, pick up pieces of snow crust, and throw among them. They seemed quite as tame as a flock of sheep. We noticed that the legs of nearly all these animals were badly lacerated, this being caused by traveling and breaking through the hard crust. These animals traveled in advance of us some miles, never attempting to leave the sleigh track. We finally met two hunters, and the animals bounded off through the snow a short distance and stopped. The hunters got down from their horses, and the work of slaughter began. Before we passed the next ridge, a quarter of a mile, we noticed that the animals were all dead, the remainder were scattered around, none beyond rifle range. These animals had scarcely life enough left to run from the hunter, even if the depth of snow and crust had not rendered such a thing impossible.

In this way the antelope of the great Yellowstone Valley have been nearly exterminated; and I repeat, that unless a very early season found, the elk and black-tailed deer will share the same fate. The reader will ask, "Have you no game laws?" Certainly. Section 641 of the Revised Statutes of Montana prohibits the killing of bison, elk, black-tailed deer, white-tailed deer, mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goat and antelope, from February 1 until August 10, penalty not less than \$50.00 nor more than \$250.00. Section 442 prohibits the killing of any of these animals at any time for less than \$25.00, or more than \$50.00, their skins not to be sold, but these laws are a dead letter and cannot be enforced, for the reason that our Territory is so vast in extent, there being ninety thousand square miles within its borders, with a population of about sixty thousand. Many of the best game districts are distant from settlements, and difficult of access in winter and spring, when it is the most necessary to protect game. Many hunters locate in the fall before snow falls, and have the privilege of game, antelope and deer skins until June and July, after the snow has disappeared. The entire United States Army, while it might protect, or partially protect, the 3,344 square miles included in the National Park, would be powerless to enforce the game laws as they now are.

Can a remedy be suggested? In my opinion, your correspondent has sounded the keynote when he recommended the safe shipment of game, antelope and deer skins from skins from the Territory he prohibited, and the passage of laws, making it unlawful for any railroad or steamboat company, or any other common carrier to transport or carry the same from the Territory. That article came from a person thoroughly conversant with the subject in question.

ANGLER.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA, Jan. 24, 1893.

The *Cheyenne Daily Leader*, February 8, reports: "Public-spirited citizens are at work, independently of the Governor and Secretary of the Territory, endeavoring to bring the United States Senate to a sense of the injustice which would be done Wyoming if the Yellowstone Park were to be placed under the jurisdiction of the laws of Montana. The following letter, written by Hon. Harry C. Crosby, to Senator Vest, Chairman of the committee on Territories, contains sound arguments from a good authority for the retention of the Park under Wyoming laws:

THE HOME RANCH, CHEYENNE, WYO., Feb. 8, 1893.
To the Hon. George H. Vest, U. S. Senator, Washington, D. C.

Honorable Sir—Referring to a letter dated December 29, from Gov. Crosby of Montana, to you and relating to an interesting question in the preservation of game in the Yellowstone National Park, I address you in the name of the Wyoming Game Protective Association, and in reciting certain facts, which may be new to you, and in offering a few suggestions, I trust they will be received in the same good spirit of national pride and sport which dictates them. Although sympathizing strongly with the object which prompts Governor Crosby's letter, I fear it has, with its general publicity, tended to mislead, both as regards the geographical position of the Park, as well as the efforts of the good people of Wyoming to protect game for the same. As the large proportion of nineteen-twentieths of the country set apart as a national reservation was taken from Wyoming, the odd one-twentieth coming from Idaho and Montana, and as a movement is now on foot to give incorporation to the Park into a county of Montana, our people are naturally growing jealous. Thus far the only laws of either Territory which in any way affect the interests of the Park, are those for the protection of game near its borders. The Wyoming Territorial Legislature of 1882 enacted game laws, of which the enclosed is a copy. In them will be found embodied all the points Governor Crosby recommends for his Territory. He suggests imprisonment instead of fines as punishment for violation. We are in favor of that punishment, but in judgment of one law either, or both. It is urged that transportation companies be prohibited carrying game unlawfully killed. We go a step further and forbid individuals or corporations even to have in possession game unlawfully killed, or any green or untanned hides.

Our people have organized and incorporated a game protective association, which has, by its organization, been enabled to accomplish the following results: All common carriers have been forced to refuse contraband game or parts thereof, except in the extreme northern part of the Territory, where such game is transported into Montana, where traffic in the same is apparently allowed. We can furnish proof positive of parties having started from the southern portion of this Territory on hunting excursions to the protection of their guides (and the violation of our laws) killing more game than they could use until they reached Montana, where they were taken across the border to indulge in the alleged sport of murdering buffalo. We know of parties who had made arrangements last year to hunt here, but learning that the Wyoming laws were being enforced, changed base to Montana. Hide hunters and game murderers in the extreme north have openly defied the Government, knowing they could find a market and protection in Montana.

As the people of Wyoming have, through their Legislature, made wise game laws, and have also shown their ability to enforce them—at all events more thoroughly than Montana does—it is most earnestly to be hoped and prayed for that if it should be considered necessary to place the National Park under the laws of a Territory, it will be given to you whom it was taken from the Federal Government, and to whom we have practically looked upon as their own by a zealous regard to the preservation of the Park's greatest beauty—its game. If the area of this reservation should be increased, as suggested by Governor Crosby, it would be taken from Wyom-

ing. If the preservation of game is the real issue, the following notes, which are gathered from real experience, are respectfully submitted. In this open prairie country game ranges in a very different manner from that in which they do in the Adirondacks or Allegheny mountains. There a prey of fifty square miles might be effectual; here even the extent of the Yellowstone Park (3,500 square miles) would be virtually useless for such a purpose. Buffalo are apt to wander four or five hundred miles between their summer and winter ranges. Elk, black and white-tailed deer, as well as antelope, leave their ranges to bring forth their young; therefore, preserving a small area would not avail much. The strictest protection in all the wild country is needed; but if anything is to be done it should be done at once.

If the Federal Government would give at least her Territories a general law on the subject, then United States Marshals and their deputies would have to see to the enforcement of the same, and they would also carry against the bands or companies of hide hunters the good, moral weight of having the "blue eyes" to back them.

Indians are allowed to leave their reservations to hunt on passes from their agents. As they have neither use for hides nor meat, being liberally provided with both blankets and beef by the Government, and as their slaughter is invariably wanton, it might be well to stop the issuance of such passes.

Assuring you of our appreciation of your efforts to secure the preservation of game, I am, yours respectfully,

President of the Wyoming Game Protective Association.

THE GUINEA FOWL AS GAME.

THERE are numbers of guinea fowl wild in the island of Santo Domingo, and they have been there beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant. They are very prolific. I have often seen as many as fifteen in a brood, I think they hatch out in one year; at least, at the rate of one an egg, and all seasons of the year. They are to be found about the corn and rice fields, as well as in the open savanna miles away from any food, except such as is afforded by the native grasses. Their crops often show nothing but grass seed of different varieties. They are an exceedingly shy bird, difficult to approach, and wonderfully strong and swift on the wing. I have never seen the tame bird, and I find it is from the domestic animal.

On one occasion we made camp late in the afternoon at a cattle station in the savanna, where the proprietors came twice a year to brand the calves and select the heaves, stopping three or four weeks each time. During the rest of the year no one lived there. Near sundown, tempted by the balmy atmosphere and winking lights and shades, I strolled some distance from camp, and saw a very large covey of guineas. I promised myself some sport in the morning and was up and away at the first break of day. After a time I discovered at a distance a flock of guineas feeding in a portion of the savanna where the pine trees were three to four rods apart, tall, straight and free from limbs for a long way from the ground, and not a brush beside. I endeavored to get within gunshot by going from one tree to another, keeping myself in the middle of the path, and as possible, at the same time watching the birds closely, and on seeing the least sign of apprehension, making a statue of myself. I spent over an hour in this way, the birds constantly feeding away from me. Then I flushed them out of range and they flew for a run that I densely timbered. I followed but failed to get a shot, and was forced to return to camp without a bird. I do not think that these birds had been shot for months.

They are harder to get a shot at than the ruffed grouse, but are much easier killed. With a 16-bore 6½ lbs. gun, I shot one from the limb of a small pine tree at a distance of fifty-two long paces, striking the bird with one shot in the body. It fell immediately to the ground; and when I picked it up, was dead. I have shot a green parrot at so short a range that four shot passed through its body, and then I had to resort to the same means to obtain another. There were no bird dogs in Santo Domingo at the time I was there. A friend had a mongrel shepherd that he thought a very good dog to hunt birds. I tried him. He would trail the guinea fowl. They would allow him to come quite close, and then take position in the nearest tree and watch the dog. I think from their actions they would lie pretty well to the proper kind of a dog. The wild guinea is similar in all the qualities to the ruffed grouse. Although I have bagged a great many, I never saw a very fat one. They were plump, juicy and tender, and a very fine flavor. I had the best success in shooting them by scattering a flock just before roosting time. The following morning, being on the ground before daylight, when the calling would commence, the chances were favorable for a few flying shots.

L. KENT, M.D.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

THE late continued rain has completely freed the Delaware River from ice, and the marshes bordering it which were until the past week frozen up, have been completely cleared, owing to the high tides having liberated and floated off their hardened covering. Some seasons we have had a return of the marsh ducks to our streams as early as this, but I cannot learn of any ballpits or spritfalls having appeared in the Delaware yet, although the feeding grounds might be said to be in good condition for them. We shall have some severe weather before spring, and need not look for marshfowl before the first week in March, and not then unless the season is favorable.

I wish our sportsmen would content themselves with autumn shooting alone, and allow the comparatively few ducks which stop in our marshes in the spring, preparatory to going northward to breed, to pass the winter unmolested. In fact, the snipe should not be hunted; but we cannot blame the boys so long as a law permits.

Some few purple grackles and robins have shown themselves in Delaware county, near Media, I am told. This is very early for them. We seldom look for them before March. One of our local papers tells of a "brown thrasher" (feruginous thrasher) that has wintered in Chester county. This is remarkable, as the bird is migratory and passes the cold weather in the South.

Several of our Philadelphia hotel and restaurant proprietors have kept over a number of quail this winter. One has a covey domiciled in his front show window, the bottom of the window being covered with moss, etc., and the quail made comfortable. The birds attract much attention. Howso.



ASLEEP AT HIS POST.—DRAWN FOR THE FOREST AND STREAM BY W. H. McDUGALL.

SUMMER SHOOTING.

"Hear the other side," says the proverb.—"Clericus."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Clericus" in his article on "Summer Shooting," in your issue of February 15, laments the restrictions cruelly put on certain human beings called "brain-workers." These poor creatures, as he groups them, are clergymen, college professors, school teachers, lawyers, actors, artists of all kinds, and the "physicians at least of the wealthy classes." [How many "classes" have we in this republic?] This list excludes engineers, whether military, mining, mechanical, or civil, that is if the last named do not meddle with the architect's scaffolding men, baggage-masters, officers of the army, telegraph operators, foreign ministers, street-car drivers, dentists, hotel clerks, members of Congress, dealers in fishing tackle, officers of the internal revenue service and plumbers and pawabrokers and a few other "classes."

Placing myself in the smaller and more exclusive class, I feel privileged to join the lament with that of "Clericus." "Clericus" asks: "Now is there nothing owed to the above classes?" (That's my class, you remember. You see he starts right, for he puts us, *A. C.*, our class, on the Cr. side of the sheet. The reader will note that the plumber belongs to the class containing the officer of the internal revenue service and the pawnbroker.) "Are there no concessions to be made in their behalf?" "What lover of the chase cares to go to the North Woods if there is no chance on the deer?" This last lament in behalf of my class is no doubt all right, but to me reads a little ambiguous.

My wife, who has just read it, says: "It is all clear enough, it means that 'Clericus' won't go to the woods if the deer have any chance. How stupid! My dear, your brain is overworked." "No, my love, my brain is not overworked—worse than that—I am a victim!" "What? Victim! Haven't I lost any of my money, I hope?" "No, love—don't!—just one moment. I'm the victim of the strange fascination of—" "Who?" "Who?" "One moment, my darling, of—the trigger." "Oh! that's all, is it?" "Yes, and that's what 'Clericus' says he has badly. Yes, and he says it is hard to get rid of. He also says: 'There is no encouragement for the professional man [*i. e.*, our class, you know, my dear] to give themselves to a recreation which, like sleep, knits up the ravel'd sleeve of care, is balm of hurt minds and chief nourisher in life's feast.' Those are his words and he knows. He says I ought to 'take to the woods' and—" "My dear, I thought you called me to listen to an article you had written for *FOREST AND STREAM*?" "Oh, yes, I forgot, here it is, short and—well, like yourself, my North Woods woman, my anglertrix."

It is to me, a "brain-worker," incredible how a "Clericus" could have written that article advocating summer shooting. The close season does not suit the time of the vacation of clergymen and others. This is a reason, sufficient to "Clericus," why the game laws should be changed. The law of the land and the law of nature are against summer shooting. The game laws, after much discussion and infinite trouble, have been laid down so that, on the whole,

they follow the law of nature, which fixes certain times and seasons for the bringing forth of young, and for the mother's care for her offspring. To shoot her then, in the fullness of her love, and to leave her darling to the merciless elements, and beasts of prey, or starvation, is a cruelty that no one, if thoughtful, can be guilty of. This is the sentiment which underlies that legislation whose intent is to protect our game during the season of motherly love and of helpless infancy.

A PROFESSOR.

MICHIGAN NOTES.

The winter in this region has been unusually severe. In December there was a depth of forty-six inches of snow at one time, and there are now ten feet or more on the ground. This has no crust, but is very solid, so as to make it difficult for any animal of large size to wade through it. There were a good many deer here last fall, and a number were shot. I do not think many have been killed since the expiration of close time, but a few have suffered. Those who hunt out of season keep it quiet, as there is a strong feeling among many of our hunters that the practice should be discouraged. I learn that one man, living on the "Six-mile" Lake, has captured three or four deer and has them in his barn alive. Probably he has not read the law against "hunting or pursuing" these animals out of season. This same man was once fined for crust-hunting, and his turn may come again.

The deer were trusted about lively enough on the first snows. I knew eight men to meet on the track of one buck, and they didn't get him, either.

There are no quail near here. Ruffed grouse have been quite abundant this fall, and there are a good many winter ducks in the open rivers connecting our lakes.

Foxes are abundant, and a few are shot. No one can keep hounds here, as the still-hunters always shoot them.

Two or three bears were shot this season; one of them was pursued one day by seven hunters through a swamp covering a few hundred acres. The snow was deep and they gave it up at night, and went to bed. So did the bear. Next day an old hunter went alone and shot him.

We were for several weeks interested in the gambols of three or four otters in and about the open water at the head of one lake, and in the river which empties therein. The same thing occurred two years ago, and although the creatures were often seen within a few rods of the bridge, I do not think that any of them were injured during their stay. Some of the boys tried to shoot them, but you know their guns generally miss or "hang fire." One of them, however (not the boys, but the otters), probably owed its life to the courtesy of one of our best shots and hunters, who had his carbine levelled on it at point-blank range, but refrained from shooting because he knew that if killed the animal would sink and be lost in the deep water.

It has heretofore been my impression that otters seldom remained for so long a time in one place, unless when the young were very small, and it seems strange to me that they should stay so long in sight of a village, and play about in rifle range of a constantly traveled thoroughfare.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., Feb. 11, 1888.

EFFECTS OF SPRING SHOOTING.

THE sportsman that has lived in the Quaker City for the past twenty years can note many changes that have taken place in the shooting grounds in and about Philadelphia county in that time. Where one particular spot was yearly visited by snipe and a fair bag could always be counted on, it has long since been deserted by the birds, and they have to be sought for elsewhere. Who that has shot at all does not remember the meadows bordering Darby Creek, Potts' meadows, the grounds near the Cross Keys and around Captain Serrill's? All were close to the city, where ten or twelve years ago it was a poor day when twelve or fifteen birds could not be killed in proper season. Now a tramp over all these meadows would not start a brace of snipe in the most propitious weather, unless, as it was last autumn, an unaccountable flight suddenly appeared and reminded the old stager of what had been once a common occurrence, especially in the spring.

The writer can call to mind the daily killing in the afternoon, ten years ago, of two or three brace of snipe by Mr. George Twaddell and himself within the limits of West Philadelphia, not a mile from Mr. Twaddell's homestead. This favorite feeding ground is now never visited by the birds, and it is evident their numbers are yearly decreasing, doubtless owing to spring shooting, which we are all guilty of and which we will still indulge in so long as it is allowed by law.

It was common not many years ago to find good woodcock shooting within and but a short distance of Philadelphia. Many birds were killed along the Schuylkill River, and almost every river, creek or brook in Philadelphia county covers fringing the different creeks in Philadelphia county were sure to be the home of more than one longbill. Some of the Philadelphia readers of *FOREST AND STREAM* can remember how they once slipped in back of Woodland's Cemetery early of a July morning and brought out two or three woodcock, and can call to mind the excellent feeding grounds on the Cobb Creek running at the foot of Mr. Morial enclosure. All these grounds are as they once were, not a whit changed. But the birds are not there as of yore. Would it not be wise to abolish all summer woodcock shooting as a means to increase the number of our fall visitors?

Bunting's thicket, long since cut down, and a growth of sapling—now a wood—just outside Philadelphia county limits, on the Baltimore turnpike, was a dozen years ago regularly frequented every autumn by woodcock. Similar good ground lies in the same neighborhood now, but it is seldom a woodcock is found there. We are told that the main cause of this scarcity of snipe and woodcock in the immediate vicinity of Philadelphia of late years may be attributed to the increase of sportsmen, the improvement in shotguns and to the education of the mass in shooting matters by sporting journals. All this may be true in a measure, but the prime reason is the killing of migratory game birds in the spring of the year. Granting that sporting literature has done its share in fostering a desire for field sports on the part of the public, for this very reason it should advocate the total stopping everywhere of all spring shooting, and

to the passage of such laws as will prevent the total extinction of our venal visitors.

A positive proof of the same thing done during the return of the bay birds from the South in the spring is the great decrease in their numbers that is noticed every year. Some species have almost entirely disappeared. Duck shooting likewise must be limited to autumn and winter; and it is becoming a question in the mind of many whether battery or gun shooting should not be also entirely abolished. It is in some respects a pity that could be done, and it is pleasing to notice that FOREST AND STREAM is ever ready to advise a proper method of remedy.

BALTIMORE DUCKING NOTES.—Baltimore, Md., Feb. 15. It is next to impossible, it would seem, to crush the band of lawless big-gun marauders headed by Barnes. He has paid spies in his employ, who give him timely warning of every movement of our local authorities. It is even intimated that he has a confederate belonging to one of our ducking clubs. It is stated on good authority that the man is known and that strenuous efforts will be used to collect evidence sufficient to cause the arrest of this particularly despicable specimen of pot-hunter and spy. This individual knows that he is under police surveillance and is becoming decidedly uneasy. I understand he is endeavoring to dispose of his skill. Blackhead ducks are beginning to arrive in Gunpowder, Middle and Back rivers. This is a sure indication that the noble canvas-backs and redheads are soon to be among us again for a month or six weeks. During their sojourn in our waters an incessant fusillade all along the line will be kept up against the poor ducks day and night. Your correspondent is himself a spring shooter (as who is not), because it is lawful and every one else does the same; but he would gladly welcome a law that could be enforced imposing a heavy penalty for wildfowl shooting after March 1 in the States of the CHESAPEAKE.

Baltimore, Feb. 16.—Mr. John E. Semmes, attorney for the sportsmen who are protesting against the return of the Susquehanna River, returned from Harre de Grace last night with two more big-guns, which had been surrendered to him by John Day and Edward Barnes, their owners. Day is the uncle and Barnes the brother of Wash Barnes, the chief duck killer of Spesutia Island, and whose gun was captured first when the raid was made by Mr. Semmes and his associates a few weeks ago. Two guns brought back yesterday were possibly his, and he thought them Barnes, while on a visit to Mr. Semmes, in Baltimore, to obtain a return of the fine imposed upon him (and which, it is needless to remark, he did not get), was informed that his two relatives were among a number of others who were to be prosecuted for killing ducks at night with big-guns and snark boats. After considerable palaver they agreed to surrender the guns if their prosecution was not pressed. Mr. Semmes then went to Harre de Grace and brought them to Baltimore. They will be broken up to-day at a junk shop. This makes six big-guns thus far captured. Others will follow. The night gunners are becoming alarmed, as they may well be. Mr. Semmes says he is determined to break up the gang root and branch, and he is accredited with some of the attributes of his uncle Raphael, of Alabama fame. He is informed by gentlemen who spent yesterday at the Gunpowder that the redhead ducks are putting in an appearance slowly, and are exceeding poor. Good shooting is expected by next week.—C. A. P.

THE FLIGHT OF DUCKS.—A correspondent writing from Rutland, Vt., says: "In conversing with gunners as to the velocity of the different birds in their flight, I find quite a difference of opinion. If you or any of your readers can throw any light upon this matter it would be of considerable interest." A series of calculations on this subject was made some years ago by our valued correspondent, Mr. D. W. Cross, of Cleveland, Ohio, the results being published in his "Fifty Years with the Gun and Rod." For the flight per hour of birds in full plumage and at the highest rates of speed, he gives the following estimates: Crow, 25 to 40 miles; mallard, black duck and shoveler, 40 to 50; pintail, 50 to 60; woodcock, 55 to 60; wildgeon and gadwall, 60 to 70; redhead, 80 to 90; big-winged, 90 to 100; redwing, 90 to 100; blue-winged, 100 to 110; canvas back, 80 to 120; sparrow, 40 to 92; hawk, 40 to 150; wild geese, 80 to 90. The distance traveled by birds in a second is given as follows: at rate of 5 miles per hour, .92 ft.; rate of ten miles per hour, 1.83 ft.; rates of 12 miles, 2.2 ft.; 20 miles, 3.66 ft.; 30 miles, 5.5 ft.; 40 miles, 7.33 ft.; 60 miles, 11 ft.; 80 miles, 14.66 ft.; 90 miles, 16.5 ft.; 100 miles, 18.33 ft.; 120 miles, 22 ft.; 150 miles, 27.5 ft.

CANADA CONVENTION.—At the suggestion of several of the leading sportsmen in each province, a committee consisting of Mr. F. J. Boswell, Major H. R. Smith and Mr. W. A. Allan, has been formed for the purpose of holding, if possible, a representative convention of the sportsmen of the Dominion to consider the present anomalous condition of the game laws, and, if thought advisable, to take immediate action with a view to bringing into force the laws of the foreigners, and the export of game, and for the discussion of other matters of interest to lovers of sport. At a meeting of the Central Committee, it was resolved, "That the Secretary be instructed to issue a circular requesting some leading sportsman to call a meeting of the sportsmen in each county in the Dominion for the purpose of electing a delegate to attend a convention to be held at the city of Ottawa on Easter Monday, the 29th of March, 1888." The Secretary's address is Mr. G. A. Gouin, Ottawa.

CAMPS IN THE ROCKIES.—Alpine Club, London, Jan. 31.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have just seen your flattering notice of my Hut on the Camp in the Rockies, "in a recent issue of your paper." Though I much appreciate the "naive and unconscious frankness" to which my reviewer draws attention, I think the instance by which he chooses to prove it, is not one fairly selected. It is the occasion when I approach an apparently dead big-horn ram—in reality he was only "creased"—without my rifle in my hand. This reads fresher than it was, for the leaving behind of my arms was not a matter of choice but one of dire necessity. The narrow and narrowness of the ledge overhanging a deep precipice, along which I had to creep, being of such a character as to oblige me to do so, for a rifle on such occasions when down-right climbing has to be done is a great impediment. I am afraid I exhibited worse instances of "fresh tenderfootedness" in the course of my four years' travel in the Rockies than the one which my considerate reviewer has selected.—Wm. A. BAILEY-GROHMAN.

DAKOTA GAME PROSPECTS.—A sportsman's club has been formed in Deadwood, for the protection and propagation of game. Such associations are needed throughout the Territory. Our vast prairie now swarms in summer time with myriads of wildfowl, yet but comparatively few quail and prairie chickens are to be found. It is advisable that, in order to keep our lands well stocked with small game, that a new code of game laws should be enacted by the Territorial Legislature, which will give increased protection to wildfowl, quail and chicken during the breeding season, thereby preventing the gradual diminution of game birds, which is sure to follow unrestricted shooting time, and around which there is absolutely no law for the protection of wild ducks in this Territory, and they can be slaughtered during the entire twelve months, even out their breeding grounds. It has been the universal experience of all Eastern States that the game supply is rapidly disappearing before the increasing army of sportsmen, and it behooves the lovers of field sports in Dakota to see to it that the same unfortunate results do not follow in this comparatively new land. Dakota is now a vast game preserve, and it is necessary in order to maintain it as such, that stringent laws should be enacted, and enforced for the preservation of game. Heretofore this matter has been of little interest on account of the comparatively few sportsmen residing in Dakota, but now that a grand tidal wave of immigration has set in, and tens of thousands of people are pouring in upon us, sporting matters will soon assume an entirely different aspect. Although it seems hardly possible, to the casual observer, that there is any immediate danger of exterminating the multitudes of wildfowl that now cover our prairies during the warm season, yet we state it for a fact, which similar experience in the East universally demonstrates, that unless restraining laws are enacted soon, ten years from today there will be a marked decrease in the game supply of this Territory. There are but two or three States and Territories throughout the Union but that have laws restricting the shooting of wildfowl, and we should have such a law in this Territory. The best way to handle such matters is not to wait until it is too late, and then endeavor to replenish the stock by artificial means, as all Eastern States are now doing. To push matters it is necessary that organized sportsmen's protective clubs which will take the matter in hand, and present it to the Legislature.—Huron (Dak.) Leader.

DUCKING IN THE ICE.—Norristown, Pa., Feb. 15.—Editor Forest and Stream: I send you the following extracts from a letter received from a friend at Long Branch Club House, Barnegat, New Jersey, dated Feb. 1: "I must tell you of the shooting I had on last Saturday in an air-hole near Sandy Island. I started about eight o'clock with my boat and twenty decoys on the wagon, and drove to the southwest point of the ledge; there put boat on the ice, and as she had runners under her it did not take me long to reach the open water near the island, from where I drove at least five broadbills and redheads. Before I could get out half the decoys they began to come back. I paid no attention to them until all the decoys were out, and the boat covered with ice and my white canvas suit on. Then I got down for business. In the first bunch five came and three stayed; next about twenty came and five stopped; after that not more than four came at a time. Before two o'clock I had over fifty wild with their toes up in and around the air-hole, when, without an instant's warning, the whole field of ice started up the bay. The ice ran over decoys, ducks and all, striking some man and others on the top of their heads sometimes raising my little boat out of the water. By hard work I succeeded in getting all my decoys and thirty-eight of the ducks, and then tried to reach the shore, which I succeeded in doing an hour after dark, about as near played out as I ever want to be. When trying to work through the ice, I passed within twenty feet of seven dead ducks lying in one bunch, but left them 'alone in their glory,' for by then twenty feet toward shore was worth me to me than seven ducks. There was a dense fog and a piercing southeast wind going at the time. I missed but twice during all the shooting, which I think is not so bad for a chap that can't shoot pigeons, and considering that the ducks were going like lightning.—J. K. R.

TENNESSEE GAME NOTES.—Nashville, Feb. 12.—Robins by the million have appeared among us, and the boys are having fine times in firing them. This mode of exhausting the bird supply is to be limited. Thickets, where the little creatures roost, with lighted torches; these blind the birds, and the work of gathering them begins. Thousands are taken in this way, put into bags, and those that are not suffocated by overcrowding are killed on reaching home. Larks in considerable numbers have been brought to market, and quail are abundant. But few ducks and geese have been brought up from Reelfoot, as so people here do not care for them as food. It is astonishing that so few turkeys and deer have been seen here this winter. I have only heard of one or two deer and perhaps a dozen turkeys. The veteran Commodore Wallman told me this noon that he had been shooting last Friday and barged nine English snipe. He and Hermann Burkholz go up the river next week, taking with them a fine large skiff and camping outfit, intending to float back to the city with the quail and shore birds they come in their way. I have often thought that a canoeing excursion up the Cumberland at a favorable season would prove a very delightful trip; but to float down a turbulent stream, as it is now, with rain and cold to add discomfort to the danger, seems to me a foolhardy undertaking.—J. D. H.

IOWA NOTES.—Aulife, Feb. 14, 1888.—Owing to the severe winter we have had quail have wintered poorly—a great many freezing to death. A flock of about thirty last fall I have watched all winter, and have seen them decrease until only one remains, and this solitary quail comes around every morning to a corn-crib the same as the rest of his flock did. It is very probable that quail will be scarce next fall. Pinnated grouse have wintered well. Rabbits plenty, but slow too deep to hunt them without a dog. Snow is melting.—C. B.

MAINE.—A man was recently arrested in Machias for shipping nineteen partridges during close time, and on examination before a trial justice was found over in the sum of \$200 to appear at the April Term of the Calais Court. MICHIGAN.—East Saginaw, Feb. 13.—Quail are being killed by the winter. Some are being kicked up out of the snow and fed by the farmers.—BEX B.

ANOTHER TAMED WILD DUCK.—Latimer, Franklin County, Iowa, Feb. 2.—A year ago last fall a brother of the writer who lives in Illinois had some tame ducks in a small pond about twenty rods from the house. One day a mallard duck came along and lit among the ducks; one of the boys took a gun and went to the pond to kill it, but as it would not raise, and kept among the other ducks, he did not get a shot and left it there. That night the mallard followed the tame ducks close to the house, but when anyone went near it flew back to the water, where it remained until the ducks went back the next day. The following night it got as far as the barnyard, where it stayed, while the tame ducks went to the barn. After a short time the boys succeeded in getting it in the barn, when they clipped its wings. It is still alive, and mates with a small tame duck. Have you ever heard of a similar case?—H. A. C. [Yes, we have published records of several such instances. Wild ducks and wild geese are occasionally caught in this way. In our issue of December 21, 1882, our correspondent J. L. D. of Lockport, N. Y., reported the capture of thirteen wild geese, which during a storm alighted among his tame geese in the barnyard and were driven into the barn.]

THE MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SPARROW BILL has been definitely postponed.

THE FUR MARKET.

Table listing fur market prices for various skins and furs, including Antelope, Deer, Rocky Mountain, Elk, Western skins, Mountain Deer, Reindeer, Beaver, Lake Superior, and others, with prices in dollars and cents.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

I HAVE read with great interest your recent articles about hunting without a gun. The incident I am about to relate happened to an old uncle of mine living in a small village of the fatherland. He was a peevish kind of a fellow but good-hearted after all, as our alert sportsman as ever pulled the trigger, and a splendid wingshot. One Sunday afternoon he made up his mind to take a walk through his hunting ground, being disaunt only a few minutes' walk from his house. The weather being cloudy he thought he had better take his umbrella along.—It need not be mentioned that the faithful dog Hector never went from his side. A few hundred paces brought him to the open fields. On he went along the stubble-field where a good many bevers of partridges could be found. Passing through a small cover his dog suddenly came to a stiff point, and out rushed a hare of at least ten pounds size. In his zeal, my uncle raised the umbrella to his shoulder, covered the game, and barked away—in his imagination, I suppose, uttering a loud and angry plaintive cry a wounded hare always utters; a moment later Hector had him. Many a hearty laugh we had when the old fellow told us the story how beset that big hare with that umbrella. The merit of this is, that it is a true story and to convince your incredulous readers let me add that the hare had been wounded by some other party, hunting without a dog, which shows that hunting without a gun is by far preferable to hunting without a dog. A. P. New York.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence the office millers of importance are liable to delay.

Foeta naves, non fili. So may it be said of an angler, and once an angler another angler, may be as positively asserted. True, he may have little or no practice with his rod for years, but present the opportunity and the angler is "to the fore," with nerve aquiver for the first cast, and eye ready to mock the gint of the captured fish.—O. W. R., in last week's Forest and Stream.

A TRIP TO NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

NEARLY two years had passed since I had had the pleasure of firing the speckled denizens of the swift-flowing streams from their places of hiding, and the fever was becoming higher and higher still, metaphorically speaking. I was a very sick man, and needed the only medicine which could cure the disease, i. e., a few days' fishing. The FOREST AND STREAM had much to do with the attack of fishing fever, and "Kingfisher's" articles on Northern Michigan were eagerly perused each week. They but "added fuel to the flame," and at last, after much inquiry, which I am forced to confess did not yield much information, I determined to go North and see if some of the wonderful stories told of that region were true. After considerable exhorting and long labor I succeeded in imparting to my friend M., a little of the enthusiasm which I felt myself, and we laid in a fine stock of flies, hooks, etc.—enough to capture "nearly, if not all," the fish in Michigan. I had been advised by a railroad friend to go to the Boardman, but after examining the guide-book of the G. & R. I. R., we concluded to make our first stop at Kalkaska. Leaving Detroit one pleasant July evening on the Potoskey express of the D., L. & N. R. R., we obtained a good night's rest and arrived at Kalkaska between five and six the next morning. Wending our way through the deep sand, which is one of the chief characteristics of that section, to the hotel, which had the word "Exchange" standing boldly forth as a sign, we registered and ordered breakfast. Then I began to look round for a likely person to "back" on the fishing question. How about the promising being in sight, I returned to the hotel and questioned the clerk. He was not posted, but turned to another party and asked him what he thought about it. He said he had not fished much, and did not think trout were plenty this year; thought the best thing for us to do if we wanted fishing was to go to the Au Sable and try the grayling. "That was not of the question, as our time was limited and we had no time to prepare for camping." "How about the Boardman? were there no fish in it?" "Well, there might be a few." "Where was there any fish?"

Just then in walked the proprietor of a lively stable and a companion. They evidently sensed game and drew near. The lively man thought if we wanted trout the Rapid River was the place. How far was it? Oh, ten miles or so; he could furnish teams and his companion could be hired for a guide. Then I began to question a quiet, middle-aged man, here held a sublimed conversation, and he wanted to know. Having made arrangements for starting as soon as possible, we went into breakfast.

This was M.'s first experience in the country, and his appetite was not equal to the "grab" laid out on that table. His "fortiori hope" was the coffee, and when that proved to be anything but what he thought was coffee, it made him weak. I did not take us long to dispatch the breakfast, and after changing our clothes we procured a launch, boarded our demurest wagon and were off. The ride through the pine woods was pleasant, as the morning air was cool, and our ponies trotted along smartly. The road was fair, except very sandy in some places. M. was very much taken with the country, and enjoyed the wildness of the scenery and the novelty of the situation. I tried to improve my time by "pumping" our guide in regard to the fishing in the country. He had been to the lake the first party over to Rapid River. They were from Chicago and out on a lark. The guide did most of the fishing, but at that time it was no trick, according to his story, to take from thirty to fifty pounds of trout in a day's fishing. He admitted, though, that now trout were not as plenty. I showed our guide my stock of flies to get his opinion, and was not very much chafed to hear that "they" used worms mostly and "fin," I. But you don't find worms up here in Michigan, I remarked. "No," they had to send below for them. He had relatives at Royal Oak (a few miles from Detroit), who sent him a box of worms every year, and he sent them a box of trout. This was the first time in my experience that worms were of so much consequence.

Our ten-mile drive lengthened into twelve before Catton, our guide, concluded he had reached the spot he wanted. We stopped, unhitched the team and prepared for business. Catton took a small bottle from his pocket and proceeded to anoint his neck, ears, face and hands. "What's that?" said M. "Skecterizer, I call it," replied Catton; "you fellows better try some." M. was a little fastidious and thought not, while I concluded to brave it out. As a boy, I had tramped the upland salt meadows of New Jersey, the home of flying, biting pests, and never had to use "dope," so I thought I could stand it. Whether my skin was thicker in those days or whether Jersey has been basically changed I will not attempt to argue, but before the morning was over I wanted some "Skecterizer," and like the old chap in Texas with his revolver wanted it "blunk badly too."

This being M.'s first experience I told him to keep with me, so we walked down to a bridge that crossed the stream near where we stopped, and I climbed out on a log and dropped my fly. M. took the other side of the bridge, and under my instructions tried several likely looking places, but nothing and he was about to give up when I made the fish. I was more successful, for I managed to entice a small trout from beneath a log, and after one or two false moves hooked him. M. looked at the little fellow a moment and turned up his nose. "Pshaw!" said he, "might as well catch minnows at the St. Clair Flats." M. had been there the summer before and had, by chance, when out bass fishing, hooked a minnow, not in the month, but in the side, and after making a mistake he got a trout, not a bass. Whether he expected to find thirty-pound fish in Rapid River I do not know. One thing I do know, that is, that trout fishing had no charms for M.; he said he would stay at the bridge and I could follow Catton down stream. I did so.

Of all the streams I ever fished this was the worst, fallen timber, brush, undergrowth and flies. Mosquitoes, gnats and hidden holes, tumbling along seeking a clear spot where I could drop my fly, but finding few. I kept bravely on for about an hour, but giving up with a sigh. He had crossed the stream, and was wading some of the time. To the call, "What luck?" he replied, "Poor, never saw the time front bit so poorly over here." I agreed about the trout, but wanted to inquire about the flies. He had to acknowledge they were bad. Catton said I had better try "worm," as it was of no use trying to fish with a fly, the stream was so rapid and full of logs, brush, etc., that there was no chance to cast, besides, the trout would rise. "You must sink out your sinker, and use a cork," said M. "I did not happen to have any split shot for a sinker, and was forced to continue as I had begun."

It was now nearly noon and I proposed that we go back to the wagon for lunch. This Catton agreed to, as he "loved that after the sun began to sink a little the fish might bite better." So we tramped back through some pretty tough woods to the wagon. Here we found M., who had given up fishing and was now killing time and flies the same time. After lunch Catton proposed that we go down the river again about two miles and he thought there we would get some fish. M. said he was not inclined to be pigzich, he had enough; in fact, a little went a long way with him. I had come to fish, and so, telling Catton to lead on, I followed. Our experience of the morning was hardly improved upon, and after a tiresome tramp and very poor luck I voted a start for home. Catton was not satisfied, and he said "I had never had such poor luck on the river before, had often taken a basket full and not fished on half the ground we had." This was fine consolation for me, of course.

We wended our way to the wagon and counted our spoils. Catton had forty and I had eleven trout, most of them small. Of course he had the advantage of me knowing the stream and the best places, but, laying that one side, the worms, not the fly, did the fishing. I think all I can say is that all the trout streams that that description can be fished with any success except with bait. Although it looks very nice on paper to advocate nothing but scientific fly-fishing; it makes any man feel better contented with himself and the world at large to take a fair amount of fish, even if it must be done with the despised worm. So let any one who goes to Northern Michigan go prepared to fish with bait.

Our ride back to Kalkaska was pleasant, and we arrived there soon after dark. M. concluded he liked to eat trout if he did not care to catch them, and he did full justice to those prepared for us at the hotel. The next morning we were up early, ready to take the north-bound train for Potoskey. When we arrived there it was raining as if a second flood was upon us. By a bold dash we got from the train to the Arlington House, where we sat down to the first "square meal" we had enjoyed since leaving Detroit. M. had never been to Mackinac, and concluded he would leave me at Potoskey and go on to the island. I had been there, and was very anxious to go through the small lakes and try the fishing. So I left the train at Odin, where it connects with the little steamers that ply from that port to Cheboygan. The rain still came down, and after I had reached the "City of Cheboygan" (the steamer was named for the city at the other end of the route) I almost regretted that I had not gone on with the other party. I had a fine party of about thirty Indians came on board, bound for the huckleberry pastures at Indian River. They had their bedding and household utensils, and filled the cabin to overflowing. I put on my rubber coat and sought the fresh air of the deck.

A sail through this chain of lakes, which with its connecting rivers, passes across the State of Michigan from Lake Michigan to Lake Huron, would be delightful on a pleasant day, and I would advise any one visiting that region to try it, but take more advice at the same time, and wait for a pleasant day. There were several young gentlemen on board, who were camped on Indian River, and three others who were going through, one of them had a 32-caliber rifle and the party amused themselves by popping at every living thing they saw. One gentleman (the owner of the rifle) was a capital shot, and after he had dropped a kingfisher that was on the rocks, he fired one of his friends remarked "that settles it; did you ever see a Kentuckian who could not shoot a rifle?" At Indian River the Indians left us and also the campers. We could see their white tents from the boat and they did not look comfortable in the rain—too much dampness is not conducive to comfort when camping.

Passing through Indian River we came into Mullet Lake, and upon rounding the point the Mullet Lake House was before us. The location is good. I mean it is good for a nice place to stop if anyone wished to be away from noise and confusion, and to any person who wants to try the country in this part of Michigan I would recommend a stop at Mullet Lake. There were very few people at the hotel, and I understand it has been a losing investment. The location is good, but there is so little to attract the multitude, and it is so out of the way, that the chances are it will never pay. When I say the location is good, I mean it is good for the place, being on high ground, with a fine view of the lake, and admirably situated in case of fire, as a bridge leads from the top story to a high bluff just back of the house. Boats, a steam yacht and the daily steamer, make it very convenient to get away from the place, as Indian River station in the Mackinac Division of the M. C. R. R. is only a short distance by water. I was told the fishing was fine in the lake, and at the head of Indian River, so I concluded to stop over night.

After dinner I secured a boat and went trolling. Had great hopes of catching such a fish as "Kingfisher" tells of in the FOREST AND STREAM, but did not succeed in getting anything but pickerel. Bass were not biting. I saw only one caught while there—a "small mouth." Plenty of sunfish can be taken up the river, and pickerel also. Trips can be made from the hotel to the trout streams, but they are too far away to be of much moment. In the fall the shooting can be had—as the ducks come up in great numbers, and later deer and bear are to be found near—but the hotel is closed at that season, though no doubt some arrangements could be made for a party. The weather turned cold suddenly and a cold storm set in, the second day of my stay, and I concluded to move on, as there was no fishing to be thought of in the wind and rain. Every one in the hotel was in a hurry to get away, and the steamer was set going. Not much July about the weather, more of October. The next day when the Queen of the Lakes (the companion steamer of the City) arrived I was glad to leave. We came in a storm and departed in one. News was brought by the down steamer that Cheboygan River was jammed

with logs—another pleasant prospect—and when we got there we found it was, but managed to get through them, over them, or around them—in some manner. As Cheboygan I took the Mary, a staunch little vessel that runs in connection with the Inland Lake boats for the island. It was a nasty night and I thought I would get shaken up before getting over, but the wind went down before we got out of the lee of the land and I was not called upon to pay tribute to Neptune. It was late when we arrived at Mackinac and I had the misfortune to just miss M., he having gone back to Potoskey. I followed the next morning, not caring to stay long on the island.

Now I want to make a few deductions from my experience, and even at the risk of drawing down upon my devoted head the wrath of "Kingfisher" and some other whose articles I have read in the FOREST AND STREAM, I shall say a few things not complimentary to Northern Michigan, but as I understand the FOREST AND STREAM is open to the views and ideas of its contributors without inordinance of them, I will risk destruction, as I do not jeopardize myself excepting myself. First, the attractions of Northern Michigan are overrated, because the flies, mosquitoes, gnats, etc., are too plenty for comfort. The streams are too full of logs, the underbrush too thick and the swamps too tangled for pleasant, and in some places for unpleasant passages; there is too much rain and too much dampness. Any one who has camped out or lived much in the open air knows that of all the miserable places is camp in wet weather. If the climate is only dry, many other disadvantages can be overlooked, will not deny that there are plenty of fish to be caught in the lakes and rivers; but taking other things into consideration, the fish are not so much more plenty to make up for certain disadvantages. At St. Clair Flats, near Detroit, a person can catch as many fish and at less expense (excepting trout). And for trout, "go west, young man," way west. For camping, do likewise. I remember hearing an old chap, who had not made his state of Colorado: "There is only one thing that blurs the country is good for us campers." The accessibility of Michigan is the only point in its favor, and of course that is a great deal; but to those who can afford both time and money, they can spend both to better advantage elsewhere. "That's my sentiments."

PIRIARIE DOC.

ILLEGAL FISHING IN LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

A HINT TO THE VERMONT FISH COMMISSIONERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
While engaged in studying the Ichthyology Fauna of Lake Champlain I became cognizant of certain facts, concerning the illegal taking of fish from its waters, that are of grave import to the inhabitants of the adjoining country, both in the States of New York and Vermont. There are several of the principal market fish of Lake Champlain are: Perch, *Perca americana*, Schrank. "Wall-eyed pike," *Stizostedion vitreum* (Mitch.), J. & C. Black bass, *Micropterus salmoides* (Lac.), Gill. Pickerel, *Esox lucius*, L. "Lake shad," *Coregonus clupeaformis* (Mitch.), Milner. "Miller," *Alosa maculipinna* (Les.), Jord. "Mill-pike," *Alosa melanostomus* (Thompson), Nelson. East, *Alosa melanostomus* (Les.), J. & C. Sturgeon, *Acipenser rubicundus*, LeSueur.

The above list is not supposed to include all the food-fishes of the lake, but those that are commonly sold in the markets. Of these, the pike, black bass, pickerel and "lake shad" are by far the most important, each averaging from 3 to 6 lbs. in weight, and retailing at Plattsburg for 12 cents per pound. A few bass are taken with the hook and line and some are speared; with this unimportant exception all the market fish are caught in nets. What is here known as "lake shad" is a true whitefish, equal in every respect to the whitefish of the Great Lakes. How it came by its local name I cannot imagine, unless because of its superior flavor and the absence of shad in Lake Champlain, the early inhabitants thought they would do it honor by giving it the name of one of the most esteemed of the food-fishes of the world. It frequently attains the weight of 8 lbs., and individuals of some size taken that turn the scales at 10 and even 12 lbs. The perch are small and sell for ten cents per dozen. The "millie" averages from 2 to 6 lbs. in weight, though sometimes growing to be much larger, and retails for six cents per pound at Plattsburg. The bull pout weighs a pound or a little over, and sells for eight cents per pound dressed, or twenty cents per dozen fish, undressed. The cels average from 2 to 4 lbs. and sell for 20 to 50 cents per dozen. The sturgeon weigh from 20 to 100 lbs., each, and bring, at Plattsburg, ten cents per pound dressed, and eight cents undressed. Many are speared every spring when they ascend the river to spawn. They run up the Missisquoi with great regularity about the 24th of May, but the dam at Swanton (Vt.) prevents them from reaching their old spawning beds; hence, after remaining less than forty-eight hours, they return to the lake. When the spawn is deposited they are so fat that they are unable to ascertain. On the 24th of May last a millie measured one from the bridge at Swanton that weighed 89 lbs., measured 6 ft. 1 in. in length, and contained a bucketful of spawn. Several others were killed in the shallow rapids under the bridge at this time. The next morning sturgeon were seen sporting "like porpoises" in the deeper water below, after which they immediately returned to the lake. When the dam at Swanton was built, the sturgeon were taken that many of the inhabitants seek spears in readiness for them, and I am told that they rarely vary more than a day or two in the time of their appearance.

The only fish markets of any consequence on Lake Champlain are at Burlington, Vt., and Plattsburg, N. Y., the fish selling for a trifle less on the Vermont side. The hotels do not generally patronize the markets, but purchase direct from the fishermen. Practically, all the fish are taken in nets, and those caught after the first part of April come mostly from certain parts of Grand Isle, which belongs to Vermont. But the wholesale slaughter takes place earlier than this. In March and April seines are set to catch the fish upon and on their way to the spawning beds. Last spring (1892) there were six large seines in the Missisquoi River below Swanton. Few escape to deposit their spawn. One of the fishermen's method is practiced in other rivers, and an crab-bait is formed that is used in the same way. Last spring, from thirty to forty barrels of fish are shipped daily from the north end of Lake Champlain alone. Most of them go to New York. Inquiries at Rouse's Point disclosed the significant fact that an average of twenty-five to thirty bar-

rels pass through that place daily "for a period of at least five weeks in the months of March and April." In the spring of 1878 twenty thousand pikied in a small pond in which they were placed to await "a raise" in the market price of herring. As a result of this scandalous depletion of the spawning beds has already made itself felt, and fishing with the hook and line is no longer practiced in places where it used to prove very remunerative.

I feel confident that the above facts, however appalling, constitute but a half-told story—that the enormity of the crime will never be fully known—and it is sincerely to be hoped that the proper authorities will spare neither pains nor cost in bringing these outrageous slaugthers to a speedy termination. The food fishes of this magnificent lake are of too great value to the inhabitants of its shores to be sacrificed for the benefit of a handful of worthless outlaws. The time for action is now at hand.

C. HART MERRIAM, M. D.
LOCUST GROVE, N. Y., Feb. 15, 1885.

MAINE NOTES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A short visit to Augusta a few days ago, satisfied me that the present Legislature is alive to the demands of the public for laws which will be more protective in regard to fish and game.

The Chairman of the Committee on Fisheries and Game, Hon. J. H. Kimball, of Bath, is himself a lover of field sports and the angle, is deeply interested in all of these matters, and is a gentleman of ability and culture. Also Hon. G. W. McAllister, of Bucksport, of same committee, Hon. A. G. Lebeck, of Foxcroft, and many other prominent members of the Legislature are anxious to do all in their power to further these important interests and enhance the rapidly increasing business of the people of Maine, which is the result of the "summer travel."

This committee have reported several bills which will doubtless receive a favorable passage in both houses, and which will mark a new era in the protection of fish and game in this State.

Among them is the repeal of that terrible nuisance called the "Tank Pond act," amending the law relating to the disposition of the fines and penalties recovered for all violations of the game and fish laws so that one-half will go to societies which will use the funds for the propagation of trout and salmon instead of to the county as now, thus saving the people the expense of repelling such lakes and ponds which he lawlessly depletes, restricting the transportation of trout and salmon beyond the limits of the State at any time of the year, conferring upon all sheriffs, deputies and constables the powers and duties of game and fish wardens, etc.

The friends of protection to the Maine game and fish may hope for a new order of things here if the bills reported by this committee become law. J. F. S.
BOSSON, Me., Feb. 10, 1885.

POSITION OF REEL—WEIGHT OF RODS.

I WILL make a reply to Dr. Henshall's letter in FOREST AND STREAM of February 8, but have no desire to enter into a wordy war with him, nor with any other person. My remarks to Mr. Jordan, which roused the Doctor's wrath, were intended to instruct one who claimed to be a novice. If any one cares enough about it to look over Mr. Jordan's letters, as published, he will find me praising a rod "unsurpassed on earth," and at the same time acknowledging that it was the first bass rod he had ever used. His lack of skill is managing a reel placed behind his hand, the only fit place for it on a light reel, led me into writing for his "enlightenment."

If Dr. Henshall has not been an advocate of heavy rods then the inferences were wrong which I and others have drawn from the last of his voluminous correspondence between himself and Mr. Van Sicken, when both those gentlemen seemed to forget what was due to those who honestly differ with them. The tone of his last letter wherein he belabors me and hurls epithets at my "ignorant" head, led me to decline to answer it at first, but that course might lead him to think that he has effectually silenced me.

In our striped bass fishing we use the reel in front of the hand and cast a bait of any size from an ounce to an ounce and a half, with a stiff eight-foot rod. All who have cast in this manner know that when Mr. Jordan casts "a half-grown bream," or Dr. Henshall tells in his book of casting an ounce-and-a-half minnow, that it takes a stout rod to do it. When I answered Mr. Jordan that "for the style of fishing that he aims at he is right in placing the reel in front of his hand," and again when he asked how one can cast a minnow "4 to 6 feet" with any rod, and I replied "as he could not, I then saw that this style was the height of his ambition and that he looked up to the Doctor as the father of all bass fishers. My reply was intended to mean "enough said, if that is what you want it will suit you." It does not suit me to throw an ounce-and-a-half minnow at a black bass, with any sort of tackle. If it pleases Mr. Jordan and Doctor Henshall to have no objection, only they should not attempt to enlighten the worthy "novice" in a delicate manner. The splash of a "half-grown bream" may be music to some anglers while to others it might arouse of coarse fishing.

I am not ignorant, as far as reading goes, of the style in which Dr. Henshall fishes, and, begging his pardon, I do not like it. I claim the right to have opinions and to express them. I have read some of the Doctor's writings, especially his "Around the Coast of Maine," and I cannot say that I admire the style with which he treats those who dare to differ with him. His book may be of value to an ichthyologist—that I do not pretend to judge—but it is badly defaced with advertisements in the reading portion, and will never rank high as an authority on bass fishing. He makes long scientific distinction between the two species of black bass, and then writes of taking them as if they were all one. The stupid big-mouth appears to crush him as much sport as the quick-fighting small-mouth.

I did not intend to go into such a criticism of the worthy Doctor, and will not again reply to what he may have to say. In his last he charged me with "false hypotheses, wilful assumptions and gross misrepresentations." A week has passed and he has not forwarded any apology for the language, so I will ask the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to please excuse him, he will feel better some day. I certainly hope that he will find none of those terrible things in this answer, and will settle down to the belief, however much it may hurt his self-love, that at least one man who claims to be a fair bass angler does not think that the highest style of the art is "4 to 6 feet." FLORIDA.

BAIT-CASTING IN NOTTINGHAM STYLE.

WE have received a book entitled "The Nottingham Style of Float Fishing and Spinning," by J. W. Martin, (the "Trotter Otter"), published by Sampson Low, Mars-ton, Searle and Rivington, 188 Fleet street, London, E. C. This is something which we have been desirous of seeing because we have heard so much on the "Nottingham style" of casting at the English tournaments, and had an idea that as the cast was made from the reel it was similar to our sea coast or "Cuttyhunk" style. A picture on the cover shows a man casting with the reel on the under side of the rod, and with his right hand below the reel, checking it on over-running with the forefinger. Other cuts show that some line is pulled off before the cast, as in fly-fishing, and one figure shows two such loops "in order to make an extra long cast." This would point to the use of a much poorer reel than our coast fishers use, which run like a fine watch, without friction.

The book is devoted to what in England are termed "coarse fish," a term which includes chub, barbel, roach, perch, bream, carp, tench, dace, gudgeon, etc., and has a chapter on pike fishing. In reading of the "Nottingham" style of fishing we learn that the rod is as light as possible and a spring is put in that will hook a roach by a single turn of the wrist and will reel in a fish. It is made of three joints, the butt is red wood, the middle piece of the same wood and lancewood spliced together about one-third of the distance from the top ferrule, and the tip is made entirely of lancewood. It is a little over twelve feet long. They are sometime made in as many as six pieces, but the author wisely prefers three. The reels are usually of wood and are in two pieces; the barrel of the reel turns upon a spindle in the center and spins freely. Fine silk lines are used, floats of quills or cork, and a gut casting line completes the equipment. After casting in ground bait and having baited his hook the author says: "We will now suppose the swim the angler has selected is from twenty to thirty feet from the bank, and he is fishing with very light tackle, too light to be cast from the reel (for the reel would not be so light as a spring cast), and he will cast a light weight and that he cannot coil it upon the grass at his feet, or allow it to hang loose from the reel; the fine line he is using would twist and tangle it up. He cannot reach the swim with the rod, and what line there is hanging from the point. What is to be done? A Nottingham angler holds the rod in his right hand, and with his left takes hold of the line as high up the rod as he can reach, and draws it down as much line as he requires. He then has some four or five yards of line in his left hand, and with it hangs from the point of the rod. He can throw the distance he requires, which he does by bringing the rod away from the river at about an angle of 45°." He then sends the point of the rod smartly over the river, at the same time letting go of the line he held in his left hand, the line will now go fair and neatly to its destination without tangle or catch.

Again we are told "if the Nottingham bottom fisher uses a cork float and a heavier tackle, he mostly throws his bait from the reel, that is in a manner somewhat similar to jack spinning. He winds up the line until the float nearly touches the top ring of his rod, and then gives it the desired swing over the river."

Illustrations of the several fishes are given, but they are not very good, being much like those in Walton's Directory, are given for taking them, and the floats and hooks are shown also. The price is two shillings.

McCLOUD RIVER TROUT.

I N answer to the very interesting article on McCLOUD RIVER trout by Mr. Livingston Stone, in FOREST AND STREAM for Feb. 1, permit me to offer the following:

So far as the collections sent to the National Museum permit us to form an opinion, there is, in the Upper Sacramento, but one species of black-spotted trout, and this species is *Salmo gairdneri*. There is also a red-spotted trout or char, the so-called "Dolly Varden," *Salmo gairdneri*. The small or "finny" trout of the mountain brooks, is, we think, the same species as the river trout, and Mr. Stone seems to be quite right in supposing that the "younger and smaller trout affect the brooks and the larger and older trout prefer the river." In many streams, where food is scarce, or conditions unfavorable, this species reaches, when full grown, only a very small size. I obtained specimens in the San Luis River, in California, and they were, as far as largest of them were not weigh three ounces. We suppose that if these little trout were transplanted to the McCLOUD, their progeny, at least after a generation or two, would be large like the McCLOUD River trout, while the latter would certainly be dwarfed if removed to the San Luis River.

As to the scaling of the two forms. I find no real difference and doubt if any exists. The fineness of the scales in the brook fishes is evident to the eye, but there is no difference in the numbers, either lengthwise or crosswise, when we come to count them. Mr. Roosevelt is quoted as saying "that the distinctions between the McCLOUD River and the mountain trout are quite apparent to the eye," and "that there is some difference in their habits." Both these propositions, I grant. The first is dependent on the second, and the second is due to the necessities of the case. Change the surroundings and the apparent differences will disappear, and these differences are apparent only, not affecting any of the specific characters of the species. These remarks are based on the supposition that the National Museum has a full series of McCLOUD River trout. If this supposition is erroneous, we stand open to correction and conviction.

The *Salmo purpuratus* of "Clarke's trout," the common trout of Washington Territory and the lakes of the Cascade Mountains, and etc., is quite different from the rainbow trout. It grows much larger, has a much larger mouth, and is, in my opinion, altogether a superior animal and better worthy the attention of fish culturists. It can be readily distinguished from the rainbow trout by its more numerous (i. e. smaller) scales, there being about 130 in a lengthwise series instead of 130. When fresh, there are two crimson blotches on the under side of the lower jaw. This is an excellent mark for distinction for one who does not like to take the trouble to count the scales. The famous trout of Lake Taloo is a variety of this species. A few specimens have been taken in the Lower Sacramento, but the species has never been traced up to the McCLOUD. DAVID S. JORDAN.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY, Feb. 13, 1885.

A NEW SHARK.—Last week Mr. Blackford received a telegram from Prof. Baird asking him to attend to forwarding a large basking shark caught at Amagansett, Long

Island, and shipped by the lighthouse keeper at that station. This is an early response to a request by the U. S. Fish Commissioner addressed to those in charge of life-saving stations, to report to him at once at Washington the presence of marine animals on the coast—such as whales, porpoises, blackfish, grampuses, etc. which may be stranded on shoals; also, to inform him of schools of mackerel, menhaden, bluefish, porpoises, or blackfish making their appearance after tolerably long intervals along the coast. This letter has been indorsed by S. I. Kibblin, the General Superintendent of the United States Life-saving Service, and keepers and crews at the various life-saving stations have been notified to comply with the wishes of the Fish Commissioner. The fish arrived at Mr. Blackford's sand beach with much attention. It was not the basking shark, as supposed, but a strange one, and proved to be an entirely new species of shark, inasmuch as it is the first specimen caught on our coast. It has been found, so far, only in deep water off the Portuguese coast, and is known as the *Pseudorhynchus moribundus*. The shark was 9 feet 6 inches long and weighed 180 pounds. The mouth was without teeth, and placed underneath quite distant from the snout, and had the ordinary shape, full of the shark, but its dorsal fin is not more than five inches high from the dorsal line. This shark had been heretofore known from a single specimen described by Capello, in 1867. Dr. Bean states that the teeth are no longer than those of the common skate, and have three points. The taking of this rare specimen is the result of the request that the Life-saving Service should communicate with the United States Fish Commission in regard to fish of strange appearance which might come under their notice.

OHIO.—Windsor, O., Feb. 14.—We have been catching quite a number of muscogone in a stream known as Grand River; it runs through Ashtabula county and empties into Lake Erie at Fairport Harbor, Ohio. We commenced trolling for them about two years since. They are not plenty as we scarcely ever get more than three or four in a day. —S. S.

LORENZO PRUTY.

At the last meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association, the following resolutions were adopted:

RESOLUTIONS.

By the death of Lorenzo Pruty the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association has lost one of its earliest and most beloved members; and it is fitting that it should pause in its work and express its appreciation of the worth of the character, and respect to his family in this, their hour of affliction, the sympathy and sincere sorrow felt for one whose presence at its meetings and at his place of business was a joy and sunshine to all who knew the simple beauty of his life, his truthfulness, his helpfulness and his kindness of heart. Therefore be it

Resolved, That this Association, admiring his noble qualities, his fondness and enthusiasm for those innocent and healthful pastimes, which he his companions and friends prized in union with him, bow in humble submission while we deplore the sad and sudden ending of a life, that, though about to assume greater cares and responsibilities, would, if it had been prolonged, have filled a larger sphere and developed into greater usefulness and happiness.

To her, who has shared with our departed friend the duties and pleasures of life, who has been his fond companion in his journeys to lake and stream, ready at all times to rejoice in his success and sorrow at defeat, to her and to the one whose pride and joy it was to call him father, to those whose happy home was by his bereavement been desolated,—request upon that writing, through his bowed and reverent hands, unwilling to intrude upon such sacred grief—we bear our consolation in the sweet and hopeful lines of our own beloved New England poet:

"We see but dimly through these mists and vapors.

And these earthly damps

What seem to us but sad funeral tapers

May be Heaven's distant lamps.

"There is no Death! what seems so is transition!

This life of mortal breath

Is but a suburb of the life elysian

Whose portal we call Death."

Resolved, That a copy of this tribute be read upon the records of the Association, and a copy sent to the family of our deceased associate.

W. W. STEVENS,

C. M. BLACKFORD,

C. E. PIERCE,

DANIEL NEGROMAN,

Boston, Feb. 7, 1885.

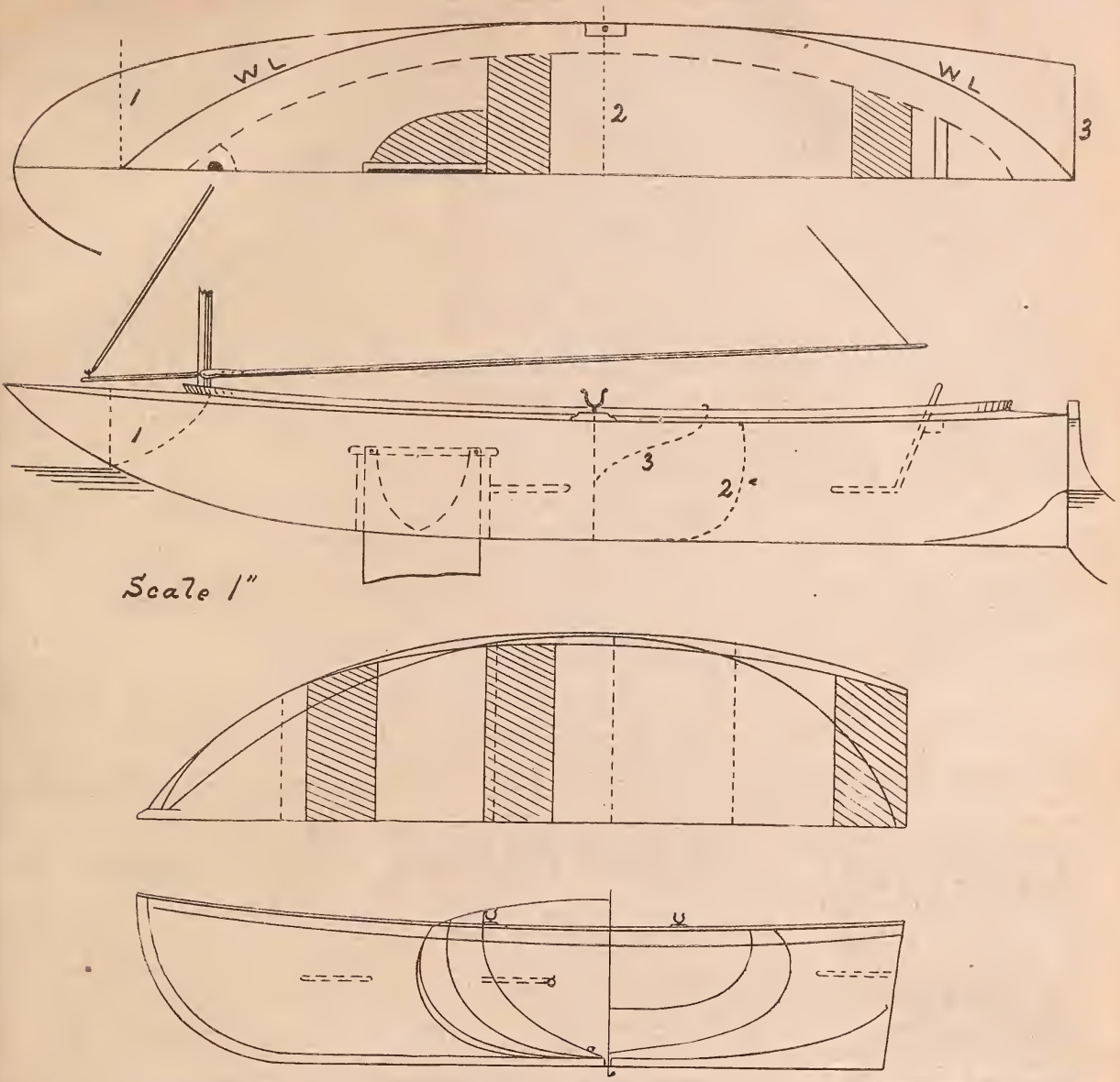
Committee on Resolutions.

Fishculture.

CARP AND MOSQUITOES.

DOES the food carp feed on the mosquito in its larval form of "wiggler" and "tumbler"? From a fact that came under my observation last summer I am decidedly of the opinion that they do. My carp ponds, four in number, are located in Ocean county, N. J., in the cranberry region, where, as is well known, mosquitoes do abound. Three years since I constructed a pond of about five-sixths of an acre but a short distance from my house, and was not mistaken in my supposition that this would not tend to diminish the supply of mosquitoes. Last May I placed in this pond a few carp, received from the Government the preceding autumn. In August last, when bitter complaints were uttered all over the country at the abundance of mosquitoes, we had very few, so few indeed that my attention was arrested by it. Beside, some carpenter in my employ at the time reported that while on their way to my place they were "nearly eaten up" by the mosquitoes, but when they reached my place they were annoyed by them. So I am inclined to place carp among the benefactors of our race. The female mosquito, as is well known, deposits her 250 to 350 eggs on the surface of quiet water. These hatch out in a few days, and are known to many country people as the "wiggler." In ten to fifteen days these are changed into "tumblers," in which form they remain from five to ten days, thus spending from fifteen to twenty-five days in the water before they have become fit to fly and acquire their musical and phlebotomizing capacities. The carp doubtless find their larvae most palatable tidbits, that are greedily sought after. In one particular the chosen habit of carp and mosquitoes are alike, both delighting in quiet waters.

By the way, my carp did reasonably well last season, notwithstanding the circumstances under which they were placed were anything but favorable. Many millions of them were lost in the last week of the season, but the Government had last autumn a year, when changed to a larger pond in October last I found them to vary from twelve to fourteen and a half inches in length, and to average about one and a half



BOATS.

THE average yacht's boat is a cranky consumptive affair, distinguished for lacking in the very qualities most to be expected, and not entitled to admiration unless in the light of a poor copy of a Whitehall wigger boat. The tenders and gigs slung to spiderweb davits aboard most our yachts provoke a smile and compassion when trying to reconcile their gaudy race boat build and the hard service a yacht's boat is continually undergoing. As in the vessels to which they belong, speed, and speed only, has been aimed at by the talent in the river trout shop, and this with a coat of bright paint, some fancy fixings thrown in here and there and a name displayed in huge letters on the sternboard, constitutes the standard universally accepted. Real worth, adaptability to purpose, the yacht's boat of the present has next to none at all. She is narrow, high-bilged with much dead rise, great sheer, low waist and small carrying capacity. She pulls easy and fast, but neither is wanted and should be kept secondary in scheming out her form. As a consequence our tenders are dangerously tippy, easily swamped, can stow very little, and as life boats to escape from the yacht, to effect a rescue or to assist some one in distress they are beneath contempt.

The first thing an ideal yawl boat or tender should possess is swiftness and dryness. To this end she must be wide, have long, flat floor, small draft and little weight, and above all be high in side, and ahulls quite as well as in the ends. She must be well put together of light stuff accurately fitted, clinch-fastened with copper throughout. Her stern must be kept broad to carry the bearings well aft. She must be fuller in form than usual. Finally, if possible, air chambers and various minor provisions of a lifeboat should be incorporated in her construction. The next thing to be sought is good carrying capacity. A tender is used for the conveyance back and forth of skipper and guests, often also for carrying ice and stores and water, sails and gear, and room and buoyancy are therefore more essential than a fancy mold for speed. In short, swiftness and not speed should be the dominating consideration. In large yachts swinging a number of boats, one devoted to show and speed as a fancy gig, may be permitted, though even then the number available in case of disaster is seriously diminished, for the average schooner's gig could hardly be depended upon in ugly weather or in a line of breakers. A small iron centerboard is always a useful appendage, and if placed well forward partly under one of the thwarts, will not be in the way and often contribute to boxing about harbors, or save labor when anchored a distance off.

For very small yachts an additional feature must receive attention. To tow a yawl boat is tedious and damaging to property. Hence a form must be adopted which can readily be stowed on deck without sacrificing stiffness and good service. This is no easy thing. As a solution we offer this week some general cuts of a peculiar hull building by Stephens for the four-ton Aneto. This plan is a cross between the canoe and "sloop boat," the object being to obtain something narrow enough to fit into the yacht's gangway, ready for use at all times and also stiff and safe. The features of this boat are a "shovel nose" to facilitate towing when preferred, rather small beam, well held deck and aft, long flat floor, quick bilge and high side with a light deck and coaming gun fashion. The shape of the molds at three cross sections are shown by the dotted lines.

She is 9 ft. long, 2 1/2 ft. wide, 1 ft. deep in center with a sheer of 2 in., and supplied with an iron centerboard and triangular sail 7 ft. on foot, head and leach. The board is of 3/4 in. boiler iron with 1/4 in. vertical drop. The sail is set upon a short stump pole after the plan of the Lord Ross lateen for canoes.

A boat of the ordinary style, but extremely serviceable, we also illustrate with two diagrams. From these it will be seen she possesses great width, with long, flat floor and high sides, tumbling home at the stern and along the side. This tender belongs to the three-ton cutter Teal, and is remarkable for the load she carries and for her stiffness, which makes her a more reliable and useful adjunct than many dingies twice the length. She is only 6 ft. 6 in. long over all, with an extreme beam of 3 ft. 1/2 in. Her fault is towing heavily when sailing fast, and the difficulty of stowing on deck on account of her width. But, on the whole, she is much nearer what a tender ought to be than the crazy imitations of the Whitehall boat.

Collapsible or folding boats there are innumerable. Few of them can be recommended as they are crank and complicated. The objection to their use lies in the fact that when wanted in a hurry they have to be expanded at a loss of time which may be very precious in serious cases. The best style of folding boat, occupying the least room when stowed and the simplest and quickest to put into shape, is probably the new model now being perfected by the Osgood Manufacturing Company of Battle Creek, Mich., which we hope to speak of more in detail at an early day. That such a boat is wanted by the owners of small yachts we know from the number of inquiries reaching us, and we believe the new Osgood will supply the long-felt want.

FIRST IN IOWA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

We organized a canoe club in July, 1882, for which we claim the first honors for Iowa and we are now organizing the Iowa Canoe Club as a State association, of which you will receive notice in due time. The club formed last year we call the Potowomoc Canoe Club, of which the following are the officers: Commodore, Dr. John Rix; Vice-Commodore, M. O. Warner; Treasurer, Chas. H. Peters; Secretary, Will H. Ailee.

FOUR MAISON, Iowa.
W. H. A.

[The future of canoeing in America is assured. The sport appeals to every one within a stone's throw of any kind of water. Few there are in America who cannot reach a streamlet, river, lake or the sea within a short walk. The Iowa clubs will be welcomed as additional members in the great family, and to their enthusiasm in a good cause we look for many new swimmers of the hides, now over from people who now fight shy of the water like old hens.]

NEW YAWL.—Commodore Wynn, Jersey City Y. C., has a very handsome model, made by Snelgrove, for a yawl 30 ft. on deck, 26 ft. load line, 10 ft. beam and 4 1/2 ft. draft, from which he intends to build in time for the season. The boat is a keel, will have outside weight and yawl rig.

A SPORTSMAN'S VIEWS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It would hardly occur to you that an old still-hunter and canoeist would be the man to follow most closely the controversy between catboat and cutter, shoal water and "outside" cruising. But no man has more closely followed your articles, diagrams and arguments, than the present writer. As regards the deep, narrow cutter, you are well right. A catboat has no business beyond the lightship. A cutter like the Neva—well handled—ought to be able to double Cape Horn.

And you discount the catboat too heavily. She is the result of our peculiar waters. "Take your eye and throw it along" our coast line from Maine to Florida, tell me just how many thousands of miles you count up of sounds, bays, inlets, etc., etc., all safe inland cruising, so to speak, and all most delightful pastime for the outer, who doesn't care to risk gales, cyclones and other manly and energizing chances that are quite likely to drown him. The catboat—the "skimming dish"—is just the boat for these pleasant inland waters. She is not a deep sea cruiser; she is the natural result of a natural demand, and of course the thing is overdue. She is not a deep sea cruiser; she is always over-spurred and over-laden with canvas; she is backed up for outside cruising by her admirers, and she does better there than an old sailor would expect. But her place is sounds, bays, quiet waters. There she has no superior—even in a race. But don't take her to sea, unless you are insured for more than you are worth. And yet, knowing these points years ago, I was within an ace of starting for the Amazon River, in June, 1850, in a Perry Bridge catboat. I think, cutting her rig down more than half, I should have made it. Even now I am sorry I did not try it. On the Amazon she would have been a model cruiser; and I should have tried it, only "bully Charley Coleman," one of the original crew of the America, backed out at the last moment.

He said: "We can get through easy enough, but look at the comfort of the thing, cooking, eating, sleeping—and forty days of it at that."

I went down to the Amazon in the Ed. Burnett. Coleman sailed as mate of the Gersh Banker. I think yet he would have done as well to stick by me. I have not seen him since. I only wish I had a title of the money that some fortunate fool spends yearly on wine, woman and horse. I would take a cutter of the Neva type from New York Bay to the Amazon, make a two years' cruise on that river and its tributaries, come home, and make a book.

(It would really outfit a man to that much.)

But brains go one way, money another.

I suppose I must content myself with a cruise in a tea and a half pound canoe next summer, which is quite as risky as a cruise in a cutter on the outside passage to South America in May or June. *En passant*, on a cruise of that kind I would reduce the sail to jib, main-sail and driver; a crew of sail entire, 500 ft. Bulmast, all comprised in lead keel, 400 lbs. Setting, rials, cyclones, pomperos, etc., such a yacht, well-handled, would live longer than an ocean stammer of the narrow Clyde type.

And, my dear old boy, wouldn't there be something grand and ganey in such a cruise?

Ah! I have the pluck—the ability. I can navigate, can handle tacks and sheets, can write up the log, but lack the money.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

THE PARK GRAB.

THE fight for the protection of the People's Park still goes on. Although not much has been done in Washington toward the passage of Senator Vest's bill, its friends have made strong efforts to accomplish its objects. On the 17th of February, Senator Vest submitted a resolution, which was ordered to be printed, as follows:—

Resolved, That a committee of five Senators shall be appointed by the President pro tempore of the Senate, whose duty it shall be to examine and report to the Senate, at its next session, what is the present condition of the Yellowstone National Park, and what action has been taken by the Department of the Interior in regard to the management of said Park, and the leasing or contracting to lease any part of the Park for building hotels or other houses thereon. Also, what legislation, if any, is necessary to protect the timber, game, or objects of curiosity and interest in said Park, and to establish a system of police, and to secure the proper administration of justice therein.

Said committee shall have power to sit in vacation, at such times and places as they may think proper, to send for persons and papers, and to employ a stenographer, the expenses thereof to be paid out of the contingent fund of the Senate.

And until said committee shall report by bill or otherwise, the Secretary of the Interior is requested to take no action in the matter of leasing or contracting to lease any part of said Park for any purpose, and to cause any cutting of timber, or erection of hotels or other buildings by any person or corporation, to be discontinued within said Park.

The Secretary of the Interior is also requested to take immediate action for the protection of the game and objects of interest in the Park, and to this end he is requested to call upon the proper military authorities for such force as may be necessary to accomplish such purpose.

This resolution has been called up at least once, but before a vote was reached on it, the time expired, and, Mr. Windom objecting to the postponement of unfinished business, the resolution went over.

It is easy to understand the reason of the objections by the Senator from Minnesota. It is generally believed that he has a direct monied interest in the Improvement Company's plans, and when it comes to a question between the success of this gigantic steal and the good of the people, he

naturally takes the side of his own pocket. Even if it is not the case that Mr. Windom is a shareholder in the Improvement Company, there is another reason for his fighting against the public welfare. Mr. H. P. Douglass, who is one of those to whom the worthy Assistant Secretary Joslyn tried to make the original scandalous lease, is the brother-in-law of the ex-Secretary, and so the latter places himself at the head of the ring and unblushingly rises from his seat in the Senate to combat the rights of the people whose interests he has sworn to defend.

We have already more than once adverted to the methods pursued by the lobby of the "Improvement" Company, and a late attempt of theirs to blacken Senator Vest emphasizes what we have said on this subject. A despatch was recently caused to be sent to a New York paper, stating that Mr. Vest's bill was drawn in the interest of the "Improvement Company," and by its own attorney. A foul accusation was thus made, but the falsehood had but a brief life. Senator Vest promptly branded it as a lie, "wifful, malicious, unmitigated, made out of whole cloth from beginning to end." He further said that he drew the whole bill with his own hand. Such a denial, while it had to be made, is not needed by those who are acquainted with the Senator from Missouri, or by such as have from the beginning watched his firm patriotic and high-minded opposition to one of the greatest outrages which has ever been attempted on the long-suffering and much-swindled American people.

The fight is now to stave off legislative action as long as possible. The reason for this is clear. These trespassers upon the Nation's pleasure-ground have, in defiance of all law, boldly invaded this Government reservation, have cut down the timber belonging to the United States, have slaughtered its game, have set up their sawmills on its waters, and erected stables and buildings upon its lands; they have entered the Park and seized it, treated it as if it belonged to them, and now they impudently laugh in the face of the people, and proceed to make further "improvements," as if indeed all the execrations which have saluted them as they have gone on were merely the mutterings of a distant storm which would soon blow over. They feel that the longer they can hold the Park, the stronger becomes their position and the better will be their chances of ultimately securing an impregnable position there. They reason, too, that if they are finally expelled, they will have claims on the Government for their "improvements," and will make a fat thing out of this, even if they do not accomplish their grand robbery. And Mr. Windom, United States Senator and sometime Secretary of the National Treasury, lends himself to these nefarious plans, and aids and abets the schemers. Is it not a sight to make every American blush to see one who has held such exalted positions enacting the rôle of a lobbyist-in-chief to such a gang of men?

They will carry on the fight as long as they can, for the prize for which they are striving is a rich one, and what do they care for the people, so long as there is a prospect of lining their own pocket? In the meantime, however, new friends of the people are arising. In the House, on Friday last, during the consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, Mr. McCook, of New York, when the clause relative to the Yellowstone Park had been reached, moved to strike out the provision authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to lease portions of the Park, under certain restrictions, and proposed to substitute for it a proviso prohibiting the Secretary of the Interior from leasing any portion of the Yellowstone National Park to any person, company or corporation for any purpose whatever, and further, declaring of no force nor effect any lease, agreement or exclusive privilege or monopoly already granted or entered into, and authorizing the Secretary of War to make necessary details of troops to prevent trespassers or intruders from entering the Park with the object of destroying the game therein, or for any other purpose prohibited by law. The amendment was adopted.

The next day Senator Vest submitted to the Senate an amendment to be offered to the Sundry Civil bill calling for an appropriation of \$25,000, to enable the Secretary of the Interior to protect the game and improve the roads in the Park.

All these steps are in the right direction, and will accomplish much good, but it is extremely important that the employés of the "Improvement Company," which has seized the Park, should be at once treated as the trespassers that they are, and should be, without the loss of further time, ejected from the Park.

We are inclined to believe that the Secretary of the Interior has full power, if he chooses to exercise it, to call

on the War Department for troops to aid in this work. When a lot of colonists seeking desirable homes invade the Indian Territory with the purpose of occupying lands held by the Government in trust for the red men, troops are sent after them, they are arrested and brought back. The present state of the Park is similar. A band of men, actuated by greed of gain, have invaded and taken possession of lands held by the Government in trust for its own citizens. Why should not such trespassers be punished, not only for their invasion, but for their robbery of timber and game? Heavy damages should be collected from this "Improvement Company" for the ruin that they have wrought in this beautiful region.

We receive frequent advices of the killing of game in considerable quantities within the Park. A recent number of the Bozeman *Account Courier* speaks of a contract for 4,000 pounds of wild meat given out by a Cook City firm at fifteen cents per pound, and the hunters are going into the Park to kill it. Rules and regulations are all very well, but there must be some power to enforce the rules and regulations which have been made. Mr. Conger and his assistants are of themselves powerless to prevent violations of the law. Troops are needed in and about the Park, and some sharp punishment should be meted out to these marauding meat and skin hunters as well as to the Park grabbers. For the present several small details of troops are required in the Park, as well as other larger bodies to patrol its outskirts, but after the immediate and pressing necessities of the time shall have been attended to, another and better system of policing for the protection of the game and of the geysers and of the forests may be suggested.

Just now, however, the Secretary of the Interior should call for troops to expel the jobbers who have seized the Park, and the almost equally criminal and reckless skin hunters.

Will Mr. Secretary Teller turn for himself the thanks of the people by doing this?

THE MARKETS AND THE GAME.

FROM Maine to Minnesota came the same reports. The game is killed in large quantities out of season and shipped by market hunters to the open game markets in other States. Minnesota grouse killed out of season have gone to Chicago, and Maine venison killed in the close time goes to Boston. The Boston market is legally open by reason of an unwise compromise made with the dealers of that city when the present law was enacted, and the Chicago market has been illegally kept open through the combined influence of the dealers and some of the sportsmen of that city.

Last week we noticed the fact that the Chicago market men, notably a prominent member of the Sportsmen's and Game Dealers' Association, were receiving grouse which had been killed contrary to law in Minnesota; and in another column of this issue will be found a report from one of our Maine correspondents, of the shipping of unseasonable game from that State to the Boston market.

There is nothing about this state of affairs to excite surprise. Every intelligent man who has given the slightest thought to the subject, knows perfectly well that a game market open beyond the legal season for killing game means that the game will be supplied contrary to law. It is the same old story, rehearsed time and time again in every State in the Union, and in the Provinces beyond. The relation of the game market to the game supply is well understood, and earnest efforts have been made to provide some efficient check to the slaughter. Michigan sportsmen, after careful investigation, found that their deer supply was being exterminated by the market hunters, who shipped the game to the great city markets. Michigan thereupon passed a non-export law. Other States have adopted similar laws. The sportsmen of Indiana saw their game netted and snared by pot-hunters and sent to outside markets in season and out of season. They secured a non-export law which has since been declared unconstitutional. Minnesota tried the same expedient; it has not proved efficient. Nebraska, Dakota and Colorado, Connecticut, Iowa and Missouri followed, each with more or less good effect. The Province of Ontario contemplates a non-export law. To strictly enforce a non-export game law is an exceedingly difficult undertaking. There are many devices well known to the market shooter, and by means of various deceptions it is an easy thing for him to run his contraband goods through the lines. So long as game markets are kept open, inviting the law breaker to send in his plunder, just so long will the

ame be butchered and smuggled out of one State into another. The only correction of the abuse is the absolute prohibition of the sale of game in the close seasons, which generally obtain in the districts of game supply. The Boston and New York markets should not be kept open for months after the Maine and Minnesota open seasons have expired, nor should the St. Louis and Chicago dealers be permitted to pay premiums to the grouse snarers and deer butchers of neighboring States. It is a much simpler undertaking to stop the open sale of game than to detect its covert illicit transportation. If the market is closed the shipping will be stopped.

As we have already said, the Chicago marketmen's plea is that if they do not sell the game other markets will. New York dealers say the same, and the Boston men reiterate the argument. Now the right thing would be to close all of these markets upon the expiration of the open season for killing game in the respective States. If the supply of game proves too great to be disposed of in the prescribed period, let the dealers refuse to receive it from the pot-hunters. It is a very easy matter for them to regulate the supply. They will never do this, so long as they can get legislation to suit them, or can evade the laws themselves or else secure such evasion by other parties. The marketmen want all the game there is, and he wants it all now. A compromise between sportsmen and game dealers means a tinkering of the law to suit this improvident greed of the market. The Boston compromise some years ago proved it; the New York "refrigerator bill" proved it again; and now the proposed Illinois amendment affords a fresh illustration.

We have noted with much surprise the proposal to open the Chicago game market for the reception of game illegally shipped from other States, for that is what the contemplated amendment to the Illinois law practically amounts to, and we trust that the real sportsmen of that State who have no grist of their own to grind at the dealers' mill will stand out most decidedly against the change.

PROFESSIONAL MEN AND GAME.

IN our issue of February 15 we printed the plea of a professional man—a clergyman—for summer shooting. Last week was published a reply, written by another professional man—a professor in one of the prominent educational institutions of the country. To-day we give another letter on the same subject, written by one who belongs to none of the classes named by "Clericus." Our own views on summer shooting are so well understood that there is no necessity of rehearsing them here.

We appreciate very fully the value of angling and shooting as rational recreations, in which the hard-working professional man of this busy age may find much-needed recuperation. It would certainly be most fortunate if this class, as well as the working men of all other classes, could shoot deer and birds in mid-summer. But, very unhappily, the laws of nature are irrevocable and cannot be altered in favor of any class, however deserving it may be. If the mother of the tender, helpless fawns be killed, the fawns must perish, no matter whether the man who kills her be a doctor of divinity or a refugee from the sheriff.

And—we regret to say it—professional men, as a class, have not and do not conduct themselves while in the woods very differently from other people. They certainly have given no warrant for allowing to them greater privileges than are permitted to men of humbler stations in society. On the black-list of Maine summer deer-shooters are the names of two men who belong to the same profession with "Clericus." If they hunted deer and moose when the law forbade it, what would they not have done had the law been off?

THE NEW YORK LAW.—A bill to amend the law of New York has been prepared and introduced by the State Association. It provides for several changes in the open seasons, among others permitting July woodcock shooting. As we have already discussed the merits of the subject, we need not go into it here. Another provision extends the season for sale of game through the month of February. There are abundant reasons why such a proposition should be opposed; we have stated some of these considerations in another place.

FOOD OF FISHES.—At the suggestion of Prof. Baird, who desires to have more knowledge concerning the food of our commercial fishes, Mr. E. G. Blackford will institute a series of investigations into the stomachs of those species which come to him in Fulton Market. To this end he has secured the service of Prof. Henry J. Rice, well known from his experiments in oyster hatching, who will record the contents of the stomachs of the fishes, and report upon the food found therein at different seasons.

THE CARVER-BOGARDUS MATCH.—It has been held by very many that while Dr. Carver was a phenomenal rifle shot, he could not hold his own in a match with Capt. Bogardus at the traps. The result of the Louisville shooting showed pretty conclusively that the Doctor knows how to hold a gun as well as a rifle. A full report of the event will be found on another page.

The Sportsman Tourist.

FLORIDA.

WHEN winter with his icy hand
Has swept across our northern land
His cold white robe of snow;
When all the woods are bare and brown,
And all their feathered songsters frown,
And fierce the north winds blow.

When summer with his joys has fled,
Its pleasures o'er, its flowers dead,
And ice-bound about each stream,
'Tis then my wandering fancy flies
To a milder land 'neath sunnier skies,
And of its joys I dream.

My fancy turns to that bright land
Where Ponce de Leon and his band
Of Spanish soldiers hold,
Sought for the Fount of Youth—a draught
Of whose clear waters he who quaffed,
Would never more grow old.

Ah, Florida! sweet land of flowers,
I stray in thought beneath thy bowers
Of dark moss-mantled pines;
I breathe the heavy, rich perfume
Of flowers in perfume bloom,
And ever fragrant vines.

In those embowered vales is heard
The note of many a bright-plumaged bird
In Northern climes unknown;
Those dark lagoons are the safe lair
Of many a creature strange and rare,
That haunt their depths alone.

Beside St. John's slow moving stream
Low coits and broad white mansions gleam
'Mid palms and orange trees;
In the low and fertile plain,
Wide fields of green and rustling cane
Bend to the balmy breeze.

Thy broad sea shores in thought I tread,
And now through tangled swamps I tread
My slow and toilsome way;
Or, happier thought, in my light boat
Upon thy crystal lakes I float,
And catch the filmy prey.

Still fate my waiting fortune binds
To regions of harsh chilling winds,
Where frost rules half the year,
And yet methinks some day I see
That land, wash'd by a Southern sea—
That land to fancy deer.

NORMAN B. DRESSER.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

IV.—Nimrod with a Shotgun.—Part Two.

IN no place in the world is aquatic life so abundant as in the polar regions during the summer. The instance I have given of the elders in Terror Bay is but one in many constantly encountered in polar literature. The little auks, or rogets, says a writer who has been in Spitzbergen, are so numerous that he has frequently seen an uninterrupted line of them extending to a distance of more than three miles, and so close together that thirty have fallen at a distance of four or five miles, these numbers do not appear so great.

The dovesies are the most numerous of the summer ducks in the northern part of the bay, and they are especially thick about Depot Island, whose Esquimaux name is Pike-a-lik, meaning the island of birds' nests, and where the dovesies deposit their greenish-blotched eggs in innumerable quantities. They seem to make no nest whatever, but crawl under the broken granite boulders and lay in such concealed places that a white man will look over a large tract and find nothing, and a few Inuit children will follow and fill their hands and pockets. The first year, '78, we were too late for their eggs, which are here collected in countless scores in July; but that same year, on the 5th of September, we visited Pikkenuik, and some of the Esquimaux we had with us collected a fifty of the squabs they caught in the rocks, and then old enough to eat, and gave them to us. Colonel Gilder and I attempted to kill a few of the older ones with our shotguns, but with less success, as they soon scampered some two or three hundred yards out to sea, where they resolutely persisted in remaining while we were on the island.

While on the "Polaris" expedition, Joe, who had been out hunting in February, reported seeing three dovesies in the open water, saying that they were the young of last year, and that it was well known among the Esquimaux that this species of bird spent their first winter in the Arctic regions. Joe spoke to me of this also, and added that when they remain they turn almost white like the ptarmigan. I have never seen any in the winter, but my journeys have been such that I seem to make no nest whatever, but crawl under the broken granite boulders and lay in such concealed places that a white man will look over a large tract and find nothing, and a few Inuit children will follow and fill their hands and pockets.

The Esquimaux take great pleasure in hunting small game without a shotgun, and it must be the true spirit of the Nimrod that prompts them, for the returns in pounds of food can in no way remunerate them for the time lost and cost of powder and shot. I have several times seen Esquimaux have the preference of shot or bullets in exchange for some article they desired to trade, and they would invariably choose the former, with which they would probably not secure a dozen ducks, while with the latter they could certainly secure as many reindeer, walrus or musk-oxen.

Toolooah enjoyed a good duck-hunting tour with all the eagerness of an amateur in the art.

We will not speak of the phalaropes, the dabchicks, the grebes, the sandpipers, the gulls, the snipe and the whatnot of the water-loving varieties of birds, for we only saw them here and there without adding any knowledge of their habits, and seldom added any of them to our "bags." The Esquimaux of some localities that I visited, separate the year into moons instead of months, (that is about thirteen months) and each one is named after some event conspicuous at the same, as the arrival or departure of some of the migratory birds, the goose month, the dovekie month, and so forth.

To the sportsman who finds pleasure in pursuing the partridge, the pheasant, the prairie chicken, or grouse, probably the Arctic grouse or ptarmigan would be his first effort with the shotgun as soon as they put in their appearance, for they seem to be exceedingly hard to find in summer. At this season of the year the ptarmigan's plumage is of a pale brown color, mottled with small black and gray spots. The head and neck are marked with broad bars of black, rust color and white, the wings and belly being of the latter color. I noticed, while on our sledge journey, that it was particularly the stormy weather that brought us in contact with the many bands of ptarmigan who seem to enjoy this sort of bluster; and they cheered the dreary waste of winter when nearly all other life had perished on its journey for the more congenial South. With his brother of the black coat—the Arctic raven—he is the only living winged thing that remains on the land to cheer the deep Arctic winter. Long after the great flocks of dovesies, the noisy loons and stately flying burgomaster gulls have departed from the North, the ptarmigan may be found diligently searching the barren rugged hilltops for his daily food.

In the summer time or breeding season, they are rarely seen, and then have a plumage so much like the prevailing color of the mossy plains as to afford them splendid protection. They are then only seen singly or at most in pairs, but as winter time approaches they flock together often in bands of hundreds; their plumage is then of a pure white, and they are very hard to see, and are much more common in farm ducks. The sportsman at this time seldom has much trouble in securing ten or fifteen out of a flock, for when frightened they fly but a short distance, and for five or six times after firing they will allow him to approach quite closely. Where hunted considerably with firearms, however, they become as shy as any of the grouse family in warmer climates. They are so shy that the Esquimaux unless the opportunities are brought directly before them while in their pursuits. I have often seen the small boys using them for a target when practicing with bows and arrows, and they were occasionally successful in securing one in this way, driving them along the ground like so many chickens in the poultry yard. It is said that the Greenland natives hold the idea that ptarmigan, in order to provide for their winter food, gather in a supply of berries into the hollows of rocks, and during very severe cold they form retreats under the snow and bunch together to keep warm. This would hardly coincide with the facts that I have seen them seeking their food at all months of the year, and at all temperatures of the winter, unless their habits vary in the two countries. They are excellent food and taste very much like the ground and waterfowl species in the lower zones. I have never heard them utter any cry beyond a coarse clucking when waddling along on the ground in front of a person, and my queries from the natives failed to extend my information. I have noted this simply because it has been represented that this bird has a most singular and extraordinary voice, which it exerts only in the night time, and instances are given where superstitious natives have been frightened by the sound of their hearing it. So white is the plumage of these northern grouse that when squatting in the snow a person even searching for them may get within two or three yards before he sees them, if he be not apprised of their position even then, by their rapid woodcock-like whir of their retreat. Especially is this the case in the cold, blustering, snowy weather, when the birds look almost like snow.

But bird-life is not the only kind of game in the frigid zone that furnishes food and fun for the double-barreled smooth-bore. There is the Arctic hare, the fox, the lemming, and a few other four-footed but small fellows, which are valuable for palate or peltry, and generally the most sagacious of all. Every now and then when on our sledge journeys the dogs, half asleep and very talkative about at their heels, and taster of the food, will pick up the trail, and will were light, dash forward after some unknown object which would finally resolve itself into some insignificant rabbit trail, and as this boreal bunny is somewhat predisposed to the stormiest of weather, like the ptarmigan, he will often lead a team of dogs a merry run if the driver does not stop them, or imagines they are on the scent of reindeer, as he often does. I always found the rabbits living in the crevices of the boulders, leaped over each other, the covering snow forming a little leap, which, with their immense coat of hair, is sufficient to protect them in the coldest weather. I have seen them in all months of the year, and if they store up a winter's supply of food (which I do not believe), they are very busy in the winter maintaining it by excursions from other quarters. While probably a trifle smaller than the Jack rabbit of the American plains in quantity, he is in his peer in size, if not larger in the winter, when he looks like a great bundle of white feathers. He is not eaten so much by the natives as by the wild animals, the foxes, wolves, and wolverines.

The Arctic fox is much smaller than the common variety we are used to seeing at home, and equally sagacious. He is seen everywhere, but some say he is more common in one so far as to procure his peltry. It was either too far to reach with the scattering argument of a shotgun or too agile for a rifle in anybody's hands less active than those of Dr. Carver's. It is not often that the natives get one by shooting, but they manage to trap large quantities for their skins, which they trade to the Arctic whaler, although their meat is not rejected by the Esquimaux. Even some Arctic explorers have pronounced their meat worthy of the table, and probably it may be by comparison when long isolated from all sorts of fresh meat. The traps of the natives are simply slabs of ice with the common figure 4 spring, and when they visit the traps at rare intervals, the slab falls on the top of a small rectangular pen of ice, thus enclosing Reynard alive, as otherwise when crushed and the snow pressed in, he would have been long since outwitted and the fur pulled out. These ice-traps were often seen about Hudson's Bay. On King William's Land the Netschilluks built pens of the slabs of

sandstone and then set the trap in winter by covering it with the usual slab of ice. Having no means of trading off the skins, they use them in making clothes for their children. They rarely make beyond mere defense as illustrated in his procuring subsistence. When fishing he approaches the shore, and splashing in the water with his forefeet, allures the fish near him, near enough to spring on them with effectiveness, says Crantz. In North Hudson's Bay their fishing is similar to that of the Esquimaux dogs, the wolves, the polar bear, and even the wolverines I believe. In this way the rise and fall of tide is greatly availed of, the rocky ponds into a lake-like form, with the rocky mouth of the water in falling is drained through great piles of kelp held by the rocky bar, and this entangles all the fish that have been unlucky enough to enter this trap. Wherever such an inlet is found on an island well out to sea there the Esquimaux store their dogs for the summer, and here they grow very fat, and where such fish traps exist along the main shore there the wild fish-eating animals may be found when the ice has not covered the bay. The fish usually caught is a sort of pout, most horrible looking, and called by the whalers fish-pout.

When Ross was with his Franklin Search Expedition and wintering in the ice, having heard nothing of Franklin's whereabouts, he trapped a great number of Arctic foxes, put brass collars round their necks, having stamped in them the location of his ship, and turned them loose, thinking and hoping that one might reach Franklin's ships or crews and inform them in their retreat or movements by such timely information.

The ermine, the lemming and the true fur-bearing small game of the Arctic save so much of the shop, so much of the market reports about it I doubt if their cold-blooded pursuit for mere gain would be interesting to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. MENSALL.
Sixth Paper.

W left Key West on Sunday afternoon, March 12, with a light easterly breeze, bound for Cape Sable, some sixty miles northeast across Florida Bay. The usual route to the northward is by the Florida Channel, and I proceeded to Bahia Honda, and thence across to Cape Sable, but not wishing to retrace that portion of our route to Bahia Honda, I resolved to add variety to our voyage by going to the westward and northward of the keys, or on the Gulf side, then sailing eastward to Key Vacas, thence due north, thirty miles to East Cape Sable. Accordingly, we left Key West by the Northwest Channel, leaving all the keys to the northward, and anchored before sundown at N. W. Boca Chico, a small key with a beautiful white sandy beach, some ten miles northwest from Key West.

The Florida Keys, like the southern portion of the peninsula, are of recent formation, and underlain by oolitic and coral limestone. These coral lime rocks are formed by the action of the waves and weather upon the calcareous secretions of coral-polyps, those beautiful "Flowers of the Sea," which are still building, better than they know, on the outlying submerged reefs, and there may be seen those "pillars of the sea," madroppers, astræans, manadrinas, porites, gorgonias, etc., rivaling in beauty of form and colors the most charming and delicate ferns, fungi, mosses and shrubs. The fishes about the keys are very handsome, both in form and coloration; silvery, rosy, scarlet, brown and golden bodies, with sky-blue, bright yellow, rosy or black stripes, bands, or spotted, stellated and mottled with the blues of the rainbow, and the reds of the eyes of scarlet, blue, yellow or black; fins of all colors and shapes, and lips of scarlet, yellow, blue or silver. Some of the larger keys, such as Sugar-loaf, Saddle-bluff, Pine and Largo, contain a few deer, and some of the oldest settled ones harbor a few herds of quail, but most of the keys of the Florida Straits are barren of game.

The next morning, with a splendid breeze from the south-west, we left N. W. Boca Chico, and under the lee of the keys we made good time, arriving at Key Vacas in the afternoon. The spongers and fishing smacks were lying at anchor under the different keys as we bowled merrily along, the wind being too high for them to pursue their vocations. At Key Vacas we found several brothers, named Watkins, with their families, all "conchs," who had quite a large clearing, or cultivation, "as they called it, and who were engaged in raising and other vegetables for Key West and the Northern markets. The soil is thin and very rocky, but rich, and produces well. There is a fine spring of excellent water pouring out of the sharp and jagged rocks of this key, east of the Watkins settlement, where we filled our water casks. We collected a number of beautiful land shells on this key, and a rich variety of botanical specimens, for we stayed here the following day, the wind having backed up to the north, blowing hard. The next day thereafter, however, it hunted to the eastward, when we again set sail, due north, for East Cape Sable. We were out of sight of land for two hours until we sighted Sandy Key, and made the cape in six hours sailing from Key Vacas. Had we not gone to Key West we should have crossed to the cape from Long Key or Channel Key. Very small boats can cross from these points, and by keeping well to the eastward can be in and out of the Cape of Barnes's Sound all the way, but the water is shallow, with numerous banks and shoals of sand.

We sailed eastward of East Cape Sable to the mainland, where there is abundance of deer, turkey and other game. We here saw for the first time that magnificent bird, the flamingo, with great numbers of egrets, rosy spoonbills, and herons. The next day we passed East Cape Sable and proceeded to the Middle Cape, or Palm Point, where there was a house. We landed to call on the occupants, who were very desirous for us to stop a day or two to kill some deer, which were plentiful, but being pressed for time we kept on to the N. W. Cape, and a few miles further on entered Cape Sable Creek, where we anchored. This creek is an admirable harbor for small boats, and the only one near Cape Sable. With a narrow entrance, some twenty feet in width, it soon expands into a narrow, shallow, quiet deep, where a vessel can be safely moored alongside, and in running out from the shore; a hurricane blowing outside would not ripple the water of this quiet basin. Sharks and other large fish may be harpooned or grained from the deck of the vessel, or with line and hook the angler can get a surfeit of fishing. The stream heads in a large lagoon back of the cape, the resort of innumerable waterfowl and aquatic birds. The region about the Cape is the seat of the Charlotte Harbor for camping, hunting and fishing, there being a broad, smooth,

sandy beach all around the cape, abounding in beautiful shells and other marine curiosities, with good dry ground for camping, and an abundance of game on the savannas, and in the mangrove swamps.

From Cape Sable Creek to Pavilion Key there is a succession of mangrove keys and islands, and but very little beach or hard ground. Between these points lie Shark, Lostman's, Harvey's and other rivers, and Whitewater and Chatham bays, which are studded with the "Thousand Islands," had they been called "Ten Thousand Islands" it would have been a more appropriate name. This whole region lies in Bahia Honda, and is separated from the mainland by the Gulf to the mainland, which latter can only be reached by following the intricate channels between these numberless so-called islands, many of which have not a particle of soil, being merely clumps or thickets of mangroves. It would take a month or more to get an idea of Whitewater and Chatham bays by penetrating to the mainland and to the Everglades, and as we were already behind time we did not attempt it, leaving that unexplored region for a more convenient season.

Mangroves here grow to be tall trees, as tall as water oaks or even pines. There are small bunches of them, and great forests of them—nothing but mangroves, mangroves. It is wonderful how these mangroves grow, and, when once started, how rapidly they increase. The seeds are about as long and of the shape and appearance of the old-fashioned "long nine" cigar. These fall into the mud or shallow water, and attempt to take root, the upper and giving off shoots, which, growing upward, send down other shoots or roots parallel with the main stems, and these taking root, again grow upward, and the parent stem as it continues to grow continues to send down other branches or roots to the water. I have seen these pendulous branches descending twenty feet to the water, as straight and smooth as an arrow, and an inch thick. I have walked a quarter of a mile through a mangrove thicket, on the level and dry roots, two or three feet above the water, where there was not a particle of soil. But in time, drift, sea weeds and shells accumulate about the roots, and floating seeds lodge and germinate, so that at last an island is formed and lifted up above the surface of the water.

Another reason for our not tarrying long in this section was the scarcity of water. Our supply was getting short, and there had been no rain on the south-west coast for four months. We attempted to get an idea of the creek to the mainland or to fresh water, but the tide left us aground, and we were forced to return on the next tide. The water in these bays is quite shallow, so with an offing of several miles in the Gulf we sailed for Chucaluskoc River, where we expected to get a supply of water from cisterns at that settlement, the first north of Cape Sable. Stopping at Pavilion Key we found a boat with two men who told us the cisterns at Chucaluskoc were dry, so we went on to Panther Key and anchored for the night.

We went ashore at Panther Key the next morning, where we found a hut and a bright-eyed old Spaniard and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Gomez. Old man Gomez is a noted character on the Southwest coast, having lived there for thirty years or more. He is reputed to be a hundred years old. He told me that he went from Spain to St. Augustine when he was a child, and before Florida was ceded to the United States, which would make him about that age. He is held in wholesome dread by the settlers, who throw out dark hints of his having been a slaver, and even a pirate in his younger days; but "He was the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." He had a plantation up the creek, near Panther Key, but his well going dry, he had come down to his place on the bay, where there was a little water, before Florida was ceded to the United States. But he informed me that there was a good well on Cape Romano, some five miles to the westward. Gomez was under contract to furnish provisions to a Government surveying party, who were then some six miles up the creek on the mainland. His schooner had gone to Key West for provisions, and he was daily expecting her.

"Are there any rattlesnakes on this island?" asked Jack. "No, no see any, nor a long time," answered the old man. "But I kill a one, long a time ago; very big a one." "Oh-h-h! Such a snake!" Such a snake!" broke in the old lady—a Georgia woman—with both hands before her face, waving away the imaginary rattle. "Dear me; dear me! I can see it now! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake!" "How long was it?" asked Jack; "ten feet?" "Oh, dear me; longer than that; longer than that!" answered she. "I can see it now! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake!" "Was as long as this room; it was; it was; it was! I can see it now; I can see it now!" The room was fifteen feet in length. "Did you save the rattles?" asked Jack. "No, no, no! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake! No, no! I saved myself; I saved myself! Oh-h-h! Such a snake! Such a snake!"

"How thick was it?" persisted Jack. "As big as my leg?" "Oh, dear! bigger than that; bigger than that! Oh-h-h! Such a snake, such a snake! Dear, dear, dear! I can see it now! I can see it now! Such a snake! Such a snake! Oh, it makes me sick! it makes me sick! I can smell it too! I can smell it too! It was as big as a water bucket! it was, it was, it was! Oh-h-h! such a snake, such a snake!" "Well, I believe it," said Jack, "and it wasn't much of a snake either, for if it was always as dry here as it is now, there is no need of a water bucket, but if it was as it is now, as the old man could give us no water, he did the best he could by giving us a bountiful supply of tomatoes, sweet potatoes and bananas, for which he would take no money, saying:

"Me give you tomato, sweet a potato, bman". Me no want a non; me give you a non."

We departed for Key West, where, on the southern shore, a quarter of a mile from the water point, we found a well of excellent water, from which we replenished our water casks. We took a ramble on the beach, where we found great quantities of shells, sea-urchins, starfishes, sea-fans, sponges, etc. We then sailed for Coconut Key, five miles S. N. E. from Cape Romano, where there is a pass leading to Marco and Horr's Islands. We anchored off Grand Point, near Marco, near the house of Capt. Roberts, who has a fine plantation of tomatoes, bananas, etc. These islands are high, with good soil, and are very productive, but the long drought had told on the plants. Capt. Roberts owns a fine schooner, in which he carries his fruits and vegetables to Key West in their season, and at other times engages in fishing, turtling and sponging. On Horr's Island I found Capt. Horr, formerly of Ohio, who was well located for raising sub-tropical fruits and early vegetables, for these

islands possessed the best soil I saw on the west coast. At the west end of Marco, near Christmas Pass, a brother of Capt. Horr has also a large and excellent plantation, and on the northern side is the location of Capt. Collier, who also owns a good weatherly schooner, transporting his produce to Key West. This is a fine settlement, very pleasantly situated, the waters teeming with fish and turtles, green and logehead, and the flats with clams and oysters. Immense tarpon and jewfish are speared under the mangroves with "grains," a stout, two-pronged fish spear, in the use of which these people are very expert.

Being tired and having just landed on the fringe of mangrove bushes at the edge of the channels, the man standing in the bow with the grains ready at length spies a great tarpon some six feet long, like a giant fish of burished silver poised motionless in the shade. When within striking distance he hurls the grains by its long handle with a skillful and dexterous thrust and an unerring aim, born of long experience, which strikes home with an ominous thud, when the monster tears away with a tremendous spurt, leaping clear of the surface, and, falling back, makes the water fairly boil and scethe in his desperate efforts to escape. But the barbed grains holds fast, the long, stout line is as tense as a bowstring. The great fish tugs the boat around like a corkscrew, until his fierce struggles and grand leaps begin to tell on him, and at length he is towed upshore completely exhausted. Something the boat is captured or swamped by an unusually large and powerful fish, but, as I have mentioned before, these "Conchs" are almost amphibious, and seldom lose their fish, even under the most adverse circumstances.

Imagine a scene like this. A schooner under full sail, plowing the shallow waters of the Gulf, her prow proudly dashing aside the spray as "she walks the waters like a thing of life," when a pensive young "Conch," standing on the weather bow, clad only in a cotton shirt and trousers, throws his hat on deck as he turns his face toward the man at the tiller, and quickly, but unobtrusively, "Luff" or "ay" flings himself head first into the sea. One not accustomed to these people would think the young man mad and intent on suicide or a visit to Davy Jones's locker; but as the vessel comes up into the wind with shaking sails, the pensive young Conch also comes up, shaking the short tail of an immense green turtle, which he has adroitly turned on its back, and, towing it to the schooner's side, a running nose is pushed around a flipper, and it is hoisted on deck. Though it is not the usual way of catching turtle, it has been done.

The mud flats about Caximbas Pass at low tide swarm with bay snipe and shore birds, and at flood tide the channels under the mangroves teem with redfish, groupers, and snappers, while near the beds of oyster oysters are schools of sheephead and drum. In fact, all of these passes and inlets of the west coast are fairly alive with fishes, from the mud flat to sharks and sawfish. While lying in this cove, one can hear all night long the voices of the deep, under and around him. The hollow, muffled boom of the drumfish seems to be just under one's pillow; schools of sparoid fishes feeding on shellfish on the bottom sounds like the snapping of dry twigs on a hot fire; while a hundred tiny hummers in the hands of ocean sprites are tapping on the keel. Then is heard the powerful rush of the tarpon, the blowing of porpoises, and the snapping jaws of the shark, the strong stream of mullet, which, leaping from the surface by thousands, awake the water echoes like showers of silver fishes falling in fitful gusts and squalls.

On the islands about Caximbas Pass are many shell mounds, bearing witness to the many "oyster suppers" enjoyed by the aboriginal inhabitants. From the proximity of wild lime and lemon trees, it may be presumed that they took their "on the half shell," and also in the form of "beef steaks," if you may judge from the fragments of pottery and fire-cakes scattered through the heaps. We are also reminded by tangible evidence that "clam chowder" was no novelty to them, and that they were on familiar terms with "fried scallops;" but whether a prehistoric "Dorian" catered at these feasts, or whether the "Ingin meal" was moistened by libations of primeval "Mummi" or pristine "Piper Sec," or were washed down by copious draughts of primeval "lager" is a mooted question.

We left Caximbas Pass in the middle of the forenoon, with a northwest wind, sailing close-hauled all day until an hour before sundown, when we put into Estro Pass for the night. We had just made everything snug; the kingly was sputtering in the frying-pan, the venison broiling over the coals, and the aroma of old Government Java was ascending toward the mist-heads, when a small schooner also put in, and, having made anchor, lay within fifty yards of us. The sails were lowered away and furled by the crew, which consisted of a solitary one-armed man. In a short time the receding tide left the little schooner aground, when I went over in the Daisy to see if we could be of any service.

"Oh, no," said the combined skipper and crew, "she'll lay all the easier aground, and she'll be afloat time enough for me in the mornin', bet you ribs!"

In making a fire in his stove he began preparing his supper. He had a cargo of hammas for Cedar Keys. This man, from the habit of hunting alligators in the summer, had obtained the sobriquet of "Alligator Ferguson," and was a character of some note on the west coast. After supper he came over to the Rambler and assisted the boys in shark fishing, regaling them, between bites, with accounts of his prowess in hunting the huge saurians, which with him had become an all-absorbing passion. "But I don't know 'bout 'gators, gentlemen," said he, "the 'gator don't know himself. If I can catch his ugly eye, I can tell just what he's thinkin' 'bout. If he sees me a comin' with old 'Sup-Death,' my big Springfield rifle, he jest sez, sez he, 'Thar's Alligator Ferguson; my hide's good as off, my teeth's good as gone; I've done swallerin' fish an' pine knots in this wain world; my watterly pilgrimage is over.' 'Fare you well to Florida, my friend!'"

"Well, yes; a good many, and more too. I couldn't 'zactly say just how many I've killed and skun, or how many teeth I've pulled; but there ain't a butcher who hez skun more beef-cattle or mutton-sheep than I've skun 'gators; and there ain't a tooth-carper in the Newwited States who hez extracted more teeth from humans than I 'gators, if he dod-busted 'if there is!"

"I suppose that with the blades and teeth it is a pretty profitable business," said Squire. "Well, I care more for the fun than the profit. The hides and teeth buy grub and tobacco; that's bizness, bet your ribs! But the enjoyment of the fun is what makes life with livin' with me. You cleau out the 'gators, and you cleau out me; 'terminate 'gators, and you 'xtinguish Alligator

Ferguson. Without his open countenance and lively tail this vale of tears 'ud hev no attractions for me!"

"Take it altogether then, hides, teeth and fun, and it pays you pretty well," said Squire.

"Bel your bills! I get half a dollar for the hide, five dollars a pound for the teeth, and a dollar and seventy-five cents in fun for every 'gator I kill!"

Jack, who was lying on his hunk, fished out from under it the skull of the big one he had shot at New River, and like Mr. Boffin in Mr. Venn's shop, "lying behind his smile," said:

"How is this for a specimen head, Mr. Ferguson?"

"Well that ain't half a bad head, but I've seen bigger ones, with bigger teeth, but I never saw one just like it on this coast; how long was he?"

"Twelve feet to an inch," answered Jack.

"I've killed a good many 'gators, but I never killed one over twelve feet. And 'gators is like hmanos, some has big heads, and some small heads; and 'tain't allus the biggest 'gator as has the biggest head, but generally the bigger the head the smaller the brain, just like hmanos; but I'm bound to say no 'gator's got much brain to brag on. I've caused a good many to die with water on the brain, but I'm bound to say none ever died of inflammation on the brain, cause they ain't got enough to inflame. There's another cur'ing thing 'bout 'gators, the smaller the brain, the more musk they carries, just like hmanos!"

BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES.

As we get along in years, portly and gouty, nearing the serene and yellow leaf, as it were, and can no longer climb the rough mountain-side for the whirling grouse, nor take long tramps behind the faithful dog for quail or snipe, but have to content ourselves behind the blinds for hay-birds or water-fowl, or ride to a runway and take things easy for a shot; how natural it is of an evening at home, especially after perusing your glorious paper, to look those days when we were wont to consider ourselves second to few in those sports where hardihood and perseverance were the *sine qua non* of success. From several articles recently in the FOREST AND STREAM, I see that others than "Jacobstaff" are going back to years ago. That is a sure sign that they are growing old, and they cannot hide it.

My boyhood and early manhood were spent among the rugged hills of Madison county, in the State of Tennessee, or more miles from Cooperstown and the beautiful Lake Osego, a more mile made known by Cooper, the greatest delineator of woodcraft character the world ever produced. The original from whom the novelist took his Leatherstockings, was well known in our little village. When I was a boy he was an old man, and went only by the name of Old Hunter. He had lived for many years in a cabin in the woods, and hunted and fished for a living. For a few years before his death he lived in our village, age and rheumatism fast breaking the old man down. It was said that Old Hunter had a history; that he was a man of education and a lawyer of promise, but his domestic relations proving unfortunate, he had left his family, and with his dogs and gun had taken to the woods and had there lived for many years a hunter and trapper, rarely visiting the settlements until his deer and furs were gone and he had to come down to the crowd and squirrel. But Old Hunter was a character, very taciturn, almost moody; and never, even when in his cups, would he tolerate any quizzing in regard to his earlier life. He was always hunting and fishing alone, and invariably successful. At an intimation he given a day or two in advance that Judge Mason wanted a brace of grouse, a half-dozen squirrels, or some trout, and he never failed to fill the order.

He was an object of great veneration to us boys, and many were the pleadings to be allowed to go with him on some of his tramps, but of no avail. I had given the old man a promising pup, and he was well disposed toward me, but I never could get his consent to go with him; he always had some excuse—too far for us boys, we were too noisy, etc., until one day in the spring—drumming time for the partridge, we knew nothing about, except our close seasons in those days—I was out on a little hunt by myself, when I espied the old man slowly climbing the wooded hill. "Now is the time," thought I, "he has got to take me now." I insisted upon accompanying him. He didn't like it, I knew; said he "had got to git a couple partridges for Lawyer Mitchell," but that if I would "keep still and obey orders I might follow along." I followed along very quietly up that rugged hillside.

Finally we came to a thicket of undergrowth. Here the old man paused. "This," said he, "is a good place for a partridge. You go that way," pointing to the right, "and I'll go this. We'll come together on 'other side; perhaps we may start one out o' here."

I started around and had not gone more than half way when I heard the old man's gun. Upon his joining me, sure enough a grouse leaped at his belt. "You've got one, I see," "Yes," said the old fellow, "he was on a log and I shot him through the head." The marks of the bullet were there, clear through the eyes.

We trudged on a while longer, until in his judgment we came to another likely place, when the same arrangement was proposed: "You go around that way and I'll go this." Now about this time I began to suspect something, I hardly knew what. "All right," I said, and started off, but only a short distance, when I whirled back, dodging behind the trees, and followed the old fellow. He didn't go far; but looking around carefully and being apparently satisfied that there were no prying eyes on him, he parted the bushes and stepped in a short distance. I was close behind, holding my breath, when what did I see! A drumming log and, hanging by a noose, a grouse. The old hunter took the bird from the stick, and, with a flourish, held it up, and through its head hung it to his belt, and then deliberately fired his gun off in the air. That was for me. I retreated a wiser boy for the future, and with some of that veneration gone. My idol was somewhat cracked, if not entirely broken.

I watched the old veteran after that, and I found his favorite trout resort away in a swamp where no one ever dreamed of finding a trout at all, much less fish of a pound or more in weight.

All those were good old days. We boys didn't have much pocket money in those times; Baptist ministers' sons generally, I believe, don't have, and we sometime were hard put to our trumps to get the ammunition we wanted. My first gun was an old flintlock musket, with hard peas scooped surreptitiously from the farmers' bins for use. What a red-letter day it was for me when my father, wishing to reward me for being an exceptional good boy, put into

my hand my first shotgun—a percussion cap, 14-gauge, single barrel. How the squirrels, crows and partridges (grouse) caught it for the next few seasons. But I outgrew that, and my longing was for a rifle that came in one time.

All those indeed were halcyon days, roaming over old Madison county hills. There was not a spot that I did not know; and every bitmurt or history tree was a wonder for miles around. How I watched for the compels near certain pieces of woods, and how angry we all used to get at the farmers when they cut down for the wood our favorite squirrel resorts.

And those "coon hunts o' nights! What an immense amount of tramps and downright hard work we used to go through; and the snaker and beaver hooking through the ice; and the fox hunts. Of course we shot them—if we got a chance; we straddled no horse after them in that region. And the hares (big white ones) in the cedar swamp; and the chicken shoots, and afterward, when we had achieved our rifle, the turkey maties; and the trapping for muskrats and mink. How proud I was the day I caught my first mink. It brought me \$1.25; and what an amount of ammunition that bought. Let me see, we used to pay—for powder a pound, 9 cents; shot, 2 pounds, 13 cents; eggs, G.D., 10 for a cent, 30 cents. That was about the amount of our purchase at one time, except on Fourth of July, when we had saved up for the occasion.

I am becoming garrulous. But these are about the usual experiences of boys fond of sport, and it does my old heart good to go back to them. JACOBSTAFF.

7 A FEW WORDS FOR THE WOODS.

EVERY sportsman should be a wood-lover and foe to the ruthless axe which is being swung with such indiscriminate zeal throughout the country.

Tree after tree falls to the ground, hillsides are made bare and unsightly objects, and ugly vistas are opened up by the destruction of forests.

To be sure there are voices raised and able pens wielded against this vandalism, but it is the duty of every man who carries the rod or the gun to be alive to the interests at stake and in every way possible to stay the hand of the wood-chopper.

Year by year has the writer mourned the loss of favorite trees in his walks and drives; every spring and every fall he has sought some sturdy elm or oak in his fishing or shooting excursions, and found in its place a hideous stump, and the expected shady halt a baneful, barren place, open to the gash day.

If the woods go, the game and the fish must also go, for the one must have cover in which to rear and to rest, and the other must have pure water, which depends upon the forests. Some men are so utterly pig-headed as to be blind to their own greed and interests, and such must be made to heed the laws of nature and to follow in her gentle, kindly ways.

It ought to be made illegal for a man to fell a shade tree without a "good and sufficient" reason, and that reason to be considered by an intelligent and authorized body of men who know the value (other than as merchantable cord wood) of trees. Every winter the felling of trees—the utter destruction of forests—goes on, and every summer follows a drought and intense heat. Thin cut, dry wildiers of the oak, birch, and pine, and the desolate, bare farms, plant your barren, bleak hillsides with goodly trees, and increase your comfort, the beauty of the land, and, most assuredly, your revenues, by so doing. O. W. R.

Natural History.

APPROACH OF SPRING AT ST. LOUIS.

JEFFERSON, Wis., Feb. 10, 1888.

The following letter from Mr. O. Widmann, of St. Louis, Mo., is too good for me to keep all to myself.—W. W. Cooke:

St. Louis, Feb. 16, 1888.—We have had unusually cold and disagreeable weather since the first of January. Old Boreas was reigning and kept the ground white and the temperature below the pleasant point for ornithological work. The weather was cold and windy. February tried to make things better by two days' rain, with the mercury below 30°. Of course it succeeded splendidly in making matters worse, and everything, from the smallest grass stalk to the largest tree, was covered with a heavy coat of glittering ice. Ornithology had to go on skates or stay at home. This miserable weather lasted a whole week, strong breeze from the south raised the thermometer to 62°.

This first warm breeze brought the first flock of ducks, and since that time thousands and thousands have passed north. Between 4 and 5 P. M. on the 15th twenty-eight large flocks passed, and at 5 P. M. twenty gulls were in sight, passing slowly up in beautiful gyration; two small and two very large flocks of geese were also seen. Between 7 and 8 P. M. the 16th, I counted over fifty flocks of ducks, amounting to over two thousand individuals, going up the same way and at the same great height. To-night the mercury stands at 25° and all is white and hard again. Did these ducks know about this approaching great change in the weather and did not mind it, or contrary to the belief of some ornithologists, are unable to read probabilities?

Since this first south-wind period seems to mark a new era in our bird life, it will be well to close the chapter of mid-winter notes now and report what I have seen.

As the weather during the first six weeks of this year did not permit excursions to new fields, I contented myself with revisiting the ground gone over in December to see what had become of my little friends enumerated in my New Year's report.

Of the three mocking-birds mentioned there, two stood the weather bravely and are doing well, but the other has not been seen since the freezing rain of 2, 3. Bluebirds have also remained at their old places, and as a sign that they did not suffer even during the ice-coated spell, the first milk day two males were already courted a female, with as fine a cat as ever heard of in a sparrow. The bluebirds, chickadees, wrens and nuthatches are not disturbed by any kind of winter weather, as they can find food where few other birds would think of looking for it, and

tree hives afford unexcelled shelter. Nevertheless they all appreciate southerly winds, and become loquacious in their exultation over a big rise in temperature.

Most, but not all, of the yellow-rumped warblers have vanished. The purple finch has become very numerous. Long-tailed weavers collected during the "glacial period" in all places where the coral-berry or Indian currant grows. In those cold days, when everything, even their favorite acorn buttons, was buried in a sheet of ice, they had to put up with this meager food. They worked hard all day to appease their hunger, but did not succeed. Hard, unsatisfactory work it was for them, as they do not eat the whole berry, but merely the small seeds within, and even these they do not eat until the berries are thawing. After the birds had worked there a few days, the ground was covered with the husks, skins and pulp. On six acres, overgrown with patches of this plant, I found about a hundred purple finches. About ten per cent. were in erimson, and the other in plain brown. When the weather moderated they left the coral-berry. The American goldfinch braved the cold of January, but the freezing process of February 3 was too much for them. They have almost wholly disappeared. A walk of nine miles in nine hours revealed only two birds.

White-throated, white-crowned, song, and tree sparrows and the black snibbirds remained the same at their winter quarters. Old Pipplo has braved the cold well, his call comes from the same thicket as in December, and Mrs. Pipplo is seen not a hundred yards off. The cardinal grosbeak is a hardy fellow, but he likes warm days in winter better than cold ones. When the sun shone brightly on the 12th inst. he was much pleased with it and put in a lovely song.

The crow seems to degenerate! It cannot stand so much as it used to. I found them badly starved and frozen, with a terribly empty stomach, and the whole bird not more than one-half its usual size.

Some jays do not know how to keep from starving, or else they manage to live on noise making.

The downy and hairy woodpeckers remain at their places, and are bound to make love the first warm day, no matter how deep the mud is. Mr. Redhead tried his best to stay and live on ice-cold acorns and such like. I met him in cold days, but he did not say much, and seemed to suffer from the cold. He was not so fat as in December. They remained, and were doing well on the 13th inst., but they looked as if resolved not to stay with us next winter.

- New species seen since last report:
- Pine goldfinch—One bird, 18.
- Golden-crowned kinglet—Two pairs, 1, 6.
- Brown creeper—One bird, 1, 6.
- Red poll hatter—One bird 3, 7, and flock of 30-40 5, 12.

They were wholly unacquainted with such a thing as a shotgun.

Lapland longspur—1, 6. A flock of thousands on a field grown over with a sedge, on the seeds of which they were feeding eagerly. It seemed that they had made a contract with the owner of the field to clear it of every seed in the shortest time. And how they went to work! A pretty hard work, as they had to break the minute seeds. They were not willing to leave their task undone, and a shot had no other effect than to make them go up in a cloud with a thundering noise, whirl a few seconds, and come down again near the same spot. They seemed to do the work systematically; every few minutes the rear part of the array flew over the heads of the others to the front, and all moved in the same direction.

Swamp sparrow—One bird, 1, 29, same place where I found one last winter.

Purple grackle—Four seen 1, 18, and two on 1, 29. A few gulls (*L. argentatus* *Sialisoides*) remained here and were seen several times over the Mississippi at the south part of the city, where the strong current prevented the forming of ice.

BREEDING OF THE RATTLESNAKE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of Feb. 1 "E. S." writes of the habits of reptiles, gives some information from personal knowledge, and arrives at certain conclusions, in one of which I think he may be mistaken. He says that he "knew that rattlesnakes are hatched from the egg," but I have been brought to the contrary, and will relate a circumstance wherein for once, at least, there was no "interference of eggs" to bring a lively lot of young rattlesnakes into the world.

I spent the summer of 1881 at a watering place in this State, where rattlesnakes are not unknown. At the hotel was a French cook named Joe, who had a fondness for rattlesnakes, particularly those which made a noise with their tails. Not a great way from the hotel was a "den," and one day Joe, accompanied by an old rattlesnake hunter named George explored the mass of broken rocks constituting the "den" and returned to the hotel with several live rattlesnakes; their fangs were drawn and they were placed in a box with a glass cover. Snakes are not exempt from accidents; one died on the way and was killed and one was dead; one died on the next journey to the den to keep up his stock, so that near the close of the month of August the snake box contained two large snakes, nearly four feet long each; one a black male without fangs, the other a yellow female with fangs. About the 1st of September the female was delivered of nine young snakes, each about eight inches long, including the young. As soon as born the little snakes rolled themselves in the sand, and in a few days they were born alive, one dead. After five were born, at intervals of only a few minutes, there was an intermission of nearly two hours, then the others followed. When I saw the snakes bits of the sacs were in the bottom of the box. Did not "E. S." mistake the sacs in the snake that he killed for eggs?

The Frenchman, Joe, took the snakes, old and young, to Albany, and after the arrival there was bitten by one on the hand by the female snake, and his death followed in a few hours. This has nothing to do with the birth of the snakes, but much to do with their death, for the authorities ordered them killed. A. N. CRESKEY.

GLEN'S FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1888.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

192. Bartramian Sandpiper—*Tringa bartramiana* Aud.; *Bartramia bartramiana* Ridg. 555, C. 640.—Abundant. Arrives in April and early May. Breeds upon the ground in fields and pastures, and congregates with the brown spots sparingly distributed late in May and early in June. The young birds are well grown in August. The Bartramian sandpipers are locally termed "highland plover" or "inland plover." During the latter part of August they commence to wend their way toward the south, moving in small flocks from the inland breeding places to the marshes and fields along the coast, and but few, if any, remain until the month of October. Their movements, as well as their flight during the latter season, are peculiar, and as to be witnessed at no other time of the year. Various evolutions are performed in the air, and cries are uttered which bear no resemblance whatever to the familiar notes heard later in the season.

Sometimes rising so high in the air as to become nearly invisible, the bird will repeat these cries, circle about, swoop with set wings somewhat in the manner of a night hawk, etc. It is difficult to follow the cry unless uttered at such times. A quick repetition of short shrill whistles resembling those of the fish hawk is followed by a diminishing descending terminal note much prolonged. But few of our wading birds are so highly esteemed for food as are these sandpipers, which may well rank with the woodcock and snipe in this respect. Leaving Maine in very fair condition during the month of September, they migrate to regions beyond the southernmost limits of the United States. When returning they arrive upon the Southern shores in such lean condition and gray plumage that their general appearance is greatly changed from that of the summer.

193. Buff-breasted Sandpiper—*Tringa fuscescens* Aud.; *Tringoides fuscescens* Ridg. 556, C. 641.—Rare. Although a little larger than the sandpipers, most commonly known as "peeps." Yet this bird is so small as to be given little rank as game, and therefore it is probable that but few of those shot ever appear in the markets or are reported to ornithologists. Very few species is now more represented by large numbers, and in Maine it is the rarest of the sandpipers known here. It has the following record of specimens shot at Scarborough, Maine: Two in 1850 by Caleb G. Loring, Jr.; two in 1864 (one by the writer, August 31, and the other September 30; one August 21, 1866, by the writer. My friend Nathan Clifford Brown has given the following additional record: One "shot out of a flock of golden plover," September 18, 1875; also one shot by Mr. J. H. Bond in September, 1875; one shot by Mr. Henry Fletcher, August 1, 1874; and one shot by Mr. Brown himself, September 1, 1877; one shot by Charles E. Somerby, Esq., September 1, 1882.

194. Sandlinger—*Tringa arenaria* Aud.; *Odibria arenaria* Ridg. 542, C. 627.—Abundant along the coast during autumn migrations, August and September. Locally known as "beach bird." Associating in flocks upon the sand beaches. The birds of this species may be distinguished from the "peeps" by their larger size, general white appearance of plumage (in autumn), and upon examination by the lack of a hind toe. The latter feature is peculiar to no other species of our sandpipers. The spring migration of the sandlingers past the coast of Maine is made far out at sea. The sole instance of their occurrence on the shores of Maine in spring that I have learned of was at Scarborough, May 30, 1882. A flock of eight was seen and five of them were shot.

195. Ring-billed Gull—*Larus delawarensis* (Aud.) *Macrotis pipitoides* Ridg. 554, C. 639.—Incidental visitant from Europe or Great Britain. Rare! It is native to the male species, and reeve to the female. I shot a reeve at Scarborough, Maine, April 10, 1870. The bird was alone, flying swiftly near the water, down the course of the Nonesuch River, and uttered no cry. Although about to shoot some ducks as this bird passed me, I sacrificed my opportunity to procure a specimen. It was shot at one of the lakes in Upton, Maine, September 8, 1874. Mr. Boardman has reported the capture of a specimen at the Bay of Fundy and several other specimens have been killed in New England at various times and the facts publicly reported.

196. Spotted Sandpiper or Tattler, "Tester"—*Totanus macularius* Aud.; *Tringoides macularius* Ridg. 557, C. 638.—Abundant. Arrives in early May. Breeds. Nests upon the ground late in May and in June, and lays from buff eggs blotched with spots all over. The nest is made of grass is usually made. The downy young are light drab upon the upper parts, with a brownish black median line from base of bill to tail. Straight black line each side of head, from nostril to rear of head, interrupted by eye. Lower parts white. Feet flesh color. The "testers" are generally distributed throughout Maine, about the inland streams and lakes as well as along the coast.

197. Solitary Sandpiper—Tattler—*Totanus solitarius* Aud.; *Rhyacophilus solitarius* Ridg. 550, C. 638.—Common. Arrives in May. Frequent muddy ditches, wet banyards, etc., and is sometimes known locally as "barnyard plover." Some birds of this species remain in Maine throughout the summer, and probably breed here, although the discovery of their nests and eggs here has not been reported as yet.

198. Yellow-throated Tattler, "Yellowleg"—*Totanus flavipes* Aud.; *Ridg. 549, C. 634.*—Abundant during summer and autumn upon the marshes along the coast. Locally termed "summer yellowleg." Very rarely seen in Maine in the spring, and the following record comprises all the notes I have of its occurrence here at that season or before July. (Doubtless the June specimens were unusually early return arrivals from the north. This species and the red-breasted snipe were observed at Scarborough, Me., July 5, 1868.) One May 22, 1862; one May 23, 1862; one May 25, 1862; one May 27, 1862; one June 24, 1863; one April 30, 1864; one June 28, 1877.

I once procured a specimen with the plumage of the breeding season upon the second day of July, at an island in the Bay of Fundy, and saw another one, apparently its mate, at the same locality.

199. Great Yellow-hunts Tattler, "Yellowleg"—*Totanus*

viriferus Aud.; *Totanus melanoleucus* Ridg. 548, C. 633.—Locally termed "winter yellowleg." Abundant during spring and autumn migrations, especially on the marshes along the coast. Arrives early in April, and the spring migration extends throughout this month and May. The autumn migration occurs during August, September, and October. The latest date I have record of its occurrence is that of two specimens shot at Scarborough, November 5, 1861.

200. Semipalmated Tattler, "Willie"—*Totanus semipalmatus* Aud.; *Symphotus semipalmatus* Ridg. 552, C. 632.—Not very common. Summer visitant. I have the record of but a single instance of the occurrence of this species here in spring, a bird found at Scarborough, May 21, 1896. It is of not uncommon occurrence in summer and autumn, but apparently rather an irregular visitant, and the species is never abundant here.

201. Great Marbled Godwit—*Limosa fedoa* Aud.; *Limosa fedoa* Ridg. 543, C. 628.—Rare; occasional visitant from the South. The following record is from notes of the occurrence of this species at Scarborough, Maine: Two in 1859, one in 1855, one in 1857, two in 1863 (two shot Aug. 20, three Aug. 21, five Aug. 25), two in 1868 (one shot Aug. 12, one Aug. 25), one April 20, 1865. The latter is the sole record I have of the occurrence of the species here in spring.

202. Hudsonian Godwit—*Limosa hudsonica* Aud.; *Limosa hudsonica* Ridg. 545, C. 629.—Not uncommon at the Scarborough marshes during the autumn migrations, but never abundant. Not seen in spring. Sometimes locally termed "brant bird" and also "spot rump," on account of the conspicuous white mark across base of tail.

203. Long-billed Curlew—*Numenius longirostris* Aud.; *Ridg. 558, C. 643.*—Occasional visitant in summer. Uncommon. My only record of its occurrence here in spring is that of a single specimen shot at Scarborough, May 2, 1866.

204. Hudsonian Curlew, "Jack Curlew"—*Numenius hudsonicus* Aud.; *Ridg. 559, C. 643.*—Common during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in May. Never abundant here.

205. Esquimaux Curlew, "Dough bird"—*Numenius borealis* Aud.; *Ridg. 560, C. 646.*—Common during spring and autumn migrations. Irregularly abundant. Great numbers of curlews migrate along the coast of Maine for and at sea, and only appear here upon the land when heavy weather causes them to pause in their flight and come to the shores.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHOEBE'S NIGHT SONG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A recent year "Visions of the Night," does anyone doubt the dreaming capacity of birds and animals? In the case of the phoebe bird it is very evident to me that such is the fact. Take a night in August or September and fancy yourself with me listening to Nature's voice, after the world is asleep. Scarcely a breath stirs the treetops and the full rich moonlight glimmers on the dense foliage, casting the clearly out shadows of trunk and branch on the grassy carpet below. The air vibrates to the sound of myriads of katydids, which the drone-drone drone-drone of the crickets, lending a monotonous and soothing accompaniment comes to us in regular pulsations from the woods. Then it is that you may hear the phoebe's voice ring out from the dark aisles among the trees clear and sweet (though plaintive) above the insect chorus, as though the little fellow slumbered uneasily.—DICK.

OHIO BIRD ARRIVALS.—East Randolph O., Feb. 16, 1888.—Saw two killdeer plover flying north. This is the earliest record of its arrival in this vicinity I ever heard of. Weather warm, thermometer 65°. Bluebirds, robins, and crows are here. Crows have been here all winter, and also the song sparrow, which is now in full song. It may not be out of place here to give dates of earliest arrivals of blue bird during the past five successive years: Feb. 23, 1878; March 5, 1879; Feb. 17, 1880; Feb. 22, 1881; Feb. 13, 1882; Feb. 16, 1888.—A. HALL.

Game Bag and Gun.

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A HOLIDAY CRUISE TO MAINE.

HAVE you ever forgotten your first deer hunt? How every article in the outfit was examined, criticized and talked over again and again, and that rifle was in such prime condition that its various parts seemed to be out on dress parade, and had imbibed so much of your excitement that you could actually feel a tremor running through its fine fiber, and how—but, of course, your memory has played you no such prank, and the recollection is, undoubtedly, as fresh as the present time as it was on that memorable day, when you, while telling the boys that you had brought the quarry to camp, vainly tried, under an assumed air of unconcern, to hide that pardonable and natural pride of the heart which we both know.

For I have recently experienced my first deer hunt. In company with two congenial spirits and fellow students, Fred Todd, of Milltown, N. B., and Harmon J. Coulter, of Georgetown, Col., I hurried away from the classic halls of the University of Michigan to the pleasant seclusion of the Christmas vacation and took train for Todd's home.

We left Boston at 9 A. M., Dec. 22, 1882, and after a delightful ride reached Bangor, Me., at 3 P. M. At the latter place we transferred ourselves and belongings to a sleeper, and made all preparations for a tasty change at McAdan Junction, N. B., to the night train for St. Stephens, and then turned in, but not to peaceful slumber, for scarcely had we sunk into the arms of sleep, when a sharp knock afforded fair opportunity had been given to a bunch of into sweet dreams of deer, and deer hunts, in which every tree had the wonderful faculty of turning into one of these beautiful creatures, when we were roused by a Custom House officer, while "crossing the line," who went through us, and came mighty near nipping Toddy's trip in its infancy, by walking off with all his rifle shells. It was only after the most strenuous and heroic efforts and our united persuasive powers that we three night-lighted and excited youths bore back the shells in triumph.

Upon reaching McAdan Junction, at about 2 A. M., the bracing news greeted us that the night train had been taken off, compelling us to make this our headquarters for the time being; so rousing the inmates of the Junction House,

we secured rooms and finished our interrupted sleep. Making a cautious survey in the morning we found that we were anchored in the midst of about a dozen houses and an ocean of bare, blackened stumps (the result of one of those destructive fires that so often swept over these wooded countries). "Not much excitement to be found here," thought we; so setting back with the latest FOREST AND STREAM, we gave ourselves over to its pages. But mine host, Capt. Herbert, proved himself a jolly good fellow, and entertained us with not a few stories of bear and deer hunting, and re-echoed these were plenty to whet the appetite, and try so that the time passed about very pleasantly until the train gave in sight. To Harvony and myself this "down East" trip was an entirely new experience, and it was with a deal of pleasure that we took note of the country, the people, and their dress.

Have you, reader, ever been down this way? If so you will recall the many fine specimens of manhood that appeared at every station as you hurried toward the wilderness. After leaving Bangor the great interests of the people are centered in their forests, and fully nine tenths of the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity of the great water ways are interested, in some way or other, in the lumber trade. This of course accustoms a vast deal of out-door life; the result of this active exercise is plainly seen in the natives: They had long since donned their winter garb, and with the body snugly encased in numerous shirts and thick homespun, and with feet inclosed in their fancifully colored stockings and hawkins, many of the costumes were really picturesque. At about 8 P. M. of the same day we sped away to St. Stephens, a city which with two others (Calais and Milltown), constitute what is known as the Union.

These places, distributed on the east and west banks of the St. Croix, are connected by three bridges, and with each recurring spring are the scene of bustling activity; the many thousand feet of lumber felled around the headwaters and branches of the St. Croix are rafted down, and here meet their arch enemy, the ever ready saw.

It is needless to say that at Milltown, at the residence of Mr. Charles F. Todd, a most hearty welcome awaited us, for any one who has had the good fortune to tarry with him has always carried away the most pleasant memories. We remained at Mr. Todd's until the 26th; in the meantime all the necessary paraphernalia had been collected, and it was with a few minutes to spare that we were ready for the starting. Having a few snowshoes, axes, guns, etc., and one of those comfortable and tough little sleighs known as pungs (in which the Butswiekius draft about), we arrayed in the prevailing mode of the country—heavy caps and mittens, each with six pairs of woolen stockings under our moccasins, deposited ourselves in the interstices of the baggage and started for Princeton, Me., twenty miles away, where we met our guide, Mitchell Seavey by name, a tall, muscular fellow, a native of the Passamaquoddy tribe. He proved himself thoroughly acquainted with the country and with the most likely places for game, at the same time an intelligent, hard working fellow. I feel no hesitation in recommending him to any one that may visit the region.

Leaving Princeton at about 11 A. M., we drove rapidly across Lewey's and Big lakes to Grand Lake Stream, twelve miles distant. Here is located one of the State hatcheries. We were very able to inspect very thoroughly, but found everything in excellent working order, and were gratified to hear of the good results of their work. May it keep on.

From Grand Lake Stream, under the direction of the guide, we struck off on a bark road for a logging camp, fourteen miles off, known to be in the center of a great deer country. Oh! the horrors of that bark road, the worst corduroy in the country could not equal it. After unsuccessfully trying to bang out the pung as it walked, with the assistance of one driving, not on and walked. The sleigh was first up, and then down, with a soul-stirring plunge, then a violent lurch to one side of the road, and after exerting the pung from the bushes, only to go ahead a few steps and strike an unexpected root, a snap and spring of the pung, and a general movement of the baggage was the inevitable result, and so it was repeated until, when still far from our doubtful destination, the night closed in upon us, the prospect of making the night to these woods with the thermometer loafing around the zero point, seemed to gain ground as we went on; for roads crossed and branched off from the one we were on in the most perplexing confusion. The thought was not at all inspiring, for we were more than tired after our hard day's travel, and our horse was nearly tuckered. We were more in sympathy with this faithful animal than with ourselves, and feared the consequences of the night bivouac for its sake.

The guide kept far ahead, and with the aid of a torch explored most of the roads; so keeping up a steady trudging and following his directions, at about 8 P. M. the most welcome sight of smoke from a logging camp met our eager gaze; with a "view Hallo" we lost no time in ensconcing ourselves within its spacious walls.

The hospitality of the woodmen are proverbial; rough and uncouth as they are, they always share with you a generous portion of their food. Their welcome appeals directly to the heart, said member generally being reached through the stomach.

The cook hustled around and soon had a piping hot supper of beans, camp bread, and tea sweetened with molasses. No matter what time a man may strike one of these camps, the first question plumped at him is: "Well, stranger, had anything to eat?" Other categories seem to be of minor importance. An hour or so spent in pleasant conversation over the prospects for game, and in making all preparations for the morrow's early start. The choppers had seen deer quite often while going to and from work, though many doubts were expressed as to our chances for capturing one; the snow being hardly deep enough for snow-shoeing, but making very uncomfortable walking, it would be necessary to exercise the most skill in still-hunting, and meet cunning deer on their own terms. The pleasant evening was closed by depositing ourselves in the bunk (better known as the man's pasture) with the men.

There were ten men in the gang all told, under the leadership of Joshua Crockett, of whom I shall write hereafter. This bunk occupied the larger portion of one side of the camp, and had a thick mattress of spruce and hemlock boughs. No time is lost in disturbing the woods, the refinements of civilization are left to the morning, and the morning of the morning, and dislodging yourself from four or five pairs of stockings completes the necessary toilet. Securely wrapping yourself in a blanket, you soon, on those aromatic boughs, sleep the sleep of the blessed.

I stayed up a while longer and buried my cranium in Hallock's "Sportsman's Gazetteer," in order to glean addi-

ional points on the nature of the animal we were in pursuit of. After finishing my reading, I leaned back on the deer's seat, and while the crowd gathered around the camp spent a few moments in delightful musing. So while the heavy breathing of the sleepers and the snapping and crackling of the fire, are the only sounds that disturb the silence, let me transfer a few of my thoughts to this paper, and fill in the gaps of this long-drawn narrative. First, I am sure you would have me call persons and things by their right names, it seems to me that I have been so long in the habit of writing my friend's name "Todd," in this style. He had been with us but a short time before he was universally called "Toddy," the transition to "Whisky Toddy" was the easiest and most natural thing in the world, and thus, no matter how disagreeable this cognomen may be, it sticks. It is wonderful how nicknames will fasten themselves to a person, and really in the multitudinous cases of bustlers, or of old-time pleasure hunters, it is greeted with the old-fashioned name of school and college days; and so with Harmon Coulter, Harmony it is on all sides.

But the uneasy farrings of some of the men recall me to my senses, and as I turn toward the bunk, I cannot refrain from contrasting this sort of life with that of the laborers in the cities. These men after day in the woods about September 1st, stay in the city, and then come back to camp, in the meantime, day after day, great roads are made, and the forests; it usually pained me to see some powerful tree, the proudest among its fellows, seemingly conscious in its strength, leveled low to the ground.

When the men first come in they at once go to work and put up the camp, which is the work of a few hours only. The sides are generally made of straight, well-matched timber, and are built up in the shape of a house, the outer layer of bark is put up for the roof, and thickly covered with boughs. In these modern days nearly all the camps have stoves instead of the open fire and hole in the roof for the smoke, which affords the men a vast deal more comfort.

About time to turn in, you say. Well, I shall, so, stepping over Mitchell's (the guide's) prostrate form, I lie me to my well-earned bed. In the morning a general shake and a few finds of the morning, and then the men get up, and the antelope over the plain" very early, and are always up before daybreak. No need for the cook to summon more than once to breakfast—a meal of beans (again the inevitable bean), codfish and tea. Harmony and I look at one another agghast at the prospect of this tea arrangement in store for us. Tea sweetened with molasses is far from my ideal; but as we are in the woods, it was never without a wry face and a sidelong glance at one another that we have seen I absorbed the compound. The "Hardy Whisky," like a true Brunswicker, eagerly drank it at all times and seasons. To ye, O wise men! let me caution you to take in sugar, and if fond of the morning cup of coffee, convey that also.

With the daylight we hurry off on one of the logging roads. Whisky with a new .44 cal. Winchester repeater, Harmony with a heavy 10-bore, double-barrel Scott gun, myself with a 12-bore and the guide with a substantial muzzle-loader. We noted numerous tracks along the road, some comparatively fresh, but we kept on to where one of the teamsters had sent back word he had seen a very new track, and Mitchell, examining it very carefully, pronounced it the trail of a large doe; he could distinguish a buck from a doe, he said, the putting HB sharp and the deer's tail hoar.

Tightening moccasins and bucking BB cartridges into our guns we lost no time in taking up the trail. We had not traveled more than half a mile before we realized fully that we were in the Maine woods; the snow was about sixteen inches deep, loosely packed, making the walking very difficult, especially for still-hunting; fallen trees still further made our progress anything but pleasant. On every possible ledge place huge chunks of snow had formed, and at the slightest provocation these had the most dumping and chilling trick of sliding down a person's back.

Nevertheless, we were constantly cheered by the appearance of new tracks; never in all my life have I seen any thing compare with it; the woods had the appearance of a huge sheep pasture. At every ridge we would separate and cover the ground carefully. We realized that we were running up with the game very rapidly, having found two separate spots, where, after the deer had browsed around a bit, it had lain down and rested. We were now approaching a thickly wooded ridge, so each of us, striking off in such a way that the whole ground would be thoroughly covered, went ahead as noiselessly as possible. We had passed over about three-quarters of the ridge when the stilling was broken by a quick succession. Standing motionless in my tracks I listened intently for any further sound, but some little time had elapsed before I heard a cautious bark (the signal agreed upon to call us together). We found that Whisky had had the honor of the first shot, but owing to the snow on the cedars and bushes he had not been able to peer ahead more than twenty-five yards and had thus been compelled to take two hasty snap shots, as the deer, discovering him, had "hit out."

From blood on the snow we thought the deer had been badly hit, but upon following the trail a short distance discovered that it had a hind leg broken, which it dragged along. Taking a hasty lunch, Mitchell, after giving us the most minute directions to the likely crossing-places, plunged ahead on the trail, and we made the best possible speed to the crossings. As we took up the trail on a level, open ground, with a space of about five hundred yards between us, and watched until far into the afternoon. I had serious thoughts of summoning the boys and with the aid of a compass pushing out for camp, when a report, which sent the blood coursing through my veins, sounded away down the ridge at Harmony's crossing—a vigorous barking made Whisky and me scramble along as fast as possible to the place, where we found Harmony, who, looking calmly at himself and viewing the carcass of a well grown doe, it proved not the one that Mitchell had started after, but I suppose it had been frightened out of some favorite trying spot by the noise occasioned in the pursuit. All speed was taken to make out of houghs a rough sort of sled so that we could drag the body easily, and with abundant sprits we struck out; after a hard pull, about noon o'clock, we reached a very warm logging road, only a mile from camp. We were received with open arms, the men supposing that we were lost in the mazes of the forest. In about half an hour Mitchell came in, and said that although keeping pretty close to the deer, he was not able to get near enough to turn it in our direction, but thought it had crossed the logging road far down.

As, however, had started four others. Great was our relief as we went over the incidents of the day, laughed at the mishaps and sympathized with the mistofurnes. After

supper we had a jovial talk with Joshua Crockett (the loss; an original old fellow is he; many of his ideas, though somewhat out of fashion, are still of great value. A favorite story of his and his constant injunction to the men was—"If a man wants ter smoke, let him smoke, 'en if a man wants ter chew, let him chew; the more terbacca a man uses the fiercer, madder, angrier he gets; that's the man 'en slash into a tree. I tell you, I wouldn't give ten cents a day for a man that didn't chew anything stronger 'en spruce gum." Another was, "No sir, I don't want to be 'round me in the summer time after the ice has melted, 'en I'm in the water; it's agin nature." Water don't have no ice in summer, never meant that man should; follow natur', says I."

In the morning we went to where Mitchell thought the deer had crossed, and sure enough there were the tracks. Despite all difficulties we determined to try the snowshoes, and found that on them we could cut out a much faster path than on the day before, and on occasional falls the end of the shoes caught on some unseen stump did not cause us a deal of annoyance, traveling together one would help the other, for now you, Harmony and I were novices at it. We had gone scarcely forty rods, when we discovered the bed upon which the doe had passed the night; two hours of steady, rapid work, carried us along the trail to where the tracks seemed to have just been made. The deer had rested all night, but notwithstanding this, it was not long before we were remarkable to notice the tremendous leaps it would make over fallen trees and obstacles of all kinds. Keeping up a pretty fair gait and plodding along, great was our surprise when we discovered that the noon hour had been passed, in fact, it was close upon 2 P. M.; this discovery made us realize that we were nearly finished; just a few moments for a last look at the woods before Mitchell, Whisky and I started back in all haste, leaving the loggers to go on. Mitchell said, the deer was traveling in a circle, and in all probability would soon cross the road. Sure enough, Whisky and I were not yet on the road, when we heard Mitchell's bark drawing nearer, so spurring ahead we reached the road almost breathless. Hardly had we broken through the bushes before the deer, about eighty yards up the road, broke cover and ran as fast as it could, but it was not long before we had it, which had the effect only of stopping the deer, the second shot went clear through the head, Plucky animal, it deserved almost to live after such a fight, but after we knew that its leg was broken, we were determined to put it out of further pain. A roasting time did we have that night, the cook made some doughnuts (a little luxury in camp) especially for us, and the men did many little things to show their appreciation of the fact that they were to be coming home, and afforded them. Joshua held forth at great length upon the benefits and greatness of Free Masonry (he being a mason) and frequently grew quite eloquent in the recital.

From one of the men who had been scouring the country for hemlock bark, we learned that at Monroe Lake several deer had been seen. We decided to make this our last trip, for we were in a hurry to get home. We were on the woods long before "sun up." When Old Sol did begin to raise himself from his icy bed, we wished that all lovers of the gun could have been out that morning; for the snow had never looked so fine, the rays of the sun danced and gleamed from trunk to trunk, and brightened up the most sombre corners, until the very air seemed to be rendering thanksgiving for this great goodness. I know that we were all of us, at that time, particularly glad to get out of our shoes sounded more than ever with clock-like regularity.

When about a mile from the lake we branched off in different directions; so that the lake might be approached from the best vantage grounds. Harmony and I made a long detour to the further side of the lake; Harmony posted himself, while I proceeded about a quarter of a mile up the lake about several coves to one particularly inviting spot. My choice was a good one. I had not waited long before I saw two deer coming down the lake at a brisk trot, started, no doubt, by the guide, who had gone around the head of the lake. I felt the first symptoms of buck fever, but remembering the advice of Mitchell, I looked away from the deer for a moment and tried to control myself, but it took all the will power I had. Fortunately the deer kept close to the shore, and I was able to keep my eye on them, and myself, holding my gun as steady as possible, I pulled the forward trigger on a well-aimed buck, and as soon as the smoke cleared away, saw my first deer struggling in the snow; another shot at closer range gave me full possession of this noble fellow. At the first shot his mate darted across the lake in Whisky's direction, but he being too hasty, his two shots, which we effectually prevented from doing, were fired further up the lake. We had no time to take up the trail, for all preparations had been made to start at noon. Cutting up the buck and distributing the best parts among us, we pushed out rapidly for camp.

Upon setting up, Joshua said: "Well, boys, ye loggers don't generally charge strangers for board 'en fix'n, but seen't your city chaps, and college bred, I'll put the figger at fifty cents a day for each of you, and sixteen cents a day for the boss." His manner was so solemn, that we could scarcely refrain from giving vent to our feelings.

Bidding the crew good-by, we set out on our return trip, over that abominable bark-road. But it proved too much for the pung this time; half of the distance had been covered when the dash-board parted company, though we made use of it as a back-rest. It was with the greatest difficulty that we got over it, and I thought of driving my front wheel shot under the horse's feet. Grand Lake Stream was reached at six o'clock; there we bade adieu to Mitchell, and spent a few days longer in cruising about the country after foxes and partridges, with fair success. Thus ended one of the most enjoyable shooting trips we had ever taken. The region visited is a great one for game; the sportsman may enjoy many sports if he uses his privileges with moderation, and does all in his power to keep down the deer-herd. I am sure that all sportsmen will join with you in crying down the proposed amendment to the Maine deer laws. Diges.

ANDOVER, MASS.

NEW YORK GAME LAW.—A bill, which we understand has been proposed by a committee of the New York Association for the Protection of the Game, is now before the Legislature. It provides for a Deer, Aug. 1 to Dec. 1 (fawns in spotted coat protected, also deer on Long Island for five years); wild duck, goose and brant, Sept. 1 to Dec. 1 in his power to keep down the deer-herd. I am sure that all sportsmen will join with you in crying down the proposed amendment to the Maine deer laws. Diges.

THE PARK STABLE OUTRAGE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a late paper in regard to the wonders of the Yellowstone Park, the suggestion was made that in the construction of leases it should be expressly stipulated that no building of any kind should be erected within view of any of its great wonders, believing that such an act "would be an outrage on the eternal fitness of things."

As an indication that the suggestion was not made without a basis of fact, I am following extract from a letter in a late issue of the *Bozeman (Montana) Courier* is appended, which will explain itself.

MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, Feb. 6, 1888.—The Park Improvement Company have about finished a large stable, located northeast of the capital east of the road on the old location, judging from the size of the stable, they anticipated a very business next summer. The intention is to utilize it for a boarding house and offices until the completion of the hotel proper. They have just commenced framing the timbers for the hotel, but this draws as all work does now, on account of the extreme cold weather we are having. The contract meat is not coming in very fast, which leads me to hope that it may fall of fulfillment, so that a few head of elk and other game may escape butchering.

Think of it! A large stable alongside and in the immediate presence of one of the most beautiful and wonderful formations of the whole world! Will not the Park Improvement Company, who are the very lovers of the grand and beautiful in nature, in the whole land, rise up and join in a protest against this stupendous outrage! If this is allowed, what will become of "Old Faithful," and "The Grand," and "The Geyser," and "The Castle," and all the other wonders of this region?

It was bad enough for a former superintendent of the Park to erect what he here designated as "the capital," a kind of a block-house of a building, loop-holed for musketry, on a high eminence, overlooking the spring, and an eyecore to every visitor.

At the time it was built, there was about as much use for it, as a block-house, as there would be to-day for the erection of a similar building at the head of Pennsylvania avenue for the protection of the Capitol, and it is to be hoped that some appropriate action from Congress will be first utilized in pulling it down and removing such an eyecore.

BOZEMAN, Feb. 22.

The *Zealand Courier* editorially says: "We publish another letter in this issue from our Mammoth Springs correspondent, who gives an account of the work being done by the Park Improvement Company. According to the report the millionaire lessee is providing stable room for his cowboys' animals. It does not look as though a generous desire to provide for the comfort of tourists prevails, but the lessee is using an alarming extent. The average sightseer will prefer another stopping place than a stable. The true inwardness of the company is becoming apparent, and legislation which will defeat the schemes of the Rufus Hatch Cable Company will be hailed with more than ordinary delight."

SUMMER SHOOTING.

IN many places farmers have a strong dislike to the average sportsman. Summer shooting lies at the bottom of much of it. The farmer works early and late. His life is one of hard realities. Seldom a sportsman himself, he looks on the pursuit of birds as a waste of time at best.

They find his lot very different from that of the "brain-worker," and finds himself at a great disadvantage. To crown all, his ears are saluted by the echoing shot in the alders, and his eyes by damaged fences, tangled grass, and trampled crops, which advertise too plainly what he calls "cussed idleness." This when summer shooting prevails. It will be objected that the true sportsman is not guilty of these offensive acts.

How many of those who use guns are true sportsmen? The best of us will work the corn and potato fields in summer shooting, and who can resist the spring-hole shaded by the clump of trees, even if the way to it lies over a field of grain or innately green.

In my immediate vicinity some of our best ground has been posted by the owners. A few quail had taken refuge there. Their beat was a very good one, and many of our great favorites with the farmers and their families. Then came the most insatiable shooter I ever knew—a "brain-worker," of course—who makes it exceedingly sulphurous for those quail from noon till dewy eve, and from dewy eve till pitch dark, day after day, day after day, and the land was posted, and some twenty-five or thirty of us shut out, not, however, till harvest came over to us, when we had a malodorous let down. We are aware that he was the exciting cause of our affliction. It would, no doubt, grieve him much, as he is really a most estimable gentleman and good fellow, only he is a "victim of the strange fascination of the trigger," and it sometimes "gets away" with him.

Take the case of the farmers here mentioned as illustrating, to some extent, the position of their class. Not one of perhaps the whole dozen ever has killed or will kill a game bird.

Shall we cry "dog in the manger?" Well, the manger is his and he will stay there. As we cannot drive him let us try other measures. Suppose "Clericus" converts him to the belief in St. Hubert. Vaccinate him with the "strange fascination of the trigger." Keep off from his fields till his harvest comes over to us, when we have a malodorous let down will not let cattle into his crops to his great damage, moral and pecuniary. Respect his pet quail. Treat him like a man and a brother and he will treat you like one.

"Clericus" asks for "some shooting in the vacation season"—"without sacrificing the game" or "killing the goose that lays the golden egg."

What time in the season? How kill the game without sacrificing it? Are the "brain-workers" alone to have the advantage of the supplementary season?

Imagine the "tens of thousands" of college professors and school-teachers, and ten times tens of thousands of lawyers, actors, clerics, etc., turned loose with dog and gun for a portion of the vacation season, the woodcocks would soon write the epitaph of rail grouse and quail. "Gone to meet their Dodo and the Ark."

Woodcock being nearly exterminated, the first day would finish them. Last September two men drove about twenty miles from this place to the borders of Massachusetts, hoping to find a bird or two for a puppy that had never seen one killed. Acres and acres of the finest cover were worked without finding a single woodcock.

There was no mystery about it. The season opened August 1. About that time four "brain-workers," etc.,

Clericus I think, took their abode within a short distance of the famous old grounds

They probably had "shooting without sacrifice" to the full extent, for Clericus when he does get the trigger fever, is the most ferocious of sportsmen. "I could a tale unfold," says Clericus, "speaking for the entire body of professional men?" I had supposed this matter of summer shooting was agitated for the benefit of market gunners and their wealthy patrons, with perhaps a crazy trigger-puller now and then. Here at the top of Connecticut we know how it works, and out of forty or fifty sportsmen in this little borough, I doubt that one vote could be had for summer shooting. To be sure most of us are workmen, but, speaking from observation again, the moral process is as active and wearing in many of our mechanics as it is in our so-called "brain-workers." They also find rest, refreshing, nature beautiful, and sport delightful. Sometimes, at rare intervals, a white day dawns for them, so with dog and gun they start for field and cover, too often to find the pleasure all in anticipation; the summer shooting of years ago and the "brain-worker" "knitting up the ravel'd sleeve of care" leaving but a small margin on which to realize.

As I have never thought the "brain-workers" are entitled to special privileges over the rest of us.

They seem to have a pretty good time of it, generally speaking, and what they cannot help themselves to is hardly worth having.

I might, perhaps, be willing to make an exception in favor of "Clericus" himself. For after a tremendous contest with the powers of darkness, what could be nearer a perfect rest than a wrestle with a July woodcock? OTHERS.

LARGE GAME AND SMALL SHOT.

I HAVE been reading in the FOREST AND STREAM week after week "Deer and Small Shot," and the wonderful exploits accomplished with these tiny specks of lead by the "craft" at sundry times and divers places, especially Dr. Sterling's experiences as recorded in your issue of Feb. 15, which reminds me of similar achievements in the "long ago" of my own hunting life.

A goodly number of those that is called "West Arm" of Mullycheukunk lake to Cranberry Bog, in the month of June. The path or blaze line passed over a high hill of second growth woods, and when about half way over this ridge, as I stepped up on to a large flat ledge of rock over which the path led, a middling-sized bear stepped upon the other end, some three feet up, and each of us was greatly surprised, as you may suppose.

As I stepped up on to the bear, and the bear stopped when he saw me, and we each of us stood stiff as a moment to catch a thought of what was the next best to do. We were about three rods apart, and we both wished we were further, for I had only a partridge charge in my gun; and the bear soon showed signs of uneasiness, for after eyeing me a moment he turned his head half way around and limbered up his forward legs in the act of getting down; he had been staring at his own shadow.

On the impulse of the moment I raised my gun and fired at his ear. The bear dropped; the No. 6 shot had pierced his brain, and I stood over him with my watch to see how long he would live, being prepared to give him another shot should it be necessary. He died in thirty minutes. The bear had been drinking at a spring which boiled up at the other end of the ledge.

At the same time I saw the same sized shot in "C" Pond. I was following up a streak of air bubbles on the pond, my skiff, one morning before sunrise, to get sight if possible of the animal that made them, when all at once up came two large otters within easy range. I dropped the paddle and caught up my gun and fired the right, which was loaded with double B. The otter kicked over on his side and floundered about, but before I could get to him he sank in a moment and I never saw him again. But very soon his mate came up and crawled out on a floating log near by, and I let go the left, which had No. 6, and he rolled off the log, kicking up the water fearfully. I paddled up to him this time and took him into the boat before the wind was out of him, and I believe this is the only way, for I think they invariably sink when dead, as their bodies are very much heavier than those of land animals of the same size.

HERRIN, MAINE. J. G. R.

Last fall, while spending my usual annual vacation at my charming camp home on Indian River, in the northern portion of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, on the great internal thoroughfare between Petoskey and Cheboygan, one great distinction as it appeared to my hand at the deer which abounded in that river. Lying close in the end of my little sneakboat, waiting for opportunities to bag my game whenever they presented themselves, we glided noiselessly around a sharp bend in the river, when we heard the frequent splashes of water, such as would come from a large animal wading through the sedge and bulrushes that grow all through the overflowed marshes. On it came with great distinctness as it approached, and being perfectly satisfied now that it was a deer, I ordered my man to remain quiet, and with muffled oars turn the boat to the river's bank where the wind and tide were carrying her. The splashes came nearer and nearer. Our boat lay close to the north bank, just opposite the point of a long, dense clump of sedge and bulrushes. I quietly rose from my seat, and holding my gun close to my shoulder, with bated breath I waited for the animal to appear. In a moment more I saw a deer's head appearing at the point of sedge just in front of me, his ears thrown forward and his eyes glaring at me. It was a sight—a pull and an explosion. I heard a plunge, and all was silent. We hastened to approach the spot where I last saw the deer, and clearing away the driftwood which lined the river's edge, we pushed and pulled our boat over half-sunken logs and through the weeds, but could hear or see nothing. On the edge of a sudden I perceived the floating carcass of my fine deer. The outflow was about eighteen inches deep, and we tugged away at our secured game and after no little effort succeeded in getting it snugly fixed in my little duck-boat, only twelve feet long by three feet beam. We then pulled out from the marsh into the river, and by dint of rowing and paddling reached my camp home a little after dark. Now, summoning my neighboring campers together, among whom was my friend, P. Morrison, of Jackson, Mich., who is an ardent hunter of deer, we succeeded in dragging our prize to my ice-house, a few yards distant. All around the country congratulations were given me for securing the first deer of the season. Those unacquainted with the facts in the case I found it quite difficult to convince that I killed that deer with No. 4

duck shot. Subsequently I measured the distance, and it was about 60 feet. I was astonished at the success attending the shooting. But the fact remains nevertheless true, and I must be entered upon the list of those who have bagged their deer with small shot. SENEX, ASS. ANSON, MICH.

THE FREEDMAN AND THE QUAIL.

Editor Forest and Stream: It would be much more satisfactory to your readers to have the opinions of correspondents on this interesting subject who have not yet delivered themselves, than its prolonged discussion by those who have already spoken. Permit me, however, to add a few words more, not for the purpose of maintaining any pet theory in regard to the matter, however contrary that theory may be to truth and justice, but in order to invite the further expression of opinion on the part of persons rendered capable by experience and observation to testify in this behalf.

We all understand "Rallywood's" position. He ascribes the security of "Bob White" to the poor freedman. I do not know "Rallywood," and therefore have no means of judging whether his opinion is worth anything on this subject; but of the four correspondents whose articles with reference thereto have appeared in print, two I know are entitled to the highest consideration. One of these, "Chasseur," agrees with "Rallywood." "Chasseur" is well known in this State as a gentleman of exceptional high character, ability and culture, whose opinions are entitled to respect at least.

Upon the other hand, Dr. M. G. Elzey, a gentleman also well and favorably known and identified with the best material interests of the State, than whom few have better opportunities of forming a correct opinion upon the question under discussion, agrees with me that the freedman is not responsible for the decrease of quail, and that he has, as a rule, abandoned the inclination to hunt, which was formerly so characteristic of his race. This is beyond cavil or dispute true as to the portion of the State with which I am familiar; and it is a singular fact that it is the opinion of every farmer with whom I have conversed on the subject. As was stated in a former communication, there seems to be as yet no accepted theory as to the cause of the decrease of quail within the last few years. "Rallywood" is perfectly correct in his statements of fact going to improve Dr. Elzey's theory. The conditions mentioned by the latter do not exist in the localities indicated by "Rallywood." The facts already alleged, showing that our colored friends are not to be held responsible for this mysterious disappearance of quail, taken in connection with other circumstances, and bearing in mind that quail are scarcest in the northern counties, where there are fewer negroes than in any other part of the State, should induce us to seek for some other and more satisfactory solution. In the extreme northern counties of Fairfax, Loudon, Prince William and Hampshire, there is a population of whites, 89,487, and of blacks, 18,648. Here the quail are scarcest. In the south side counties of Brunswick, Southampton, Greensville and Mecklenburg, where the birds are abundant and there has been no decrease, there is a population of 24,448 whites and 43,288 blacks.

In discussing this subject with an intelligent and highly educated country physician residing in one of the northern counties, who is an observing sportsman, the idea was advanced that the quail had migrated from the northern to the tidewater and southern counties and to North Carolina, where quail are in great abundance. He stated, as a circumstance inducing this belief, that in the early part of the season there were very few birds on his place, but one evening in November, in company with a friend, he was hunting on a stream passing through his farm, and in the course of a few hours finished fourteen distinct coveys. A few days afterward they hunted the same ground, but started no birds, nor have any been since found in the vicinity. On another occasion he, with a friend, finished a covey with a white bird among the number. They endeavored to kill this specimen, as they had never before seen a white quail, but did not succeed. The following day his friend returned home a distance of ten miles, and with a gun bearing home his dog pointed. Upon being shown the same covey with the white individual got up, and the white bird was killed. No one in the neighborhood ever saw a white quail before or since, and it was evident that the covey had within twenty-four hours gone a distance of ten miles. If quail migrate, that fact would account more satisfactorily for their scarcity in Northern Virginia than any other hypothesis that has been suggested.

It is to be hoped that the invitation extended by you to your correspondents in this State and elsewhere in the South, to give their opinions upon the interesting question of the abatement of the freedman's hunting proclivities, will receive fitting response. We would like to hear from "Wells" on this question. No one is better qualified to speak, instead of venting his mind and cross-examining "Knick" with reference to the remarkable case in Florida, let us have the benefit of his views on the quail. If I mistake not, his tall-tale non de plume, and irresistible propensity to pun, points him out as a recent representative in Congress from the "Old North State," and he has doubtless had abundant opportunities in his cloistering experiences with the "American citizen of African descent" to enable him to speak authoritatively. Although his repudiation to "Knick" exhibits rather too great intolerance of the license which "Knick" should enjoy in common with other sportsmen to "swap lies," especially when "Knick's" statement was to be supported by the affidavit of "V. J. S.," yet his reply was extremely witty and enjoyable. It would be instructive for him to tell us whether his experience bears out the assertion of "Rallywood" as to the skill of the freedman as a diplomat. M.

NORTHVALE, VA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In a recent issue you ask for information as to whether the Southern colored brother is as destructive of game as he used to be. My candid opinion is that while he is still entitled to high rank as a game destroyer, he is not quite as bad as he used to be. When they were "turned loose," as they generally express it, they became at once a race of sportsmen. Every man and boy was eager to be the owner of a gun, and as old and new sportsmen were very cheap, they were in those days, they had not much difficulty in supplying their wants. Thus equipped they made a rush for the fields and woods, and for a long time, summer and winter, there was a perpetual fusillade. They slaughtered indiscriminately, shooting everything above the bluebird in size. Even

the mocking bird, for all his songs, was not safe. The sweet singer fell in the midst of his singing. Since this sporting craze continued to this day, the South must have been completely bare of game. But it gradually wore off, for various reasons—first among which, no doubt, was that the new-fledged sportsman found that such business would not keep him and his family in food, and clothing. The fact, too, that shot and powder and percussion caps could not well be had without some money, and that money could not well be had without some work, may have acted as a gradual extinguisher to the new enthusiasm. At all events, that the colored man has cooled off immensely as a sportsman, compared with what he was when the country was first flooded with freedom and old muskets, cannot be denied by anyone, at least in these parts. I can only speak for Texas on this matter. My judgment is that there is not one bird killed now by the freedman where there were ten killed by him in the early days of his freedom.

I have often meditated over the sudden conversion of the colored race into sportsmen, which we witnessed at the close of the civil war. What was it due to? Perhaps to their wild ancestral instinct, which, suppressed so long in slavery, broke out beyond all reason when their freedom was given. In the mean time, in the north, we do nothing what, ever but hunt and grow gourds. To hunt, therefore, and to grow gourds, must be their peculiar race instinct, which will crop out on every favorable opportunity. We saw the great hunting mania, and every Southern man knows that you will rarely see a negro's cabin in the South without gourds growing around it. It may be, also, that they looked upon the possession of firearms and gunning as the highest privileges of freedom and as a means of doing nothing what, ever but hunt and grow gourds. To hunt, therefore, and to grow gourds, must be their peculiar race instinct, which will crop out on every favorable opportunity. 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were constantly on the wing, flying from place to place. All this caused my special wonder. Suddenly a gun fired very near me, and I gazed lustily in the direction it came from. I found an aged colored man busily fishing his cane duds out of the water. I soon perceived, he explained to me that the shooting I had heard of was from negroes along the banks of the river, who were so well concealed that I had not seen them, though no doubt sometimes passing within a few feet of them. He showed me his own hiding place, and it was so good I might have passed him hundreds of times without suspecting anybody's presence. After much duck hunting, I am satisfied, if ducks are plentiful, as they are on Sabine River, that this is as good a plan of hunting them as any that can be invented.

We had Mr. Chas. Hallock with us in Texas some two months this winter. He did me the honor to call to see me, but am sorry it was impossible for me to be with him much on his trip. Hope to see him with us again next winter, and that I may then have a better chance to see him through.

N. A. T.

PALMISTINE, TEXAS, FEB. 22.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

ALTHOUGH great quantities of snow have fallen during this winter, I do not believe that the game of this locality has suffered much. Ruffed grouse are careless alike of snow and cold, and if sly ryanard would only leave them alone I have no doubt next fall's crop of birds would be good; but foxes are very plenty, and foxes get hungry, and then grouse must die to satisfy their insatiate gnaw. The Gardner boys, living about a mile from town, have killed ten gray foxes this winter, and but for the fact of some unwhom scandalous shooting and wounding their lead bound, would have killed as many more. I rather think the person who shot Truebody would not have indulged often in this sport had he not been able to distance Doc Gardner in a walking contest immediately after the shooting.

Speaking of ruffed grouse reminds me that every year their numbers are diminishing. Now, don't say that subject is worn out, for a discussion that deals with the king of American game birds can never wear out. I do not believe that it is on account of improvements in guns or dogs, or in "tracing" them, or on account of the fact that I attribute it to the advance of civilization and "clearings," but I believe with some former contributors on this subject that their numbers are decreased by some disease which may be new to their species, or more malignant in late years than formerly. Last spring I found quite a number of their nests and know that quite a large per cent. of the eggs were hatched, and I saw numerous broods of them yet in the down shortly afterward. It is a well known fact that grouse do not travel much from their original home, and when the shooting season opened I went direct to the localities where I had seen the young broods, and much to my discomfiture found none, actually none. I know that they were not all shot, even if the pot-hunters did kill some of them. I hunted my dogs in the same locality several times during the fall, but found none. I do not believe that any or all the enemies of the grouse family, beest and fowl, could have done so much to them, but it is my firm conviction that disease of some description exterminated them.

Wild turkeys were quite plenty last season and numbers of them were shot, but enough were left for breeding purposes. I was told by a granger the other day that they were wintering well. Although there was a crust on the snow, he said the oak trees had held the snow long enough to permit this winter and last winter on the crust made capital food for the turkeys. Deer were more numerous than for years before, and scores of them were captured. Woodcocks were scarce; I suppose they were drowned out by spring rains. There is quite a growing interest in dog, gun and rod in this direction, and a man who can hit a bird on the wing is not such a rare character as formerly. I believe that "L. J. Newcomb" could have his hands full with the first to start that long controversy on the "Hunting Grouse." I was glad to see in a communication from him some time ago that he had achieved his desire—that of shooting a grouse on the wing, and I know from the graphic manner in which he describes it that he enjoyed it greatly.

OCTO.

GUINEA-FOWL AS GAME.—A correspondent, "Oeto," calls our attention to the following note on this subject in Col. Hutchinson's work on "Dog Breaking": "Mr. M.—I, an officer high in the military store department, wrote to me but last Christmas, 1863, almost in the following words: 'When stationed in Jamaica, quail and the wild guinea-fowl were the only game I ever hunted. I was very successful, and I am about to apply for a New York license for hours through the long grass and brushwood, and will not rise unless hard pressed; but when once flushed they spread through the cover and lie so close that one may almost kick them before without raising them. My dog Albert was broke on grouse before I had him out from home. A steadier or better dog you will rarely see. The first time we went out after guinea-fowl he set to work as though hunting for grouse, bounding up, bounding off, making a wide circle until he headed his game, when he commenced beating back toward me, driving the birds before him until they were sufficiently near me, when he dashed suddenly in among them, forcing the whole pack to take wing. They spread through the surrounding grass and cover, and Albert and his mother Peggy went to work, picking up the birds singly or in pairs where they lay.'

"AFTER ANTELOPE."—El Paso, Texas, Feb. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In response to your queries concerning antelope shooting, made in your issue of Feb. 8, I have to say, seriatim: 1. The distance was estimated in each instance given. 2. Yes, the person making the estimates was competent to determine the distances. Really there is nothing strange in such shooting. I am quite certain that I can kill antelopes further than any of the distances given. 3. Because mistakes are mischievous and are worthless. They frequently may even be good losses. The stock men want them all killed. Their only defense is the common one, to wit: fondness for sport and good eating. I wish you had an antelope saddle now.—G. W. B.

MISSOURI NOTES.—Maryville, Mo., Feb. 16.—Quail have been very plenty this season, with plenty left over for next. Chickens are not as plentiful as they were a few years ago, although one man killed, he claimed, in four days, over four hundred; he had them by night, whether he killed them in the time mentioned or not. Rabbits are very thick, a friend of mine had the best he ever had for him, and in one day killed seventy-nine. Running wolves is also one of our amusements, and Uncle Jake with his pack of hounds, is a general favorite. Our jack-snipe shooting on the bottoms, when water is plenty, is very fine. Ducks and geese are usually very plenty. Our shooting club always spends a week both fall and spring in quail, when ducks and geese come. In December I was shooting quail in a corn field grown up with grass, and had a covey nearly scattered, and Tricks, my Gordon, and I were having fine sport. I had three birds down and the dog retrieving the third bird when he stopped and came to a point. I called to him; he looked at me a moment, turned and walked away from me some ten feet, came around to me in a half circle and gave me the bird. I sent him in again. He walked directly back and came to me when he had found game with the dead bird in his mouth, and in a moment I had the pleasure of adding one more quail to my score. Have any of your readers had a like experience?—GUYDETT. [This occasionally occurs. We have often seen it.]

NEW YORK WOODCOCK SEASON.—Wellsville, N. Y., Feb. 10, 1882.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In a recent number of your esteemed paper you advocate a game law for the whole State, and object to all local exceptions to its provisions. In this we agree when the provisions of the law do not favor the sportsman of one part of the State, while they rob those in other parts of the sport to which they are justly entitled. For instance, we object to making the open season on woodcock begin September 1, for this reason: Nearly, if not all, the birds we have are those bred here. Sometime the flight begins so early that by the last of September our birds are gone. When the last change was made from July 3 to August 1, it was proposed to make it September 1, but we sent in a protest from this county; other counties did the same, and August 1 was finally agreed upon as a compromise. We are satisfied with the law as it is in this respect, but any change to a later date we will feel justified in opposing. We have few birds here of any kind; what we have we shall take pride in defending against every enemy and against every law. In capturing them we will endeavor to be sportsmen, faithfully observing the restrictions of a just game law, by example as well as by precept, leading those who are inclined to murder for plunder to forsake their shameful practices and come over, if they will shoot, to the ranks of those whose banner is inscribed, Sense and Decency.—C. E. M.

WORCESTER, MASS., FEB. 23.—The *Gazette* of this afternoon in its "County News" has the following:—"Mr. James P. Whitin has for some time been feeding in his yard a lot of gray squirrels and quails. They are now very tame and will come into the house. All his family have become very much attached to them. Ambrose Nokes shot and killed several of the squirrels. Mr. Whitin remonstrated with him, but it was of no avail. He came again Wednesday afternoon and killed six quails. A warrant was made out and placed in the hands of Sheriff E. O. Bacon, who after a chase of eight or ten minutes, arrested him, and he was taken before Judge Putnam this Friday morning and fined \$30 and costs, amounting to \$29.70, which he paid. Nokes is a stone cutter and is employed by George M. Blanchard, of Whitesville." Mr. Whitin lives at Whites, a station on the Providence & Worcester Railroad in the town of Northbridge. Nokes must be a hard-hearted wretch.

CENTRAL ILLINOIS.—Decatur, Ill., Feb. 14.—The great snipe has just left us. I was fearful that every quail in Central Illinois would be starved and frozen to death. But I am happy to learn of at least two birds that have survived the storm. One covey of twenty-two was counted near our house yesterday. And a neighbor has been caring for a covey of twenty-one that has been feeding in his barn lot (and apparently quite tame) all winter. We have not many prairie chickens near here, but there are some left. I have seen none this winter, but the party five years ago counted twenty in one flock two days ago. I suppose they have all "bunched," and they were all here for eight or ten miles around.—D. T. S.

GUN BARREL OBSTRUCTIONS.—When hunting in Michigan a year ago last fall I met some boys, and one of them held my gun, a single barrel shotgun, for a minute. He slipped a small snake down the barrel. In trying to get it out it got wedged in at about three inches of the muzzle. I could not start it an inch, and finally gave up trying. I very foolishly fired the charge, but it did not hurt the gun a particle, though it nearly knocked me over. At another time I got a shot cartridge stuck about half way down the barrel, and fired it without any injury either to the gun or myself.—F. L. D. (Boston, Feb. 17, 1883).

THE QUEBEC LAW.—By an act now before the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, it is proposed that the game laws of the Province be amended so that it shall be forbidden to hunt or trap live birds between March 1 and October 1, yearly. Also that it be forbidden to hunt or take any wild swan, wild goose, or wild duck of any kind, wildgeon or teal, between April 15 and September 1, yearly, and any Canada geese between May 15 and September 1, in each year. The act formerly read for here, March 1 to November 1; and for Canada geese from April 15 to September 1.

MAINE DEER.—A correspondent of the *Ellsworth American* says that the number of deer shipped from Maine the past year has exceeded 100,000 and it is safe to say that three-fourths of those deer were killed by less than 100 men, and a curious fact is that not one in ten of the venison saddles shipped before the ponds froze had a bullet hole upon them, and of those that had the heads on, nine out of ten were shot in the back of the head, thus proving that they were slaughtered in the water, driven in by hounds.

MONTANA GOOSE SEASON.—FORT CUSTER, M. T., Feb. 12.—Referring to your schedule of game laws published December 1, I would say that ducks and water-fowl, including ptarmigan and wood ducks, (Franklin's grouse), are protected in Montana till August 15, not August 1, as stated.—ARK-BARDIA.

FLORIDA NOTES.—Cedar Key, Florida, Feb. 16.—It takes about 100 shells for a full day's hunt here. I was out yesterday and killed about forty birds—ducks, snipe, curlew, marsh hens, etc. They hunt by taking a boat and going to the islands along the coast, where there are any quantity of birds of all kinds, though mostly ducks. I saw three Philadelphia sportsmen come in from the country a few days ago with 150 quail, which they killed in one day. I would take a quail hunt, but can get no dog. It is very warm; temperature about 85° during the day.—WM. EYER.

"OUR NATIONAL BIRD."—Hartford, Conn., Feb. 23.—The lower house of the Legislature to-day discussed the bill for the protection of American eagles. A number of splendid eagle speeches about "our national bird" were made. Many members poked all sorts of fun at the bill, but it was finally passed by a rising vote at the suggestion of patriotic members. The bill had its origin in a desire of residents of the venerable town of Litchfield to preserve some eagles which have been in that section for years, and which sportsmen are gradually killing off.

ENFORCING THE MAINE LAW.—Bangor, Me., Feb. 25, 1883.—James E. Betty, American Express agent at Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, upon complaint of Fish and Game Warden Morse, was fined \$50 for shipping trout during closed time in November. Geo. L. Bunker, for killing one deer Feb. 7, upon complaint of same officer, was fined \$41.50. Freeman Collins, for killing a deer Feb. 20, was fined \$40, on complaint of same officer.—LEX TALONIS.

MESSRS. WILLIAM READ & SONS, of Boston, Mass., have removed from their former establishment in Faneuil Hall to more commodious quarters at No. 107 Washington street. The firm is well-known in New England and throughout the country as dealers in first-class goods. We bespeak for the Messrs. Read in their new establishment the patronage of an increasing host of friends.

OREGON DEER are reported more plentiful in the hills along the coast than ever before known, and have become quite tame since the game law went into effect, in some places running with the sheep.

MAINE SUNDAY SHOOTING.—Maine has passed a law forbidding the killing of birds and game on Sunday, but an amendment to prohibit fishing was voted down.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

That reminds me.

JOHN H., as is apt to be the case with whole-souled sportsmen, is a thoroughbred joker and lets us appreciate so by when he can raise the laugh in a quiet way against any of the boys. Sitting in a hotel the other day conversing with a friend about a recent trip to Sandusky Bay, some remarks were made touching some extraordinary shots at ducks. These remarks caught the ear of a commercial traveler, who, all unasked, clipped in and immediately monopolized the whole conversation with glowing accounts of his wonderful skill with the gun. "Ninety-six glass balls straight was a bagatelle" to him. "Nine out of ten shots at grouse in the worst of cover, you know," had been his season's average for years; and the number of matches in which he had come out victorious was simply countless. John listened attentively, and after the first or two shots his man said when the fellow stopped for breath, asked in an innocent voice, "What charge did you use in that last match with Bogartus when you beat him ten birds?"

"O, just an ordinary charge," answered the C. T.

"Well, but how much by actual measurement? I would like to know."

"O, just the same as I use at all times."

"Well, what do you use all times?"

"O, sometime more and sometime less, just as it happens."

"Then thinking to see his way out of a difficulty, he continued, 'How much do you use, Mr. H.?"

"Well," replied John, "in my every day field gun which is a very heavy piece, a thirty-six bore weighing eighteen pounds, I use seventeen drams of powder and four drams of shot."

The commercial man's face brightened, for he now saw his way out, and speaking up boldly, he said: "Well, you shoot a heavier gun than I do, so of course you can use a bigger load; now I only dare use in my thirty-five bore, fifteen pound gun, sixteen drams of powder and three and a half drams of shot, and I tell you even then I have a pretty sore shoulder after an all day's shoot."

The boys laid by this time gathered around, and all saw the point but the C. T., who, shouldering his gipsack, moved complacently out, scowling fiercely at the roving crowd as much as to say, "What in thunder you laughing at?"

J. W. D. L.

It was in September. The owls had killed some of our most valuable fowls. One night I was aroused by loud squealing and cackling among some fowls that roosted in some cedar trees that stood almost under the window where I slept.

I jumped up, seized my gun and ran out. I could hear the owl as he darted at his victim, but would fail to strike it, but I could not see it in the darkness. I threw up my gun and touch both triggers—a splendid snap shot—I hear something strike the ground. Walking up to the tree, there lies a turkey, and further on a chicken.

PORT ROYAL, TENN.

I like your new departure in the line of illustrations; the sketches of dogs on point were excellent, and "Asleep at his Post" is still better. An accident precisely like that occurred last fall to an attaché of the Rochester post office. A fellow O. man, who is an expert fowler, laid on a good point, and drove a big flock of ducks to the decoys. After waiting an age, and not seeing his friend shoot, the man in the boat went ashore and found his companion snoring.

MEX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEB. 23.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

Settle—And when the weather

Serves to angle in the brook.

I will bring a silver hook,

With a line of finest silk,

And a rod as white as milk,

To deceive the little fish;

So I take my leave, and wish

On this lower may ere dawn

Spring and summer.

—The Fish and Game Laws, Act. IV, sec. 2.

FISHING AND FISH LAWS OF OHIO.

THE lover of natural beauty seeks the secluded spot to indulge his fancies, no matter how peculiar other people think him. He is found often away from the haunts of busy men, where nature revels in her wildest moods; where the only sound reaching him is the splash of the "rippling waves" against his boat or the screams of the sea-gull as it follows the windings of the stream, or perchance the peculiar noise of a rail or familiar sound of a stray duck hidden from view in the tall wild rice that hems the creek for miles away. In early spring the grass, weeds, and wild rice appear at the surface in wonderful rapidity, following a clear, beautiful channel rarely exceeded in width 100 feet and an average depth of eight feet for many miles, until it widens and loses its name, emptying into the great waters of Lake Erie. Such is Ottawa River or Ten Mile Creek, the sportsman's home of the members of the Toledo Fishing and Hunting Club. To the lover of nature it is ever charming; to the lover of the gentle art it commends itself by its numbers of black bass, pike, rock bass, often pickerel and muskalgone. The object of the association is to educate the youth in the same peculiar habits as to when they will bite, as other fish in all streams and lakes.

The Toledo Fishing and Hunting Club was organized in April, 1881, with a charter membership of 150, containing, scientifically speaking, some of the best fishermen and hunters in the State, and when you come down to a genuine fish story, that rings with truth, there are members in the club without an equal in the United States, and I am not speaking personally either. The object of the association is similar to others throughout the States, the protection of such game, and feather, whose flesh affords nutritious food and the pursuit of which furnishes a healthful recreation. Some time when the thermometer is above zero I will write more particularly about game in this section and at present talk about the fish and fishing grounds of the association. Ten Mile Creek, as above mentioned, is a peculiar stream about ten miles in length, winding through a beautiful country and is particularly adapted to the haunts of the pike and black bass. Our efforts to enforce the laws of Ohio were particularly aimed at unlawful fishermen in Ten Mile Creek, notwithstanding Maumee River offers inducements equally as good, if not better, in the way of black bass fishing, but seining is carried on at such a great rate that our means were not sufficient to handle them.

Ten Mile Creek, on account of its ready accessibility for fishing and hunting, and being located within half an hour's walk from street car accommodation, the club has spent its time and money in getting its waters clear of nets. Many of our own citizens relate with pleasure how, many years ago, they could catch fish from five to twenty pounds, and consider it no fish story to haul out a muskalgone weighing thirty or even forty pounds, and with almost any kind of bait catch in an hour what we now catch in a day. The scarcity of fish in Ten Mile Creek is certainly attributable to the continual fishing with nets. Previous to last year fishing with hook and line for five years back was no pleasure. Since the organization of the club we have been actively engaged in fighting unlawful fishermen, and while our success was only in Ohio waters, our best fishing is in Ohio, but Michigan State line cuts off the creek before it widens into the bay, and for half a mile the nets placed there prevented the fish from running up the stream. The result can be seen quite a number of instances where parties having nets stretched across the creek in Ohio, and upon being notified to remove them or stand consequences, would, in a night's time, take up and reset their nets ten to forty feet beyond in the State of Michigan, and thus be clear of any attack.

During the fall of 1881 the owners of nets were convinced of the earnest intentions of the club to clear the creek in Ohio, and the nets began to be less each month. In the spring of 1882, instead of twenty-five nets in a distance of three miles, the creek was clear, and reports came to us from residents along the creek, as having seen an unusual number of black bass and pike, and also reports of splendid fishing all along the line. After a year's steady work the club was rewarded by success number one and an unusual quantity of fish returning to old haunts. So surprising was the success in the fall fishing that the district had the pleasure of being with a two-day limited experience, five caught over sixty fish black bass in less than half a day, and at other times forty and fifty were caught in unusual short time. I recall one afternoon when bait was getting scarce that we had to cut up our minnows, and frequently only use the head or tail, and would catch black bass all the same. It was surprising to the major one afternoon to see a boy in a boat opposite catch bass with common household articles, and being with his hands in the boat. These fish stories, when told to fishermen who had abandoned the grounds years ago on account of no fishing, were considered a fish story in all its true sense, and the "colossal preparation" was known for miles around. The actual truth soon spread, and the local reporters of our Toledo papers, which by the way, the club is under everlasting obligation to for their generous support in having published and approved our work, soon covered with stories beyond anything heard of for years, and last fall's fishing was the most successful one had for many seasons. With this partial success and showing with the creek only half protected from lawless fishermen, what would be the result should the entire creek be kept clear of nets? This gave new encouragement, and an earnest effort was made to get a law passed in Michigan to protect the mouth of streams emptying into the lake. By the personal efforts of Hon. E. D. Potter, president of our club, and through the uncer-

ing kindness of the members of the Michigan Sportsman's State Association, a law was passed equally as binding as our own Ohio law, and now the club will put every effort forward to protect the fish, and in a year's time the fishing in Ten Mile Creek will equal any place in the country. Its waters and natural surroundings are not excelled in the State. The intention of the club is to make an effort to keep the waters of Maumee River clear of nets, but in order to make it a success it is necessary to get clubs already in existence in towns near to and on the banks of the river, or start new ones, to go in and assist us.

The black bass fishing at Maumee Rapids cannot be excelled in any of the famous inland lakes of Michigan. From the annual report of the Ohio Fish Commission I find that black bass have been planted in considerable quantities in the inland waters of the State, and from the superintendent of the hatcheries I learn that the supply has not been equal to the demand, or in plain fact the necessity caused by the unlawful seining. The commission heartily endorse the protection associations of the State, and depend almost wholly upon them to enforce the law. As an illustration of the above, I have seen taken from the mouth of the creek mentioned, in flag nets one day, not less than 500 black bass, not exceeding in weight a quarter of a pound each. They were brought to the city in wagons and sold for three to five cents a pound. The reader can see that it is useless for the State, and the superintendent of Ohio hatcheries says, "It seems absurd that the State should appropriate money to restock the streams if they are to be captured at the rate they are now, and at the very time of all others when they should not be." The superintendent, continuing, says: "The State is supplying food that will be cheaper than any other kind, and before it is really ready for the market it is being caught in nets by the thousands."

Sportsmen are becoming more abundant every year, and people are appreciating efforts made by members of protective associations to a surprising extent. Some eighty leading business men of this city were presented a petition to the General Assembly of the State of Ohio to revive the fish laws, and not one refused to sign, and the remark was not unfrequently made that "we wish fish could be protected so that a person could catch enough to make it pay the time."

Man wants recreation, and for the want of it worn-out men fall by thousands on the thresholds of the palaces of success which they have built. Stimulants have been resorted to in order that flagging strength might be kept up, but these have only given a deceitful flicker to the waning fire of energy. The resources of medicine are taxed in a futile attempt to repair shattered constitutions, broken down by overwork. It is vain to counsel greater moderation in work. Every discovery in science, and each new resulting application to art opens new fields for effort and quickens the desires and the activities of men. Something needs to be done by which repair shall keep pace with the increased wear. How to recreate the spent forces is a problem better solved by a true sportsman, who loves the open-air exercise and enters upon his duties for such purposes: to such men is attributed the patience of wading for hours along some inviting stream in search of a good fishing ground.

In all sciences need has been followed by discovery. New sports, greater proficiency in old ones, increasing holidays, regular seasons of vacation, are all movements but as yet only beginning in the right direction, and there is scarcely a day passes but what we are reminded of this increased demand for recreation. To the feeble in health, to the overworked brain, relief can be found in a few miles' walk in search of a good fishing ground; and after you have found it let me know, and I will catch the fish.

J. E. GUNCKEL.

In this connection we print the following petition which has been presented to the Legislature of Ohio, and is now before the House in the shape of a bill. A similar one was first introduced in the Legislature of Michigan. A Toledo paper says:

Within a few days great interest has been aroused in certain circles over the fishery question. Petitions have been circulated, and one carried by J. E. Gunckel is signed by every business man on the east side of Summit street for a long distance. The petition is addressed to the Legislature of Ohio, and asks that section 6,968 of the Revised Statutes be so amended as to better protect the small fish in certain waters. The section of the fish law is too loose in its construction. It exempts from the provisions of the act the waters of Lake Erie and certain reservoirs. The petition seeks to supply this omission by having the law include Lake Erie and its bays and estuaries. Certain persons who are flagrant violators of law contend that all streams up to the head of tide or back water are a part of Lake Erie, and that back water is included in the term waters of Lake Erie, as excepted in section 6,968. The petition asks that the said section be so amended as to "prohibit all catching or killing of fish (except by hook and line), in any of the creeks, streams, rivers or canals within the State, tributary to the Ohio River, Lake Erie, the bays thereof and the reservoirs within the State."

"To prohibit seine, trap or gill net, or pound fishing in Lake Erie and the bays thereof, from May 20 to October 10, in each year."

"To prohibit the setting up fish nets, gill nets, pound nets or traps of any kind upon any of the shoals or reefs, in any of the waters of the State of Ohio during any season of the year."

"To prohibit the buying or selling of fish caught in violation of such enactments, and making it the duty of the fish commissioner of the State and the superintendent of the fish hatchery to enforce the law."

POSITION OF REEL—WEIGHT OF RODS.

IN reading the article in FOREST AND STREAM of February 8, by Dr. Henshall, "Position of Reel—Weight of Rods," I am reminded of the time I first came here in 1861. At that time a good straight tamarac "pole" (the longer the better, weight was of no account) was the best thing known for a "fish."

Being something of a fisherman I sent to New York for half a dozen bass rods. They sent me one-half dozen four-jointed rods, about fifteen feet long, and weighing nearly one and one-half pounds each. At that time we thought these rods elegant.

Dr. Henshall came here soon after and made himself a rod, of three joints, ash butt, middle joint and tip of lance wood, and about eight feet long, weighing one-half or eight ounces in weight. I shall never forget our testing the

casting qualities of this rod from a boat, with a No. 2 Meek reel and a sinker for a mitnow. It seemed as though we could cast half way across the lake, half a mile.

I made one like it and sent it to New York for a pattern, and had some made. We called it "The Oconomowoc black bass, or coming rod." I advertised it in FOREST AND STREAM as the "Oconomowoc black bass rod," and had orders for quite a number of them from the East and South, which I filled, and the rod took at once.

From this came the light rod, so much in favor at present. We consider this the best place and Dr. Henshall, the father of this light rod. And when anyone undertakes to say that we in the West, and I will not except some portions of the South, use heavy tackle for bass, they don't know what they are talking about. If they will come here we will show them tackle and bass fishing that will astonish them, where you can go out and catch from fifty to one hundred large and small-mouthed bass from two to seven pounds, with an occasional twenty-five-pound pickerel thrown in, on a 71-ounce reel and a silk line "about the size of three horse hairs," in a day, if you know how to handle a bass, and your reel is in front of your hand.

I think that anyone that fishes for bass with the reel behind the hand, has had his education in that line sadly neglected, and would advise him, for his own comfort and pleasure, if he knows how to handle a bass, to try the other way at once and be happy.

J. C. H.

OCONOMOWOC, WIS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If you deem my experience in black bass fishing as here set forth worthy of publication, I think you will find my deductions regarding position of reel-weight and length of rod, etc., will receive the approval of all true anglers. Some 75, 1877 I started for my first try at black bass. As I had never seen one caught, and had heard such exciting descriptions of their leaps and lunges, I armed myself with a four-jointed general rod of about 20 ounces weight, multiplying reel before the hand, 30yds. braided line, and No. 2 Aberdeen hooks (by the way, I use Aberdeens for all kinds of rod fishing), and salt water shrimps for bait.

My friend Charlie met me at the station, and we were soon over the spot in the pond that he said was the best for the day, wind, sun, etc., considered. He soon had one in the boat of 14lbs or so, and I lost my first bass. Soon after I had another bite, and when the fish flung himself into the air Charlie begged me to give him the rod. Although it was my first day with the bass, it was by no means my first day's fishing, and I declined, and fought the fish to the end. He weighed 53lbs. after being out of the water three hours, the largest ever taken from that pond, although one was taken a few days later, weighing just the same fresh from the water.

After that fight a black bass had no terrors for me, and as I never liked a reel before the hand, that was my last day with that rig. Since that time I believe I have taken as many and as heavy bass from that pond as any one in the same number of days' fishing, and always on the following tackle: a 10ft. 10in. fly rod of about eight ounces; white grass line not much heavier than line serving thread; six feet of single gut, a Aberdeen hook, and shrimp for bait. The bass will not rise to the fly in this pond, but with this fine line I can hook a fish in fifteen feet of water, and although I have never duplicated my first monster, I should have no fear, as I have taken several of 35lbs. and one of 45bs.

Now, I have two friends, as true anglers as ever lived, who have often gone with me to this pond. How do they do it? First they put over-hand lines with the finest hooks, baited with live worms and catch on small size fly higher than baiting their bass hooks, take up their rods, which are about seven and a half feet long, rather stiff, and of about ten-ounce weight, with Frankfurt reel before the hand, reel the perch to tip of rod, bring both hands to right ear, rod pointed back, and a little up, then whiz the rod through the air, gently thumb the reel and drop the perch some fifty or sixty feet away. At the end of the day we usually have about the same number of fish per man, and catch on small size fly higher art; while on the other hand they claim that it requires more delicacy of hand and touch to hurl the perch without killing or tearing it, and to tell just when to strike a fish, in this, and that their tackle could be as easily broken in the hands of a duffer as mine.

From all of which I deduce the following regarding the subject under discussion: The position of the reel, the weight and length of rod to be used in black bass fishing depend entirely upon the style, which gives the angler himself the most pleasure.

LAKK SALMON.—FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 15 gives its readers some interesting memoranda of the lake salmon (*Salmo salar*, variety *Sobago*, etc.), by Mr. Atkins, and the range of this fish in Maine is divided into "four districts," viz.: "Basin of St. Croix River, basin of Union River, Hancock county basin of Presumpscot River (Lake Sobago, etc.), and basin of Sebago River, a branch of the Penobscot." In connection with the latter district are the following remarks: "Not known to be found in other parts of Penobscot Basin. Singular that they have not spread all through the Penobscot. It has many lakes seemingly well fitted." The Penobscot River is a broad, shallow stream, with water very warm in summer (although cold streams are tributary to it), and not to the nature of the salmon or trout to abide therein. Many of the cold lakes tributary to this river are inaccessible to fish from the main river, else some of them might, by chance, become populated by stray salmon. But a salmon wandering from its home in a cold lake to the warmer and impure water of this river would quickly return whence it came if possible, or if barred out by obstructions would incur capture by the persistency with which it would seek to return home. The lake salmon (variety *Sobago*) in the west branch of the Penobscot River. Perhaps the sill salmon of one to five pounds weight, occasionally taken in other portions of the Penobscot River are all of the lake or *Sobago* variety. I believe that the "grills" form has never been found, at least above tide water, in the Penobscot River, nor in any river in Maine, although both the "parr" and "smolt" are abundant.—EVERETT SMITH.

THE MICHIGAN NETTING CASE.—The Bay City *Tribune* gives an account of the trial of the suit brought by State Game Warden C. W. Higby, against netters, from which we make the following extracts: "The so-called fish case, wherein Joseph Robert and David Trombley and Louis Trudell were the defendants, and the salmon or trout to abide therein was the subject of the trial, was held in Bay City, Mich., on the court yesterday afternoon. Those in attendance were mostly fishermen or parties interested in fishing. The

case was a test suit, the complaint having been made under the law passed in 1879, found on page 190 of the public acts of that year. The gist of the charge was that the defendants had so placed their trap on the bottom of the canal of the river in Saginaw River, and that on the commission of the offense being February 1-12, inclusive. C. W. Highty, of Jackson, fish warden, was present to assist the prosecution. A Mr. Paron, the first witness for the prosecution, said that the defendants were fishermen and used trap nets. He thought they lifted the nets on February 3; it might have been February 5; could not swear positively as to the date. Harry Harbeck, in line of duty, interviewed the defendants and defendants; knew where they fished near the mouth of the river; they had one net between the range lights and another outside; did not know how far apart they were; never measured the distance; did not know whether they fished in the river or outside; thought it was in the river; thought Saginaw River was a harbor; had retreated to Saginaw River during a storm for shelter. John Sharp had been fishing for ten years; don't know where their nets are; saw the stakes and supposed the nets were there; never saw defendants lift the nets; should say that the range lights are in Saginaw River, one of them at least; the river begins to widen about half way between the lights. The prosecution reviewed the testimony of the witnesses and endeavored to show that the mouth of the Saginaw River, where the nets were set, was not a harbor, that a boat could anchor further out with perfect safety. The defense said that the time as sworn to in the complaint had not been fixed by the witnesses; that according to Tiffany's criminal law it must be shown that each of the four defendants were guilty as charged; the guilt of only one had been partially shown, and therefore the four could not be convicted. After some further remarks from the prosecuting attorney, the jury retired and returned a verdict of "not guilty" on the charge, and therefore the charge was dropped. This the bottom has been kicked out of the first fish suit in Bay county under the act of 1879.

"TENDERFOOT" POACHED.—DENVER, Colo., Feb. 20.—We noticed in your last issue (Feb. 15) a communication from "Tenderfoot," Colorado, Jan. 29, giving a very graphic description of fishing through the ice. We take it for granted that the fish captured were trout and do not doubt that the fishermen were "tenderfoot." Indeed, else they would not be quite so anxious to herald and thus incur the flagrant violation of our fish laws. For "Tenderfoot's" benefit we will add that the open season for trout fishing in Colorado is from July 1 to December 1, and that a diet of "hog, venison and rabbit" is preferable to a violation of the same.—FISHERMAN.

BETHABRA WOOD.—Philadelphia, Feb. 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your issue of last, you say: "Bethabura wood looks like greenheart, if not the same." Now the facts are, that it looks like it only as much as the large-mouth black bass resembles the small-mouth (viz., only partially so). Bethabura is much darker in color and closer grain, and aside from its being more elastic and stronger than greenheart, it has in it a resinous red dye, which comes out in washing it, not in washing the hands with soap will color the water a brick-red. This is an infallible test as between the two woods.—A. B. SIMPLY.

Fishculture.

TRANSPORTATION OF ADULT BLACK BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream: I send you the following interesting and instructive account of the transportation of over six hundred adult black bass from Sandusky, O., to the lake of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The whole matter was under the charge and direction of Mr. Wm. A. McIntosh, vice-president of the club. I had not seen the article before the previous to the undertaking, giving him such general advice and information as I was possessed of.

The remarkable success attending Mr. McIntosh's efforts, and the ingenuity and ingenuity of his devices for aerating the water, and his entire methods of transportation, will be useful guides for the imitation of others for similar purposes. He writes:

Dr. J. A. Henshall, Cynthiaana, Ky., Feb. 18, 1883.
MY DEAR SIR—Your favor of December 7, 1882, has been quietly resting on my desk awaiting a time when I could fully reply to it. Two years ago our club, the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club, was desirous of stocking their lake in the mountains with black bass, but as it was thought that failure was almost sure to attend any attempt in that direction, no person but myself could be obtained to undertake the enterprise. The club placed \$500 at my disposal. The first thing to be done was to procure the fish. The only person who would contract to furnish them was Oscar Listel, of Sandusky, with whom I contracted for one thousand bass, to average one and a half pounds in weight, none to weigh less than three-quarters of a pound and to be ready for delivery in Sandusky about the first of May.

Owing to extreme backwardness of the season, and large accumulations of ice in the lake and bay, no fish were ready for the time agreed upon, and it was necessary to wait until the last of May when bass Mr. Listel might be able to procure by that time. The information which I could obtain on the subject of transporting large numbers of live adult fish was extremely meagre; none of it being deduced from experience, and I was reluctantly thrown upon my own inventive resources.

First I arranged for a baggage car, and made a diagram of it. Then I had four fifteen-cask casks, three feet high and three feet in diameter, with both ends open, and cut a hole eighteen inches in diameter in the top head of each cask. I also procured five galvanized iron tanks, each three feet in diameter and five feet high, entirely open at the top. I then procured an air pump, with both ends open, and cut a hole in the air escape of this pump I attached one end of a piece of rubber hose, fifty feet in length and one inch diameter. The other end of the hose I attached to an affair of my own contriving consisting of a horizontal tube, one inch in diameter, and one inch in diameter, joined together so as to form a hollow square; then two cross tubes, the ends of which are fitted to holes cut into the inside of the hollow square tubes.

This affair is then placed on the bed of the intersection of the cross tubes and on top, a hole one inch in diameter is cut, over which is placed one end of a tin tube, one inch in diameter and three feet long, open at both ends, and being at right angles with the cross tubes. The other end of the tin tube is connected with a hole punched into the upper surface. The remaining end of the rubber hose is drawn down over the upper end of the upright tube and the whole is complete and ready for use. Holding the upper end of the tin tube in the hand the water is placed at the bottom of the cask, the lever of the air pump is worked and im-

mediately the air passes through the 200 small holes and comes bubbling up through the water. The "airfall" is easily worked from through the water, but thoroughly aerating all parts of it.

No wishing to have "all my eggs in one basket," I arranged another tin affair, of which I give you a meager description. A funnel eighteen inches in diameter at the top and four inches at its intersection, with a four-inch horizontal tube to which five four-inch tubes, six inches long, are soldered to the lower side, a four-inch hole being cut into each intersection of the lower ends of the tubes are closed with caps, which are perforated with small holes. This apparatus was fastened to the side of the car in such manner that each tube hung immediately over the center of the top of a cask. The water in these casks was aerated by dipping it out of the casks and pouring it into the funnel, whence it ran along the horizontal tube and through the perforated holes in the lower ends of dependent tubes. Closed caps were made to fit the latter which could be placed on one or more of them, and thus confine the aeration to any particular cask desired.

In addition to the above, I had several tin buckets made, eighteen inches deep and eight inches in diameter, the bottoms being perforated with a large number of small holes. Hooks were screwed into the roof of the car in such manner as to bring the buckets, when hung on the hooks, immediately over the center of the casks. Aeration was performed by dipping the buckets into the casks, filling them with water, and hanging them on the hooks above the casks. Sixteen such buckets in diameter at the top and four inches at other paraphernalia in position on the car, not forgetting a couple of thermometers, and forwarded it to Sandusky, following next day with another member of the club and two men who had for a long time been in my employ and whom I know I would find faithful and able to put in two days and a night without sleep or rest. We arrived in Sandusky on the forenoon of June 1, the rain pouring down in torrents and making a rheumatic individual feel anything but comfortable. As we were to have a fish market in the lake (or bay) as long as possible, we did not commence putting them into the casks until about two o'clock. The party who was to furnish the fish had them "corralled" in a boat about twenty-four or twenty-five feet long, and one or two feet wide. The net, the track at this point running out into the bay. We had a long, hard and tedious job getting the fish on board the car and into the casks, but at six o'clock were ready to be towed by the engine, and in half an hour were on our way, being distant, having taken on board about two tons of ice. Having arranged beforehand with the officials of the several railroads over which we would have to go for transportation on our train, we had every prospect of making a trip that would be a success. The lake was about two hours behind time, which would cause us to miss connection a Cleveland and throw us back twenty-four hours in arriving at our destination, so it is a fit result of the delay. The officials of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, requesting that the train on that road be held until our arrival. I received no answer, but on arriving at Cleveland was delighted to find that my request had been complied with. Our car soon shifted into position and we were again on the way.

We arrived at Alliance in time to have our car attached to the fast express on the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railway, and at eight o'clock were on our way. At the first stop and after a stop of less than half an hour were off on the Pennsylvania Railroad "fast day express," bound for South Fork, which place we reached at eleven o'clock. The members of the club were on hand with wagons, on which we had to transport the casks and fish two and a half miles over rough mountainous roads to the lake of the club, which was successfully completed by six o'clock P. M. The fish in the lake in apparent good condition six hundred fish, weighing from three-quarters of a pound to two and a half pounds each, losing about sixty of the six hundred and sixty with whom we started, had been completed with.

During the few days following quite a number of dead fish came to the surface of the water, perhaps one hundred, which is not to be wondered at considering the very warm weather, the nearness of the lake to the city, and the fact that the water in the casks had confined, many of them, in close quarters in Sandusky Bay.

I can assure you there was not much rest taken by any of our party, as the air pump was worked all day, and the water and the free use of ice the temperature of the water in the casks was kept down to about sixty degrees.

We are all quite well satisfied with the result, as along the shores of the lake we were able to see, in one great many of from six to eight inches in length jumping out of the water, apparently after insects.

I am just a little proud of my invention for aerating water by means of air, as I have described. If any body has a valid prior claim let me know and I'll retire. The nearest approach to it that I know of consists in pumping air into the water through a hand bellows—rather a slow process than to you have 300 or 400 gallons of water, and to pump into it a hundred or seven hundred fish, averaging one and a half pounds each, is quite a different affair from transporting in one inch in length.

Should you be in this line of business, visit our lake with me, I will be pleased to have you visit our lake with me.

Permit me to express my thanks for the pleasure I derive from reading your articles in FOREST AND STREAM, of Florida. Very truly yours, Wm. A. MCINTOSH.

After the reception of the foregoing letter I at once wrote Mr. McIntosh to ascertain if he had taken notes of the mortality of the fish in the different tanks and casks, so that I might be able to give you a more detailed report. The following is his reply:

PITTSBURGH, Feb. 17, 1883.
DR. J. A. HENSHELL, Cynthiaana, Ky.
 DEAR SIR—I had your favor of the 10th inst., and in reply would say that constant attention was required of all parties engaged in applying ice, pumping air and raising water from casks into aerating apparatus, and I being ill, it was impossible for me to do more than to see that the other method of aerating will be found of importance, i. e., the air pump or the funnel and pipes. If I were to undertake a similar job, I would try to arrange for two large tanks, one on each side of the car, and a force pump. Then, by suspending a wide, perforated trough over each tank, the water could be forced from the tanks by means of the force pump into the troughs. The manual labor required in working this is severe, but could be obtained in great measure by working the pumps by means of a belt connection with one of the car axles. Yours truly, Wm. A. MCINTOSH.

The lake of the South Fork Fishing and Hunting Club is about 90 miles east of Pittsburgh, and 2 1/2 miles from South Fork station on the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is formed by the building of a dam 1,300 feet long, between two ranges of mountains. The lake covers a total of 40 acres, and is from fourth to three-fourths of a mile in width, and nearly three miles long. The water varies in depth, being about sixty feet deep at the dam, and gradually decreasing in depth to the head of the lake, where it is only five feet deep. It is fed by a mountain stream, the south branch of the Conewago River. A part of the bottom of the lake is

the original bed of the stream, some twenty or thirty feet with rock and gravel. The rest of the bottom of the lake is for the most part ordinary soil, with a mixture of some gravel.

These particulars I received two years ago from Mr. McIntosh. The black bass of Lake Erie cannot fall to do well and increase rapidly, and grow to a very large size in this fine lake, provided they have plenty of natural food. J. A. HENSHELL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., Feb. 18, 1883.

TEMPERATURE OF WISCONSIN LAKES.—MESSRS. E. M. Gifford and G. W. Peckham, in their investigations into the temperature of Wisconsin lakes found, that at a depth of eighty feet there was a temperature of forty-two degrees Fahrenheit in summer and thirty-nine or lower in winter.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 29, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, Beach Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.
 April 3, 4 and 5, 1883.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Show, at Erie, Pa. J. J. Davis, Superintendent.
 May 1, 2 and 3, 1883.—English setters whelped on or after January 1, 1882, close February 1, 1883. Ches. Lincoln Superintendent. C. B. Ehling, Secretary.
 May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Dog Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Ches. Lincoln, Supt.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, inasmuch as the names of the officers matters of importance are liable to delay.

THE WASHINGTON DOG SHOW.

THE bench show held at Washington last week under the management of Mr. Charles Lincoln was quite a success. There were 592 entries, nearly all of them present. Including the puppies there were over 400 dogs in the building. The show was held in the Roller-staining Bank, which is well adapted for the purpose except that it is not large enough. The quality of the dogs shown was excellent, many of the best animals in the country being present. We were surprised to see so many good dogs that are owned in Washington. The show was held in the Roller-staining Bank, which is well adapted for the purpose except that it is not large enough. The quality of the dogs shown was excellent, many of the best animals in the country being present. We were surprised to see so many good dogs that are owned in Washington. The show was held in the Roller-staining Bank, which is well adapted for the purpose except that it is not large enough. The quality of the dogs shown was excellent, many of the best animals in the country being present. We were surprised to see so many good dogs that are owned in Washington.

We were pleased to learn that Mr. Lincoln was able to show a handsome balance upon the right side of his books. The judges upon the whole was fairly satisfactory. Owing to pressing matters of business (apt. Wise telegraphed at the last moment that it would be impossible for him to be present, and the exhibitors selected Mr. Chas. H. Mason to fill his place.) Messrs. Mason and Watson were nearly all the classes assigned to him, and in these he made but few mistakes. Mr. Watson also understands the classes he judged, and his decisions were generally undoubted. We were sorry to see that the dogs that had the highest number of votes were not the most prominent ones in the country were present, and many of them expressed their delight at beholding so grand an exhibition. The ladies were also out in force; many of the classes were crowded with admirers, and the prizes and crosses were lavishly bestowed upon the lucky dogs.

Everything pertaining to the show, so far as Mr. Lincoln was concerned, was of a course managed to our satisfaction; all; we have never seen dogs better cared for. We understand that it is Mr. Lincoln's intention to hold an annual bench show at Washington. Should he decide to do this, we have no doubt he will be well sustained by both exhibitors and the public.

Friday evening was the occasion of a very interesting ceremony. In behalf of the numerous friends and admirers of Old Leckers, Col. Tom Leckers, in a very complimentary and silver collar upon which was his name in large raised letters. The Colonel was very happy in his allusions to events in the career of the grand old dog. Closing with a glowing tribute to his usefulness, and a highly complimentary to the dog and his owner, he placed the collar on the neck of the hero and crowned him with a wreath of laurel. Loud and long continued applause greeted the graceful act. Col. Leckers then turned to the beautiful Petrol III, and in well-chosen words presented her with the medal she had won. She was also applauded to the echo, and for a long time admiring crowds gathered around and paid honor to the wonderful pair. Below will be found our comments upon the dogs.

MASTIFFS.

There were three grand dogs in the dog class. Cesar was absent. Major, who was first, is a magnificent animal and a credit to his site, champion Girth. Amy and Jumbo were also very good. Crook, in the bitch class, won first, she is a splendid specimen of the breed, although rather old to show well. Dinah II, who was placed second, is a very well bred bitch, and a credit to her owner. She has a good head, good points and good looks. Leda, the only other entry, was not like as a mastiff. Only one puppy was entered, Europa, who gives promise of turning out something nice.

ST. BERNARDS.

The St. Bernards were very good all through, with scarcely a bad one in the lot. The collection of St. Bernards was a credit to the club. The champion class was properly divided into a dog and bitch class. Harold, the only dog, was in grand form. Judy, who won in the bitch class, also looked well. In the rough-coated dog class St. Elmo was the only one to put up a contest. He got his prize, but was not entitled. He is a very fair animal, although he stands too high behind and is rather weak in the hind legs, which he may overgrow. He reminds us, especially in head, of Snip, which was a very good dog. Marcus was a very good dog, he arrived after the judging was over and of course too late to compete. They are a splendid brace and will undoubtedly develop into grand dogs. Lohengrin was the only good one in the smooth-coated class. He got his prize, but was not entitled. He is a very fair animal, although he stands too high behind, and will undoubtedly be his fair to make a magnificent dog, and will undoubtedly be his fair to make a magnificent dog, and will undoubtedly be his fair to make a magnificent dog.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Mayor of Hingley was properly placed first. He is a splendid specimen of the breed. General Grant is also very good for his age; he was given second.

RETRIEVERS.

There were some very good ones in this class. Fain, who won first, was in splendid condition. She is all over a greyhound, and deserved the place. Maude, who got second, is a fine animal with a capital muzzle and head. She is too wide in

ter, showing the location of the grounds, names of owners, and a schedule designating the acreage of each owner.

Your committee further report that in their judgment about five hundred quail should be set out during the present season. Although the offer of the proceeds of the sale of the appointment, they have written to High Point for the purpose of securing as many as possible up to five hundred birds, and have requested Mr. Abner Holten to have them set out.

Your committee further reports that Mr. Coster has made inquiries of residents in the neighborhood of Salisbury, N. C., where grounds were offered to the club, but that there were no grounds within fifty miles of Salisbury available, and that it would be necessary to sleep at Salisbury and take a train every morning and evening to the grounds.

Your committee are of the opinion that the grounds at High Point are the most available for the purposes of the club, and they recommend that the grounds designated on the accompanying map be accepted by the club.

Your committee further report that Mr. Coster has arranged with one of the hotel keepers at High Point for about any number of handlers up to 100 for \$1.25 per day, including the board of one dog, and 25 cents extra for each extra dog per day.

The lively stable will furnish a three-seated wagon for \$4 per day, or \$2 for half a day with room for five persons and the driver. A buggy for \$4.50 per day, and \$1.50 for half a day for two persons. Saddle-horses \$1.50 per day, and \$1 for half a day. The price of the dog is 50 cents per head, to go three and a half miles from High Point.

Your committee further reports that Mr. Coster reports that no objection will be made by the land owners to shooting quail members, under the permission of the club, over the grounds reserved.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

(Signed) GEO. T. LEACH, ELLIOT SMITH, WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

The report was approved and adopted, and the committee were authorized to carry out the arrangements proposed in their report. It was also voted that every member of the club be furnished with a card signed by the president and secretary, entitling him to shoot over the reserved club grounds after the trials until the close of the season, and that the secretary furnish each land owner a copy of such card.

The number of birds that may be killed to be limited to such number as the committee may designate at the time of the trials.

Mr. John Bouland, of Avon, N. Y., and Mr. D. S. Gregory, of New York, were elected members. It was voted that Mr. H. Abbott be debentured as a member participating in any of the field trials of the club, unless approved by the New Orleans Gun Club, and that the National American Kennel Club be informed of the action of the club. It was also voted not to reconsider the action of the club in relation to delimiting Mr. J. Mitchell, and that he be so informed. Monday, Nov. 19, was decided upon for the commencement of the field trials of 1883, which will probably allow the All-Aged Stake to commence on the 31st. Twenty-five dollars was appropriated to be given in prizes at the coming bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club for the best field trial winners exhibited—setters and pointers.

THE SIMCOE BENCH SHOW.

THE fourth annual exhibition of the Simcoe Foultry, Dog and Pet Stock Association was held at Simcoe, Canada, on Feb. 4, 5 and 6, and was attended by a large number of the nearly all of the prominent breeders in the Province. The show was held in the Military Drill Shed, which is spacious, well lighted and ventilated. The coops for the poultry occupied the center of the shed, and the kennels for the dogs were arranged around the sides. There were quite a number of first-class specimens of the different breeds exhibited, among them are some not unknown to fancy.

In the English setter class, Mr. T. G. Davey, of London, won two first prizes in prizes at the kennels for his dog and his bitch Gleamilly. I thought Dan O'Shay's Lily full as good as the latter. Jack and Jock in the Gordon class made a splendid brace, and it took Dr. Niven some time to decide between the Count, his splendid specimen of the Irish setter, and easily won first. There were quite a number of very good setter puppies present. Neat and Ranger, in the pointers, were both good and nearly equal. Dan O'Shay's couple of English Pointers, bred by the late Mr. J. G. Hecker, and his beagle Music, are hard ones to beat. I was surprised that he brought to show them at Ottawa, Pittsburgh and New York. Fennel, in the fox-terriers, is the best one that I ever saw. Mr. Gibson should send him to the large shows, where I am sure his merits would be fully placed. In the collies, Bob, Jr., and Black Mac, were also remarkably good. Mr. Rothack's splendid collection of St. Bernards were the best feature of the show, and attracted a great deal of attention, his magnificent Prima being the best prize, the best animal in the show, an honor that is richly merited. Dr. Niven, of London, filled the position very acceptably. Following are the awards:

- English Setters.—1st, T. G. Davey, London, Lavo Rock. Bitches.—1st, T. G. Davey, London, Dan O'Shay, London, Lily. Black and Tan Setters.—1st, Lome Campbell, Jack. 2d, J. Purdie, London, Jack. Vix, L. Hart. Fox Terriers.—1st, D. Flinlay, London, Dan O'Shay, London, Lily. 2d, D. D. Ward, London, Fennel. Pointers.—1st, Capt. Ermattinger, Nell. 2d, John Hall, Hamilton, Ranger. Foxhounds.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shay, London. Forester and Ringwood. Fox Terriers.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shay, London, Music II, and Rover. Fox Terriers.—3d, B. Gibson, Bletton, Music. 2d, D. O'Shay, London. Other kinds of Terriers.—1st and 2d, D. O'Shay, London, Margy and Lady. Field Spaniels.—1st, J. G. Marshall, Woodstock, Bob, Jr., 2d, J. R. McNeil, Black Mac. Water Spaniel.—1st, P. D. Hart, Curly. Cocker Spaniels.—1st, D. O'Shay, London, Verne. 2d, T. Marshall, Colfax. 3d, F. W. Taylor, London, 4th, G. Glazebrook, St. Bernards.—1st and 2d, J. G. Hecker, New York. Eggs.—1st, D. O'Shay, London, 2d, Lorne Campbell, Bugh or Bull Terriers.—1st, J. Marshall, 2d, J. Purdie, London. All other breeds classified.—1st, D. O'Shay, London, D. Ward, D. O'Shay, London. Special Prizes.—For the best dog on exhibition—Fred, W. Rothack, St. Bernard. For the best brace English setters—T. G. Davey, London, Lavo Rock and Gleamilly. For best pointer—John Hall, Ranger. For best cocker spaniel—D. O'Shay, London, Verne. For best setter—T. G. Davey, London, Lily. For best fox-terrier—Chas. A. Flinlay, Ponto and Vix. For best fox-terrier—B. Gibson, Fennel. For best dog on exhibition—Fred, W. Rothack, St. Bernard. D. O'Shay, London, Music II.

KENNEL NOTES.—The publication of the Kennel Notes is for the benefit of dog owners, breeders and buyers. We are not conscious of asking too much when we request correspondents to write us with notes in writing, to follow the style of the printed notes. A very little care on the part of our friends will insure early and correct publication of news.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—Everything promises well for the Pittsburgh show, and the managers are sanguine in the belief that it will far surpass any that they have yet seen. Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., will judge the English, Irish and Gordon setters and pointers. The other judges have not yet been selected.

NEW YORK DOG SHOW.—Mr. Charles Lincoln is in the city attending to the preliminary arrangements for the seventh annual bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club. An office has been secured at No. 23 Park Row, rooms 53 and 54. The office will be ready for the show, which will have the prize list and entry blanks will be ready. A number of changes in the classification will be made and some new classes added.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

- 1. Color. 6. Name and residence of owner, 7. Buyer or seller. 8. Date of birth, of breeding or 9. Dam, with sire and dam. 10. Owner of dam. 11. Name of dam.

All names must be plainly written, communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column. Lady Rose, Starling Bush, Starling Bush, By Mr. Edward Odell, New Orleans, La., for pointer pups, whelped Oct. 12, 1882, by his Bow out of Mr. J. C. Walker's bitch.

See instructions at head of this column. Red Irish Terrier bitch, whelped July 1, 1881 (Shiloher-Nora), owned by Mr. Lawrence Timson, New York.

See instructions at head of this column. Red Irish Terrier dog, whelped Aug. 1 (Rock Nora), owned by Mr. Lawrence Timson, New York.

See instructions at head of this column. Red Irish Terrier dog, whelped July 1, 1881 (Shiloher-Nora), owned by Mr. Lawrence Timson, New York.

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1881 (Seavention's Son-Grace), by Mr. Luke W. White (Bridgeport, Conn.) to Mr. Geo. J. Gould.

Major General, and Lavinia St. Bernard, dog, 7mos, ad (Harold-Judy), by Mr. J. H. Bates (Don's River, N. Y.) to Mr. Garrett Roub (New York).

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EXCHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column. Rock-Fan, Mr. Lawrence Timson (New York) has exchanged his Irish Terrier dog Rock (Goat-Fledge) with Dr. J. S. Niven (London, Ont.) for his Irish Terrier bitch (Nora).

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DEATHS.

See instructions at head of this column. Astor and Dashing Prince, Mr. G. R. Nichols (New Haven, Conn.) English setter dog Astor (Count Noser-Manple), and his setter bitch Dashing Prince (Dashing Monarch-Fratrose), by distemper.

See instructions at head of this column. Belle Brandon, Black and white Gordon setter bitch and ten puppies by Mrs. J. W. Jordan, by Mr. L. Wells Stone (Meriden, Conn.) Feb. 21, from distemper.

See instructions at head of this column. Jersey, Liver and white pointer bitch, 6 yrs, old, by Lord Sefton's (Meriden, Conn.) bitch, recently owned by Mr. Edward Odell (New Orleans, La.) Feb. 17, in parturition, by Mr. C. W. Caldwell (New York).

See instructions at head of this column. One liver and white cocker spaniel bitch puppy (Go-Beanty) by Mr. W. R. Rutherford (Yonkers, N. Y.) to Mr. J. M. Condit, of same place.

Rifle and Trap Shooting.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Office and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

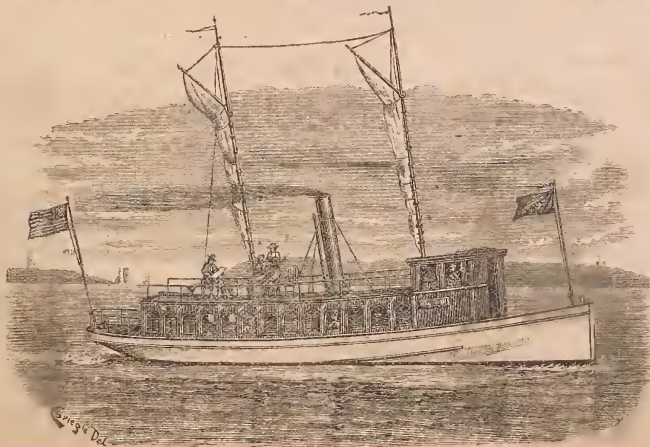
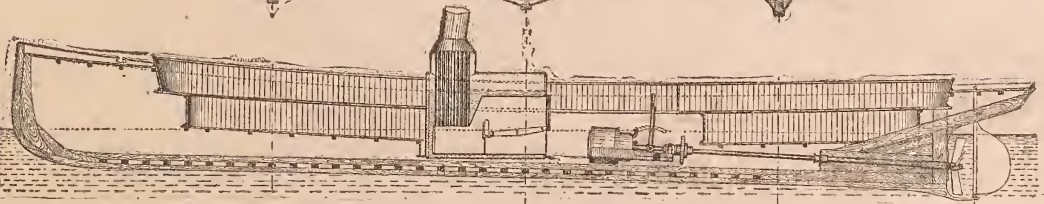
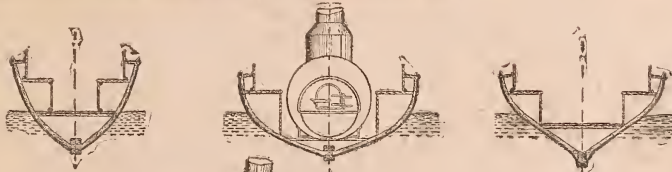
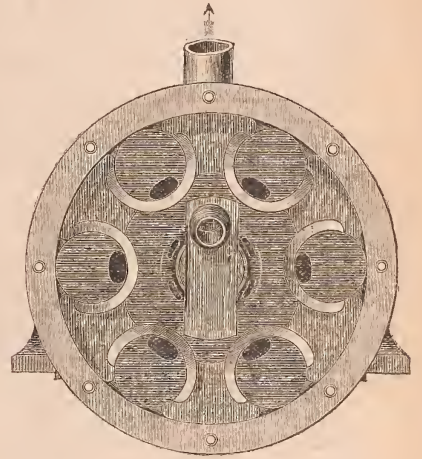
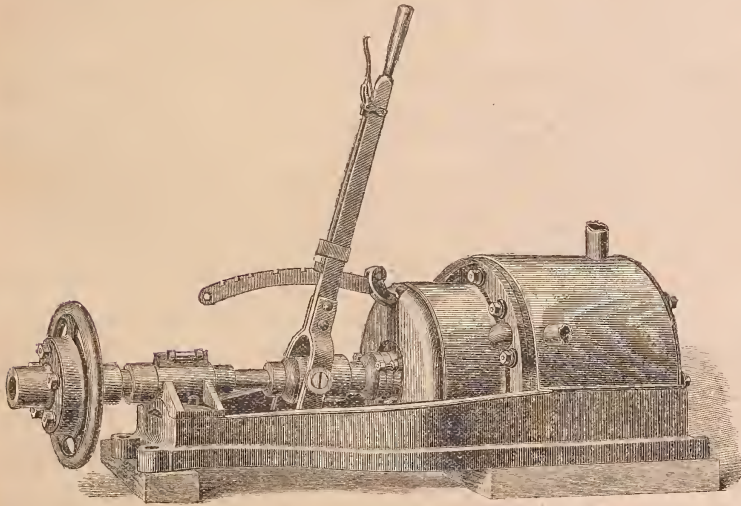
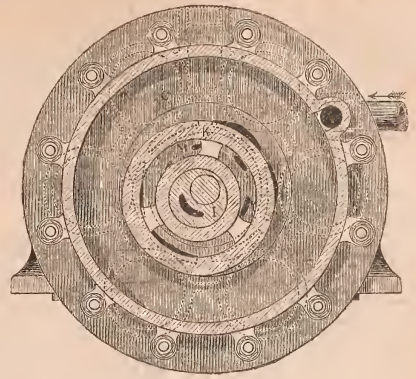
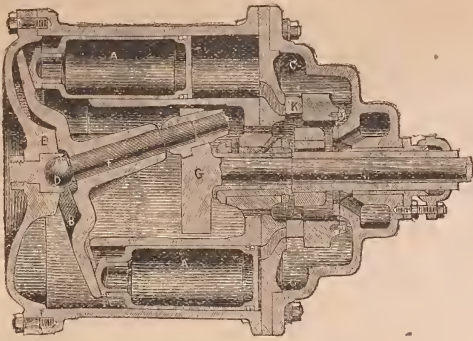
NON-CLEANING RIFLE MATCH.

THE FEATURES OF THE RIFLE THAT WILL WIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I heartily concur in the gist of your editorial, under the above heading, in relation to the issue of rifle cleaning. There are really but two practical uses for the rifle—the killing of game and the filling of the public enemy in time of war. When put to these two practical uses, it is totally useless for either of these purposes unless it is kept in such a state of cleanliness that it will "clean" or wipe out; but, on the contrary, there is frequently required a long series of consecutive and rapidly-delivered shots, without stopping, that puts the accuracy of the shooting to the severest test.

Clearly, therefore, it should be the aim of the rifle expert and the rifle builder to produce such an arm as will give the most destructive results, combined with the utmost accuracy obtainable under such



THE COLT DISC ENGINE FOR YACHTS.

THE introduction of steam as an element in yachting has within the past few years added a new chapter to this instructive and exhilarating sport, and has been the means of bringing out a vast amount of enterprising ingenuity and a great deal of friendly rivalry among yachting men, some of whom have carried the spirit of emulation so far as to build a new steamer every season, or nearly so, with the object of beating former records as to speed and relieving all rivals. Of course a great deal of the enterprise thus displayed has been entirely misplaced, owing to the want of practical knowledge on the part of these amateur marine architects; but, on the other hand, a great deal of valuable data has been obtained from these numerous experiments by men of sufficient means to carry out their hobbies, and this has been fully taken advantage of by those who make a business of building steamers and marine engines.

Steam yachts may be roughly divided into three classes, namely: Racing Machines, or boats constructed without regard for any other consideration except speed, such boats, indeed, having but little claim to the title of yacht, which, strictly speaking, implies a pleasure boat; Steam Yachts proper, or steamers constructed with a due regard for all the conditions necessary in a pleasure boat, namely, comfort, safety, elegance and reasonable speed; and Combined Steam and Sailing Yachts, in which both canvas and steam power are available, and in which in some instances the steam power is only considered as auxiliary.

The first-mentioned class will always find some advocates in a country where the almost universal motto is "Go ahead," and a brief allusion to them is, therefore, not out of place.

Allowing for the comparatively small advantages or disadvantages due to more or less perfect models, the speed of a boat may be said to depend upon the relation of the available power to the displacement or weight of the boat and its contents. Thus in order to obtain increased speed, either the weight of both hull and machinery must be reduced or the capacity of boiler and engine increased,

George DeL.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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NEW YORK CITY.

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MANIPULATING THE ZODIAC.—We do not question the sincerity of our correspondent, "Clericus," who puts in another plea for summer shooting, but it is quite evident that he has allowed his zeal to get the better of his logic. The naive manner in which he has manipulated the Zodiac and classed September among the summer months, "for the reason that the vacations of professional men and others extend as a rule into that month," is quite as ingenious as his reasoning that the present game laws represent the average sentiment of sportsmen on the subject, or that if they did, they would of necessity be right. The game laws are at best but a compromise between perfect laws and no laws at all. Nor is the average sentiment of the day any competent standard of right and wrong. "Clericus" would not use such an argument in his pulpit. He should not forget that "average sentiment" once burned witches at the stake, and in Massachusetts supported the institution of African slavery. He must not forget that the world is moving, and he ought not to forget that it is folly to cite the privileges enjoyed by our "fathers" when there was much more "howling wilderness" full of game than there happens to be to-day. But without now needlessly considering his arguments at length, we shall leave "Clericus" to the tender mercies of our correspondents.

Mr. C. P. KUNHARDT, for several years the yachting editor of this journal, announces elsewhere his resignation of that position. Mr. Kunhardt was well fitted for his work, both by a natural enthusiasm for yachting and a thorough naval training. Under his able control of its yachting columns the FOREST AND STREAM has taken an important part in the development of the sport in this country, and it will be the ambition of his successor to maintain the prestige of the journal among yachtsmen and canoeists. We take this opportunity of testifying in the heartiest way to the uniformly happy relations which have existed between Mr. Kunhardt and the other members of the editorial staff, and to express the keen regrets of both editors and publishers that his connection with the paper has been brought to a close. We trust that he may meet with most abundant success in his new field of enterprise.

MR. VEST'S VICTORY.

THURSDAY last in the United States Senate was devoted in part to a discussion of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill. Among the amendments to this bill which were passed by the Senate were a number relating to the Yellowstone Park, by which it is for the present efficiently protected from the greed of the body of men who have so earnestly striven to wrest it from the people of this country and turn it into a speculation with which to line their own pockets. The bill as amended and as passed by both houses of Congress contains the following provisions:

"For the protection and improvement of the Yellowstone National Park: For every purpose and object necessary for the protection, preservation, and improvement of the Yellowstone National Park, including compensation of superintendent and employes, \$40,000, \$2,000 of said amount to be paid annually to a superintendent of said Park, and \$900 annually to each of ten assistants, all of whom shall be appointed by the Secretary of the Interior, and reside continuously in the Park, and whose duty it shall be to protect the game, timber, and objects of interest therein; the balance of the sum appropriated to be expended in the construction and improvement of suitable roads and bridges within said Park, under the supervision and direction of an engineer officer detailed by the Secretary of War for that purpose.

"The Secretary of the Interior may lease small portions of ground in the Park, not exceeding ten acres in extent for each tract, on which may be erected hotels and the necessary outbuildings, and for a period not exceeding ten years; but such lease shall not include any of the geysers or other objects of curiosity or interest in said Park, or exclude the public from the free and convenient approach thereto; or include any ground within one quarter of a mile of any of the geysers or of the Yellowstone Falls, nor shall be leased more than ten acres to any one person or corporation; nor shall any hotel or other buildings be erected within the Park until such lease shall be executed by the Secretary of the Interior; and all contracts, agreements, or exclusive privileges heretofore made or given in regard to said Park, or any part thereof, are hereby declared to be invalid; nor shall the Secretary of the Interior, in any lease which he may make and execute, grant any exclusive privileges within said Park, except upon the ground leased.

"The Secretary of War, upon the request of the Secretary of the Interior, is hereby authorized and directed to make the necessary details of troops to prevent trespassers or intruders from entering the Park for the purpose of destroying the game or objects of curiosity therein, or for any other purpose prohibited by law, and to remove such persons from the Park if found therein."

These provisions appear to give ample assurance that the people are to be allowed to possess their pleasure ground in peace, and are not to be passed over to the tender mercies of the corporation, which, with a shrinking modesty that has rarely been equaled, attempted to seize for its own benefit about two and one quarter millions of acres of the domain of the United States. If they did not succeed in accomplishing their object it was not for want of energy, shrewdness, money, nor powerful backing. Some of the sharpest intellects, some of the best business ability in the country, worked for them; they had unlimited money with which to influence legislation; they had an enormous political power behind them. Senators and ex-Senators, men whose names are known to every voter, nay to almost every woman and child, throughout the country, did not hesitate to lobby for the success of this project, to speak for it in the halls of Congress, to use every influence, personal and political, to further it. The press of the country, with a few exceptions, was on the side of the jobbers, and they used it in such ways as they pleased. Captured by a shallow device, which we long ago exposed, the newspapers lent themselves to this scheme, and became the willing tools of the ring. There were some notable exceptions to this rule, but it was none the less the rule. With all this in their favor the question may well be asked, "Why did they not succeed in their plans?" The answer can readily be given by one who has watched the fight from its inception. They failed because Senator George G. Vest, of Missouri, occupies a seat in the Senate of these United States. Therefore every citizen owes to this gentleman warm thanks.

No one who is not thoroughly familiar with Washington and the methods of the lobbyist can at all conceive the difficulties against which he had to contend. The opposition which he had to meet in his patriotic efforts to protect the people came from all sides. The politicians, the press, the

lobby, and a considerable number of his colleagues were all against him. Only the people were on his side. If persevered, and in the face of every opposition succeeded in carrying through the measures above cited. We congratulate the Senator on his victory.

It is a matter of regret that the bill which provided for the extension of the limits of the Park could not have been passed during the present session of Congress, but we trust that at the next steps may be taken, in time, to set aside from settlement a considerable additional tract of territory on the south and east of the present Park.

In his effort to save the Park, Senator Vest has received efficient aid from Mr. Harrison, of Indiana, a gentleman who last summer visited the Park, and was thus able to speak intelligently of its needs.

We print in another column the remarks of Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, and Senator Vest's reply. Our readers can very clearly judge from these remarks just exactly how broad and liberal are the views of the Kansas Senator, and how intelligent an interest he takes in the important matter of the National Park. It was scarcely to have been supposed that in a body like the United States Senate any one could have been found to express such sentiments as those quoted, and from their tone we should imagine that the Senator was a kind of a Rip Van Winkle, only more so—a hundred years behind his age. Senator Vest's admirable reply seems to have left Mr. Ingalls nothing to say.

The time will soon come, even if it is not already here, when the Yellowstone Park will be cheap to this nation at a million dollars a year. The picaresque policy of saving a few dollars now, and by that means losing in the future something that it will be then wholly out of our power to regain, cannot be too strongly condemned. The Park is at present all our own. How would our readers like to see it become a second Niagara—a place where one goes only to be floored, where patent medicine advertisements stare one in the face, and the beauties of nature have all been defiled by the greed of man?

It is the boast of the day that this is a practical age, and its motto seems to be, "Put money in thy purse." Get money; get it—honestly, if you can—but get it. Sacrifice everything to this hunger for lucre. Set Niagara to turning millwheels, build your manufactories over the geysers, for in them you have perpetual motion. Cut up your parks and sell them for farms or for building lots, as the case may be. The man whose pockets are to be filled will not say a word against the work of destruction.

The progress of this spirit must be checked; and for having interferred to save the Park from the monopolists, we thank you, Senator Vest.

HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.—III.

ALL seasons are good wherein to go hunting without a gun, but none better than when the arbutus is blooming or a little earlier, when of all flowers the liverleaf alone has raised its head above the mold. For then you are in duty bound not to hunt, it being close time for all game except wild ducks and geese and the persecuted snipe—and ought to be for them.

The trees are waking from their long sleep, showing it not only by the swelling buds that give a purple tinge to all the gray woods, but by a more living look in their trunks. Their old leaves, pressed flat by the snow, that so long has lain upon them, thickly cover the ground and will add a nail's thickness to the crust of the world.

Here and there on the brown carpet, are tufts of evergreen ferns, cushions of moss, blotches of the purple green leaves of hepatica and dots of its flowers. The sun shines down through the lattice of branches, and checks all with meshes of shadow.

The chipmunk and woodchuck have left the darkness of the under world and are out in the sun again. The birds that spend the year with us are here—jays, woodpeckers, titmice and nuthatches—all busy and noisy, and some of the migrants have come. A hawk is cruising high above the tree-tops, his broad sails golden brown in the sunlight, and a black guard of crows are challenging a fox in his own woods, or an owl in the tree, that has been his home these ten years. A peewee makes sudden flights from her perch and back, gathering an insect in every airy loop. A bluebird crawls in a tree-top against a sky as blue as his back, and a flock of slate-colored snowbirds are thridding a thicket, and filling it with their light warble and sharp metallic chirp, like the clucking of cuckoos. They are not snowbirds with us, for they go further southward when the first snow comes, and are by no means the earliest spring comers.

o'clock P. M. come back and feed until sundown, when all again returned home for the night. After a while, however, especially on cloudy or cool days. But when the weather was very hot they would again seek the shade for the middle portion of the day.

Oftentimes when they came to the marsh at high tide I would mark them down, and quietly approaching in my boat the one most accessible, watch its movements unobscured. When suspicious of danger or slightly alarmed the bird, if not taking water at once, will quietly walk away with head and neck low, as if in a hasty and better concealment, or else will assume an upright position with stern depressed, body and neck nearly perpendicular, and the bill elevated at an angle of forty to fifty degrees from the horizontal. Standing thus, perfectly motionless, its plumage assimilating in color to the surroundings of grasses and brown reeds, the bird so closely resembles a stake as often to deceive a passer-by. I once sat in my boat and sketched one standing in this position, within thirty-five yards of me. After waiting some fifteen minutes, I landed and made a detour around the bird in order to observe its first movement, expecting that the head would be turned toward me. But not so, for the slightest change in position could I observe. Gradually approaching nearer, I really began to be suspicious that my assistant had placed a stuffed bird there for the purpose of deceiving me, but on clapping my hands the bird immediately flew away.

August 28, I shot three of my pets, and, as I expected, found them in very fine condition. The others remained undisturbed until October, frequenting the same locality. Some one may ask why I killed these birds, and I confess that it was not for sport, for they do not afford it, since they are too easily to be approached and killed. Although wishing to make simultaneous comparison of the plumage, dimensions, etc., of several specimens of different sexes and ages, I had the more sensual desire to gratify the cravings of the palate.

The bittern is a most desirable addition to the cuisine, and to appreciate this delicacy requires no more cultivated taste than is necessary to appreciate a woodcock, snipe, or Barmatian sandpiper. Probably the popular prejudice against the bittern on account of an obnoxious vulgar name generally applied to it, as also to various herons, has deterred the bird from the water for the last few years, hence it is traditionally reported by them as unfit for food.

But if one has a taste for any of the waders, let him try a young bittern in September. If in plump condition and well broiled (underdone), the bird will prove an acceptable morsel.

In the "old country" the bittern is considered a delicacy; hence I was not surprised to find the bird so regarded in the Canadian provinces.

Although the night herons, or "quawks," somewhat resemble this species in form, size, mode of flight, choice of food, and during immaturity, or in summer and autumn, in the general coloration of plumage, yet the habits of the two species are different in various respects.

The night herons are truly nocturnal birds, and do not habitually seek for food throughout the day, except during the breeding season. But as the sun goes down they may be seen singly, in pairs or groups, wending their way from the heronries to their favorite feeding resorts. Early in the morning they return to their roosts in the woods. Their cry, "quawk," is more frequently uttered while on the wing than at other times. They always breed together in colonies, in trees, and never upon the ground.

In contrast to the life of the night herons, the usual habit of the bittern is to remain on the ground, and to return in the morning from the marshes to their roosts in the trees, the bitterns sail forth in quest of food, winging their way silently and singly, or in little groups of a single family each. They nest upon the ground, and not in colonies, although several pairs may nest near each other in favorable localities.

Previous writers upon the subject of the habits of the bittern are to be seen reiterating the statement that it is "wild, shy and solitary."

In the various localities where I have observed them, and at all seasons, I have ever found it to be a gentle, unwary bird, solitary as regards its secluded habits, but never very wild or shy, being easy of approach even in localities much frequented by sportsmen. I have, when driving across a bare marsh from which the grass had been cut, seen a bittern near by, and, starting my carriage, quietly walked within forty yards of the bird without disturbing it from feeding, except momentarily. At other times I have marked one down in the long grass and passed very closely thereby without flushing it. After seeing its enemy, man, in close proximity and in full view, the bird would not resume feeding if paralyzed with fear. And while my observations agree with those of Audubon so far as they go, I draw an entirely different inference from my own experience, as also from the incidents mentioned by him. He has written: "That they are extremely timid I well know, for on several occasions, when I have suddenly come upon them, they have stood still from mere terror, until I have knocked them down with an oar or stick."

To my mind this is evidence, not of paralyzing terror, but of the unsuspecting gentle nature of this bird, which seeks safety in remaining motionless in the hope of escaping notice, or else steals quietly away in the rear of the grass.

Again Audubon writes: "I never saw one of them fly further than thirty or forty yards at a time." When flushed quietly this is often the case, and so tame are they oftentimes as to be repeatedly disturbed without taking longer flights than that. But I remember that at Machias the boys of the village began to shoot in the vicinity of the feeding place of my pets after September 1, and the four remaining bitterns very soon became very wary, so much so as to elude capture by the boys, although still daily frequenting the same feeding place until well into October.

The bittern differs in general habits from the common varieties of herons, in that it never nests upon trees, nor associates in colonies, nor repeats its cries while flying to or from its feeding place. It is diurnal and not nocturnal, prefers fresh meadows to salt marshes, and it is not very gentle and unwary. I have found the bittern exceedingly abundant in some parts of Minnesota as well as elsewhere in the West.

213. Least Bittern—*Ardea exilis* Aud.; *Ardeola exilis* Ridg. 465, Cs. 667.—This smallest species of our heron family appears now to be quite rare in Maine, although formerly common in certain localities. In 1863 several pairs were breeding at Scarborough, as also others at Falmouth, but within the last couple of years I have found the bitterns exceedingly abundant in some parts of Minnesota as well as elsewhere in the West. The latest occurrence of the species of which I

have record was a single specimen shot near Fort Popham, at the mouth of the Kennebec River, early in September, 1881.

Like the common bittern, which it somewhat resembles in plumage and much in form, although so diminutive, the least bittern nests upon the ground, laying its four or five eggs in June. The young are well able to fly and take care of themselves early in August, although the parents, both male and female, still remain with them at that time and continue a fostering care. I once watched a family of seven during July and August. Their daily nocturnal retreat was the gunwale of an unused boat anchored in a small cove, and while perched there would permit me to swim within a few yards without showing fear or being at all disturbed.

The habits of this species much resemble those of the greater bittern. They are very gentle, are diurnal and not nocturnal, nest upon the ground, do not associate in colonies, and I have never seen one alight upon a tree, although not infrequently I have observed them upon the large stalks of marsh hay, where they were industriously seeking and devouring insects. I have also observed the little green heron thus engaged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THESE MARINE MONSTERS.

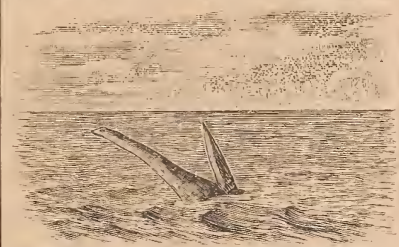
OUR notes on the strange marine monsters, loosely called "sea serpents," continue to accumulate, and we are not without hopes that from this discussion may arise some facts which shall be of permanent value to science.

We owe to the kindness of Prof. Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, the opportunity to print the two letters given below. Our readers will remember Captain Platt's account of his own observations published in a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM, and these appearances to Captain Howes adds most interesting details concerning the creatures seen at different times in almost the same locality. The letters explain themselves:

U. S. NERVE DEPOT, MALDEN, MASS. }
February 17, 1883.

Professor Spencer F. Baird, U. S. Commissioner, Fish and Fisheries, Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in inclosing a thoroughly reliable account of the sea serpent seen by Captain Frank M. Howes in 1875 in almost the same place that I saw the one that I reported. Captain H.'s account is better than



mine, from the fact that he was nearer and saw its head and mouth; but the fin and its manner of holding its head was pretty much as what I saw. You will see by Captain H.'s letter that he made a note of seeing these creatures in the ship's log. I think now you can say safely that these creatures are sea serpents, and I believe that they are often seen, but those seeing them feel that they would only be ridiculed by reporting them. ROBERT PLATT.

BAITWORM, Feb. 13, 1883.

Robert Platt, Master, U. S. N.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN:—At last I have found my log-book which had the sketch of the "sea serpents," which I saw on the 13th of August, 1875. The sketch I made immediately after seeing them. A cut taken from my sketch was published in the Boston Globe of August 14, 1875. I saw three of them: two large and one small. All the family were out that day. They were a different animal from any I ever saw before, and I have been around the Horn into the Pacific twice. I inclose a rough sketch. I shall never



forget how they appeared, but I wanted to find my time-book, thinking that I had made some memorandum which would give the particulars more fully than I might remember them. The large ones showed about fifteen feet of their length, and carried their heads about six feet from the water. I estimated that through the head they measured from twelve to fifteen inches, and grew gradually larger until at the water line they were, I should say, about two feet six inches to three feet in diameter. They were going quite fast in an opposite direction. We were about two miles from Cape Cod Light, by the way. They looked remarkably like a snake. The head was flat, and when they were right abeam about 250 to 300 feet away, the small one came up head on to us. I had my glasses right on them at the time, and I noticed under the jaw it was perfectly flat, and there was a sort of rim formed by the mouth and lips, such as snakes and frogs usually have. When they came up the body was at an angle to the water of about fifteen to twenty degrees or perhaps more. On their backs was a long slender fin projecting forward at an angle of twenty degrees from themselves, and I should think it was five or six feet long. It would oscillate or vibrate very perceptibly. The upper part of the body was a blackish color, shading into a cream color on the under part. Another thing I

remarked, they did not curve down when they disappeared, but gradually sank. Taking it altogether I think there is no doubt but that they were "sea serpents," judging from appearances—and I am no Polonius. A number of my officers and passengers saw them; and one of the captains of the Philadelphia and Boston steamer which passed Cape Cod a short time ahead of me went close alongside of them, and his description, as told me by a friend, tallied with mine.

This is about the thing. I hope Professor Baird won't say as Judge Bond did; "That I must have had 'em awful bad to have seen three." FRANK M. HOWES.

The explanation of a supposed monster by "C." is interesting, but it is not to be supposed that all or any considerable portion of the trustworthy and credible individuals who have reported that they have seen these animals should have been deceived, as was the ancient mariner, whom our correspondent quotes. He says:

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was quite interested in Dr. Ayre's article on the sea serpent, and chanced to be in the company, a short time afterward, of Mr. Alexander Renney, an old seafaring man, who is perfectly reliable for all he may say. We were conversing on various adventures of his, until finally he said he had seen these serpents, and I was all attention at once. At his request he gave the following account of it. He said:

"About forty-five years ago I was with Capt. John Luce, engaged in coasting. Just at that time the New London papers were full of accounts of one being seen off the east end of Long Island, and we had just been reading about it. We were coming through the Sound, and had scarcely any wind, but there was a sort of steamboat roll on. When we were about opposite New Haven we saw, distant at least half mile or so, what we had just been reading about—the sea serpent. His head was pretty well out of the water, his tail lost underneath it; the humps corresponded exactly with the description, there being eight or ten of them. It was apparently swimming in the same direction we were going. After viewing it for quite a while, Capt. Luce said he was going to have a closer look at it, lowered the yawl and said to me, 'Will you go with me?' I did not like to refuse after the captain said he was going, so I told him I would go with him. We had a good pair of oars, and started for the creature. As we neared him we saw the monster more plainly, and stopped and looked, and he seemed an ugly-looking fellow. We now turned the boat and backed toward him very slowly, all the time ready to bend on the oars for our vessel, in case he put for us. We finally got quite close and stopped, and then after a while we made him out. Now what do you think he was?" I guessed the serpent, of course. "No," "Seaweed, then?" "No," "Well, what was it?" "A water fence of about eight or ten lengths tied together with grapevines. Seaweed had collected at the joints, and gave the appearance of humps at a little distance off. The head or high part was the shore end, and the other had been under the water so long it had become heavy and scarcely floated."

Capt. Luce says he has no doubt that this was the sea serpent seen off New London, the wind and tide bringing it in the Sound. I confess I felt disappointed at the finale, and almost wished they had not gone quite so close to it. If the above will be the means of hearing more of the serpent, it will be interesting to C. WATKINS RIVER, Jan. 22.

In the Portland (Me.) Press of Jan. 27, appearing the following item:

Capt. William Richardson, of the fishing schooner Village Maid, near Baitworm, when about six miles from Cape Elizabeth, the two lights bearing northwest, had his attention called to a monster by Herbert Elliot. Whatever it was it was disturbing the water, and when one-eight of a mile from their heads the monster raised itself some twelve feet out of the water in a perpendicular position, with its head bent forward at right angles from its body; it appeared to be two feet in diameter, with hoars, shining scales. The water was lashed into foam as it disappeared under the sea with a long, sweeping motion. It continued to rise at short intervals, the same appearance until lost in the distance.

We have taken some pains to investigate this report; but the information received, while it adds something to the newspaper report, is not wholly satisfactory, being somewhat meagre in its details. One correspondent, who was requested by us to investigate this matter, writes us as follows:

PORTLAND, Me., Feb. 19, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The sea monster reported as seen near Cape Elizabeth, Maine, in December, 1882, was observed by Wm. L. Richardson, of Ferry Village, Me., master of the fishing schooner Village Maid, and by Herbert Elliot, of same place and vessel. The vessel was drifting under mainsail with boom gaged out, with only the captain and cook aboard, the crew in dorics a mile to windward, when the creature was first seen by Mr. Elliot, who exclaimed to Capt. Richardson, "Is that one of our dorics to leeward?" The captain leaped up on the binnacle for a better view, and saw that the object, at first apparently lying quietly at the surface of the water, was a living creature, and the water could be seen to dash up about it as it moved.

Capt. Richardson says that it would have attracted no especial attention in the summer season, when whales, sharks and other large creatures of the ocean abound on this coast, but it was seldom seen when here in winter.

This "sea serpent" when seen was about a quarter of a mile to leeward, and the time half-past three o'clock in the afternoon of a bright day; sea smooth, no swell, and breeze very light from the north; the vessel then being on the "White Head" fishing ground, about eight miles to the southward of Cape Elizabeth. While being watched the creature raised a part of itself above the water, appearing then to the observers to be about the size of a barrel or "larger," black and glistening in the sunlight, with its head "fully six feet above the surface of the water," and held horizontally at right angles to the erect part of the body seen. The body seemed larger near the water than at the head of the creature. Remaining thus raised for several seconds, the monster, with a curving motion, disappeared beneath the water and was seen no more. I have thought it possible that this "sea serpent" may have been one of the enormous hauled seals, astray from the coast of Labrador, but the observers are confident that it was quite a different creature. A late officer of the U. S. Navy collected a voluminous mass of evidence upon the subject of the sea serpent, much of it of great value, as showing conclusively the occurrence of some such strange monster along the coast of New England, but not yet captured nor accurately described. This manuscript evidence was in possession of the Rev. and Hon. Andrew H. Story Smith, and destroyed by one of our unfortunate fires.

EVERETT SMITH,

Rochester has such a fall, she need not apprehend any such fate as befall the capitals of Greece and Italy.

The advantages of this place for a shooting ground have long been appreciated. It was formerly the range on which the celebrated Billiard Club met to test their prowess before being sent out to challenge the world for accuracy and spread the repute of this city as a manufacturing center. Ages before the sound of a rifle was heard in the Genesee Valley there were shooters on this flat, for they have left evidence of their existence in numerous flint arrow-heads, of which I had a finely chipped specimen picked up on the field a few years ago.

The region appears to possess for wildfowl some of the attractions ascribed by Tom Moore to the Skellig Islands in the county Wexford, Ireland.

Islets, so freshly fair,
That never hath bird come nigh them,
But from his course through
He hath been won down by them.

The place is only a short distance from the middle of the city and surrounded by dwellings and manufactories, but the river flows beside it and its water seems to attract the feathered tribe as a magnet does a needle.

I remember one occasion on which a flock of Canada geese, going south, lost their way or became demoralized in crossing the river at this spot, and after flying wildly about the mills swooped down in the river and seemed to collect their scattered senses from contact with its water, for in a short time they arose and went off hooking, leaving, however, one of their number behind to testify to the skill of Rochester wildfowlers. When the weather is very cold a few winter ducks come into the rapid. I shot one of them from the west bank of the river one very cold day some time ago, and it fell on the ice on the east side. I was looking for a safe place to cross, when two men with guns rushed down the bank and made for the bird. As one of them picked it up the ice broke under him, and he was immersed to the shoulders—a clear case of poetic justice. One day last fall as a part of us were shooting glass balls a novel trophy was added to the edge of the river. The traps were deserted instantly, and the bird paid forfeit with its life for having thus ventured into the lion's mouth. At a recent ball shoot of the club the sport was varied by the presence of merganser amid the floating ice, and it too was brought to pot.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

SENATORIAL OPINIONS ON THE PARK.

WE give below the remarks made by Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, during the course of the discussion of those amendments to the sundry Civil Bill which relate to the Yellowstone National Park. These sentiments do not require much comment from us, and we leave our readers to form their own opinion thereon. The remarks of Senator Vest is worth reading, because it shows so intelligent an appreciation of the needs, present and future, of the American people. Let our readers compare the two speeches;

MR. INGALLS.

The best thing that the Government could do with the Yellowstone National Park is to survey it and sell it as other public lands are sold. I have no doubt there are great curiosities, spouting geysers, crimson cliffs, and inaccessible mountain summits within that domain; but these features are not peculiar to that portion of the country. I know of no greater reason why the Government should exercise exclusive dominion over that domain than that it should assume to exercise control over Pike's Park or the Garden of the Gods or the Falls of Niagara or the Mississippi River, or any other of the great natural features of this continent.

It is getting to be a good deal of an incubus, and it is very rapidly assuming troublesome and elephantine proportions. We are already engaged in a very good-sized wrangle and quarrel with our own people about the best way of disposing of a way of unauthorized leases, as alleged by the Secretary of the Interior. Ten thousand dollars has already been spent in laying out roads that nobody uses. Last year we appointed a superintendent at an expense of \$2,000, and this year the appropriations are \$40,000. There is to be a corps of assistants to stay there summer and winter to look after the spouting geysers, to see that patent medicines are not sold around on the cliffs, that timber is not cut away, and that the noble game is not excluded from those preserves. If this thing continues and the engineers of the Government are to lay out a system of roads and bridges, it will not be five years before it will take a million dollars a year to run that Park.

I do not understand myself what the necessity is for the Government entering into the show business in the Yellowstone National Park. I should be very glad myself to see an amendment to this bill to authorize that portion of the public domain to be surveyed and sold, leaving it to private enterprise, which is the surest guarantee for proper protection for such objects of care as the great natural curiosities in that region. I believe they would be safer that way, and that the interest of the public would be better preserved that way, and we should have easier and better and surer access, and less encroaching demands upon the Treasury of the United States.

MR. VEST.

I do not think that this is exactly the time to discuss the question that the Senator from Kansas has brought to the attention of the Senate. I was not a member of the Senate when the dedicatory act was passed. I believe, if I am not mistaken, that the Senator from Kansas was. That was the time that he ought to have made the speech that he has delivered here to-night.

I am very frank to say, however, that I thoroughly indorse the purpose for which the act of 1873 was enacted. I believe that this Park is necessary to the American people. The Senator speaks of cutting it up, or surveying it, or selling it. This mountain wilderness is absolutely without value unless it be for mineral purposes, and the minerals have not yet been discovered. If the Senator from Kansas thinks that the noble game that inhabit that region, which is fast being exterminated, should utterly disappear from this continent, he should destroy this Park. The last hope of the preservation of the bison, the buffalo, the moose and the elk upon the continent of North America exists in the preservation of that Park, and to such an extent that it will be a great preserve.

The Senator speaks as if this was some proposition *sub genere*, unknown before. France has such a park, Germany has such a park, England has her royal parks, and why should

not America have her republican park, free to the people of the States, with these great curiosities that exist nowhere else?

Mr. President, the great cause of this age and of the American people is its materialistic tendencies. Money, money, *Argent, Argent*, is the cry everywhere, until our people are held up already to the world as noted for nothing except the acquisition of money at the expense of all esthetic taste and of all love of nature and its great mysteries and wonders.

I am not ashamed to say that I shall vote to perpetuate this Park to the American people. I am not ashamed to say that I think the Government answers a great purpose in our national life. There should be to a nation that will have a hundred million or a hundred and fifty million people, a park like this as a great breathing-place for the national lungs, as a place to which every American citizen can resort instead of spending his money amid the Alps of Europe or wandering on the Eastern continent in search of the wonders of nature. This is the great wonderland of the world, and if Senators will take the pains to write but an hour to reading as I have done lately the account in plain, unvarnished phrase, from men who have no artistic taste but who love nature, the description of the great wonders that exist here, I shall not be afraid that speeches like those of the Senator from Kansas will find suffrage in the Senate.

But the question now before us is whether we shall keep this Park free from vendors. If the Senator hereafter proposes to survey it and cut it up and sell it, I shall be perfectly willing to discuss that question.

GUINEA FOWL AS GAME.

Killor Forest and Stream.

I have seen the guinea fowl lie in flocks among wheat stubble in the fields as closely as quail, not flushing until almost stepped on. They are kept around farm houses like chickens, but unlike them do not stay in the yard, but run around the way all day, only coming back for their morning and evening meals. They roost in the trees at night, and in fact go almost wild. When wanted for the table they are generally hunted up in the woods and killed with a shotgun. They fly fast for a heavy bird—very much like a prairie chicken. Instead of flying in a bunch they string out in a line like geese or ducks. When flushed they utter their peculiar note several times very sharply until they are well on the wing, and again as they alight. If the hunter can get on a bird with the direction of their flight, he ought to get several at a shot, as they are strung out so.

Last fall, while on a quail-shooting trip in the country, I was asked at a farmhouse to kill some "guineas," as they were called, for dinner. They had been noticed some time before feeding in a large field on the edge of some woods; the field was covered with high grass, so they could not be seen. Keeping close to my dog, I in a little while began to give signs that they were near, and pretty soon pointed. As I came up the "guineas" rose with a terrible cry directly above me for the nearest piece of woods. They were all in a line, and as I fired the first barrel seven fell, and three came down to my second. This was more than half the flock. The rest I let go as I had already more than I wanted. Some of them were only wounded and had to be retrieved, but as a double shot I did this one was very successful, as I had never before killed more than one at a time. If the guinea fowl is allowed to run wild and hunted a little, I see no reason why it should not make a very good game bird. Its flesh tastes good like one anyhow. A law for shooting them should be made very strict because they would sell for a good price, and on that account would be very much hunted for the market.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

THE RECEPTION OF THE "SCREED."

SOME weeks ago I sent a "New Year's Scree" to your office, which was fairly rendered and might well be calculated to provoke returns. It was written hastily, not thoughtfully, and I have never before shouldered a little maybe; but, in the main, well right.

The returns have been encouraging. I do not stand alone by long odds. The "scree" has brought me dozens of letters, some of them six to eight pages in extent, all flattering and commendatory. The letters bear evidence of sportsmanship, fair play and culture. The adverse criticisms have been light. "Meat-Hawk" has a mild protest against being thought a fool because he has several dogs that cost him over \$100 each. I did not say that; but I can't help thinking of the old adage, "A fool and his money," etc. The fair cost of raising and training a good business hunter, setter, pointer or hound never ought to be more than \$25. I have owned, raised and trained hunting dogs for more than fifty years. The highest price I ever got for a dog was \$30. This was for a pointer that stood a snipe, in a raw March wind, for thirty minutes by the watch, without a perceptible hitch or uneasy movement. I thought him well sold.

The hound has loathed me most. I can train and break three pointers, setters or cockers more easily than one eager hound. I have trained and broken the fiercest and gamiest hounds. But, alas, when they were trained to voice aid whistle, their vim and *elan* were gone. They became "ridge dogs." They listened for signals and ran short races. The ran well for a little while and came back. "Meat-Hawk" thinks I might call the man a fool who paid \$500 for an oil painting when he could buy a chromo for five cents. I dare say I should. I know something of this painting business. I think I can name a parvenu of New York who paid not \$500, but \$4,000 for an oil painting by an "old master," the same having been painted in Rome by a sharp young artist of Cincinnati and duly manipulated by a shrewd live dealer in Vienna. In 1870 I was shown in New York a painting of two rappers for which \$6,000 was paid by the owner, who would not have given six dollars for the originals. Is a "counterfeit presentment" then worth more than the original?

Recently I read a paragraph in a New York daily stating that a painting on a canvas eight inches by six had been sold for \$85,000. And I will bet that signals and ran short races. The ran well for a little while and came back. "Meat-Hawk" thinks I might call the man a fool who paid \$500 for an oil painting when he could buy a chromo for five cents. I dare say I should. I know something of this painting business. I think I can name a parvenu of New York who paid not \$500, but \$4,000 for an oil painting by an "old master," the same having been painted in Rome by a sharp young artist of Cincinnati and duly manipulated by a shrewd live dealer in Vienna. In 1870 I was shown in New York a painting of two rappers for which \$6,000 was paid by the owner, who would not have given six dollars for the originals. Is a "counterfeit presentment" then worth more than the original?

afford the originals, but the copies are good enough. "When the mountain streams are frozen and the norland winds are out" I get my little array of art to the front and arrange it first in the direction of the wind. First, the Damascus barrels of the shotgun. The intricate and beautiful pattern is just as fine to me as a good oil painting. Then a card of trout and bass flies by the best makers; next a few of Prang's best chromes; one or two oil paintings; my best rod; photos of friends, etc. One of the paintings represents a henlock tree of perfect pyramidal form. Right in front of me as I write stand three henlocks, perfect as nature made them, all pyramidal in form and the growth of thirty years. Now I turn to the naked eye or microscope. The painting is the dabb of a plasterer. The work of nature stands the test from minutest twig and leaf to the root—more and more beautiful the more fully it is developed.

As to the five-cent chromo ("Meat-Hawk's"), I do not see it. But the last Prang chromo, I indorse. I can give my wife and children the benefit of a good picture at a cheap price. They enjoy, and see it. "Tuxis" pays his respects, and thinks I had better draw it a little finer—take the bow and arrow instead of the old muzzle-loader. He is well right. The suggestion is good. Now, let us have a law something like this: "From and after the first day of April, 1883, it shall be unlawful for any person to kill or have in possession any deer or part of a deer, killed by any device save only by the bow and arrow. Penalty, \$1,000 or imprisonment for 1,000 days. All collections of money to be paid to the informer on whose testimony conviction is attained."

Pass such a law and enforce it. Extend it to every bird and animal now recognized as game. I dare say they would vote for it, with a chance. It would develop a good deal of muscle and skill in archery, and some deer would still be slain. It is not so very long ago that they were killed in no other way.

As to the covert snar at the old muzzle-loader, let me state a few provable facts. "Ben Gitchell," "Joel Culver," "Old Foster," "Jim Locke," "Jim Steele," "Eph Steele," and "Old Man Young," each killed from 1,000 to 2,000 deer with a single-barreled whole-stocked flint-locked, long-barreled Lancaster rifle. Is that enough? Or would it have been better that they had the modern breech-loader? "Capt. Dorsal Fin" gives me a lift. My dorsal fin is worn flat from toting the knapsack. But here's my dexter doctor. Let him cut me off somewhere in the Adirondacks if he can, and dare.

A word as to the Yellowstone Park business. You, Senator Vest and the best intellect of the country have got on the matter heavily and earnestly. All have spoken well and heartily. *Cudiono!* Mr. Rufus Hatch, *et id genus*, etc., are going right along as though nothing had happened to disturb their serene plans. Are they going to heat?

WELLSBORO, Pa., Feb. 26.

SUMMER SHOOTING.

IT is proposed by the FOREST AND STREAM, and others of the shooting fraternity, to repeal all laws permitting summer shooting, and thus to sweep away forever privileges which many of us have esteemed and enjoyed, and which our fathers enjoyed before us.

There was a custom in Athens of old, whenever a law was about to be repealed, to appoint an advocate, to plead its cause as that of a defendant.

My object in this article is to call for the advocate who will make an effective plea for summer shooting, before this question shall be decided. My solution shall be that "Nothing is settled till it is settled right," and how shall we get at the merits of a case unless we hear "the other side."

While waiting for the advocate I beg to submit a few thoughts to the reader.

You have noticed that it has become—shall I say fashionable—to denounce summer shooting. A few editors of the sporting press and hook-makers have passed the word. "No summer shooting," and certain self-appointed guardians of shooting interests in various parts of the country have caught it up and re-echoed it after them, till at length it is fanned to be "the thing" to cry down and sneer at any who favor the old ways in this matter. You have noticed also the supercilious and lordly way in which these persons deign to touch the subject, assuming, as they do, that the question has been decided on its merits, and that all who differ from them are disloyal to the guild—are indeed "masked pot-hunters," could they be uncovered.

Well, sarasinu won't always accomplish its end. Byron said, "Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away," but the poet's success lay in "the ripeness of the times" even more than in his matchless sarcasm. In order to clear the way for our conclusions, let us put down the things on which we are all agreed:

1. Game laws are dependent for their execution on the sporting public, on the men who use the rod and gun. No game constable can succeed so long as these are indifferent or hostile.

2. These laws must represent the average sentiment and convictions of the shooting public. They must be free from the suspicion of having been framed in the interests of a class. They must be just, and aim at "the greatest good of the greatest number."

3. They must vary in various States according to climate and topography. Uniformity is impossible.

4. They must be framed so as to protect the young. Full-grown birds alone are lawful game, and the fawns must be brought to maturity. The rights of the farmers must be respected.

There is no better way, perhaps, to get at the average sentiment of the sporting fraternity on this question of summer shooting than by an examination of the game laws of the country.

I have been looking at these laws with a view to classification, and with the following results: Of the several States and Territories of the United States—
15 permit quail shooting in summer, viz., 9 in September, 5 in August, and 1 in July.
24 permit woodcock shooting in summer, viz., 13 in July, including New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Delaware, Illinois; 7 in August, including Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, Michigan; and 4 in September, including Maine, Vermont, Rhode Island.
23 permit ruffed grouse shooting in summer, viz., 1 in June, 7 in August, 15 in September, including New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, Ohio, and Maine.
19 permit partridge shooting in summer, viz., 1 in June, 1 in July, 7 in August, including Michigan, New York, North

Carolina; 10 in September, including New Hampshire, Virginia, Wisconsin.

In these statistics September is classed under summer shooting, for the reason that the summer vacations of professional men and others extend as a rule into that month.

It will be seen, then, that the game laws of the country do not indorse the new watchword of our reformers, "No summer shooting."

These laws may be wise or otherwise, but they indicate public sentiment, and are the best expression we have of the convictions of the country.

Let us now take a model law and examine its working. Let us take the law of Connecticut, which fixes the open season for upland birds at October 1.

What are the facts in the Nutmeg State? Why, in the first place, there is widespread discontent. For several years an organized party has been made at Hartford to restore July woodcock shooting.

In the second place, the law is not enforced or obeyed. In many parts of the State the shooters have agreed among themselves to shoot in July, affirming that their local birds are gone in October, and that the flight birds do not touch them; while in other parts of the State the shooters open the ball in September. A third objection to the Connecticut law is that it is open to the open season on quail. Many of the coveys are but half-grown at that date.

November 1 is quite early enough for quail.

Uniformity, or a universal law, is impracticable.

Your correspondent at Wellsville, N. Y., in last week's paper gave the judgment of his section in favor of woodcock shooting in August. He tells us that it is summer-shooting or none.

Let us propose the law now with the Legislature at Albany, if passed, will restore July shooting in the Empire State.

Let us now ask for the objection which appeared so conclusive to our friends on the other side. We are all agreed that our game laws should be framed in harmony with the four principles stated above.

It is obvious that you will enforce your exclusive fall shooting, you had better give it up, unless, indeed, like our temperance friends, you hope to convert people "by act of Parliament."

These objections are as follows:

1. In summer the game is not full grown. But let me ask the "Professor" whether that is not what he calls *petitio principii*—begging the question? We insist that certain kinds of game are full grown, and therefore lawful prey, long before October 1.

2. The season, it is said, will be too long if game is killed from summer to mid-winter. We answer; then shorten it at the end and not at the beginning. Let the open season be when it will best suit the public, and not when only the wealthy and the market shooters can enjoy the sport. Let the men who have protected the birds during their nesting have some recompense for their trouble.

3. The destruction of game is inevitable if summer shooting is not stopped. Well, if that proposition could be proved, it would end all controversy. But it is untrue. Game is plentier in England to-day than it was centuries ago, and yet the open season is in August. The fact is, game preservation is not a question of summer-shooting or of fall shooting, but of judicious and executed laws. I have been told by Abiraud guides that deer are plentier today than they were twelve and fifteen years ago; and this though New York permits deer shooting in August.

4. But the piece de resistance of our friends is that men who shoot woodcock in July will "pull on everything that rises before them." But this is a boomerang. It proves too much.

It would prohibit all shooting till November, for it is conceded by all the open season on quail should not be earlier than November 1. It means that there should be no shooting till all game is full grown. But not even the editor of FOREST AND STREAM would defer cock shooting till then, for he knows that the flight occurs in October, in the Northern tier of States, and that by November 1 the long-hills have got well on their journey toward their winter home.

The fact is that something must be trusted to the honor of men, and in the long run it will be found to be as well to assume that even men who use the gun are gentlemen. One thing is certain, that the whole question of game protection rests with the shooters vastly more than with the laws or the constable.

A recent contributor, who chose to call himself "Otherus," seems to be concerned for the fences and potatoes of the poor farmers if summer shooting is allowed. Poor Otherus has his sympathy. The spectacle is a beautiful one—"Otherus" in tears over the woes of the farmers' and in genuine pithos it is only surpassed by Mark Twain's weeping at the tomb of Adam. CLEVERUS.

THE WEATHER AND WESTERN GAME.

FROM a good many and varied sources your correspondent learned of the following facts about the chances for quail and other game prospects. Nearly everywhere the disastrous floods and the preceding extreme cold and heavy fall of snow has killed off the quail at a terrible rate. There will be little show for hunters this spring, and very little chance for these sixty-quail-in-thirty-days fellows. Briefly stated, the reports are as follows: From Peoria comes word that the quail in that section are faring better than most anywhere else. Bloomington sends word that the quail are killed off by whole coveys. The weather February 5 was very severe on them. There will be no quail this season in Northern Indiana. Reports from Jerseyville, Ill., say that there will soon be plenty of ducks there with present temperate weather. There will be good feeding on the Illinois bottom soon. Reports indicate that ducks are moving northward. At Winona, Wis., the snow has been over a foot deep, and the thermometer has been below zero all along, and there is little hope for the quail. The poor Bob White has been found frozen in bunches where they huddled together in the fields near Lyons, Iowa. Dayton, Iowa, and Rockhouse, Ill., report the same state. The boys all rushed around, frantically Thursday and Friday, when they saw set and bait, but the thermometer showed fifty degrees above zero. They looked for a regular breaking up of winter's backbone and the consequent arrival of the ducks from the South. It was reported that they were at Jerseyville, Ill., and even that some were seen near Alton, on the Illinois River. Then came the arduous duty of loading shells and getting guns out. Lo and behold! Saturday loomed up clear and out in the open, and the thermometer meter and excessive cold weather blotted all hopes of ducks. Chicago, Ill., Feb. 27, 1888.

THE WORCESTER "FUR COMPANY."

I HAVE resided in Worcester about twenty years, and during that period I cannot remember a single year when foxes were not plenty in this vicinity. There were about six years of this time that my business compelled me to give up bird shooting almost entirely, and as I had about three months of leisure in winter in those years and must have something, I purchased a homed and substituted fox hunting. I have since October 1, and was on the list of the best of the best; but to my mind it does not compare with bird shooting, and as soon as my business would permit I was quite ready to "return to my first love," and the past five years have done no fox hunting, unless, perhaps, to go out once or twice in a season with some friend. Very few of the "fur company" do much bird shooting. The season of November and December is, however, an excellent one, and it is difficult to make the old man say which he likes best; but I have shot with him for many years and have noticed that he goes fox hunting very little until the woodcock have gone. Probably if any one should accuse him of having a preference for the woodcock, he would say there was time enough to hunt foxes after they were gone, and wind up with the remark that either was good enough for him.

The season of October 1, and closes on the last day of February by mutual agreement. The first three months the weather was fairly good for the sport, but January and February have been exceptionally unfavorable on account of the crust and ice which has covered the country the entire two months, and this fact has affected the score very materially. Wednesday came on bright and clear with a new snow, and gave promise of being all that could be desired for the closing day, but the wind was so strong a gale and it rained out very unsatisfactory. There were, however, two foxes killed in the party, and when one of them was skinned the fact was revealed that there would be eight less foxes next season. The company respect the close season as faithfully as the bird shooters do the game laws, and if one should kill a fox after the first day of March, he would be read out of the company.

The names which appear in the list are all citizens of Worcester except Mr. White. The Tourtelotte House in Milbury, of which he is the general proprietor, is justly celebrated for its elegant game suppers, and so thoroughly does he please his patrons, the house has gained an enviable reputation, and being a thorough sportsman as well as a very pleasant gentleman, Mr. White has a good many friends who like to accompany him on his fox hunting trips. Of the number set against his name in the list eleven were killed by him personally, which is the best individual string. The score follows:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes John M. White and company (14), A. B. F. Knepp (3), M. French (3), Leonard Hand (2), John A. Slocum (2), Henry (2), E. H. Smith (2), Horace Adams (2), S. N. Harrington (1), John R. Thayer (1), and Total (60).

Worcester can shake hands with Abitau, Ga., on the panther question, having enjoyed (2) a sensation the past winter quite equal to theirs. Had your correspondent the descriptive powers of "Uncle Remus" he would certainly write up a complete history for the FOREST AND STREAM. Ours should be properly called the panther "here," as for the past two months it has been almost impossible for a citizen who is never known to shoot a gun to get fairly off his doorstep in the morning before he would be accosted with "Why ain't you after the panther?" etc., etc.

The newsboys cry has been "All about the panther," and for a time the local papers received a perfect avalanche of "verses" about the panther from the amateur poets of the county. For several weeks the neighboring town of Douglas monopolized the business, but of late his "hircocervus" are heard and his "huge tracks" are seen in various other towns in the county. Meantime, Douglas is taking a rest. After the monster is killed, I shall hope to see him, and if I do shall forthwith send a full description to the FOREST AND STREAM. K.

WORCESTER, MASS., MARCH 3, 1888.

THE BIG-GUNNERS.

(Reported for the Baltimore Sun, March 3.)

MAGISTRATE ADAMS yesterday, at Havre de Grace, delivered his decision in the case of Robert F. Galloway, tried on Thursday on charge of shooting ducks at night with one of the big-guns which kill and cripple a flock at a discharge. Court was held in the City Hall, which was packed with several hundred spectators, among whom was Judge Stump, of the Second Judicial Circuit. The magistrate said that the evidence of Detective Lindsey showed clearly that Galloway was out gunning on the night in question, but there was some doubt as to the defendant having used a big-gun, as the detective had not testified as to the weight of the weapon, which must weigh over fifteen pounds to come under the penalty of the law. He would, therefore, fine him \$100 for the one offense and hold him not guilty in the other.

There was a great uproar. Men crowded about the stage loudly denouncing the decision. Lawyer Vandiver said it was a compliment to Lawyer Semmes's rich clients. Lawyer Marine plumped out a strong eulogium of censure, and took an appeal. Magistrate Adams called the attention of the spectators in sending a Pinkerton detective there to arrest the gunners. Mr. Vandiver demanded that Detective Lindsey should give security to appear at court in October as a witness or go to jail. Mr. Semmes went bail for the detective.

While the sympathy of the people of Havre de Grace is with Galloway, they are not in favor of big-gunning. Their feelings were aroused by the action of the committee of sportsmen in sending a Pinkerton detective there to arrest the gunners. They think the authorities of Harford county ought to have had charge of the case, and that the gunners ought to have been arrested by the regular police appointed for that particular duty. The sporting men say that the police are slow to act, and that they cannot break up the shooting unassisted. Mr. Semmes says that he sent Semmes Attorney Marine to call on the witnesses against the gunners, and asked him to prosecute them, but the letter was not even answered. Mr. Semmes then took hold of matters himself. His clients are nine-tenths of the property owners along the ducking shores, and are sportsmen from Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia.

Detective Lindsey smiles blandly at his present unpopularity. It takes it like the doctor who cures all ailments with melon-water and the hisses, which attest the cleverness of his playing. He came here some months ago with his wife, and was thought to be an English gentleman in search of

amusement. He won the intimate friendship of Wash. Barnes, the king of the big-gunners, and went out and helped Barnes pick up the ducks killed with a big-gun. So close did their friendship become that Mrs. Lindsey volunteered to teach the piano to Barnes's children. What fun Lindsey didn't learn from Mr. Barnes. Mrs. Lindsey learned from Mrs. Barnes. The detective was on the bay in all sorts of weather. Once he came near losing his life by being swept along by drift-ice. He was such an enthusiast about the sport of duck shooting that it was whispered he was a crank, but there's not a man, woman, or child in Havre de Grace who thinks so.

In the testimony it was brought out that Lindsey in his operations here after the big-gunners had violated the wild-fowl law himself; hence this afternoon charges were filed against him before Justice Adams for two violations of the law. The cases were tried at once, and he was fined \$25 for the first offense and \$50 for the second. The fines were paid.

The big-gunners are very bitter over the detective's work. They say that if the law should be amended so as to permit them to gun at night from January 1 to April 1 they would not gun at any other time. It frequently occurs, they say, that the bay in this vicinity is frozen over after Christmas, and it is difficult as well as impracticable to shoot from boxes. At night the ducks burn and feed. Then it is the big-gunners' special opportunity to do some good work. To get a big-gun brought down 95 ducks this season. To get two shots a night is good luck. The guns are put in skiffs which are placed on runners when necessary. The gunner is shrouded from head to foot in white canvas, so as to escape detection. Sometimes he moves along on skates. The big-gunners urge that if a man cannot make his living in day-time in frozen weather, and will go to sea for any amount of discomfort for that purpose at night, it is neither fair nor right to deprive him of the privilege. The owners of shore-side property say that if the big-gunners are not stopped, wildfowl will be brightened off permanently after awhile and their property become comparatively valueless. They say that the legitimate gunners, who greatly outnumber the big-gunners, make a very good thing of their business throughout the ducking season, and there is no reason why others should not do likewise except it be that nothing less than wholesale slaughter will content them.

Ducks have been plentiful this season. The champion legitimate gunner is Wm. Dobson, who has been known to bring down 300 in a day's shooting. The money spent in Havre de Grace by visiting sportsmen, and their liberality in giving the best of the best service has done a great deal for the place and its inhabitants, and is one reason why so many persons side with the sportsmen in desiring to prevent the big-gunners from driving the ducks away. There are no visiting yachts at Havre de Grace now, and but few of the sportsmen owning property along the shore, as they come earlier in the season, which begins November 1 and ends April 1.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.

SPRIGTAILS and bald pates are now coming back to our river; these, with a few mallards and black ducks, which the open feeding grounds and marshes are attracting, are drawing the attention of some of our Philadelphia duckers. I learn that a great many brant have reached both Barneat and Tuckerton Bays, and that a number of ducks were being killed in both of these bays by the market-gunners, and that some remarkable work has been done. From the fact that considerable ice has made this winter on the flats in these bays, the natural sedge-grass beds have been destroyed by the floating ice when it broke up and good blinds are difficult to make; hence brant will be found hard to stool, when it is also well known these fowl are more wary in the spring than they are in the fall, when they are in the North with the ice.

We hear that the ice in the upper Delaware River, above tidewater in the mountain section of Pennsylvania and New York, and in the Susquehanna River, above Williamsport, is gorged at some points. This a week since raised the expectations of a few duck shooters here, who imagined that this ice would have to pass by Philadelphia and the Delaware, and that the ducks would be coming or padding on the late-arrived bald pates and sprigtail ducks. It should be remembered that ice made above Trenton, N. J., only about thirty miles above Philadelphia, never reaches our city in its drift, but melts long before it can be carried by tides past our eiry.

We shall have no more "ice shooting" this season unless we have a hard freeze in the river at and below Philadelphia, and that will be a long time coming. I am sorry to say that a man called the trip of a gunner on the river, and long barrel in the direction of a sitting or swimming duck when an even quarter of a pound of No. 3 killed or crippled half of its numbers, but I shall never be guilty of it again. One trip sufficed me and gives me reason why to condemn such shooting. Few but market shooters now systematically indulge in it, I am happy to write, but there is no one against it who is wrong, root and branch, and out of all order nevertheless.

Some of our sanguine sportsmen are even now looking for an advance coming snipe. Spring is here to be sure, but in name only. Mr. Longhill will postpone his visit to us (and few have been their numbers about Philadelphia in the past five years) until more genial weather attracts him. Home.

MINNESOTA PINNATED GROUSE SEASON.—Mantorville, Minn., March 3.—Editor Forest and Stream: The bill making pinnated grouse season to open August 15, instead of September 15, has been passed. The law as it stood last season was of very little use; sportsmen did not observe it in this vicinity, and I think are reported unassiduously on this winter, and shooting for next fall looks good. Quail are not very numerous, the unusual depth of snow may have something to do with it.—DELL WELLS.

QUEBEC FISH AND PROTECTION CLUB.—Quebec, Canada. —The adjourned meeting of sportsmen and others to form a club to prevent the illegal slaughter of game, etc., was held on Thursday, the 15th inst., at the Board of Trade rooms, at which Messrs. C. W. Deane, Capt. J. H. Thomson, F. C. Wurtel, Richardson, McNabb, Gauvreau, Comou, W. D. Campbell, Graddon, D. C. Thompson, C. P. Dean, C. F. Smith, H. Stanley Smith, J. Hamilton, Jr., and A. F. Hunt, W. D. Campbell was appointed chairman, and F. C. Wurtel secretary. It was then moved by D. C. Thomson and seconded by W. A. Griffith, and carried, that the constitution of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club, and those present do sign the constitution. Moved by W. A. Griffith and seconded by H. H. Sewell, and carried, that this meeting do adjourn until the 26th inst., when a general meeting of the club will be called for the purpose of electing officers, adopting by-laws, and other business. In the meantime a committee be named to prepare a draft of by-laws, to be submitted at next meeting, and also that between this and the next meeting the members be requested to induce their friends to join the club. Copies of the constitution were prepared and put into the hands of several members for signature. Before the meeting separated those present enrolled themselves as members of the Quebec Fish and Game Protection Club. —F. C. WURTEL, Secretary *pro tem.*

MONROE COUNTY SPORTSMEN.—Rochester, March 4.—The annual meeting of the Monroe County Sportsmen's Club was held last evening at the rooms in the Arcade, President M. M. Hollister in the chair. L. A. Pratt, secretary and treasurer, presented his fifteenth annual report, showing cash on hand \$803.84 and no debts of consequence. The number of active members is sixty-two. The Committee on Game Laws reported that they had made suggestions to the members of the Legislature on the new game law, and thought that the suggestions would be adopted. They recommended that trout fishing begin April 1, and that imported sparrows be taken from the list of birds which may not be shot. M. M. Hollister was re-elected president, James H. Brown vice-president, and L. A. Pratt secretary and treasurer. The chair appointed as Finance Committee George W. Crouch, Jr., and Edmond Redmond; Vigilance Committee, H. B. Hooker, Homer C. Babcock, H. H. Morse and William H. Bowman. Homer Jacobs was appointed a committee of one on supplies for the State convention.

THE AIR-SPACE.—Philadelphia, Feb. 28.—The experiments which I commenced last fall, having for their object a determination of the question as to the effect of "air-spaces" in rifle cartridges, has been progressing, though slowly, during the winter. It has been impracticable to secure here permanently a room in all respects suitable for such a purpose; hence, I have had to use distant fields and to defer to the weather. I must ask the indulgence of some correspondents whose queries I shall not be able for some weeks to answer. The results of these experiments will also be delayed in publication. To my readers who are kind enough to send me their suggestions on a postal card I will endeavor to mail a copy of a daily paper giving some of the results. This trial has to do with rifles principally; but I am trying some shotguns—arms that I think ought not to be fired in that way. A Colt twelve-bore, seven and a quarter pounds breech-loading gun, which I tested this some days since, however, stood forty-five discharges, showing no injury whatever. —W. MCK. HEATLY.

A CRUSTER DUCKED.—Central Lake, Mich., *Editor Forest and Stream:* In "Michigan Notes," page 69 of your paper of Feb. 22, you say the snow is ten feet deep! My communication read "three" (3) feet, and that is about all we can "get away" with to good advantage. Please correct. One man in these woods, derided at the effect of the "cruster," and he was a sporting hunter with his powder (the correct term, I believe) he broke through, mercury about the ephers, and a pair of thirty-six inch snowshoes on his feet. The buck floated off under the ice, and after several ineffectual efforts to climb out, the man was obliged to sink, or dive until he could manage to loosen the snowshoe-slings, when he succeeded in getting ashore. Now, if there had only been an efficient game warden to clasp his claw upon the soaked and shivering law-breaker, and give him a taste of his quality, the dissemination of that particular "cruster" would have been as complete as anything I happen to think of at this writing. —X.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Colebrook, Feb. 28.—Nature has caused the slaughter to pause, and the deer are having a fine time on the crust. Dogs and their allies fail to catch them. I visited Second Connecticut Lake last week; found "Tulee Tom" in happy solitude, catching beaver and otter, and anticipating what the next day's excursion along his lines would bring to hand. Logging crews have not encroached upon the game resorts about that lake, as the main operations are confined to the upper towns of Vermont. —NED NOTTON.

ENFORCING THE MAINE LAW.—Bangor, March 3, 1883.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Warden Morse went to Dover last Tuesday to get three parties indicted before the grand jury. After attending to that agreeable little ceremony he returned to Bangor, where he is one of an invading horde of mind, and looked into the American Express office there. Thirteen saddles of venison packed in barrels and boxes rewarded his research.

TENNESSEE.—Memphis, Tenn., (March 3.—Mr. W. A. Wheatley, of Memphis, Tennessee ("Guido"), recently had a pleasant visit at home from Mr. Justin van Lencroix, of New York. One afternoon was spent at Mr. Jerry Cockrell's kennels; one over the traps with fifteen Memphis sportsmen, the guest making best score, and one day affield, four guns bagging seventy-two quail and a few snipe.

TALKING ON FIREARMS.—The drill on firearms which will go into effect July 1, is: On breech-loading guns of all kinds, 35 per cent.; on muzzle-loading guns of all kinds, 25 per cent. Duty on wads, 35 per cent.; on cartridges and cartridge shells, both metal and paper, 35 per cent.; on percussion caps, 40 per cent.; on gun materials of all kinds, 45 per cent.

MICHIGAN QUAIL.—Grand Rapids, Mich., March 2.—Birds have stood the past severe winter here unexpectedly well. Many bevies alive and well have been seen lately and no dead ones reported. —E. S. HOLMES.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

Of course, the supreme business of the hour when hooked to a fish would be to lose its charm if, during the progress of the struggle, the eye was not occasionally relieved by those visions of beauty. No, it is not all of fishing to fish. If it were the angler would not be able to claim fellowship with the long line of poets, philosophers, divines and statesmen whose names, from the time of St. Peter to the present hour, have adorned its annals.—George Dawson, "Pleasures of Angling."

POSITION AND WEIGHT.

I HAVE no fault to find with "Floridian's" reply in FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 23, though the lofty air of injured innocence which he assumes is not warranted by the facts. I admit that the language I used in my article was strong and vigorous—it was intended to be so, for the provocation was great—but it had the merit of being at least plain and honest, and devoid of all vagueness or insinuation. I see no necessity at present to retract anything. I have said, for I think it was fully justified by "Floridian's" articles.

Let us see. He stated, without any qualification or extenuation, that: (1) The custom of placing the reel in front of the hand on bait rods is an obsolete one. (2) The mode of casting the minnow *à la* Henshall is the same as used in heavy sea-fishing for striped bass weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds. (3) Dr. Henshall and all Southern and Western anglers believe in and use fly tackle.

Now, if (1) is not a false hypothesis, and (2) a willful assumption, and (3) a gross misrepresentation, then I am ignorant of the true meaning of these words. And then when Mr. Jordan distinctly and explicitly stated that he used a pliant eight-ounce rod, a G line, and a Meek reel No. 3 for black bass weighing from five to ten pounds, and played them a half hour each, "Floridian" hopes that he will eventually "work up" to a better and more reliable and getting more sport. I leave it to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM to characterize this portion of "Floridian's" article.

Now, when "Floridian" apologizes for the above-mentioned statements relating to Mr. Jordan, "all Southern and Western anglers" and myself, my retraction of, and apology for, the trenchant language used will be in order, and it will be done in the unfeigned cheerfulness and sincerity.

An explanation is due to Mr. Jordan in regard to his use of "half-grown bream" for bait. His use of this large bait was exceptional, they being used on one occasion only—the one referred to in his articles. He wished to secure a large bass for a specimen. A fuller account of this will be found in FOREST AND STREAM of October 19, 1882, page 230. In this article he says: "I had all the time been using medium sized minnow or small perch, and could not take all the bass wanted up to five pounds, but the Captain kept telling me to use the half-grown bream, and even the grown ones, if I wanted to catch the big bass, so I concluded to act upon his plan, etc." The small perch alluded to here were sunfish an inch or two long, and which were often the only bait we could get; and the medium-sized minnows were "top minnows" (*Zygopterus*) which rarely exceeded two and a half inches in length.

Nowhere in my book do I advise, mention or "tell of casting an ounce-and-a-half minnow," and "Floridian" and I agree perfectly when he says: "It does not suit me to throw an ounce-and-a-half minnow at a black bass, with any kind of tackle." "Floridian" says my book is "hadly defaced with advertisements in the reading portion." I say that neither my publishers nor myself have received either fee or reward for any mention made of tackle manufacturers. I used their cuts and recommended their tackle whenever I could honestly do so, solely for the guidance and benefit of my readers. And as these cuts were especially designed to portray the special features of their tools and tackle, they were the very best ones I could have used. They were not inserted in the light of advertisements, but as illustrative of the implements of angling, and I am sure my readers will not be misled by an authority on bass fishing. I should certainly be much surprised did "Floridian" entertain any other opinion of it; but after all it is merely an opinion. And he says I make a long scientific distinction between the two species of black bass, but when I come to write of taking them they are all one. And that the stupid big-mouth appears to furnish me as much sport as the quick-fishing small-mouth. Exactly so and eminently proper. To the naturalist there are two species; to the angler but one, so far as the mere matter of taking them is concerned, for the same ways and means are employed, and the two species respond in the same manner to said ways and means. In all matters pertaining to the taking of the species I use the general term black bass advisedly, for this reason.

My opinion that there is no difference in the game qualities of the two species where they inhabit the same waters, all other things being equal, has yet to be successfully controverted. Before I had much experience with both species I held the same opinion that "Floridian" does now; and when he experiments to the same extent that I have in the matter he will arrive at the same conclusion that I did; and as conclusion is a good word in this connection, I eagerly embrace it and conclude.

When he things me, however, just to agree with "Floridian" when he says my book is "hadly defaced with advertisements" I conclude his reply by saying that he "does not think the highest style of the art is *à la* Henshall." Granted; for I claim fly-fishing to be "the most legitimate, scientific and gentlemanly mode of angling." But I also claim that "next to fly-fishing, casting the minnow is the most artistic mode of angling for the black bass." J. A. HENSHALL.

CYNTHIANA, Ky., FEBRUARY, 1883.

After all that has been said on the subject, I presume all anglers will suit their own tastes. In the fashion, whether it suits their convenience or not. We fishermen, you know, like to talk of the deeds done on the water, of the fish taken and the big ones not taken—the big ones are generally lost—got snagged on the bottom or somewhere else, gone in some mysterious way, the bungling of the fishes, or other remote

cause, not a word of censure on the little pet, or as a woman would express herself, the "little duck of a rod." Of being very robust, having turned the beam at one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, consequently lacking in muscular power, I am a great admirer of a light rod, six ounces being as light as I would dare risk in my hands. I like to use it on all convenient occasions, where I know the water and the size of the inhabitants that I am about to engage in mortal strife. If the water with its natives are unknown to me, it is more reasonable to swing an eight or nine-ounce rod, for the sole reason that I go out for sport and recreation, not to be made sport of by the tiny little fishes.

Let us illustrate: Some few years ago striped bass in great numbers made an annual pilgrimage to our doors, it was one of the pleasures of our life to spend an hour, morning or evening, in their company. The six-ounce rod casting the bread (flies) upon the waters snaking out the fish, which would weigh from half a pound to one pound, was a half each. We would often get two or three fish at one cast, and sometime get one of two or three pounds weight, which I could accommodate, although it was a sore trial to the joy forever.

One evening in the early part of September, 1874, I reached the brink, got my leader wet and mudded down, and sent the flies dancing over the water. My trail fly was snatched, and as the hook was balled in the lip of the fish, and not liking the restraint, it made a good start down stream. One hundred and fifty feet below where I stood the river took a sudden bend, and when I reached the turn the fish was one hundred yards down and toward the far shore, headed for the sound, while I, with a few turns of line on the reel, dared not put on another ounce of strain. The last straw was on the camel's back. One of two things was open to me, either to part company with the fish, or take to the water, and the latter course was chosen. No doubt the fish thought I had fine sport, for after some rough usage which the fish thought a good joke, he tried to thoroughly soak his captive, and a new idea struck him. He turned in his tracks and faced up stream. Improving the opportunity, I made some line and returned to the shore, but, alas, he had hardly begun his sport, for heading for South Hadley, he soon had all the line, and was enjoying the sport of playing the angler through the strong current from one of the fish. It certainly was fun, by the time he had me, for the second time up to the artifice, he began to show signs of relenting, and wanted to come in and parley. My turn had now come and I soon had him under control, but not through any service the rod had rendered. The graceful curve was not there. There was a perceptible short bend above the hand, and from the bend out to the tip the rod was straight with the line, and when the fish, a fifteen-pound striped bass, came to the sand, my staying powers were all well. I was glad to stay in a reclining posture for some time, with all the consoling influence soaked out of pipe, tobacco, and matches. With the same tackle and a nine-ounce rod, that fish would have wiggled its way to my feet, and I would have remained dry shod and enjoyed all the sport.

Now let me tell you a short story for your own edification: Many years ago, when Joe Cabins were the fashion, and neighbors were few and far between in the State of New York, a Scot and a Hollander were the nearest neighbors and made the time pass pleasantly by their families spending the Sundays together at either house. In early summer Hans, with his family, were spending the day at Sandy's house, and while the two cronies cracked omelet and ky, the two matrons prepared the mid-day meal, cracked eggs and pressed the babies. The guide wife was preparing some lettuce, and Hans noticed the meal alternate additions of one and a winged and at dinner he could not be prevailed on to touch the salad. "No, no, mine good friend, me don't want him, you put sugar in him, make him sweet, you put vinegar in him, make him sour." Sandy tried to convince him that it was good, that it was a matter of taste. "No, no, mine good friend, you taste mit your tongue; sugar him sweet, vinegar him sour." After many ineffectual efforts to convince him, and in despair of his success, he said: "Well, I don't know whether you there have married her or not, but the Lord knows I never could have married your wife." "Xaw, yaw, mine friend, dat ish goot, how haw haw-w." The moral of this is that one man's meat is another man's poison. I am wedded to Dr. Henshall's fancy.

A few words more on the position of the reel, and I have doubt no doubt some of your readers will say Chalmers is an old fogey. Well, he is so. I prefer being an old fogey, with something substantial to hold on to, than have a well-fangled, unreliable something to be a source of trouble. I have said that I am not very robust. I cannot hold an outstretched arm with a copper cent on the palm for any length of time. How, then, can I hold the rod out with the left hand and manipulate the reel with my right hand, and a one-pound fish tugging at the far end of the line? I have tried it and have seen it tried.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gillie gus
To see ourselves again as we see us,
It wad frae me ane a blunder tree us,
And foolish notion."

I have seen the tip of the rod oftener under than above the water, and the rod in a continued angle. I have seen the corker for any or all twisted body of the rod under the water with the reel behind the back, and the hand twisted round clutching for the crank, which could not be found. I have also seen the unexpressed thought: but of course there was no thought of the position of the reel; it was that the consummate fish would not keep still. Mr. Jordan decidedly showed common sense in placing the reel above the hand. With the reel above the hand on any rod, I am better prepared for any or all twisted body of the fish and fishing. Now fifty years since Mr. Jordan's fancy and I were wed, and we are this year celebrating our golden wedding. During that fifty years there has been but one jar in the happy union. When Miss Back-of-the-hand stepped on the stage with her allurements and apparently bewitching smiles, we forgot ourselves and decided the old love for the new flirt for a short season. Soon (trifling of the change, ere was too late repentance) we saw, as we like the proverbial saying, we returned to our old home and our old love, where sport and pleasure in its truest sense extended the hand of thrice welcome to THOMAS CHALMERS.

P. S.—This is as you please and is everybody's business. I have a light rod mounted for the reel behind the hand; it is kept only for show. C.
HOLYOKE, MASS., MARCH 5, 1883.

MAINE FISH LAWS.

A NEW and stringent law for the protection of fish and game has just been passed in Maine. The first section provides that no fish shall be taken in any of the waters of the State, except tide waters, with any net, seep, weir or trap, under a penalty of \$50 for the offense and \$10 for every salmon or land-locked salmon so taken or caught. This provision is designed to prevent the wholesale destruction of salmon with nets.

The second section prohibits the taking or killing of any land-locked salmon of less than nine inches in length, or of any trout of less than five inches in length, and it makes the penalty \$5 for the offence and fifty cents for every trout or land-locked salmon taken of less than the above dimensions. Possession of any fish less than the prescribed dimensions will be deemed evidence of having taken them. This we hope will have a good effect upon trout hogs and unthinking persons who do not realize the fact that small fish will grow to be large ones and should not be wantonly destroyed. If this law is enforced it may stop the sport of the small boys for a year or more, but will give them much better game in the end, for the small boy, if not a trout hog, is an unthinking person.

The trout law is especially provided for in a clause which punishes the taking or having in possession of more than fifty pounds of trout or land-locked salmon, or both, together. The new law makes the penalty \$5 for every pound in excess of fifty, and \$50 for the offense. It also forbids the transportation of over fifty pounds in weight of those fish, and makes them liable to seizure on complaint, and the fish to go to the person making the complaint. This phase of the law will be of great value to the best trout waters in Maine, and a source of much aggravation to those sportsmen hunters who are not satisfied with the reasonable number of trout, and those who catch trout for the markets. Now let it be enforced.

MICHIGAN FISHING RESORTS.

YOUR correspondent "Prairie Dog's" experience in Northern Michigan is much the same as mine upon the occasion of my first trip there, when I listed the Boardman and about the same success that he did the Rapid River; and I returned home heartily disgusted with the arrangements as detailed in "Tourists' Guide."

But I went again the next year to Charlevoix, eighteen miles south from Petosky, which is away from the railroad and less frequented. There I found most excellent trout fishing in the streams tributary to Pine Lake, specially the Jordan River. If "Prairie Dog" would go there about June first he would be able to catch all the trout he wants and would also meet with fair success fly-fishing and be entirely free from mosquitoes.

Worms are generally used with much better success than flies. Most of the streams do not afford the necessary room for casting. There are also several small lakes south from Charlevoix, where the finest kind of bass fishing may be had. I have caught over sixty pounds of bass in an afternoon, the smallest fish weighing two and a quarter pounds, and I am now an ardent advocate of the healthful climate and splendid fishing to be had in Northern Michigan.

But I pray don't consult railroad guides and landlads, for where the road runs and (about ten miles from where) the hotel stands are always the best places according to their advice, which invariably is wrong. It is useless to add that there are always horses at your command if you pay about three prices for them. G. H. W.

KALA AZADE, Mich.

THE LAND-LOCKED SALMON.

WE print, by permission, the following extract from a private letter written by Gen. R. U. Sherman, of the New York Fish Commission, in which he refers to the recent article on the land-locked salmon which appeared in our columns from the pen of Mr. Charles G. Atkins. He says: "Probably Mr. Atkins has read as much practical observation of the habits of the fish as I have in this country. His statement that their habit is to go down stream to spawn instead of up, as other salmon do, is confirmed by what occurred at Woodhull Lake last fall. From appearances the whole stock went out of Woodhull dam through the open gates and gathered in the stream below to spawn. They could not get back to the lake, as the water falls periodically three or four feet from the outlet of the flume into the stream below. So the whole family will probably take up quarters for the next season in Sand Lake, a mile or more below. But if they get working down in this way they will eventually get into Lake Ontario, and I don't know why this will not be a good place for them. It has been contended, I believe, by some that the salmon which formerly ran up the streams from Lake Ontario did not come up from the sea, but had their habitat in that lake. It may be that the land-locked salmon ran down and out of Woodhull Lake because there are no suitable streams to run up; the inlets of that lake being too small, and at the spawning time, too low to be available."

BIBLIOTHECA PISCATORIA.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since we first announced that a new edition of this work was being carefully prepared by Mr. Thomas Satchell, and now that we have the volume before us we realize the immense labor required to finish it. The book is a full octavo of 397 pages, and as a book of reference to those who are interested in angling literature it is invaluable. We have looked through the volume and find that the American books on the subject are all there, and conclude from the number of titles that other countries have been as fairly represented.

In our issue of April 27, 1892, will be found a full list of the different editions of Walton's "Compleat Angler," which was printed from the advance sheets of this work, and which now appears in the appendix as a "skelton chronicle of the life and times of the author," with editions and reprints, with dissimilar imprints of Isaac Walton's "Compleat Angler" enumerated in this work, a full account of which is given in the body of the volume.

Not only are books on angling and fisheries recorded with their full titles, both under their titles and their authors' names, but catalogues are also included, as well as all papers and periodicals which treat of angling, and many writers of

note on the subjects are also given place, even though they have never written a book or published an octavo book. The painstaking character of the author is visible all through it, and it is evident that it has been a labor of love to him. He has gone through the great collection of the British Museum and many private collections and gathered much from well-informed correspondents in foreign countries.

There are 8,158 editions of 2,148 distinct works registered. The titles and authors of them are given from a personal examination, and others are inserted on the authority of correspondents. The sales of such a work of reference can never compensate the compiler, and the consciousness of having his labors appreciated by those to whom they will be useful will be his only reward.

A limited edition has been printed, two hundred of which will have the sale of them here and there. The price, when we learn these facts we will publish them. The price in England is fifteen shillings bound or thirteen shillings unbound. This, with duties, will probably bring the price of the bound volume near five dollars. It is well worth it.

THE SAWFISH.—At the meeting of the Boston Society of Natural History on Jan. 3, Dr. S. Kneeland spoke of the use of the saw of the sawfish, which we do not remember to have heard suggested before. In presenting the beak of a sawfish (*Pristigaster*) from the Lakes of Bay, Philippine Islands, Dr. Kneeland suggested a use for this toothed projection. In this sawfish thirty-three inches long, which seems more reasonable than the ones usually given; viz., that it is an instrument for more or less horizontal insertion in the mud or sand of shallow waters, which, by a vigorous sweep of the long upper-labeled, shark-like tail, is quickly pulled out for a sawfish. The lateral teeth are sharp-edged in front for easy insertion, but converge behind to offer resistance, and more thoroughly slip up for bottom; this action is doubtless accompanied by a series of short horizontal movements of the anterior part of the body. The mouth is small, underneath, with pavement-like teeth, as in the rays, adapted for crushing the mollusks, crustaceans, and hard-shelled creatures on which it feeds. He thinks the stories of its attacking and opening the smaller cetaceans are errors of observation, arising from confounding the sawfish with the swordfish (*Xiphias*); neither its weapon, its mouth, its teeth, its habitat, nor its habits, can be reconciled with the active carnivorous propensities ordinarily ascribed to it. Ray-like, it is a bottom feeder, with crushing and not tearing teeth; the snout is too blunt for piercing, and its lateral teeth would be an impediment rather than an advantage.

PUGET SOUND.—Seattle, Washington Territory.—The waters of the Sound abound with all kinds of salt water fish, including myriads of salmon, and our streams are full of trout. Look for the advertisement of a party to visit this "sportsman's paradise" upon the establishment of a railroad communication with the East, which will take place upon the completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad in July next. Sportsmen visiting the National Park can then, by a small expenditure of time and money, extend their travels to Puget Sound, and I can guarantee that they will be amply repaid for such expenditure, both by the scenery and the opportunities for hunting and fishing afforded them. In common with all sportsmen I am very much pleased with the determined stand taken by the FOREST AND STREAM in the National Park, and I am glad to see that the good work done by the paper.—ALKI.

FISHES OF OHIO.—Prof. D. S. Jordan has an article of 268 pages in the Report of the Geological Survey of Ohio, vol. IV, published by the State of Ohio, by Messrs. J. C. Columbus, 1892. In this is given a brief survey of the earlier publications treating wholly or chiefly of the local fish fauna. A table of four lists of fishes as classified by Rafinesque, 1820; Kirrhland, 1840-'46; Gunther, 1859-'70; and Jordan, 1879, are given so that the identity of species named by each can be determined at a glance. This is followed by tables of the distributions of fishes in Ohio, terms used in the descriptions, and then by the fishes with their systematic and popular names, with complete descriptions of them. It is a valuable contribution to ichthyology, which already owes so much to Prof. Jordan.

BAIT PRESERVATIVE.—Mr. W. Thomas writes to the London *Fishing Gazette*: "I send you by post a sprat that I have kept in my solution for more than a month. You will observe it is as tough and as bright as when taken from the fishmonger's shop. In addition I will guarantee it keeps in this state for years. My solution is made by the addition of half an ounce of boric acid to every ten ounces of glycerine. Probably half the quantity of boric acid would answer as well."

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

I HAD been out hunting with George Waters in one of the best deer ranges in Colorado for over a week, and had not killed a deer, though I had lots of good shots, while he had almost loaded the wagon. One morning at day break George wanted to know where I was going, and I declared that I was disgusted and going home.

He said, "You get breakfast and feed and harness the horses, I will go for the deer I killed last evening. When I get back we will eat and both go home." I assented, and in about an hour Waters came back to camp with two deer.

"Where did you get the other deer, George?"

"I shot her over on a point near where I had the other hunt up by; by the way, there was a curious circumstance. While I was going down the cañon I saw this big doe and two yearlings come out on a point. One of the yearlings saw me and said, 'Oh! mother, there is a man.' 'You need not be afraid of him,' responded his mother, 'it is Dick, and he cannot hit the side of a barn.' 'No,' persisted the little buck, 'I think it is someone else.' The old doe looked again, and shrieked, while she trembled with fear. 'Run, children, for your lives! He is a man! He is a man!' It was of no use, I killed her before she had gone ten yards."

I grunted, and didn't pay much attention to him, but he relished his old lashed up and warned over tale so much that he told it a dozen times when he got me in a crowd, and the fools always laughed. W. J. D.

CHAMBER, KANSAS.

Fishculture.

WHITEFISH FOR LAKE ONTARIO.

THE Rochester, N. Y., *Herald* of March 2 gives the following account of the shipment of three million whitefish for Lake Ontario, by the Ontario Fish Commission, and also a description of the transportation car:

Yesterday afternoon the second Atlantic express pulled into the terminal depot with one of the two cars belonging to the U. S. Fish Commission, which was being loaded by the *Herald* reporter found it to be in charge of Mr. F. E. Ellis, who willingly answered the numerous questions asked. The car, called States Hatchery at Northville, Michigan, contained five million of young whitefish, which Mr. Ellis intends to plant near Oswego in Lake Ontario. The car in which the fish are transported is worthy of a brief description. It is of the same length as an ordinary freight car, and was built at the shops of the Buffalo and Ohio road at a cost of nearly \$10,000. The interior is finished throughout in ash. At the end of the car is a range with all the necessary cooking utensils, as the inmates live in the car throughout the year. Through the center of the car on either side of the aisle is a row of lockers, in which are the large tubs containing the young fish. The water in these cans is changed every few hours from tanks at either end of the car, which are in turn supplied with fresh water from a large reservoir containing a reserve supply. These tanks are filled by a force pump worked by power obtained from the wheels beneath the car. The forward end of the car is neatly fitted with an office, bathroom and bedroom for the use of Mr. Ellis. Four berths for his family are located in the rear of the car. All the space in the car is utilized and it is truly a triumph of railroad architecture. Mr. Ellis has as his assistant, Mr. Newton Simons, Mr. C. W. H. Ellis, John Horan and Hobart Chamber, besides a cook. The fish can be packed in other cars similar in all respects to the one mentioned, which is now on the Pacific coast. Mr. Ellis said that he had taken another car load of four millions of whitefish to Oswego next week through the home. Waterbury and Genesee road, provided the bridge at Newfane is completed by the end of the year. Superintendent Van Horn gives the Commission free transportation over his road. Two weeks ago the car was in the hands of the Ontario Fish Commission and its carboys with fish. Mr. Ellis said the whitefish season in the last year was longer, after which he will begin the transportation of young shad. The Government has recently established a new fish hatchery at Alpena, Michigan, which is proving a success and there are other hatcheries being established in other parts of the great amount of business the Commission is thinking of building another car which will be superior even to those now in use.

THE MENHADEN QUESTION.

THE question whether the striped bass feeds upon the menhaden at all, or to any extent, is one that has arisen since the discussion of the effect upon our sea fisheries of the system of taking menhaden for oil by means of purse nets. We are glad to see that the *Herald* has published an article by a prominent manufacturer of menhaden oil and gear.

TIVERTON, R. I., Jan. 22, 1898.

DEAR SIR:—We send you by this mail an article in regard to the menhaden fishery, and its assumed connection with the striped bass. We are glad to see you publish it, for our opponents, we notice, have access to your columns. Your sporting patrons ought to know that bass don't hanker after salt bait, and if you will read Capt. Mosher's suggestion, you will see there is a sure and cheap way to procure it.

The article referred to is a fourteen-page pamphlet, entitled "The Menhaden Question," from the press of J. H. Franklin & Co., Fall River, Mass. In order to give the oil men a fair hearing, it is published in pamphlet form. It says:

"The article is manifestly a gross and unscientific attack in regard to the problem of the movements and multiplication of menhaden, along the American coast. This fish is one of the most numerous of the many useful fishes that inhabit the Atlantic coast, and its population is so large that the dependence of the striped bass, or the so-called rock fish of the Virginia waters. The latter fish is a great favorite among anglers, and has been found to be rather scarce the past season. The fishing of the menhaden, as it is done, is a very risky shore of Rhode Island and Massachusetts, finding their chief dependence for profitable amusement gone, or at least, unreliable, have cast about for reasons or causes for the lack of success, and have concluded that the menhaden was the result of steamer fishing for the menhaden, on which they assumed that the bass feed. This rash and hasty conclusion has been adopted assiduously by a writer in the New York *Herald*, and in the *Norfolk* and *Providence* papers, and has been mentioned boldly advocating the theory. As an offset to the assertions or assertion of said writer the parties interested in the menhaden fishery have procured the affidavit of (Gideon) Mosher, an old fisherman and expert in the menhaden fishery, who has devoted his time and attention to catching the striped bass for many years for market and studying its habits, in which he emphatically states that striped bass do not feed upon the menhaden, but on certain species of insects. Mr. Mosher's opinion or rather statement of facts in this connection is a great deal more reliable than theory or assertion with no facts for its basis, and doubtless will be corroborated by many old and skilled fishermen.

It is great difficulty in dealing with this problem is the want of definite and extended knowledge of the habits of all deep sea fishes, as the wide expanse of the ocean forbids a minute research, without an immense period of time. What is known has been gathered by the long experience and observation of fishermen, and an energetic and sagacious man, who has devoted his time and attention to catching the striped bass for many years for market and studying its habits, in which he emphatically states that striped bass do not feed upon the menhaden, but on certain species of insects. Mr. Mosher's opinion or rather statement of facts in this connection is a great deal more reliable than theory or assertion with no facts for its basis, and doubtless will be corroborated by many old and skilled fishermen. It is great difficulty in dealing with this problem is the want of definite and extended knowledge of the habits of all deep sea fishes, as the wide expanse of the ocean forbids a minute research, without an immense period of time. What is known has been gathered by the long experience and observation of fishermen, and an energetic and sagacious man, who has devoted his time and attention to catching the striped bass for many years for market and studying its habits, in which he emphatically states that striped bass do not feed upon the menhaden, but on certain species of insects. Mr. Mosher's opinion or rather statement of facts in this connection is a great deal more reliable than theory or assertion with no facts for its basis, and doubtless will be corroborated by many old and skilled fishermen.

The irritation against steamer fishing, evident in the arguments put forth, is wholly baseless and unreasonable. What effect on the habits of fishes can the floating around on illumined spaces of water, or on four or five hundred tons of steamers and sail vessels have? If they can scare the menhaden from their haunts, why not the codfish and mackerel, or any other of our coast fishes? Why do not the multitude of



TALLMAN.
MISS M. L. ROESSEL'S ORANGE AND WHITE ENGLISH SETTER DOG "COSSACK."
Winner of First Prize in Open Class for English Setters, Washington, 1883.

huge ocean steamers scare all the fish out of their course between America and Europe? Who has any evidence that the denizens of the great deep have any fear or respect for the floating craft on the surface?

If the argument is that by steamer fishing the menhaden are caught so rapidly that they are reduced so much in number as to show a lamentable decrease, the folly of such a position is evident at once, when it is known that very rarely, if ever, is a fish caught with spawn, and further, who does not know that the multiplication of these and other fish is too rapid for any manifest depletion by human agency. The spawn of the menhaden produces 150,000 living fish, and Professor Baird estimates that 1,300,000,000,000 fish are consumed by the bluefish alone in a period of four months of summer and autumn along the New England coast. And yet who notes any diminution of the quantities of fish? That billions of menhaden are digested by voracious fish is undisputed. Every voracious swimmer feeds upon them. Whales and dolphins feast upon them by the thousand; sharks do full duty in destroying them, one hundred having been found at once in a shark's stomach, and the tunny makes horrible havoc, not only killing for food but destroying for pleasure. The pollock, the whiting, the garfish, bluefish and bonito—in fact every carnivorous corsair that swims in our coast waters, from Casco Bay to Brazil, gorges itself with the menhaden, and yet the accidental scarcity just now is attributed to the terrible fact that man takes from the ocean waters some eight hundred to nine hundred millions annually of these fish. In 1878 the menhaden oil and guano industry employed 64 steamers, 279 sailing vessels, 3,257 men and a capital of \$2,550,000, and took and consumed 77,000,000 fish. Now allowing Prof. Baird to be within ten miles of the truth in his estimate of the destructiveness of the bluefish, the above number caught by the menhaden fishermen is not a drop in the bucket of what is destroyed. Moreover it is well known to all intelligent men that a free and full catch of fish, especially those hugging the shore, tends rather to their increase than extermination. Whoever studies the science of ichthyology and the business of fishing in the open sea will not dispute this position.

To sum up our brief statement we aver:

1. That striped bass do not feed on menhaden.
2. That the habits of menhaden are not fully understood.
3. That catching menhaden does not visibly diminish their number.
4. That steamer fishing does not scare them.
5. That the number caught by men is of no perceptible amount in the vast multitude destroyed by voracious fishes.
6. And, lastly, that attempt to connect the small number of menhaden with a diminished supply of striped bass is wholly illogical and unworthy of scientific discussion.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, ETC.)
NEWPORT, R. I.

I, H. KNOWLTON, on this twenty-sixth of December, A. D., eighteen hundred and eighty-two, before me, a notary public, duly commissioned and sworn, residing in Tiverton, in said county and State, personally appeared Gideon Mosher of said Tiverton, and being sworn according to law, testified as follows:

How long have you been engaged in the bass fishery? Ans. Forty-five years.

From whom your observation do bass feed upon? Ans. Crabs and lobsters.

From your observation do bass feed upon live menhaden? Ans. They do not.

Have you been in the habit of preparing bass for market? Ans. That was part of my business for three years or more, and I have prepared tens of thousands of bass for market, but I have never found any menhaden in them, except what had been fed to them for bait.

How long a range of coast does your experience cover in taking and observing bass? Ans. My experience goes from Monomoy to Evertall. My observation goes from Baitmore to Cape Cod. I have found the bass the most numerous in Chesapeake Bay, which I attribute to the great quantity of crabs that are found in that bay. I have always observed that bass fishing was best when lobsters and crabs were most plentiful.

Where has been your principal locality in taking bass? Ans. West Island, Rhode Island.

How many years before the West Island Club was formed were you located there? Ans. About thirty years.

What has been your experience as to the plentifulness and scarcity of the bass? Ans. When there is plenty of food (lobsters and crabs) there is generally plenty of bass. If food is scarce, bass are scarce.

Do you think the absence or presence of menhaden on this coast affects the bass fishery? Ans. No, except in the difference it makes to the catch by leaving or not leaving fresh bait.

What has been your experience in regard to bass bait? Ans. You cannot catch bass with stale bait.

Do you think menhaden taken in the vicinity of Sandy Hook carried to a factory and from there transhipped, are likely after arrival here to be fit for bait? Ans. No, sir.

Providing the menhaden in 1883 are as far from this coast as they were in 1882, how would you proceed to get fresh bait? Ans. I should put an experienced man on board a menhaden fishing steamer and ice them alive. The bank fishermen treat them in that way and preserve them in a fit condition for bait for a month.

Is the bass a rover of the sea or shore fish? Ans. He is both a shore and bottom fish.

Have you ever been engaged in the menhaden fishery? Ans. Yes.

What is your observation and experience as regards bass and menhaden? Ans. I never observed or heard of bass feeding on or troubling menhaden. My business has brought me in contact with many of the most successful menhaden fishermen, and have never heard of but two bass being taken in a purse seine.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, the said George N. Durfee, notary public as aforesaid, the day and year first above written.

GEORGE N. DUREE, Notary Public.

We, the undersigned, indorse Gideon Mosher's statement in full.

CHARLES W. ANTHONY,
EDWARD C. SMITH,
BENJAMIN OWEN,
EDWARD SMITH,
GEORGE M. CRABB,
WILLIAM M. RECORD,
THOMAS RECORD.

Bass Fishers of Newport, R. I.

GERMAN TROUT IN AMERICA.—The North German Lloyd steamer Werra, which arrived on February 24, brought 80,000 eggs of two kinds of German trout. They were sent at the request of Professor Baird, and came in care of Mr. E. G. Blackford, consigned to Mr. Fred Mather, superintendent of the New York Fish Commission hatching station at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. One lot of 60,000 is described as enormous trout, the upper Rhine (Baden), and the other 20,000 is called "that delicious but very small mountain trout of Baden highly esteemed by epicures." We have at present no further information concerning these fish, and think it possible that the larger one may be the common brook trout of Europe, *Salmo fario*. Whether the small one is a distinct species or only a variety we cannot say at present. The eggs came in good order, and were presented by that enthusiastic promoter of fish-culture, Herr von Behr, president of the Deutschen Fischerei Verein, from the ponds of Oberbürgermeister Schuster, in Freiburg, Baden. We shall look anxiously to see how these fish thrive in this country, and also to test their merits.

CARP IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—Seattle, W. T., Feb. 16.—We are about to try the experiment of carp culture in this Territory, three cans of the fry having been received at Fort Townsend, and one at this place. They traveled all the way from the East in small tin pails, and seem to be none the worse for their long trip, as they are very lively and strong. As they are small, being only about two inches in length, they will for the present be placed in a shallow pond near town, and should they thrive and increase, will afterward be placed in Lake Union, a lake about a mile from town, three miles in length, which is at present inhabited only by trout and a kind of fish which we call chubs, although I think they are not the chub proper. I am not very much interested in the result of the experiment, as the carp, as I understand it, is of value only as a food fish, having no gamy qualities, and we are abundantly supplied with fish of all kinds for food.—ALB.

The Kennel.
FIXTURES.
BENCH SHOWS.

March 20, 27 and 28, 1883.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Entries close March 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent, Perth, Ont.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1883. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Eleventh Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries close March 19. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent, C. B. Elbert, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 13. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1883.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, N. Y.

December, 1883.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Tryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

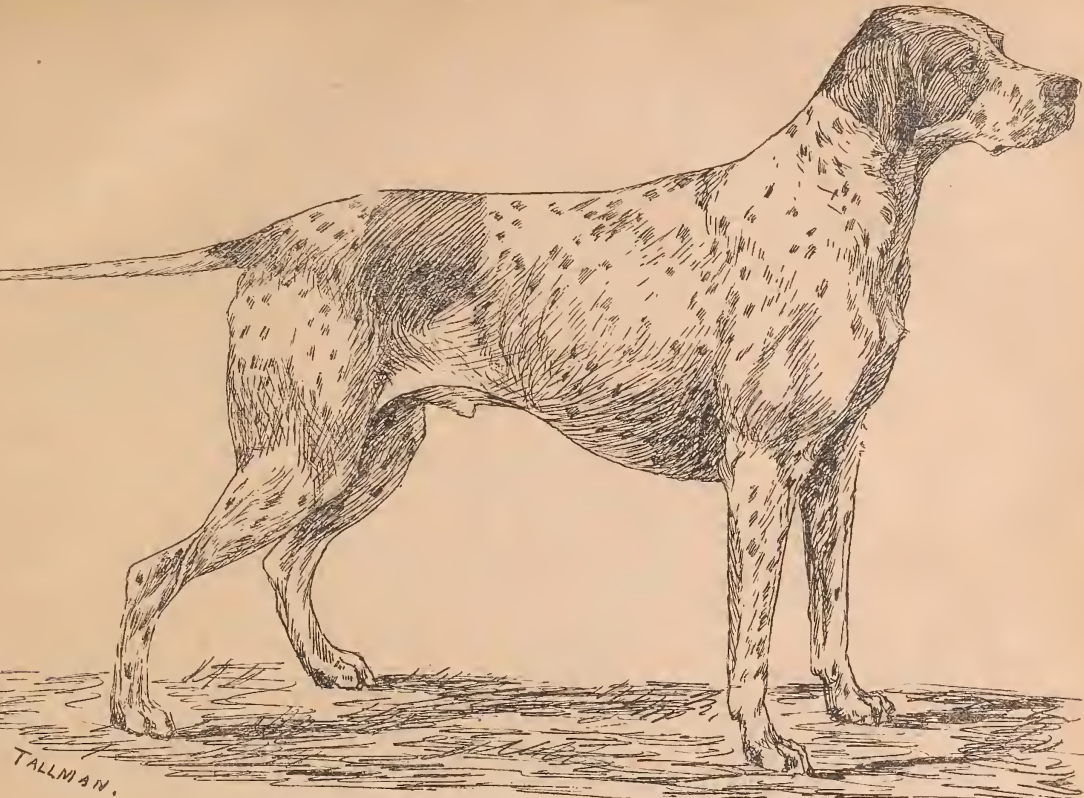
To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

BEAUFORT AND COSSACK.

WE give this week cuts of the pointer dog Beaufort, owned by Mr. C. H. Nixon, Leesburg, Va., and of the English setter dog Cossack, owned by Miss M. L. Roessle, Washington, D. C. Both dogs won first in their classes at Washington. Beaufort is a fine, large, upstanding dog of great beauty, and one of the best Bench Show pointers that we have seen in a long time. His owner informs us that he is also a capital dog in the field, and that he will run in the Trials next fall. He is liver and white ticked. He is three years old, and is by champion Bow out of Beulah, who is litter sister to Mr. Orgill's champion Rush.

Cossack is also an animal of rare beauty of form with a splendid coat and feather. He comes honestly by his good points, his sire being Mr. Theodore Morford's Don and his dam Mr. Chas. H. Raymond's Fairy. He is nearly white, with orange markings. He is just in his prime, being nearly four years old. The cuts are from sketches by Harry Tallman.

BEAGLE JUDGING AT WASHINGTON.—Philadelphia, Pa.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wish to criticize the judging of beagle hounds at the late Washington bench show, and think I have just cause for so doing, for, as I understand, one of the principal objects of a bench show is the bringing together of the different varieties of the best dogs in competition, and to have a dog win alone on its merits, by honest judgment, with a judge (who ought to know) what he is to judge by and for, I felt secure in making my entry for the show, that the gentlemen who had gone to the trouble and expense of getting it up would have had a competent judge, one who would have known the points necessary for a dog to win; such I find, however, has not been the case, and had I been present just after the judging of the class (I entered) I would have entered my protest, but not getting to the show until the next day, I was informed I was too late and was not allowed to enter it then, so I requested to be introduced to the judge, and had, for the first time, the pleasure of meeting Mr. C. H. Mason. When after a few moments' conversation I asked him (as an exhibitor I had a right to do) if he would be kind enough to show me the difference in value by points of the winners over me and also to show where my dog was deficient, by so doing he would greatly oblige me, he said, "Mr. A., I know nothing about beagles, I have made a mess of it and will let the next day, I was informed I was too late and was not allowed to enter it then, so I requested to be introduced to the judge, and had, for the first time, the pleasure of meeting Mr. C. H. Mason. 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MR. C. H. NIXON'S LIVER AND WHITE TICKED POINTER DOG "BEAUFORT."

Winner of First Prize in Open Pointer Class, Washington, 1883.

THE GREYHOUND.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The attention of American sporting gentlemen has for many years been directed to the improvement in the breeding of pointers, setters and other game-seeking dogs. These game-seeking dogs are the sportsman's aid and companion over many a weary tramp in search of feathered game. But every gentleman does not use a gun or have the privilege of sporting preserves or good game country. With these few remarks I would respectfully introduce to the American sportsman, whether the "crack shot" or the "just for fun," the well-known but little used English coursing greyhound. This grand breed of dog, whose vocation, like that of the bloodhound, is not yet gone, and whose antiquity is such that, long before the signing of Magna Charta, his destruction was looked upon as an act "equally criminal with the murder of a fellow man," claims your patronage. For many years the kennels of our sportsmen and the benches of our shows have shown but few specimens of this "flying course." But there would seem a time not far distant when greyhound coursing will rank as one of the gentlemanly sports of America.

To the true sportsman the race-course has always had something "fast" or degrading in its associations. Every gentleman cannot keep his racing stable and its expensive equipment, but every American sporting gentleman can, upon a far more economical, respectable and high-toned basis, maintain his brace of coursing greyhounds at a mere nominal cost.

In 1591, England's queen, from the turret of the castle, witnessed these fleet dogs in their coursing, and to this day the grand coursing meets of England are as well known as the celebrated Derby, Oaks or Goodwood Cup. And the names of Donald, Misterton, Contango, Judge, Buccauer and hundreds of others who have carried their noble owners' colors to the fore on many a "pumping course," are as celebrated as are the winners of the racing calendar.

The greyhound runs or courses only by sight, and as we have plenty of fine, level tracks in close proximity to our large cities, coursing, as a gentlemanly sport, can be readily introduced. The English hare is not difficult to procure, and in de'te "Jack-rabbit" of the West, a "shoot in himself," will give us any good greyhound all the running he can wish and bring out his points of endurance and fleetness.

As a fancier of greyhounds I would say that freshly imported stock does not do well in this country until they have become accustomed to our climatic changes, but they are easily acclimated and become hardy, easily kept and perform well. We have in the many greyhounds now shown at our bench shows, the opportunity of introducing greyhound coursing as a gentlemanly sport.

Let us endeavor to raise our greyhound standard still higher, and let this noble and neglected dog come in for a share of sporting honors. And may the day soon come when the coursing meets of America will have their share of attention and thousands be clamored in seeing the greyhound "well shipped," watch closely the "turn," the chase, the "go by" and the "kill." Then the coursing cup of the Westminster or some other club will have its regular patrons, and its possession as eagerly sought for as the champion medals of the bench shows circuit.

BUCKINGHAM, Pa.

PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.—In explanation of my name appearing in the Pittsburgh premium list as judge of certain classes, I would state that I received a letter dated February 3, requesting me to act in the classes I had passed upon last year. I replied as early as possible that I felt it was impossible for me to absent myself from business and respond to their kind invitation. There I presumed the matter rested, as I had no reply, but on February 17 I had a visit from Mr. Elben, who handed me a premium list on which my name appeared. I then stated that I would reconsider the possibility of my accepting the honor thus thrust upon me. However, I found it impossible to do so, and I so informed Mr.

Elben on March 1. I very much regret that I could not oblige the Pittsburgh committee in return for their last year's kindness.—JAS. WATSON.

THE RED IRISH SETTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your journal of the 11th ult. I read with deep interest a letter on "Dogs and Trials," by "Pious Jeems," and owing to a statement of his, which I consider a libel on the Irish red setter, I feel constrained to ask you for space to say a few words in defense of my favorite.

I am not, of course, in a position to dispute the assertions, "That in his experience the Irish always were a failure at field trials," but the impression it has made on my mind is that, his experience of Irish setters must have been very limited indeed, or he could not possibly have so maligned the finest breed of sporting dogs in all the world. No doubt long ere this some friend of the Irishman has come to the rescue. I know one at least who knows and appreciates his worth and who will be quite ready to break a lance on his behalf. I allude to the well-known "Mont Clare," who, as I am aware, has a few good ones in his kennels, field trial winners, too, and if "Pious Jeems" has not seen them the sooner he does the better. But "Pious Jeems" adds further, "That with the exception of the Campbell strain of red Irish, etc., he knows no good ones." There is something very wrong here. Either the change of air to the other side of the Atlantic has caused the race to degenerate very rapidly or the specimens which came under "Pious Jeems's" observation were of that class so many of which are bred for the market nowadays, weedy, snipe mongers of the first water, utterly unlike, save in color, the pure bred, handsome and dashing Irish setter. That numbers of this class of so-called Irish setters do cross the Atlantic I have had abundant proof, having seen many of them shipped at Queenstown during a residence of some years there. That they could not be the same animal about which "Istone," "Stonchonge," "O.I.," and hosts of well-known sportsmen have written, is, however, certain, for the former, a well-known authority on the subject, says, "That he had seen and known a good many Irish setters and he candidly confesses that he never knew or heard of a bad one;" but this most wonderful "Llewellyn," whence does he trace his descent? From the Laverack, "whose crowning glory" it is, says "Pious Jeems." And does he not know by this time that the Laverack has Irish blood in his veins and that to this fact, beyond a doubt, he is indebted for some of his best and finest qualities? I notice that "Vitus" in your journal, in alluding to the fact that the Irish are so much crossed with other breeds and the produce entered as a pure breed of either one country or the other gives this as the cause why the Irish setter has dropped to the low standard he holds in America, but it seems to me that there is a further cause and it is this: That your countrymen spare no expense in procuring the very best Laveracks or Llewellyns from this country. They are the rage at present, and I do not for a moment attempt to deny their excellence, but I do most emphatically deny that for style, pace, nose or stamina they exceed the merry Irish red, he being the oldest and purest setter, has been used for the purpose of giving backbone to some breeds and forming others, with what good results is well known, whereas, if any part of the time, care and money lavished on other breeds had been spent in improving him, sportsmen would be in possession of a setter, in color, gait, and in a form a model of grace and beauty, and in all the qualities necessary in a sporting dog, holding a position second to none in the world. I need scarcely say that I am an ardent lover of the breed, and I have bred some good ones in my time, the celebrated Plunket to wit. For some years past the exigencies of the service to which I have the honor to belong have, however, prevented me from doing more than merely preserving the grand old breed, but I cherish the hope of being able at no distant date to prove that my favorite is worthy the faith I have in him.

ROBT. O'CALLAHAN, R. N., Chaplain H. M. S. Hector. NETLEY, Southampton, Eng., Feb. 3, 1883.

IN RE BEAGLES ET AL.

... their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each.

—Midsommer Night's Dream.

WHEN such a genial gentleman and evident lover of hounds as "Dorkin" is calls for my "idea of a dog," I am constrained to make a brief hiatus in my papers on angling and write a few words upon the "little hound," yclept the beagle, as by "dog" I infer that that particular breed is meant. "Dorkin" however, must parlova me if I decline to give, in *imitating* my best ideal of a beagle, for a person's ideal of any thing, animate or inanimate, is his own picture of perfection, and as one man differs in many ways from another so does his ideal. This is evident and need not have been expressed, but pens and hounds will "run riot" sometime.

I claim to be no judge of dogs, of any breed, but I love and admire them—yes! I respect them, and always like to have one near me. I very seldom use one in the field to shoot over, for I very seldom shoot, being a lover of the angle rather than of the gun. Of all sporting dogs I prefer the beagle because he is petite, pretty, companionable and affectionate, and furthermore, because he is of ancient lineage and can boast of royal patronage. Of course there must be a standard of excellence, and I have no doubt that if "Dorkin" and I could agree on one, we could soon make a short pilgrimage to the kennel of a common friend and find more than one beagle to fill his requirements. With Kingwood, Elmore's celebrated stud dog, and with some whelps of his "get" I have the privilege to be acquainted, as also with King, Lucy, Music, the imported "basket" bitch, and others of "that ilk."

Now, I venture to join with "Dorkin" in the hope that the consulted judges at bench shows may fully know what they are expected to judge, and that such an honest standard of pure beagles may be adopted as shall be beyond all cavil. Will "Dorkin" clasp hands with me over the above? The beagle is an "interesting" dog, either in the field, "a hunting of the hare," or as a gentleman's pet and companion, and is bound to come "to the fore" as a favorite.

"Every dog has his day," and as "history repeats itself," so doth the fashionable fancy for different breeds. I am as one with "Dorkin" in his demand for pure blood, for I believe in "blood" thoroughly. It is "thicker than water," and whether flowing in the veins of man or beast it should have no taint. There are too many mongrels (both bipedal and quadrupedal) in the world now, and a bit of advice to all may be summed in one word, "Ware!" and I repeat it, "Ware!" Intelligent and judicious breeding and honest judging will give us a race of dogs to be proud of, and very low in the scale of humanity is the soul who is not proud of a fine-bred dog. There are such, but I always feel like giving a "cautionary signal" when I see them—they are the stoats and "other vermin" in the social economy and should be "run to earth" and effectually "stopped."

My dear "Dorkin," do you catch my "idea" of a beagle? When I go for my next puppy to friend Elmore's kennel, I will give you an "object lesson" if you are "to the fore." Shakespeare knew a good hound and I doubt not he had a beagle, or pack of them, in mind when he wrote what I have used the caption of this paper.

"Good Queen Bess" was an ardent lover of the beagle and especially of the "basket" breed of which she had some very tiny and perfect specimens. I hold the FOREST AND STREAM to a "long syne" promise to give an article on the beagle, and join with you in wishing well to the breed and breeders. Au revoir.

O. W. R.

THE COLLIE AWARDS AT WASHINGTON.—In the list of awards last year in Class 54, Mr. J. W. Burgess's (East Orange, N. J.) Jean, black and white, 10 months, should have been first instead of Mr. J. W. Lindsay's Kitty Mae, who was vhc.

HULL YACHT CLUB.

YACHTS SAILING OVER FIVE RACES IN 1882.

Table with columns: Name, Rig, C.R. or K., Owner, Races Sailed, Prizes Won. Lists various yachts like Joker, Amy, Thisbe, etc.

WINNERS OVER \$20 IN CASH.

Table listing winners and amounts: Hera \$1,067, Shadow 299, Thisbe 135, etc.

BEST TIME PER MILE OF HULL Y. C. YACHTS.

Table with columns: Name, Rig, C.R. or K., W. L., Where, Auspices, Average per Mile. Lists yachts like Alice, Sea Bird, Lillie, etc.

KINKS IN RIG.

Editor Forest and Stream: As you greatly interested in the subject of single handers it occurred to me that it might be of interest to some of your readers to know of an arrangement which I have been trying for a couple of years on my small schooner...

CHICAGO Y. C.—Cash prizes to the amount of \$1,500 will be offered for the annual regatta, which will be sailed about August 1. Photographs of the Fisher Cup, open to all schooners, together with printed programmes, will be sent to all Eastern yacht clubs...

Ans. Neither you will answer your purpose. One's "Key to N. A. Birds" is what you want, but it is out of print, we believe, and hard to obtain. B. D. D.—To remove lead from your gun barrels, use kerosene oil with a scrub brush...

THEATRES, Winton, Manitoba.—For all round shooting in Rocky Mountain select a .45 caliber, chambered for 100gr. powder. G. H. D. Carson, Nev.—I use a 2 1/2 in. shell in a 2 3/4 in. chamber does interfere with correctness of shooting...

Sudden Changes of Weather are productive of Throat Discharges, Coughs, Colds, &c. There is no more effectual relief than these diseases to be found than in the use of Brown's Bronchial Trochiscs.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents. E. D. C. Butler, Pa.—The cross of English and Irish will produce good fire dogs, open to all colors, and the Chicago Club Cup, open to all schooners, together with printed programmes, will be sent to all Eastern yacht clubs...

Roundabout roads are out of favor. Short cuts are popular and practical. BAYSON'S CAPSICUM PLASTER is in this respect and in all others in advance of the times. It is fast superseding all other external remedies. It does not postpone; it acts to-day. Recommended by eminent physicians. It never fails to afford immediate relief. Price 25 cents.

Advertisement for HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS. FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP, DOGS, HOGS & POULTRY. Lists various ailments and cures.

Advertisement for Schwatka's Search. Sledging in the Arctic in quest of the FRANKLIN RECORDS. Includes an illustration of a sled and a person. No. 0207.

Advertisement for QUADRUPLE MULTIPLYING REEL. Patent January 17, 1882. Nos. 0204, 0206, 0207. Capacity 40, 60, 80 Yards of Largest Size Bass Line.

Advertisement for The Maynard Rifles and Shot Guns. NEW OFF-HAND TARGET RIFLE, MODEL OF 1881. PRICES REDUCED. WITH PISTOL GRIP STOCK, TIP STOCK, AND SWISS BUTT PLATE. Sole American Agents: HERMAN BOKER & CO., 101 & 103 Duane Street, New York.

Advertisement for Kynoch & Co., Birmingham, Eng. Manufactured by Kynoch & Co., Birmingham, Eng. These shells are made of extra fine thin pliable metal, with reinforced base. Use either Winchester or Wesson primers. Sole American Agents: HERMAN BOKER & CO., 101 & 103 Duane Street, New York.

FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, \$4 A YEAR, 10 CTS. A COPY.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

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Address all communications,

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BACK COPIES OF THE FOREST AND STREAM can be supplied.

THE PARK LEASES.

THE Secretary of the Interior has leased to the Yellowstone Park Improvement Company a portion of the National Park. The lease executed covers seven different plots in various portions of the region, which aggregate ten acres. The law as passed during the last session of Congress protects this national pleasure resort from being seized by a vast monopoly, and the orders of the Secretary of the Interior should be sufficient to save the geysers and the game from destruction.

By this law the responsibility for the care of the Park is placed where it belongs, that is with the Interior Department and its servants. The public will look with interest on the action of Superintendent Conger, who has now been furnished with money and means to patrol the Park. If he does his full duty, the work of destruction which for ten years past has been going on in this beautiful region will be checked, trespassers and butchers will be promptly dealt with and punished, and the game, soon recognizing that it has here a safe abiding place, will increase and multiply. If the superintendent is careless and slothful, if he appoints as his assistants a lot of Eastern men who know nothing of the mountains and the habits of game, the old style slaughter will be kept up. We have every reason to think that the superintendent will do his duty by the Park. He has already shown a deep interest in it, and this interest will no doubt increase rather than flag. We warn him, however, against falling into the mistake of appointing for his game keepers and police incompetent men. Let him make his selection of those officers from among the mountain men of Montana, whom he can easily find. From among them he can select good men, who will be honest, reliable, faithful and fearless in the performance of their duty. If the care of the forests, the game and the natural wonders of the Park be placed in such hands, we have no fears for their future.

Any failure to act up to the provisions of the law will

readily be learned of in a region such as this will soon be, and the assistants who fail to do their duty must speedily be removed and make way for better men. The responsibility of the Park thus resting on one pair of shoulders, it is certain that it will be well cared for, and the country looks to Mr. Conger to see how its Park is to be looked after. The people's temper has been somewhat aroused by the monstrous attempt to take from them their rights, and they will look sharply after this reservation for the future.

It is stated that other parties besides those above mentioned have filed applications for leases, and these the Secretary is now considering. A healthy competition in the hotel business in the Park is very desirable. If, however, the Improvement Company had secured their 4,500 acres of land as at first attempted, there would not have been much opportunity for other hotels to have been started.

A DISGUSTED DOG.—It is Hamerton, we think, who says, in one of his charming essays, that a poor shot should never go into the field with a good dog unless he is willing to be despised by the dog. In another column our ever-entertaining correspondent "Wells" relates a story illustrative of this; and "that reminds us" of a similar case that once came under our own notice. We have owned several dogs who seemed to take great delight in the killing of the birds, and it was plain to be seen that unless the birds were brought to bag their interest flagged. Many years ago we had a dog who possessed this trait, which grew upon him as he became older until it was impossible to get a good day's work out of him unless we did our share. He was one of the best animals we ever owned, and one of the most intelligent. In those days we selected our shooting companions as we did our dogs—for their good qualities in the field—and we nearly always succeeded in bringing to bag birds enough to keep the old dog, if not at his best, pretty well up to the mark. After a long career of usefulness he became too infirm for anything more than an hour or two in the field, and was seldom taken out. One afternoon we loaned him to a friend, who was a capital shot, except that at times he would have a "poor streak." Both man and dog started off in high spirits, but when they returned it was plain to be seen from the dejected appearance of the dog and the sheepish face of the Doctor that their fond anticipation of sport had not been realized. The Doctor explained the matter by saying that he had had a "poor streak." Said he: "I never was so disconcerted as when I caught the reproachful glance of the old dog's eye after missing as fair a shot as I ever had; and as I soon repeated the performance, I could plainly see in his expressive countenance disgust as well as reproach. Although I have stood behind the trap and, amid the jeers and hoots of the crowd, missed my ten birds straight, I never was so utterly demoralized in my life, and of course I missed the next one, when the old dog, with a look that will haunt me to my dying day, hung his head and, curling his tail between his legs, dejectedly marched back to the wagon, and actually showed his teeth when I tried to coax him out again."

JUDGES FOR THE NEW YORK SNOW.—The judges for the bench show of the Westminster Kennel Club are as follows: Mr. J. C. Higgins, of Delaware City, Del., will judge the English setters; Dr. J. W. Downey, of New Market, Md., the collies and beagles; Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Canada, some of the non-sporting classes. The remaining classes are, as yet, not assigned, although it is probable that Mr. E. C. Sterling, of St. Louis, Mo., will judge the pointers, Irish, and black and tan setters. This list is unexceptionable, and one that is sure to receive the unqualified approval of the exhibitors.

PROPOSED KENTUCKY ASSOCIATION.—Doctor W. Van Antwerp and other prominent sportsmen of Kentucky are about to form an association for the protection of fish and game in the State. Such an organization is needed, and if the new one takes hold vigorously and helps to enforce the laws, it will take higher rank than those clubs which exist merely in order to hold shooting matches. As the proposed society intends to assist in stocking the waters, let us hope that it will protect them from the depredations of thieves who would take the last fish in them by any means in their power.

HOW MUCH HE MISSED!—It is related of the eccentric Dearborn Giles, of Escocawau, N. H., who recently died at the age of seventy-seven years, that although the best trout-brook in the town ran through his land, he made his boast that he never owned a fish-pole, a dog or a gun.

ANTIQUATED MILITARY ARMS.

THERE is a growing feeling in the ranks of the National Guard that when the State makes a demand upon the soldier for a certain amount of range practice, the State thereby incurs the duty of seeing to it that the very best arms obtainable are placed in the hands of the men. In many of the States this is not the fact at present, and the guardsmen of this Empire State feel the annoyance of an antiquated arm probably more than do the soldiers of any other State. It was the guard of this State which established Creedmoor, and gave to modern rifle practice in this country its first impulse. Knowing next to nothing of the art of rifle shooting it is not surprising that for a time there was no open objection urged against the State model arm. It was the regulation weapon, and shooting home matches there was little hardship, as all were equally handicapped by it, but when the marksmen from other States came up to Creedmoor and engaged in the matches they came with the best arms obtainable, and it goes without saying that they were not the New York State arm. The New York boys found themselves pushed to the wall by men in no wise their superiors in knowledge of all the many details which go to make up the successful bullseye hitter, but there was the difference of a superior weapon, and this decided the match.

Under such circumstances it is not at all surprising that there should be a disposition on the part of the New York teams to stay out of matches where by the conditions they are doomed to almost certain defeat. This indisposition to enter into competition is significant, for once crushed out the desire to measure effort in friendly rivalry with fellow-workers, and soon the whole subject of butt practice will die out despite all the general orders that may be issued to bolster it up. Competition is life and rivalry is vital in this matter, and if the men of one section are weighted down by an antiquated arm, they must soon cease to use it as anything more than a dummy with which to go through the manual of arms, and one of the most valuable lines of endeavor on the part of the soldier is cut off.

It may be urged that the cost of rearming such a large force as the entire National Guard of a State is too great to be lightly incurred, and then there is the risk that the work may be, after all, but temporary. There is no knowing when the time may come that shall see an invention which shall sweep away our entire small arm system, and there is a continuous line of improvement which makes the winning weapon of to-day the discarded arm of to-morrow. Still this is no excuse for absolute inaction, and a start, at least, could be made toward the better arming of the men by the issue of a limited number of rifles which are beyond question, and by general consent, superior to those now in use. They might be placed in the hands of the men best qualified to appreciate and use them, and their possession would come to be looked upon as in some degree a badge of proficiency in one of the soldier's duties. It would not require such a great outlay to issue enough of these improved rifles to enable all the official scoring under the State orders to be made with them, and so show the men at their very best.

Of course, for a great majority of the work which the National Guard may ever be unfortunately called upon to perform, the present arms are amply accurate and deadly. It is quite enough for a mob of riotous citizens to know that the blue-coated young men marching against the disorderly ones are armed, even though it be with .50-caliber rifles, which may not shoot above an average of inches at the long ranges. Across the street, or at the distance of a block away, they are quite accurate enough to render a deadly fire, and they will be the more deadly, and, therefore, the less likely to be called into use in proportion as the men can handle them with certainty. Yet an essential point is to keep the interest of the men up to the highest point, and this can only be accomplished by letting them feel that their personal endeavors are not set at naught by the inherent defects of the instrument in their hands.

That there is a feeling in the matter which the National Guard is shown by the expression of opinion on the part of Company C, Seventh Regiment, N. G., S. N. Y., where, at a recent meeting, resolutions were passed, as shown in the following synopsis:

The rifle with which the National Guard is at present armed will not carry accurately more than 500 yards. In all matches at Creedmoor and elsewhere whenever our National Guard are called in competition with those of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and other States, they find themselves heavily handicapped, their opponents being furnished with a much better arm. The late International Match and other matches have created a spirit of emulation in our National Guard that in our opinion should be fostered by the State; this can only be done by arming us with the best rifle procurable. The ex-

ports using the .50 caliber State model at Creedmoor are almost disheartened when entering the matches for "The Army and Navy Journal Cup," "The Million Trophy," "The States" and other names where they have to contend against teams from the aforementioned States with their superior arms of .35 or .41 caliber. Probably no one appreciates this fact more than our present Inspector-General of Rifle Practice, Gen. C. F. Robbins.

The Board of Officers are therefore respectfully requested to take action in a matter which the rank and file consider a great stride to the advancement of skill in shooting and efficiency in the use of the rifle.

OBADIAH S. SNEDECOR.

OBITU FEBRUARY, 1883.

"*Justum et laetivum propositi ultimus.*"—HORACE.

"This sportsman, keen and on his game intent,
Nor wind nor weather could disturb."

A SHORT time ago, amid the fery of a February storm, there were continued to their last resting place, near Bayton, L. I., the remains of a man who, in his day, had been the associate, friend, and host of three generations of sportsmen. And yet Obadiah Snedecor, known to hundreds of congenial hunters as Obé, had not reached the span allotted to man.

By descent, and association from infancy, Mr. Snedecor was a lover of the gun and rod. Where the South Side sportsmen have their club-house, three miles east of the village of Islip, his father, "Uncle Lif," known and beloved of sportsmen of the older time, had his hostelry fifty years and more ago, and in spring and autumn welcomed with radiant face and friendly greeting the sporting guest, the angler with his tackle, and the rest fish and pond air. The creek, the accented waters of which form the "Great River," or the hamlet of the deer, which then roamed in godly numbers through the pine forests and scrub oak barrens to the "morad." A short distance west of the club house and just where the "Westbrook stables" and country seat of George L. Lorillard attract the view, stood the ancient wooded house in which Obé was born. The manuring of the waters of Westbrook as they quietly glided down into "Great River" was his first hobby. The air he breathed from childhood was freighted with the freshness and flavor of the Great South Bay, or rock of the neighborhood trees and pines, and the music of his boyhood was the splash of the trout, as it "broke" on the adjacent waters, the whistle of vicinial "Bob White," the baying of the hounds and the notes of the hunter's horn. Long before the days of railroads the disciples of Izak Walton and of Nimrod, from New York, Philadelphia, and other points further off, found their way to the hospitable doors of "Uncle Lif Snedecor's" little inn, now part of the club-house, under whose roof were welcome, warmth, ease, and the best of entertainment.

Harry Tinker, James Henshaw, James H. Thibet, Chester Harding, the eminent portrait painter, whose speaking likeness of "Uncle Lif" now adorns the walls of the Bayton cottage, Peter Delmonico, who has "last up the brook" in the excitement of the chase, Gen. Cadwallader, Isaac Wright, William W. Hayes, author of "Fire Island Ana," and a host of others who have all "fallen by the way," and William Nicoll, Benjamin D. Stillman, Philo T. Ruggles, and associates whom we meet in our daily walks, hale, hearty and instinct with spirits and vigor, largely due to their love and practice of woodcraft and placidly passing time, formed the circle of the old man's life, refining influence young Obé grew from boyhood into manhood.

Old John Murray, at the age of eighty, would run and shove the hunters up "the brook" to their "stands," while Obé, with horse and hounds, his horn swinging across his youthful shoulders, giving forth rye and upon the stirring notes of the hunt, would dash through the pine trees and the oaks to start the quarry, which instinctively sought the waters of the brook to bask the dogs, but thus rushed to certain fate from the ambush of the lance.

And then grew up by Obé's side a son of John Murray, a half-breed, "Steve," who was subject to Obé as John had been to Obé's father, "Uncle Lif," and served him all the days of his life with a fidelity "akin to the constant service of the antique world when service sweat for duty not for need."
"Steve" it was, who after ever fished those waters or dwelt in that hostelry can forget "Steve," or deny him a tear, as he recalls his shining face, his black and well-combed hair, his head eyes, his quick smile, his ready wit and shrewdness, and his disposition ever on the Indian all over, he knew every hole, nook, bog and log where or where, under the lurking trout poised himself, eager and alert for his prey, and it was a thing of general credence, that every decent trout knew "Steve," and he has long since passed to the happy hunting grounds of his race.

Then came the next generation, Hackett, Jones Rogers, Waldo, the Johnsons and the Knapps, Develin, Banks and the Wilmerdings, and a few other kindred spirits. With these he was on terms of close intimacy, and with the others, his companions in many a day's fishing, or on hunting "bound," or on a long tramp after "Bob White," with dogs of breed and training unimpaired. And then the dimmers he served for his guests, returning fatigued from the hunt, but refreshed by bath and brush. Rosate light shed by isaps, shrouded in lace and stuff of Tyrian dye, suffusing and softening the atmosphere of the cosy old dining-room, attuned the guests to the melow influences that surrounded them, and added sharper zest to the repast; while the portly figure and bright face of the genial host was everywhere, but that the nose should overlook or lose his share of the dainty viands, Ah! those were happy days and the nights, passed in song and story and with the music of the guitar, and occasional dance and "breakdown," worthy of the classic Rice and Christy, were nights indeed; *noctes amabiliores*.

Still another and a third generation of sportsmen who knew him not as intimately as the last but well enough to admire and esteem him and feel his loss: the Redmonds, Bonkard, Nelson, Curphey, Nicholas, DeForest, and, indeed, well nigh all the hundred members of the South Side Sportsmen's Club.

For some years Mr. Snedecor had been in failing health and his immediate friends had for months anticipated his demise, and yet it came at last, not without a shock. The void it has created is broad and deep. Mr. Snedecor was a typical Long Islander; quiet, never in a hurry, cautious and non-committal in speech, keen in discernment of character, serene and undisturbed by passing events, loving the soil upon which he was born, the waters, woods, meadows and fields of his dear old Long Island, and leading among men a blameless life; a gentleman by nature and education, a benevolent host; a hunter, shooter and fisherman by taste and in practice, and above and beyond any one of Nature's noblemen, an honest man.

The twin "Brotherhood of the Gut and Angle" has lost one of its most skillful and conscientious members and many, a friend near as a brother. Peace to thy ashes, dear, gentle, considerate, whole-souled Obé Snedecor.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

The Sportsman Tourist.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

Eighty Paper.

AS we sailed into Tampa Bay we saw the steamer from Key West sail in through the main pass, near the lighthouse on Egmont Key, and proceed across the lower end of the bay to a village near the mouth of Manatee River, and then continuing on its way up the Manatee River, and Tampa, where we left them transferring passengers and cargo. We anchored at sundown near the mouth of Little Manatee River, and the next morning sailed up to the old town of Tampa, which we found rather a neat village, with some pretty residences surrounded by orange groves. The barracks consist of a number of well-arranged and commodious buildings, models of neatness and good order. The grounds are tastefully laid out with well-kept parade grounds, lawns and drives, and magnificent pine oaks and other shade trees, rivaling our best parks in beauty and attractiveness. Several companies of artillery are stationed here. There is not much attraction for the sportsman about Tampa, on account of the scarcity of game; for the invalid and tourist, however, it is a pleasant place. Hillsboro' River, the third of that name I have seen in Florida, empties into the bay at Tampa, a small and uninteresting stream.

Tampa Bay is a large body of water some forty miles long and ten miles wide, and is often rougher than the Gulf itself. We experienced several days of squally weather there, with the wind continually shifting, so that we were obliged to skip from one lee to another in quick succession. We lost our large anchor on the east side, but found it again the next day during a lull in the wind, but a violent rain squall coming on we put across to Pappys Bayou, near the mouth of Old Tampa Bay, where we remained a day or two. The usual varieties of aquatic birds were here, and one day I gained a sturgeon in shallow water while in the coveas boat, and had quite a tussle with it. We sailed down the bay to Point Pinellas, anchoring in Big Bayou. Here were plenty of fine waters and fish. The peninsula lying between Old Tampa Bay and the Gulf and cutting in Point Pinellas, is high and healthful, clothed with pine woods and a few hamaks. Quail are quite plentiful, and fine sport may be had with the dog and gun in the open pine woods. Mr. W. P. Noid has a fine orange grove near Big Bayou. The trees are eight years old, in bearing, and look remarkably healthy and vigorous. There are a number of mango and alligator-apple trees, several cypress trees, with figs, guavas, guano, ducks, etc. I judge Point Pinellas to be one of the most salubrious and healthful locations on the west coast. There are a number of ancient burial and domiciliary mounds on the peninsula, and it seems to have been a favorite resort or dwelling place for the prehistoric tribes. A lake near the point is famous for its large and numerous alligators. On some of the keys near Point Pinellas are deer and other game.

Rounding the point we left port several large keys as Mullet, Arena, Pine and a number of smaller ones, and stopped at Boca Ceiga Pass. It will be observed that this is the third or fourth pass of that name, Boca Ceiga (meaning Blind Pass), that we visited on the west coast. This duplication of names in Florida is often annoying and confusing. The early Spanish explorers seem to have been particularly fond of the name. Boca Ceiga, Boca Ceiga Pass, Boca Ratones, Boca Grandes, Boca Seas, Boca Chicas, etc., while contiguous keys are big and little Gasparilla, big and little Sarasota, upper and lower Mattocombe, etc. And the English settlers are not far behind in this respect, for I know of at least twenty Bird keys, several Alligator keys, a dozen Pelican islands, three Hillsboro' rivers, two Sebastian rivers, several small keys, with Alligator, grasses, Gull islands and Raccoon keys, innumerable. At this Boca Ceiga Pass there is a fine beach, thickly strewn with shells, sponges, sea-fans, etc., and frequented by pelicans, herons, cormorants, etc. We also saw here a few flamingoes and roseate spoonbills.

Proceeding up Boca Ceiga Bay, we went out at John's Pass into the Gulf with a light breeze. When within a few miles of Little Clearwater Bay, we encountered a dead calm. The breeze, I believe, became as smooth as a sea of molten glass, while the setting sun loomed up, a huge red disc, in the soft yellow haze. It was such a calm as is invariably the forerunner of a storm, and we resolved to reach Little Clearwater Pass if possible that night. Putting Jack ashore, to walk up the beach to discover the inlet, we poled slowly along in two fathoms of water, not far from the shore. The sun, clouds, and stars had ceased to shine and sea like a great globe of fire, sending up to the zenith broad, fanlike rays of molten gold, diffusing fints of amber and saffron through the dense and heavy atmosphere, while a deathlike stillness pervaded the scene. The broad leaves of the palms fringing the shore were in quiet repose, and nowhere o'er land or sea could be seen the tremor of a wing or the ripple of a fin; not the slightest movement was discernible. Even the pelicans, gulls and ducks had ceased to stir and were as motionless as the white beach. All nature had been seemingly struck motionless as though by an enchanter's wand. The swish of the poles as they were withdrawn, and the water dripping and tinkling from them like drops of amber, were the only sounds to be heard. Finally the yellow twilight seemed to sink into the sea, the stars began to twinkle through the haze, and the murky night closed around us.

Jack returning toward the schooner from an unsuccessful search for the inlet, set fire to the beach scrub as he walked along, causing a long line of flame to shoot straight up into the still night, casting a broad red glare far out upon the untroubled waters. After supper we put out a second anchor, lengthened the cables, took in a double reef all round, furled and stoppered the sails, made everything snug and tight in. About midnight the boats were hauled by the main-boom lashing around furiously, and found the Rambler pitching, rolling and straining at the cables like an untamed steed. I turned out to secure the boom, and groping around in the darkness for the main lanyard cleat, I caught hold of Skipper's hand intent on the same office; it was so dark I could not see him. We lowered the boom and furled sail to the deck and secured it, and then looked out at the sunset of a few hours before! Then all nature seemed asleep—now she was raging in a perfect frenzy. The waters were tossed luminously, seething and hissing before a gale from the southwest, drenching us to the skin with spray. The swell was tremendous. It whirled and tossed the Rambler like a

cockle-shell, the cordage creaking, the shrouds shrieking and the balyards rattling madly against the masts. The sky was black, the waters black, and the shore line still blacker. Inky souds flew across the sky, northward, at a fearful pace. The water rose, heaved and rolled as in agony, with a sickly pallor of phosphorence that only rendered the darkness more visible. The breakers roared and thundered on the beach but 200 yards away. Oh, how we longed for daylight! We were bound for an inlet the exact whereabouts of which we did not know, and were ignorant how to enter it, if found, in the darkness. Skipper was for sending before the gale under the double-reefed foresail, but the breakers were so close that we could not do this until daylight, or so long as the anchors continued to hold. After paying out more cable we waited and watched the eastern sky for the first glimmer of the dawn.

It seemed as though the night would never pass away, but grew even blacker, were that possible, while the gale increased in violence. Squire and Jack were sleeping peacefully and calmly, perhaps dreaming of loved ones at home. We did not wake them; we only marvelled how they could sleep so soundly with the elements at war around them. But men can sleep tranquilly on the battle-field. Skipper and I sat in the cockpit watching the east with eyes of faith, but, oh! would the day never come. We could not see each other, but our pipes glowed fiercely red in the black night—spraks of comfort, indeed. At last I saw a suspicion of dawn, the pale lining the eastern horizon, causing the flying decks to assume a shade less black. Then I heard a shore bird twitter.

"Skipper," said I, "the day is coming!" Soon the eastern sky showed a faint glaze; like the passing away of a dense mist, disclosing a heavy, dark curtain, against which could be indistinctly outlined the palm-trees on shore. Then a slight rosy tinge, like the delicate blush of a sea-shell, was perceived along the edge of the horizon, a narrow pink border to the dark gray curtain—and at last came the glorious day. We roused Squire and Jack, hoisted the reefed foresail, hauled up the anchors, and fairly flew before the fierce gale. It was but a few minutes ere we sighted the inlet, the breakers dashing furiously over the bar. As we neared it the day broke brighter. Then we roused the rest of the crew, and over the narrow inlet, and through the narrow channel, we sailed, and further we reached a shelter and a harbor, with the water securely ruffled, under the lee of the beach ridge, white out after the storm demons still raged and howled.

After breakfast a schooner came flying in the pass under a small sail rigged on a jury-mast, her foremast having gone by the board. We sailed across to Dundin and anchored. The schooner had a number of small houses, the houses appearing to good advantage on the bluffs, surrounded by young orange groves. This is one of the few desirable points on the west coast. The banks are higher than any place we had seen. The bay is a fine body of water, shut out from the Gulf by several large islands, Clearwater, St. Joseph's, Hog and others, with passes between. Fish and small game are abundant. At Dundin is a store and post-office. The schooner was called the "White Mountain," fifteen miles above. Near the mouth of this river are two stores and a post-office, and close by is an old Spanish well, where good water can be obtained. They were expecting a railroad at this place, and we found this same railroad expectancy and consequent "boom" at nearly every place on the Florida coast; though what benefit would accrue to the railroads was not apparent, the freight transportation now offered is deemed to be amply sufficient for the produce of the country. A few miles up Anclote River is a large bayou, where good fishing may be had. Still further up the stream will be found Salt Lake and a salt spring, and near the source of the river a sulphur spring. Off the mouth of the river lie the Anclote Keys, behind which is a safe and deep anchorage, and where we found a fleet of fishing smacks driven in by the gale. On the fishing banks, some a mile or more from shore, these smacks take red snappers for the Havana market.

From Anclote we proceeded ten miles northward to Pith-laestotic River, called "Costie" for short, a small stream with its mouth completely blocked by oyster reefs; and ten miles further north we came to Bayport, at the mouth of Weckawachee River. The channels from the Gulf to the mouths of these rivers, and those above, are staked. Near the mouth of Bayport, some two miles from shore, a sudden blockade runner, but got off without sustaining any importance. Bayport is an old place of some note, formerly quite important as a shipping point for cedar. It consists of a store, post-office, and a few pleasant residences. It is a pretty place, with some of the largest orange and lemon trees I saw in Florida. Mr. Parsons is proprietor of the store, and will be found an agreeable and intelligent gentleman.

At the mouth of the river some two miles with the schooner, and then proceeded to the head of the stream, about ten miles further, in the small boats. The source of the river is a large spring, in a basin of an acre in extent, surrounded by a rim or ridge of considerable elevation. This "White Mountain Spring" as it is called, is a subterranean river bursting out at this point with great force, geyting to the surface, and boiling with a very strong current. The spring is fifty feet in depth and so clear that one's boot seems like Mahomet's coffin, suspended in mid-air. Great numbers of sheep-head and gars can be seen swimming near the bottom, but, as might be expected, refuse to take a bait in water so clear. The smallest object can be clearly defined on the bottom of pure white sand. The water boils up through great rents in the coralline rocks at the bottom, the hot below rich banks above in the form of a fountain.

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starts suddenly, with hoarse cry, from a secluded nook by the water's side, and lazily flaps away, with its long legs sticking straight out behind; and the mainly water turkey or snake bird sits awkwardly on a limb projecting over the stream, tilting back and forth in vain efforts to balance itself. Its long legs are poking about in every direction, seemingly undecided whether to drop to the water or take flight. Black bass, sunfish, sheephead and gar-pikes, with an occasional alligator, can be plainly seen swimming along in the clear, white water.

Returning to the Rambler we put back to Bayport and up the coast, ten miles, to Chessowiskee River. This part of the coast abounds in masses of black rock, called "nigger beds," for which the cruiser must keep a sharp lookout or he will come to grief on them, as they are up to several inches of the surface. This river, as do most of the streams in this section, rises from a large spring. Some of the rivers of the interior suddenly disappear under ground, and most probably they reappear at the surface through these springs. At the mouths of the rivers are numerous oyster banks where sheephead and drum do mostly congregate. Ten miles further north we come to Homosassa River, and following the tortuous channel at its mouth we anchor one mile from the Gulf. The Homosassa is a beautiful stream, unlike most others on the west coast. It rises from two large springs, and seems to have forced its way suddenly and with great violence toward the Gulf, cutting its way through the rocky soil by numerous channels, leaving many islands of coralline rock crowned by cabbage palms, for the last four miles of its course.

The next morning we sailed up to the charming resort of Capt. A. E. Jones, four miles from the mouth of the river. This is the most home-like hotel in Florida, and under the able management of Capt. and Mrs. Jones has become a favorite winter resort for many Northern sportsmen and their families. There are two long buildings with spacious and comfortable rooms, all on the first floor, shaded by verandas, and facing each other, with a beautiful lawn between adorned by orange, lemon and fig trees, with the beautiful ferns and orange groves in the rear. We were warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Jones, who abandoned and burnt during the war; the large sugar plantation adjoining, with its mills and machinery, being also deserted and destroyed and permitted to lapse into a state of tropical wildness. The fine fishing and hunting at this place is so well known, having often been described in FOREST AND STREAM, that I will not dwell upon it here; suffice it to say that we went out one day with Mr. Giles and Mr. Curtis, and saw many fine specimens of Mr. and Mrs. Jones' birds. A mile from the hotel, where I killed my last deer in Florida, before a young deerhound belonging to Mr. Giles. We went to the springs at the head of the river in the schooner without difficulty under the pilotage of Mr. Chris. They are similar to the other river springs of this section, but the river itself, I think, is by far the most beautiful. To the fishing, the comforts of a home while enjoying the fishing, shooting, boating, and tropical scenery and climate salubrity of the Gulf Coast, I would say, by all means go to Homosassa and put yourselves under the hospitable roof of Capt. and Mrs. A. E. Jones, whose efforts to secure the comfort and well-being of their guests are unflinching and proverbial, and moreover, you will there meet with some of the best people of the North, to associate with whom will be one of your greatest pleasures.

One night while anchored off the wharf of Capt. Jones I was awakened by strains of melody floating over the water, and turning on I beheld several large lights floating down the stream above us. Soon I discovered it to be a long raft of cedar logs being poled along by negroes, whose dusky forms were brought out in strong relief by the blazing fires of pine-knots in hoop iron baskets, and whose clear and musical voices, singing their boating refrains, had been softened by distance and borne along the surface of the water in the same manner as the music of the wind.

At daybreak we were anchored near the mouth of the river, laying in supplies. Skipper was in the dingy tending oysters. Squire was standing on the cabin roof watching for ducks and shore birds. Jack had gone ashore in the canvas boat to shoot snipe, while I was catching sheephead. A sudden blow of wind sent the forestal sweeping over the cabin roof, the boom striking Squire amidships and sent him sprawling in the water. I seized the conch-horn and blew a terrific blast to attract the attention of the boys, for the scene was too good to enjoy alone. Jack and Skipper looked over just as Squire emerged upright with the water up to his shoulders. Jack, taking in the situation at a glance, shouted:

"Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed unknown,
So might I shun the waltzing matron,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

MUSICAL FRAGS.

SOME time ago you printed a note from one of your many observing contributors in reference to certain musical frags.

It reminded me that one night last summer while drifting with the tide up the Potomac, a dead calm having fallen upon us, I thought I heard instrumental music on shore just above Mount Vernon. The soft tinkling rose and fell, increasing and diminishing, while at times the sweetest strains floated over the water, as if an opera of fairies was rendering some favorite work of an elfin Verdi or Beethoven. The music was so sweet and so much of a mystery to me, not being able to tell whether it was on shore or on the water, that I took the small boat and rowed as quietly as possible toward the place the sounds seemed to come from.

It was two o'clock of a warm, starry night, and I enjoyed that music wonderfully. As I rowed toward it, it would die away, and then, when I rested the oars, it would increase again, the sweet silver notes making me delightful swells and cadences, as if my rowing or being quiet governed the artists somewhere in the shadowy distance. At one time there was a good imitation of the "Turkish Patrol," the crescendo and diminuendo being marked, starting with soft tinkles, increasing to a full chorus, and ending with delicate cadence. Finally I discovered that the musicians were frogs, and all in a little space of an acre or so near shore, where the grass was not entirely covered by the tide.

(The frog, as you may well know, but I never heard any that made that kind of music before, though I generally hear them all, from *hyla* to *pipiens*, from those that tunc up almost as soon as the song sparrow in the spring, to the rum-jug-o-runs of the summer, J. C. B.

EXPERIENCE OF THREE AT REHOBOTH.

A PARTY of congenial souls had congregated at the corner grocery store of C. located within an hour's ride of the city of Wilmington, Delaware, on evening in the early part of last December, and while sitting around the stove toasting their shins, and recounting their gunning and fishing exploits, the subject of duck shooting was introduced by Silas Merrill, an enthusiastic lover of the rod and gun. "Boys," said he, "I've been seriously thinking of spending a week among the ducks. It is an entirely new diversion to me, and something I always wanted to do after my row of years of fishing. I will accompany me the thing is fixed. We'll have lots of fun, and probably bring home enough ducks to convince our friends that we did not purchase them. Who will go?"

Tom Stetson and Harry Wilson declared that nothing would suit them better, provided that good partridge shooting could be had in the neighborhood of the ducking waters. As each was the possessor of a well-broken setter, they naturally desired to spend some off-time at their favorite sport.

A place was next to be decided on. Barnegat Bay and Gunpowder River were contemplated on account of the last mentioned requisite being lacking. Rehoboth Bay, on the southeastern coast of Delaware, was unanimously chosen as the place offering the greatest inducements. A letter was forwarded by the next mail to John Martin, a farmer living within a short distance of the bay, who accommodated gunners with boardings, and lodged for a consideration, on throwing in the use of his decoys and services as boatman, notifying him they would be there either on Monday or Tuesday evening of the following week. It was finally decided that they should start on Monday.

Accordingly the trio, with their dogs, guns and ammunition, left C. early on Monday morning for Rehoboth, via Wilmington and Harrington. The trip to Lewes was devoid of interest. Here the road facilities ceased. Rehoboth is situated about eight miles southwest of Lewes. To cover this distance they had either to walk or engage a team, as they had not definitely stated in their letter what day they were coming, and Martin, of course, was not there to meet them. Inquiry of a native elicited the information that for \$6 he would hire them a conveyance and send a driver along. His proposition was accepted.

Calling a genuine Delaware darkey to him, he said: "Pete, you go down to the stable and hitch up the bays and take these gentlemen over to Jack Martin's." In a short time the "bays" were driven around to the station.

"And what a team! A pair of mules, whose appearance indicated a propensity for airing their heels and perpetrating all the tricks peculiar to the race, were harnessed to a rickety old open-topped wagon.

Harry W., whose avoirdupois was over 235 pounds, looked at the vehicle rather dubiously, and then asked the proprietor if he hadn't a cart and a pair of oxen handy, as his party wasn't much on style and didn't want him to send his best rig that distance. Pretending not to see the point, the man answered: "Oh! that's all right, stranger, I allus like to give my friends the best. Won't you step over to the hotel and hev sumthin' before you go?" Deceiving his offer, they mounted the vehicle and ordered the driver to drive on. As they moved off the proprietor halted, "Now you be durned careful, Pete. Them mules be chock full of oats and feel mighty spongy." They had not been long on the road before a trace parted. It was spliced with a piece of rope, and again everything was lively.

"We're getting tar now, we're yar," exclaimed Pete as the mules broke into a trot. "These yar animals are sumthin' on the git up and git, I tell yer." Hardly had the words escaped him when the wagon, without his sitting on it, was observed to suddenly turn a flip-flap, and alight in the sand on the roadside. Before his friends could divine the cause of this strange maneuver, they were all dumped in a heap alongside of their fallen comrade. The darkey was the first to take in the situation. "For to goodness, if de lynch pin ain't gone and dropped out." Such was the case. He was sent back to find it, while John and Silas righted the wagon and replaced the wheel. Harry meanwhile held the mules, and in a short return with the best lunch-pail. It was securely sealed, and once more the party were en route.

The mules had been very meek and well-behaved during these trying circumstances, and no trouble with them was apprehended. But alas for our friends' confidence in mule flesh! When about three miles from Martin's the off mule, evidently becoming tired, quietly lay down in the middle of the road, and in a moment of possession could induce him to get up. This sort of traveling was becoming monotonous. It was now almost dark. Something had to be done, and very soon at that. While they were consulting as to the best means for raising the refractory mule, a smile suddenly illuminated the countenance of Pete, who exclaimed: "I know what will fetch him; he's awful afraid of a gun. S'pose we all git in de wagon, and one of you gentlemen shoots off his gun, with start him, small." Wonder I shouldn't think of that before, they started themselves. Pete gathered the lines; John inserted two shells, raised his gun and fired both barrels. With a bound the mule sprang to his feet, and the circus then began in earnest. The near mule had remained quiet up to this time, but now took a hand in the performance. They reared, plunged and kicked. It was a ludicrous sight to see Pete dexterously avoid their heels. The harness, fortunately, held the fear-stricken animals to the wagon, but at first they were so frightened themselves futile, started off at a spanking gallop, and without further adventure the tired and disgusted Nimrods arrived at John Martin's, having been three and one-half hours in making the eight miles.

A man was standing at the door of a rather comfortable-looking farm house, and as the team stopped in front of the gate he came forward and inquired, "Be you the party that was comin' in C.?" Answering that they were, he continued, "If I'd a known you folks was comin' to night I'd a had a team down to Lewes and banied you over; your letter didn't say what day to look for you. Howsonever, your old woman'll soon have supper ready. Here, Jake—" turning to a young man, whom he afterward introduced as his son, "take these gentlemen's dogs and put them in the stable." He then led the way into the house, where they were soon seated before a roaring wood fire.

Presently Mr. Merrill, after being introduced, graciously announced that supper was in waiting, and "would the gentlemen be kind enough to step into the dining-room?" What a feast was set before these hungry sportsmen! Cold roast duck, broiled quail, fresh white bread, scaming hot

coffee, and different kinds of sauces. After partaking heartily of the repast, they adjourned to the sitting-room.

"Mr. Martin," inquired Harry, "what are the prospects for duck and partridge shooting?"

"Gentlemen," answered Martin, "I'm afeard you've left it too late for ducks. There is a fringe over and you can't sneak up on the ducks. Your only chance is to lay fur 'em at night, and shoot into 'em as they fly over the punt for the fresh water pond beyond. It's froze over, too, but there be air-holes where the ducks can get fresh water to drink. They allers go there at night. Soon as ever the moon gets up you won't have much trouble in bringing some down. As fur partridges, there's plenty of 'em, but take my advice, and when you find a covey, give 'em both barrels as they get up, 'cause ten to one you won't see an argus. They make straight for the swamps, and the devil himself couldn't hunt 'em there."

"Boys," said Silas, "suppose we try the ducks to-night? We might as well have a little fun before turning in." The proposition was agreed to, and in a short time they were en route for the "point" above alluded to, accompanied by John Martin. The point proved to be a narrow strip of land projecting some distance out into the bay, and which John Martin had erected a blind, sufficiently large to accommodate four or five gunners. Our friends took possession, and anxiously awaited the first appearance of Linn. As the ducks flew overhead their forms could be dimly outlined, and it was with some difficulty that Martin could restrain the excited sportsmen from opening fire. "Now, jist hold on a bit, and don't waste your powder and shot," said he to Harry as the latter was on the point of raising his gun. "You'll leave all the shooting you can get very shortly."

The time dragged wearily along, but at length the scene changed from darkness to moonlight. "Harry, you take the first shot," said Tom. "Get ready," whispered Martin, "here comes a bunch." He put up the gun, and when the birds approached within shooting distance, gave them both barrels. "I didn't hear anything drop," laughingly exclaimed Silas. "I guess you must have forgotten to put shot in your cartridges. Now Tom, your turn next. If you miss, I'll see if I can stop them. A flock of eight ducks soon came in range, and with the report of Tom's gun two birds fell, and as the others flew by, Silas gave them a parting shot, killing two more. "Jist give me another chance, and I'll show you what duck-killing is," exasperatingly ejaculated Harry, as the others chaffed him on his misses. "Well, here's your chance," said Tom, as two more were reported coming toward the blind. "Now, redeem yourself, here bang!" "There comes one, and another, clean shot that," shouted H., exultantly. "By George, he's only wounded, and is making for the ice."

The thought never occurred to give the wounded duck another load, but rushing from the blind he started in pursuit. The bird gained the ice, Harry close behind. Crash! He had stepped upon the ice, which, not being more than an inch thick, broke under his weight, precipitating him into the chilly waters below.

Scrambling to the shore, he returned to the blind. "Did you get the duck?" asked his companions. "No, blast the duck, but I've got an infernal good ducking. Guess I'll go up to the house and borrow some of Mr. Martin's old clothes."

Silas and Tom concluded to remain awhile longer, as the fun was just commencing. After enjoying the sport for upward of an hour, and securing twenty ducks, they, too, retired to the farmhouse. There, lying on their beds, Harry sneezed into one of the old man's suits, looking the very picture of despair.

"I want it distinctly understood," said he, "that duck chasing for me is played out. I'll fill the next one full of shot that tries to get away."

The forenoon of the following day was devoted to partridge shooting. The dogs worked excellently, and killed a number of the boys were taking very good care not to quail when flushed sought safety in the swamps. Don and Nig followed and pointed, but the gunners could not approach. Indeed, H. endeavored to do so once, and became so imbedded in the mud that his friends experienced great difficulty in extricating him. Notwithstanding this discouraging state of affairs, they succeeded in bagging thirty for one morning's work.

After partaking of a hearty dinner they turned their attention to cleaning their guns and putting everything in readiness for an evening with the wildfowl. The old man and his son entertained them with recitals of some of their marvellous gunning exploits. It was amusing to behold the countenance of Tom, as Mr. Martin, Jr., related the greatest feat of his life in long range shooting. Said he:

"I had 'bin ginnin' for ducks and had got 'bout as many as I wanted, when I spied comin' my way six geese. I dapped two cartridges of big shot into my gun, and waited. Presently they come a little nearer; I looked and they looked, but durn if I could git 'em inside of a hundred yards. Thinks I, 'Them birds are goin' to light out pretty soon, so I'll cut loose on 'em anyhow.' I puts up my gun and blazed away. You oughter see the feathers fly! I thought that 's'bout all the damage I'd done, but, as true as my name is Jack Martin, them six geese dropped, one after the other, stone dead. That's what I call pretty tall shooting!" Although his listeners felt that the story was gotten up for their especial edification, they nevertheless agreed that it was a remarkable shot and one worthy to be placed on record.

About 9 o'clock the party were again within the blind. The ducks began to move, affording some excellent shots. H.'s nervousness had worn off, and he scored five more birds than that of his comrades. The fusillade continued until 11 o'clock. Upon counting the result, it was ascertained that thirty-five ducks and three geese had been killed. Highly elated they returned to the house and were soon wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

It is hardly necessary to detail their actions during the remaining four days. Each day's shooting was but a repetition of Tuesday's. When they arrived in the village on Saturday evening, they divided the game that had not been sent part of some consumption among their friends. H. enjoined his companions to secrecy regarding his various mishaps. But somehow they all leaked out, and now he is asked whether he caught his ducks or shot them.

OCCEASIONAL.

NEBRASKA.—Falls City, Neb., March 6.—Since the ice has begun to melt we have been having fine duck and goose shooting on the numerous lakes in this immediate vicinity. Squirrels, rabbits, etc., are plentiful. Quail wintered in this section well, though undoubtedly a number were frozen.—TYRO.

Natural History.

THE YELLOW-BELLIED WOODPECKER.

Picus.

I SEE as with "the spirit of prophecy" that the FOREST AND STREAM is destined to be an encyclopaedia of natural history, and the only one in the English language. To sustain that reputation it is necessary that the compiler, the naturalist and compiler of facts, unite their efforts on this common or useful ground. The sportsman must rise to the plane of the naturalist, then both must be lifted from savage to civilized life, while the compiler must come down from the high stool he has mounted, and in a manly way acknowledge his indebtedness to the others, and to the labors of other men. The sooner this is done the better for all parts, since it is plain that the sportsman tourist now carries into the woods the highest grade of intellect, which, fired with the excitement of the chase, gives life, interest and humor to a narrative that no tarry-at-home, however sentimental or scientific, can reach. I would not be considered modish or inclined to "thrust my nose" into other men's business, but I often read an article in this paper to the significance of which I might possibly add a trifle, and the same article perhaps to its value as a historic record. My object is simply to preserve strong points of character frequently overlooked, and which, once true, are forever true, in the orders of life below us.

In running my eye over the list of "Birds of Maine," substantially the birds of New England, I noticed that the yellow-bellied woodpecker was passed over with a few words, just what every author gives the bird, showing most conclusively that ornithology as a science had not as yet reached his character, habits and peculiar instincts. I am obliged to set down first, that this is the most destructive bird in our climate. I have seen the best trees in an apple orchard destroyed, while the owner looked sadly at the trees ceasing to bear and dying, not once dreaming that so small a bird could cause it. "Sometimes called a sap-sucker." I falsely so-called. It has no sucking apparatus. Forging for worms is often asserted and stoutly defended. False again, he never borrows a wormy tree, and besides he has no barbed tongue like his tribe for pulling out a worm when he gets almost to it. Still worse, he kills a tree leaving no mark of his bill on the wood equal to the scratch of a pin. Then what under heaven does he do?

Well, he kills the tree most certainly. I have seen the white birch cut off, or rather broken off, twenty feet from the ground, in more cases than I can number, all his work. I have seen the yellow birch destroyed in the same manner; branches of the tree cut off, shriveled branches struggling for life, but dying. I have seen a tree girdled with spots twenty feet from the ground, then again a few feet lower, then below that, repeating the process to the roots, leaving a dead and dry section above each bell. I have seen the white pine destroyed in the same way. I have seen an eight to ten inch diameter, whose trunk of twelve feet was spotted with "gimlet holes" in the bark nearly one inch thick, and where for ten summers past I have shot the pests and thereby saved the tree. But this was a "honeydew" elm, of thicker, darker, greener foliage than hundreds of others in the neighborhood, and from the tips of the leaves a drop of sweet liquid falls—hence the name.

What other crimes against property this bird may be guilty of, I leave others to discover. What I have seen any one can see if they have the same opportunity. The bird crawls closely the snow line in its northern migrations, and although leaving his "trade mark" on many trees, does little damage in Massachusetts. But further north, where the bird breeds, white orchards are severely injured, if not destroyed, by them covering the trees with holes, and the gimlet holes in the bark, abandoned without enlargement for some distance of the sap. In that case the wound in the soft inner bark would grow over, while the rough outside bark would show the holes ever afterward. The first impression might well be that sweet-apple trees would be selected, but the rule is not reliable, since the sour, "pickery," crab-apple seldom escapes.

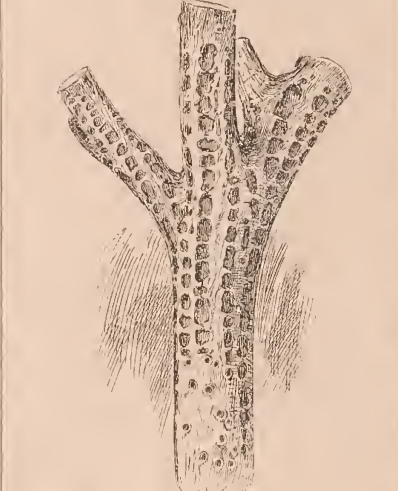
The bird usually commences operations early in May, on the smooth, green, healthy bark of a tree just beginning to bear fruit, and just as the bark swells out with the soft pulp for the year's deposit of wood. With true philosophy he invariably begins just below the offshoot of branches, where the upward flow of sap is retarded by knotty fibres above, and where the accumulation presses, causing the sap to flow more freely than at any other place. If the taste is satisfactory the insect returns to the first, lapping out the sap with a tongue fringed with hair on both sides, meeting at the point. This is the key to all his eccentric habits. Thus alternately pecking new holes, and lapping out those already made, he soon girdles a tree with bleeding wounds. Then perhaps flies off to other trees picking bugs and worms from the bark, but soon returns to the flowing sap where three-quarters of the day is spent. The heat of summer dries a hole he at once enlarges, it laterally, causing it to bleed afresh. Thus by a process constantly intermittent, the work is carried on often by a whole family in turn.

In this way the holes approach each other till the flow of sap is so diminished that the leaves fade and the fruit withers on the stem or falls to the ground. Perhaps not half the apple trees attacked are killed outright, but the which tree invariably dies. This is true in degree, and to every possible degree, from the round gimlet hole, which is not fatal, to the broad "countersink" which kills the branch or the whole tree. I must allude here to the fact that when the woodpecker leaves the tree, a humming-bird invariably drops down from a twig on which he has been waiting his turn, thrusts his tongue into the holes in rapid succession and darts off the moment the opening appears. I have often thought the reader will acknowledge my first assertion sustained, and also that this species is misnamed "a sap-sucker," although at a certain season sap is a prime article of food, and that he is more of an insect than a worm eater, lacking the necessary machinery for reaching worms in the true picarian style.

To return to introductory remarks I trust the sportsman naturalist will not feel that to "go after other respects" in natural history is beneath the dignity of the sharpest intellects in society. The subject is not yet exhausted, nor will it be for many days to come. Another thing, there should be a free interchange of thought among writers. A postal card will ask and answer many questions where the record of a fact has obscure points. My skill is thick as a board, I acknowledge; yours may be in spots; in any case

let us be neighborly and abolish fictitious names. Record every natural fact that comes under your eye, even at the risk of feeling the chagrin I have more than once felt on finding what I supposed new to the world was new only to myself. One thing further. Let no man expect to see all these things in a minute. The experiences of a lifetime, and the fruit of its researches are often embodied in a single page of record, and it is only from a great store of incident that we can sift what is reliable, and separate the true from the false.

A word of explanation for using Picus—There is in ornithology substantial agreement as to genera, while species and variety afford a boundless field on which young ambition spreads itself with wonderful effect. Distinctions



CRAB-APPLE TREE KILLED BY YELLOW-BELLIED WOODPECKER.

without differences, as synonyms fully demonstrate, have been multiplied about as long as it will pay. I herein give a "difference" in this bird without a "distinction," and throw the gate wide open for my friends above referred to step in and reach "immortality" by a shorter cut than usual. Give us, please, a term (not as long as your arm) embodying some idea of its character and habits, else we must give it up, and fall back on yellow-bellied wood—no—sprinkpecker, very near the place from which we started. B. HORSFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WINTER BIRDS.

AROUND Boston this winter there has been an unusual flight of birds, especially several species that have not been seen in its vicinity (excepting a few scattering specimens) for at least fifteen years. Several birds have been taken here during the past three months that have never before been known to pass the winter here. For instance, I know of an authentic case of the taking of two cowbirds in the middle of winter. Although the season has been severe, robins, song-sparrows, bluejays and yellow-rumped warblers have stayed in this vicinity in greater or less numbers. I saw a red-winged blackbird the 17th of February, and bluebirds arrived before the 1st of March. I have taken many white-winged crossbills and pine grosbeaks, but the American crossbill has been scarce. On the 22d of February I shot forty redpolls out of one flock, about thirty of them being Greenland or greater redpolls. Redpolls have been here in great numbers, and snow-bunting and shore larks are frequenting the seashore in large flocks. On the 24th of February I saw an Ipswich sparrow, which was shot by a friend accompanying me. Thinking this a remarkable winter in regard to the number of birds visiting us, I have deemed it worthy to write to you about it. W. A.

BOSTON, MARCH 7.

I here send you a list of birds observed during the winter months, as follows: Robin, *Turdus migratorius*; bluebird, *Sialia sialis*; black-necked chickadee, *Parus atricapillus*; white-bellied nuthatch, *Sitta carolinensis*; cedar bird, *Ampelis cedrorum*; pine grosbeak, *Pinicola enucleator*; American goldfinch, *Chrysomitris tristis*; song sparrow, *Melospiza neotoma*; chipping sparrow, *Spizella socialis*; English sparrow, *Passer domesticus*; crow, *Corvus americanus*; downy woodpecker, *Picus pubescens*; red-headed woodpecker, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*; golden-winged woodpecker, *Colaptes auratus*; screech owl, *Scops asio*. CAL. OLIVER.

SEASIDE, N. Y., FEB. 25.

A friend of mine shot a high-hole on January 25. Another high-hole was seen at Woodside a couple of weeks ago. Robins and a few meadow larks have been around since winter, and several large flocks of meadow larks and fox sparrows have appeared during the past week. A large white owl was seen by a friend at Locust Valley on January 25. I have heard of three being killed in this neighborhood during January. Will you please inform me if the horned lark, about which an article appeared in your last issue, and the larkunting, abundant here during the winter, are the same? TR.

LONG ISLAND CITY, FEB. 26.

A pewee (*Sayornis phœbea*) was observed here to-day, an unusually early date for the arrival of this species. G. MILFORD, CONN., FEB. 8, 1888.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY RECURVITROSTIDÆ: AVOCETS AND STILTS.

214. Avocet—*Recurvirostra americana* Aud., Ridg. 566, Cs. 600.—Accidental visitant from the West. Rare. Several specimens have been shot on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy at various times, and sent to a taxidermist in St. John, N. B. One was killed at "Simonton's Cove," Cape Elizabeth, Cumberland county, Maine, November 5, 1878, and its skin is now in the collection of the Natural History Society of Portland, Maine.

215. Black-necked Stilt—*Himantopus nigricollis* Aud.; *Himantopus mexicanus* Ridg. 567, Cs. 601.—Accidental visitant from the South or West. Very rare. Mr. Boardman has recorded a specimen taken near the mouth of the St. Croix River in 1862. Mr. Montague Chamberlain has recorded (Bull. N. O. C., April, 1882) the capture of a specimen by Mr. John Ellis, at Mace's Bay, on the eastern shore of the Bay of Fundy, in September, 1880. The species is rarely found on the New England coast.

FAMILY PHALAROPIDÆ: PHALAROPES.

216. Red Phalarope—*Phalaropus fulicarius* Aud.; Ridg. 563, Cs. 604.—Not uncommon along the coast during migrations. Mr. Boardman reports that "some breed" in the region of the St. Croix River. Mr. Boardman Hardy, of Brewer, Maine, informs me that a pair, male and female, were shot at Hermon Pond, Penobscot county, in May, 1881, and they were probably there for breeding purposes, although the spring migration occurs in May and these birds may have been merely stragglers from the coast.

217. Northern Phalarope—*Lobidys hyperboreus* Aud.; Ridg. 564, Cs. 603.—Not uncommon along the coast during migrations. Probably a few breed on the outer coast. I have observed phalaropes, probably of this species, at sea near our coast in June and July. The phalaropes are locally termed "sea geese" by fishermen and others. I have failed to learn the origin of this very inappropriate name for birds that most resemble in size and form the small sandpipers, although their feet are partially webbed, and they are swimmers more habitually than waders when found upon our coast. "Black old-growth" is another and less common, local name, I have heard applied to the phalarope.

218. Wilson's Phalarope—*Lobidys velox* Aud.; *Steganopus tricolor* Ridg. 565, Cs. 602.—Rare. I saw three phalaropes alight in the Noneseuk River, near "Black Rock," Seabrook, June 9, 1881. My companion, William H. Stephenson, Esq., shot one of them, and it proved to be of the species above named.

FAMILY RALLIDÆ: RAILS.

219. King Rail—*Rallus elegans* Aud., Ridg. 569, Cs. 676.—Rare. The only record of the occurrence of this species here, for which I can vouch, is that of a single specimen, shot by my friend Alpheus G. Rogers, Esq., at the Starbuck River marsh, October 1, 1881, the skin of which is preserved in the collection of the Portland Natural History Society.

220. Clapper Rail—*Rallus clypealis* Aud., Ridg. 571, Cs. 673.—Rare. An occasional visitant from the South. Specimens have been taken at various times on the coast, and one was shot at "Seabrook Pond," in Androscoggin county, in 1874, by Mr. C. P. Nason, of Auburn, Maine. For this sole inland record I am indebted to Prof. J. T. Stanton, of Lewiston, Maine, in whose collection the skin is preserved.

221. Virginia Rail—*Colinus virginianus* Aud., Ridg. 572, Cs. 677.—Not very common. Breeds. Formerly abundant but apparently not very common during the last few years, excepting in the autumn of 1881, when rails of several species were remarkably abundant here.

222. Carolina Rail, Sora Rail—*Ortygma caroliniana* Aud.; *Porzana carolina* Ridg. 574, Cs. 679. Common. Breeds. Abundant in favorite localities during September and October.

223. Yellow Rail—*Ortygma melanotos* Aud.; *Porzana melanotos* Ridg. 575, Cs. 680.—Not uncommon but scarce.

224. Jamaica Rail, Black Rail—*Porzana jamaicensis* Aud., Ridg. 576, Cs. 681.—During the autumn of 1881 great numbers of Carolina rails were shot in the vicinity of Portland, Me., as also numerous Virginia rails and yellow rails, and a King rail. Upon the fourth of October, while my friends, Jonas Hamilton and Alpheus G. Rogers, of this city, were shooting in Seabrook, Mr. Boardman's father shot a Carolina rail, a black rail, and a King rail. The bird was probably of the species *Porzana jamaicensis*. Both gentlemen have a familiar knowledge of our common species of rails, and especially noted that this bird differed from the "sora" or Carolina rail and the yellow rail in form as well as in plumage. Unfortunately the specimen was not preserved, and it may possibly have been an instance of melanism of the young yellow rail.

225. Purple Gallinule—*Gallinula porphyrio* Aud.; *Javanais martinica* Ridg. 578, Cs. 685.—Accidental visitant from the South. This species has been recorded as of occurrence as far north and east as New Brunswick (v. Bull. N. O. C., July, 1881, and April, 1882).

Mr. Boardman mentions it in his list of the birds found in the vicinity of Calais, Me. Mr. H. A. Purdie has recently shot a specimen of this species in the Adirondack region near Boothbay, Maine, by Mr. Jos. G. Nickerson. This bird was "taken alive and afterward escaped."

226. Common Gallinule, Florida Gallinule—*Gallinula chloropus* Aud.; *Gallinula galeata* Ridg. 579, Cs. 684.—Accidental visitant from the South. Mr. Boardman obtained a specimen some years since that was shot in Calais, Maine.

227. American Coot—*Fulica americana* Aud., Ridg. 58, Cs. 682.—Very common, but usually occurring in limited numbers during the autumn migration. But little known here, and the name *Pele canis*, or water-hen, is not used in Maine.

I have heard it locally termed "blue peter" and "blue marsh-hen" in Maine. The name coot, properly applied only to this bird, is erroneously used in Maine, as well as throughout New England, to designate any one of the three species of surf ducks or scoters so abundant along our coast.

FAMILY ANATIDÆ: DUCKS, GEESSE AND SWANS.

228. Common Swan—*Cygnus americanus* Aud.; *Oloranus icterus* Ridg. 588; *Cygnus columbianus* Cs. 689.—Rare straggler from the West or South. An immature swan of this species was shot by Mr. Wm Williams, of Bondedinn, Me., in the Kennebec River, near Brick Island, at the

junction of the Androscoggin River, known as "Merry-meeting Bay," in November, 1881.

220. Snow Goose—*Anser hyperboreus* Aud.: *Chen hyperboreus* Ridg. 591, Cs. 695.—Rare. Some years ago a flock of geese of this species alighted in the Nonseuch River at Scarborough, Me., and remained there undisturbed a half day. An immature specimen was shot at Glenburn, Penobscot county, Oct. 18, 1884, and its skin is in the possession of Mr. E. S. Bowler of Bangor. An immature specimen was shot near Hollowell, Kennebec county, November 25, 1881. An adult specimen was shot in Casco Bay, Cumberland county, in December, 1880, and its skin is preserved in the collection of the Portland Natural History Society. Geo. A. Boardman, Esq., has procured an immature specimen in the region of the St. Croix River. The three immature specimens above cited are probably referable to "variety *atlantica*" (Ridg. 591, Cs. 965).

230. Brant Goose—*Anser bernicla* Aud., *Bernicla brenata* Ridg. 595, Cs. 700.—Common; migrant along the coast, but usually passing far out at sea, hence not often shot here. Arrives late in April and early in May.

231. Canada Goose—*Anser canadensis* Aud., *Bernicla canadensis* Ridg. 594, Cs. 702.—Abundant during migrations, arriving in numbers March 20. The spring flight continues until a month, but stragglers are sometimes seen late in May, and early in June, in Maine to the "variety *holkitchii*," which appeared to differ in no respect from the same "variety" shot in Dakota Territory. The Canada geese are usually termed "wild geese" in Maine, and no other species is commonly known here, except the brant geese on the coast. They vary much in size, and shades of coloration of plumage. The average weight of those shot here is less than eight pounds each, and ten pounds is an unusual weight. I once shot one whose lower parts were of a bright buff or cream color, the yellow being more brilliant than the coloration of Audubon's plate in "Birds of North America," with which I made a comparison.

232. Mallard—*Anas boschas* Aud., Ridg. 601, Cs. 707.—Not common. An irregular visitor, usually as a straggler associated with ducks of other species.

233. Dusky Duck—*Anas obscura* Aud., Ridg. 602, Cs. 708.—Abundant. Many breed about the lakes and streams throughout the State, and nesting upon the ground, and laying their eggs usually in June. In August the young ducks, "variety *holkitchii*," which appeared to differ in no respect from the same "variety" shot in Dakota Territory. The Canada geese are usually termed "wild geese" in Maine, and no other species is commonly known here, except the brant geese on the coast. They vary much in size, and shades of coloration of plumage. The average weight of those shot here is less than eight pounds each, and ten pounds is an unusual weight. I once shot one whose lower parts were of a bright buff or cream color, the yellow being more brilliant than the coloration of Audubon's plate in "Birds of North America," with which I made a comparison.

234. Sprigtail or Pintail Duck—*Anas acuta* Aud., *Defula acuta* Ridg. 605, Cs. 710.—Not common. A few seen during autumn migrations, but rarely in spring. Termed by local gunners "gray duck."

235. Gadwall Duck—*Anas strepera* Aud.; *Chaulelasmus strepera* Ridg. 604, Cs. 711. Very rare. Mr. Boardman has procured a single specimen. Two ducks of this species were shot at Scarborough, April 29, 1879, by my friend Mr. Ira Crocker, of Portland, Me.

236. American Widgeon—*Anas americana* Aud.; *Mareca americana* Ridg. 607, Cs. 718.—Not uncommon in autumn, but never abundant. Rarely appears here in spring.

237. Green-winged Teal—*Anas carolinensis* Aud.; *Nettion carolinensis* Ridg. 612; *Querquedula carolinensis* Cs. 715.—Common migrant. Most common in the autumn. Arrives early in April, and is seen in the autumn after all of the new species have passed by. Rarely abundant in spring.

238. Blue-winged Teal—*Anas obscura* Aud.; *Querquedula obscura* Ridg. 609, Cs. 716.—Common autumn migrant, arriving early in August. Sometime rather abundant. I know of but a single instance of the occurrence of this species here in the spring. The late Caleb G. Loring, Jr., shot one at Scarborough, Me., April 28, 1859.

239. Shoreline Duck—*Anas platyrhynchos* Aud.; *Spatula platyrhynchos* Ridg. 608, Cs. 718.—Rare. An occasional visitor from the South. My friend, James Hamilton, Esq., shot a fine adult male at Stratton Island, Scarborough, Me., April 7, 1879. Five ducks of this species were shot near Portland, April 18, 1881, and several more in the same vicinity two days later.

240. Wood Duck—*Anas sponsa* Aud.; *Aix sponsa* Ridg. 613, Cs. 719.—Abundant throughout the State, except on the rocky and sterile hills in the north-western part of the State. The eggs are laid in May, and the young birds fly strongly ere the expiration of July. Strictly a fresh-water duck in habits; this species is only found on our coast as a straggler, where it is occasionally shot in company with ducks of other species. The wood ducks and the dusky ducks are the only species of ducks that breed abundantly in Maine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

along, and following were the imprints of the owl's wings, here and there feathers of both, and blood upon the snow. Following this trail a short distance, I reached the spot where the owl had celebrated his triumph by devouring the greater part of his victim. For several feet around were black feathers, blood, pieces of crow's skin and numerous imprints of the owl's feet in the snow. Doubtless the owl took advantage of the crow while sleeping among the hemlocks, and so fiercely pursued him that he fell a victim to beak and claw. This being my first intimation of owl feeding upon crow, I hope to learn more about it through the columns of your valuable journal.—G. ALBERT KNAPP. [We have in two instances known of the killing of the crow by the great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).]

MASSACHUSETTS BIRD ARRIVALS.—Brookline, Mass., March 9, 1888.—Having kept notes of the time of arrival of some of the birds in spring, as observed by myself, I send you the record from 1879 to 1883, inclusive, taken at my residence. Following at Newton, Mass.: 1879—February 20, robins; March 11, bluebirds. Following at Brookline, Mass.: 1880—February 27, bluebirds; March 6, robins; March 9, bluebirds; March 13, bluebirds; March 10, robins. 1881—March 3, bluebirds; March 10, robins; March 19, woodcock. 1882—March 2, bluebirds; March 4, robins. The above record for five years shows that in only one of the five have the robins come to us earlier than the bluebirds, viz., in the spring of 1879. The number of woodcock seen in the spring of 1882 led us to anticipate a good season for those birds, but when the season opened, August 1, there were a few broods to be found, and our full flight of woodcock was an utter failure, as far as number was concerned. We shall look for their arrival now as soon as the weather moderates, March thus far having been as severely cold as any part of the past winter, and there being still several inches of snow on the ground.—C. T. D.

A EUROPEAN WOODCOCK IN CANADA.—The occurrence of *Scolopax rusticola* in America is so unusual that every instance of its capture should be noted. Sportsmen should be on the lookout for this species, and if they find it lose no time in reporting the matter. The Canadian *Sportsman and Naturalist* says: "A specimen of the English woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*) was shot on the 11th ult. [November] by a French Canadian at Chambly, P. Q. Color, size and weight of the bird confirmed the man, who carried the stranger to Mr. Brock Wiltse, a sportsman of this town, but he became incredulous—as we did when it was brought to us in the flesh—that a fat, twelve-ounce European woodcock could be obtained in Canada in November; but its freshness settled the doubt and the bird is now stuffed. We believe that this is the first specimen shot so far inland in Canada. The other record of a specimen occurring so far north on this continent is one taken in Newfoundland in 1866."

DRUMMING OF THE SPRUCE GROUSE.—Editor *Forest and Stream*: The drumming of the Canada grouse is performed exactly as I have related it in *FOREST AND STREAM*—the bird drumming while descending in a very small spiral, from a limb overtopped, and after strutting on the ground for about two minutes, flying back in the ordinary manner. I have seen it performed in a single colony over thirty years. Mr. Smith's account is quite new to me, and if correct, shows a very surprising difference in the drumming habits of different individuals of this species.—PENNSCOTT.

SPRING IN VIRGINIA.—Leesburg, Va., March 7.—Black-birds, frogs croaking, robins, geese going north and other like signs have made us all think of fishing. The small boys have tried the succulent creek with some success, and older folks have caught the young ones. One was taken, however, nipped our plans in the bud. Pies called here "shad" were put by thousands on Goose Creek three weeks ago. These flies are, I think, the caddice flies, having four wings, only two showing when at rest, of a delicate lead color.—T. W.

TO ENTOMOLOGISTS.—We have been requested by its author to call attention to the following circular of inquiry concerning canker-worms:

U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, DIVISION OF ENTOMOLOGY, Washington, D. C., Nov. 1, 1882.

SIR: In preparing a bulletin upon the subject of canker-worms, to be issued from this department, I find that much of our present information is of a very general character, and that the two entirely distinct species of canker-worms were confounded in description, seasons, habits and geographical distribution. In many of the publications issued by this department, the two species are not all or insufficiently. The most widespread and best known species is the spring canker-worm (*Plectiscia variata*, Peck). The female rises early in the fall, and lays her eggs in series and exposed manner. If you have any information as to its habits, or delicate eggs. The second species is *Azotopsepsa pometaria*, Harris, and the female rises chiefly in the fall, and lays her eggs in series and exposed manner. If you have any information as to its habits, especially upon the following points, in regard to the occurrence of canker-worms in your own locality:

- 1. Which species, if either, is now found in your own locality, or has ever been found there?
 - 2. When was it first observed there?
 - 3. During what years has it been especially injurious?
 - 4. During what years has it been entirely unnoticed?
 - 5. Has the appearance of the perfect or parent insect been confined to either the fall or the spring, or has it occurred both?
- Whenever any doubt can or does arise in regard to the species observed, it is particularly requested that specimens may be sent to the department, and that the name of the collector, and whether he is a contributor to the department, or a collector, be stated. Boxes and stamps for the return of specimens will be sent to any person who will notify the department of intention to contribute information and specimens.
- Observations may be made during all mild weather from the present month (November) until the middle of June, and the more detailed and the observations the greater will be their value. If you have not the time or inclination to make these observations personally, you will confer favor by handing this circular to some person who will be interested.
- Should this circular come to the hands of any entomologist who has not been notified, it would be respectfully requested that you inform him that you may pass that will throw light on the range and preferred food-plants of either. Respectfully,

C. V. RILEY, Entomologist.

Game Bag and Gun.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream* Publishing Co., and not to the individuals whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

MY FIRST PANTHER.

ONE Sunday afternoon I was seated in my tent on the banks of Bayou Bartholomew, some twenty-five miles below Pine Bluff, Jefferson county, Arkansas. I was engaged in deadening a tract of land for the purpose of opening a plantation. My laborers had all gone off for various objects, and I was left alone. Except my riding horse and pack of hounds there was not a living object about the camp, even my rifle and shotgun were not at home, having been loaned to some of the hands for still-hunting. It was about the middle of November, and the weather though cool was not disagreeable. I was employed in studying some (it ought to have been my Bible) township maps, as I was anxious to enter some lands adjacent to mine, when the son of a neighbor galloped up to the tent in great excitement.

"Colonel, old Colonel papa has got a big panther up a tree on the cypress brake, not far from Couchart Bayou, and wants you to come quick and shoot it."

Now this was breaking the camel's back; my guns loomed out at a time when I needed them more than I ever did before. How provoking! no gun, and this the first opportunity ever offered me to shoot a panther.

"Ride to your uncle's, Sam, as fast as your horse will carry you, and request him to loan me his gun. I will saddle my horse and be ready to go on hawk with you. Perhaps by that time some of my workmen may return and I may get my own gun."

It was two miles to the residence of Mr. Price Copeland. He and his brother, William Copeland, were the noted bear hunters of the country. They were the early pioneers who settled on Bayou Bartholomew, in the southeastern portion of Jefferson county; but being the chain carriers when the land was first surveyed, and were now widely known for their hospitality.

In a short time Sam returned with the gun, and when I looked at it I lost all confidence in its shooting qualities; yet it was the only chance, and I intended to kill that panther if I had to do it with my case-knife. My horse was ready saddled and hounds coupled to prevent their running after any game before I should get to Mr. Copeland; none of the laborers had gotten back, so I was forced to set out with the miserable excuse of a gun that Sam brought. It was quite dark when I left my camp. I was afraid some other bad luck would attend me before reaching Copeland. Our horses were put to full speed to keep the bounds from leaving the road and striking the track of a deer, turkey, bear or other wild varmint.

As we rode together Sam informed me "that he and his father had ridden over on the Arkansas River to Richland, a small country store sixteen miles south of Pine Bluff, and the same distance from my tract of land. On their way home, after crossing Couchart Bayou, they saw a very large panther spring out of the cypress brake and cross the road. Fortunately several of their bear dogs were along, and they gave pursuit. The panther ran parallel with the road for nearly a mile, when it went up a tree on the side of the road. His father concluded to stay in the camp to pick it up the tree until he should get after me, and if I were not at home, to go after a gun and return as soon as possible."

Fortunately I succeeded in getting my hounds to the tree in which the panther was crouched without their striking any trail.

"Furies and thunder and lightning, what kept you so long, Sam? Did you expect me to sleep out the night and you to come back in the morning?" exclaimed Mr. Copeland as we dashed up to him. I explained the cause of my delay, and this seemed to satisfy him. It was now 8 o'clock at night. He had sat on his horse under the tree not thirty feet from that ferocious animal for four long mortal hours to keep it from jumping out, and he was one of the most tired and fretful men that a person could imagine. While I was tying my horse to prevent his running off when I should shoot, I asked him how he managed to keep the panther there, and he said "Oh, I hung on to him, and the dogs, and everything else, until he was afraid to leap out."

My arrival with so many dogs seemed to infuriate the beast. I could hear him tashing his tail against his sides and the deep angry growls, but I could not see him. His color and that of the leaves were so nearly alike that I could not make out his form until Copeland took my gun and pointed him out. I stood in front of Copeland, who was still seated on his horse, though he had turned it round to keep it from jumping on me when I shot, as this was not his hunting horse. I was perhaps some ten feet in advance of Copeland. With many misgivings as to the certainty of that gun's killing the panther I fired a random shot. With the report I felt a rapid movement of the air just over my head and next angry oaths from Copeland and a yell to the dogs to seize him. When I shot, the panther leaped out of the tree, evidently with the intention of springing on Copeland, but he was so very wounded that he fell short of its object and lighted on the rump of the poor horse, most fearfully lacerating it with its fore claws as it struck the ground and then it hounded into the thick cover followed by all the dogs. Running some hundred yards it mounted a snail, bending sapling, and when Copeland and myself got to the place we saw it hanging with its fore feet while the hind feet swung clear. I fired the second barrel, and by the time I fell to the ground it was seized by the dogs and Copeland plunged his knife to the hilt in its side behind the shoulder, before it could do much injury to a dog.

On my way to our respective homes, Copeland asked me, "had I ever eaten any panther meat?" Replying "no," he said, "it was the sweetest of all flesh he had ever eaten, and if I was willing, he would come over to my camp the day after the next day, which would be Tuesday morning, to kill a regular barbecue." To this I readily consented. Before separating, near the head of the cypress brake, not a mile from Copeland, the dogs flushed a large flock of turkeys. "Now," said Copeland, "you come out here early to-morrow morning, and kill a turkey, and perhaps you may get a fat doe also. I saw a track of a bear going into the cane brake just as I crossed Couchart, and I know where he will be to-morrow; I price and I will go after him. I am fully sure to kill a man when I will show you how to cook panther, which you will declare the finest eating you ever had of wild animals. When you return from hunting the turkeys

WELL OWLS KILL CROWS?—Onondaga, March 5.—On the 23d of February, while hunting crows and snowbirds, my rife led me to the banks of what has long been known as the Furnace Brook, about ten miles south of Syracuse, N. Y. Among the hemlocks fringing this stream, the crows, of late, have found a comfortable roosting place. In the early morning, these dusky birds take their flight eastward, seemingly in companies and battalions, under the guidance of appointed leaders. As the sun is about disappearing over the western hills, the sky is fairly darkened by these dusky birds, and they return to the hemlocks. While hanging about in the neighborhood of the brook, I had the evident evidence that a conflict had recently occurred between a cat-owl and a crow. Here and there in the snow were visible impressions of the crow's wings where he had flapped

gator teeth, two young bald eagles alive, live gators, photographic views, etc.

Across the river Mr. Wheeler, of Templeton, Mass., is collecting birds and curiosities for Maynard of Boston. Each boat day brings a large assemblage of yachts to our wharves to take visitors up or down the river. Many of them are boats of small capacity, while the large boats of last year are engaged in Government employ or longer voyages with freight. Capt. Hammond, with his gun, is repairing the houses of refuge on the Pennsylvania. Capt. Bowers, has a Government survey party, the Illinois. Capt. Hendrickson, is carrying lumber to the light-house at Jubiter, and bringing up pineapple slips from Key Largo and banana plants from Lake Worth.

The Hambler, that took Dr. Henshall's party round to the west coast last year, has not returned. We welcome to our waters the new naval sharp-shooter, Com. Douglas, which came in at Indian River inlet two weeks ago, and is lying at Jubiter. Also the New York, a new yacht, built at Jacksonville and run in at Mosquito inlet and through the haul-over to Indian River. She will start on a cruise down the river soon. We propose to haul our sailboat over from the St. Johns immediately and take a large delegation of our party down the Indian River to hunt and fish at favorable places, and visit the big grounds and rookeries on the head waters of the St. Lucie.

The regular southeast winds have set in; the thermometer stands from 70° to 80° in the shade, which gives us just the weather to eat, drink and sleep in the open air. Last year we had five or six weeks of continuous pleasant weather without a single rainy day; and now, as the weather has become settled, we shall look for it to continue this year.

ROCK LEDGE, Fla., Feb. 6.

RICE BIRD.

IOWA NOTES.

THE winter here has been of unusual severity. Sixty-five days straight of excellent sleighing, with snow from one to two feet deep, has, of course, done much to make our course such weather is terribly destructive of small game; we look for no more quail shooting here for years. Quail have been growing scarcer and scarcer here of late, yet in spite of this, and in spite of the prospects of this extraordinary winter, two of our so-called sportsmen, who hunt invariably for the bag all through the season, and for aught I know, none after the season, persisted in the pursuit of the poor Bob Whites, whose whereabouts they learned from their allies in the country, until they have secured it, is proved, nearly all that were left. They probably killed 500 or 600. They have no care for others, and no concern for the future. There are many like them, and while such exist it does seem almost needless to attempt the practice of the rules of honorable sport. The parties with whom I hunted the past season, however, refused steadfastly to kill a single mallard. We did that much; it was so much more for the pot-hunters; they should thank us.

So great has been the scarcity of food that game and birds of all kinds have been rendered almost helpless or unaccountably bold. The rabbits, of which we still have considerable numbers, grew so thin that it is alleged they are quite transparent when skinned. Large flocks of crows have wintered in the door-yards of the residences in our town in many instances loitering so close to man's presence that one could approach within twenty feet of them. Such has been their unnatural desperation that, lighting in numbers about the stock yards of the C. R. I. & P. depot, they have actually been known and seen to alight on the shoulders of a living hog and peck a hole into the living flesh. It became necessary to station men with guns to keep them off. The above statement has been met with Homeric laughter all through the West, but it is nevertheless true.

We saw our first wild geese on the 1st of March. They do not stop here very often now, though twenty years ago, they tell me, the Skunk bottoms were black with them. Most of the geese have passed north of us before the ice is broken up in our streams, and are all gone before the duck season begins. I am told that ducks were seen a week ago; two weeks later, or possibly before, we will have duck-shooting. Everything here depends on the height of the water in Skunk River during the migratory period. When there is, as often there is, a broad strip of water a mile or more wide, running diagonally across the State directly in the line of flight, we often have good sport.

The ducks are about the only game we have. Pinnated grouse almost gone in this section. Ruffed grouse very rare indeed. Even the ducks are becoming scarce and wild, under the incessant fusillade which meets them at all seasons from every boy and every cursed market-shooting pot-hunter who can steal enough to buy one of those abominations, a cheap English breech-loader. Oh! if I were Congress, wouldn't those guns be taxed and barred. I am discouraged. I am disgusted. It is so useless to try to stop the war of extermination. Our game laws are dead letters. Our citizens are afraid to enforce them. The sworn officers of justice, and the very justices of the peace, are too apathetic or too cowardly to take a stand. The gun clubs are the worst pot-hunters of all. I am discouraged, I am disgusted. I am of a mind, at the age of twenty-five, to hang up my gun.

Here in our river, probably the best stream in the State for number and variety of game fish—here where enormous black bass, pike-perch and muscallonge once played unshamed, and would not be fished sport for ages if only gentlemen pursued them, you may notice the effect of the undue greed of man. Traps, set-nets, gill-nets, seines—every poaching device imaginable, and all practiced right under our very noses—have all combined to deplete our fertile waters, till a few under-sized fish, last among the unfortunates, represent the lack of an average day's fishing.

We do not use very fine tackle out here. Our stream is muddy, lined with mud, and fished sport for ages if only with fly bait, is found most effective. Spoon-hooks are often effective in the bayous during the early spring. The fly can be used only rarely to any advantage. The live minnow is our most killing bait.

This is a famous stream for big muscellonge. The nets don't stop them so readily. My father caught one a few years ago that weighed twenty-five pounds. Many have been caught of nearly the same weight. If the schooling were stopped here for five years, our waters would be well restocked. It is a horrid fate for a game fish to die in a prison. It is a horrid death for a game fish to die in a net. May the souls of these slaughtered ones haunt and curse their destroyers!

You see even our fishing is falling off. At the last fishing trip we made last fall, Judge H. S. W., as ardent and jolly

an angler as ever spun a reel, recorded a solemn vow that he would fish no more in Skunk River. But then the Judge was very warm; and he had broken his first-run in a tree.

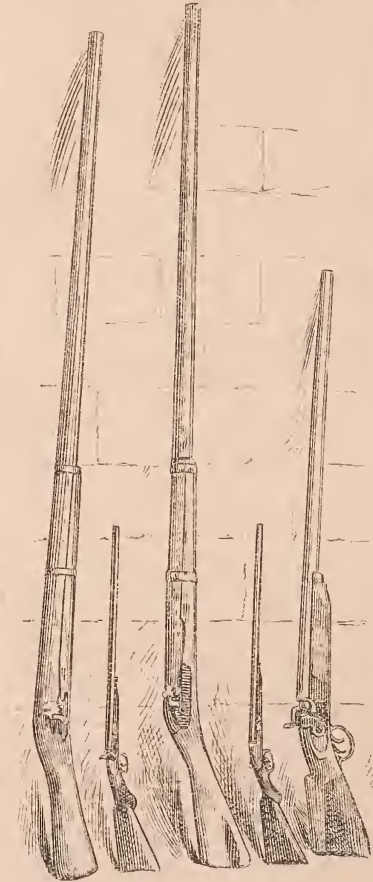
By the way, in an old number of FOREST AND STREAM, I see that Lieut. Thurston and wife, of our State University, were up in Michigan last season. The big trout that Mrs. Thurston caught should have considered his death a privilege. If the Lieutenant had only told me when I was under his instruction at the university, that he too was a lover of the rod, I should have studied my infantry tactics harder for him.

Let me close my rambling notes by a word of hearty approbation of your course as to the Park monopoly fraud. Be sure your readers will hold up your hands in what way they can. We hope that dreaded national disgrace will not be blotted into our record. And we know FOREST AND STREAM is doing much to keep it out.

NEWTON, Iowa, March 9, 1888.

THE BIG-GUNS.

WE give herewith a sketch of the big ducking guns recently captured from the night hunters of Spessitta Island. From the description already given of the manner in which these destructive weapons are employed we quote: "A gun of this kind is mounted in the bows of a small skiff, which can either be navigated in water or put upon runners, and propelled over the ice. The stock of the gun is braced against a block, so that the recoil sends the boat back through the water, and there is no big shock as there otherwise would be. The gun is usually painted the color of the boat, some dull neutral tint, and is fitted with a patent buoy, by which the owner, if surprised by an officer of the law, can pitch it overboard and return for it again when the alarm is over." The gunner lies in the bottom of the boat and propels the craft with a paddle. "The sound of one of the guns can be heard five miles, and the destruction of ducks is great, as they sleep quietly upon the water. There are instances recorded where eighty-five and one hundred



BIG-GUNS OF SPESSITTA ISLAND.

couvau-bucks were killed at one discharge. On account of this slaughter the law passed by the last Legislature imposes a fine of \$200 or imprisonment for each and every offense constituted by having in possession, using or disposing of any sink boat, sneak boat, big or swivel gun, or killing a duck in the night time in any manner in the Chesapeake Bay or its tributaries." Our sketch is taken from a photograph, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of John E. Scumers, Esq., of Baltimore, through whose exertions, it will be remembered, the guns were confiscated. The sketch represents them as standing by the side of ordinary shotguns, and shows by comparison the difference between the two styles of arms. The largest of the big guns was 10 feet in length, 1 1/2 inch bore, weighed 160 pounds, and was loaded with a charge of 1 or 1 1/2 pound of powder and 1 1/2 pounds to 2 pounds of shot. This one with the next in size were made by an old gun, smith of Havre de Grace, who is still living, though, we understand, he "has gone out of the business." The smallest gun, weighing about seventy-five pounds, was an imported one.

CONNECTICUT QUAIL.—Windsor Locks, March 10.—Good sport for the quail here this winter, most all lived over.—YOUNGSTER.

ST. LAWRENCE GAME CLUB.—The third annual meeting of this club was held at Ogdensburg, N. Y., on the 7th inst. President Hoard reported a steady growth of public opinion in favor of the support of the objects of the society, the indictment of fourteen persons for violation of the game laws; the destruction of seines and gill nets in Oswegatchie and adjacent towns by the agents of this club, and not by officers elected by the people to enforce said laws. He was emphatic in the opinion that the State needs more game and fish protectors, and that there is an urgent necessity for their services; that respecting the appointment of a committee to confer with the Governor on the subject. The report of the treasurer showed receipts amounting to \$512, disbursements \$503, with no unpaid bills. The following twelve trustees were elected: M. D. Packard, J. H. Rushton, S. D. Kimball, of Canton; George H. Clark, of Fullerville; Iron Works; John Webb, Jr., George P. Ormiston, of Gouverneur; J. L. Brown, Alieu Ormstead, of Potsdam; James R. Smith, of Russell; J. McNaughton, J. H. Brownlow, Wm. Peters of Ogdensburg. The Board of Trustees then met and elected the following officers for the ensuing year: L. D. Hoard, President; E. F. Beardslee, Vice-President; N. W. Howard, Secretary and Treasurer. Mr. McNaughton then moved that a committee be appointed by the president, the number at his discretion, to confer with the Governor as to the appointment of game and fish protectors. The motion prevailed, and the following were announced as such committee: J. McNaughton, D. Magone, William Peters, Leslie W. Russell, John Webb, Jr., D. S. Lynde. Mr. Peters moved that L. D. Hoard be added to the committee—it was so ordered.—N. W. HOWARD, Secretary.

"WE ARE FEARFULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE."—Near Peake's Cross Roads, Virginia, March 5.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have come to the conclusion, after some thought, that our friends of the North are blessed with much more volubility of stomach than their brethren of the South. Some years since, a gentleman from Virginia was on a business trip to a town in one of the Northern States, and after he and the guests had finished their breakfast on the second day after his arrival, a man came into the general room of the tavern where the Virginian was and told the tavern keeper he wanted breakfast. My friend said, judging from his general appearance, he had been "making a night of it." Upon being asked what he would have for his breakfast, he ordered "a salt herring, two large cucumbers and a quart of buttermilk." My friend scraped an acquaintance with the fellow to see what his strange breakfast, and avers that "he finished off the mess with two bisuits, and a half pint of molasses." "Mark West," in your bright elegant issue of the 23d of February, gives us the second bowler to this order, but takes his liquids after instead of before the feast. Hear him: "That evening, after we had reached home and had dispatched of an enormous quantity of shiplocks I believe the men fried in grease, stewed (o) grouse, milk and pumpkin pie. Sam set a big pitcher of cold cider upon the table." Mr. Glover, same issue, informs us that in his part of the country they "consign" undesirable whelps "to the water bucket."—R. M. C.

NOTES FROM WORCESTER, MASS.—March 10.—The annual meeting of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club was held Wednesday evening, March 7, at the Bay State House. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Maj. L. G. White, President; Wm. S. Perry, First Vice-President; John B. Goodell, Second Vice-President; Chas. Hartwell, Secretary; O. L. Tait, Treasurer; G. J. Rugg, A. B. F. Kinney, C. A. Allen, O. A. Benoit, Executive Committee. The club was organized nine years ago, and was never in a more flourishing condition than at present, the treasurer's report showing a larger surplus than for several years. It was voted at the annual meeting to hold a "fishing day" sometime during the trouting season, which will be conducted on the same general plan as the annual hunt, the fish dinner to be served on the evening of the following day. C. A. Allen and O. A. Benoit were chosen captains, who, with Secretary Hartwell, constitute the committee to arrange a scale of points and perfect all the arrangements for the affair. It was thought best not to fix the date later in the season. The perfect one is an enthusiastic trout fisherman; but anything that is to wind up with one of Landlord Shepard's elegant dinners at the Bay State House is apt to take wonderfully well, and the members look forward to this affair with much pleasure.—K.

SUMMER SHOOTING.—Would not the law respecting deer be about as satisfactory as possible if it permitted the shooting of bucks in July, August and September, but forbade the killing of does before October? I know summer venison is poor stuff; still there is such a desire for it that perhaps the law would do wisely to allow it to be killed if that can be done without infamously or dishonourably unduly the sport. The only objection to killing the males in July (as compared with September) is their poor condition. I suppose the supply would not be materially reduced, although the bucks should be much less numerous than the does. An apparent objection to this suggestion is the difficulty of enforcing the proposed law. But is it not, generally, nearly as easy to prove that a doe was killed as that a doe was killed, at a certain time and place? On the other hand, the temptation to break the law would be much diminished.—PICKET.

NEWS FROM WOLF POINT, MONTANA TERRITORY.—Feb. 25.—Editor Forest and Stream: We have had a very severe winter, but game of all kinds has done well. Buffalo, deer and antelope up to this date are in good condition. The Indians and white hunters have had quite a dispute over hunting on the reservation; but with the aid of the military and the Indian agent, N. S. Porter, the whites had to win the ranebe. Ducks and geese will be along to visit us again in about twenty days. Have done very little hunting this winter, cause, I lack of time, but earlier part of the season I have used my premises, and myself saw him fire (tests these words) he had more than a hundred shots from his traps, the loads of which were "air-spaced." Neither rifles nor shooters were injured.—C. A. M.

CONVERTING THE GUNSMITHS.—Philadelphia, March 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: As a dealer and gunmaker I could at first hardly support Mr. Heath's astonishing statement; but there need be no doubt entertained by any reader that his statement has been proved. In the earlier part of the tests I have used my premises, and myself saw him fire (tests these words) he had more than a hundred shots from his traps, the loads of which were "air-spaced." Neither rifles nor shooters were injured.—C. A. M.

GUINEA FOWL AS GAME BIRDS.—I will give you my personal experience. In the year 1856, living in Deaorchon county, Southern Indiana, on a farm that was not being cultivated, I bought a large number of common domestic fowl, also about one dozen guinea fowls. At first the guinea fowls stayed around the barns with the others. In a short time they missed them. Occasionally during the summer we would hear them in the neighboring fields, which were grown up with high weeds. In the month of September, while out with my dog and gun after quail, I noticed the setter act in a strange manner. He would come to a point and then start on again. Finally the dog flushed a guinea fowl; soon afterward two more. I came to the conclusion that they were my own birds, as there was no other house within half a mile. Soon my dog came to a very strange point. I walked in and put up a guinea, and shot and killed it. In one hour's time I shot four more. This being all I wished, I returned to the house. During the fall months at different times I shot forty-one guineas, and had capital sport. When the weather got cold, in December, the rest of the guineas came up to the house (I should judge at least thirty birds) and roosted in the barns and sheds with the other fowls. As a game bird they make capital sport, being somewhat quicker in flight than the prairie chicken, to which their habits are very similar, only that when the weeds are dry they would run a long distance before taking flight. Their flesh is quite dark, and when young they are very luscious eating. I prefer them to the prairie chicken.—**B.R.D.**

MAINE LAWS ENFORCED.—**MORSON**, March 5, 1893.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Warden Morse of Eddington, Me., has been making some official visits to this region, which have proved very effectual. Some members of the Piscataquis Game and Fish Protective Society informed him of the transportation of a quantity of deer en route for Boston, and Tuesday, February 27, he pursued them and seized thirteen venison saddles at the express office in Dexter. The Grand Jury being in session at Dover he had the parties indicted, but up to this time they have not been taken by the officers. They appeared as soon as they received information that their plunder had been taken. The game laws are being unusually well enforced here now. We have a sound public sentiment among nearly all of our citizens in favor of prosecutions, which is a great aid to the officers in their work. The bill before the Legislature to raise the annual appropriation to the Fish and Game Commissions from \$5,000 to \$7,500 will undoubtedly become a law.—**J. F. S.**

MASSACHUSETTS.—**TANNON**, Mass., March 10.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I clip the following from the recent issue of a Cape Cod paper, the *Harwich Independent*: "Mr. C. A. Cuhnon is getting signatures to the following petition: 'To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives assembled: We, the undersigned, do hereby ask your honorable body for a special act prohibiting the shooting or taking in any way any wild duck, commonly called black duck, by the use of decoys, whether wood decoys, live duck decoys, or any other kind, at any season of the year, except the months of October and November of each year, for the term of five years (such act to go into effect on its passage), in any of the ponds commonly called and known by the name of Cliff Ponds, viz., Big Cliff, Little Cliff and Lower Cliff, situated in the towns of Brewster and Orleans, Barnstable county, State of Massachusetts.'"
—**CHESTER.**

LONG ISLAND ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Long Island Sportsman's Association was held at the headquarters of the Remondin Gun Club, No. 451 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn, Monday evening. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Henry Allenbrandt, Washington Club; Vice-Presidents—Charles W. Wingert, Fountain Club; Hugh McLaughlin, Coney Island Club; Robert Rinson, Long Island Club; Charles W. Rodman, Garden City Club; Samuel S. Conant, Nonpareil Club. Secretary—Henry Thorpe, Long Island Forester Club; Treasurer—N. D. Cooke, Fountain Club. Legislative Committee—Abel Crook, P. O. Chamberlain and P. S. Massey.

EUROPEAN BIRDS IMPORTED.—The steamer *Hohenstaufen*, of the Bremen line, which arrived here March 10, had on board a large shipment of English partridges and pheasants, consigned to Messrs. Charles Reiche & Bro. The birds are for the stocking of Mr. Pierre Lorillard's large game preserve at Jobstown, N. J. There were also several pairs of golden and silver pheasants, which will not be returned out, but kept in the pheasant house. Mr. Lorillard has received 100 pintaded grouse (prairie chickens) from Indian Territory for stocking the same farm.

THE ENDLESS DISPUTATION.—**LEESBURG**, Va.—The shooting season having come to an end the gunners spend their time quarreling over the merits of their respective guns, each having advocates who claim to have severally "the best gun in America." Then they quarrel over hammerless and with hammers made by same maker. All the disputants are disinterested, of course, though strange to say, each happens to admire his own.—**T. W.**

STONEHAM, MASS., March 7, 1893.—At the annual meeting of the Stoneham Sportsmen's Club, the following officers were elected: President, P. H. Horne; First Vice-President, Elbridge Gray; Second Vice-President, J. D. Pierce; Secretary, B. R. Houghton; Treasurer, E. M. Switzer; Trustees, B. W. Jones, John Norton, William Whowell.

NEW JERSEY.—**LAYTON**, Sussex County, March 8.—Quail have wintered good, and thus far have found plenty of good feeding ground; the prospects are that they will be more numerous this coming fall than for many years. Partridges are scarce.—**D. B. L.**

NEW JERSEY.—**TOMS RIVER**, N. J., March 11.—Quail have wintered well in this section. I do not believe that a single bird has perished from cold or want of feed. Am looking out for snipe to be along very soon.—**H. CLAY GLOVER.**

Statistics of a quail hunt in Georgia, gathered by the *Atlanta Constitution*, the Marietta & North Georgia road is the great route for quail hunters. The other day there were 23,000 worth of dogs (cash valuation in the baggage car on that road, attended by \$6,000 worth of negroes (old valuation), and the catch was 81,400 worth and 59 worth of quail hunters. On the return trip they had \$5,800 worth of birds, and they ate a \$20 tubach.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

READING "Reidgold's" account of a remarkable coincidence happening to him on Long Island, recalls to my mind as singular a coincidence; but I can hardly call it similar, as neither the place nor birds were the same. It was in the latter part of November, and we lay out a point in the Great South Bay, directly opposite Babylon. The sun was slowly looting up in the east, the wind blowing from the same quarter in a way that would have gladdened the heart of Wiggins, could he have foretold its coming; and as for the cold, well that can only be appreciated by those of you who have spent a winter's day in a crumpled-up shawl on the unprotected "marsh" of the great South. My man and myself were lying in the bottom of the boat shivering, and not the sign of a bird, excepting a great bunch of broadbills, that seemed to drift lazily along with the wind, at a distance of a mile or so from shore, but never venturing nearer.

You can well believe that I was not feeling extremely lively; so to make things agreeable as well as to kill time, my hayman (thanks to him for the attention shown me during that pleasant week spent on his trim little styer sloop), led off with a string of manylegs, shooting exploits, all of which had been performed by either himself or his father. I listened to a number without comment, until he came to one which struck me as being a "Davy Crockett," sure. The story went as follows:

He was gunning at the mouth of a small creek with a miscellaneous lot of "stoos" set out and upward, of forty birds heaped upon the stern. Suddenly he discerned a bird of enormous size making directly at him or his birds, he was in doubt which to put himself in the line, he fired two barrels simultaneously, but although he wounded it, failed to stop the bird's onward course. "I saw now," said he "that it was an eagle, and a big one, too, so I did not lose any time getting" overhead, although it was near the middle of winter. He struck square in their boat and in a minute was out in their water after me, but I took an oar with me when I went over, and although I killed him with it he tried to drown hard to get his claws in me.

This yarn I received with an ill-concealed sneer, and suggested that probably he had indulged too freely in "tangle foot" that morning, and had fallen overboard, and I was ridiculing the idea of the bird falling into the boat, etc.; but I was cut short in my remarks by the sudden appearance of a dark object directly in the sun's rays which seemed to be coming straight at us. I took a snap shot at it and passed for results, which came in a very unexpected manner—*such a bang!* and before we could duck our heads—a fat old sheldrake landed directly in the boat between us. "There now," triumphantly shouted my hayman, swinging the bird aloft, "you won't believe my eagle story?" "Yes," said I laughing, "I believe it now, after having it so well illustrated." We had a narrow escape indeed. **H. L.**

BROOKLYN, L. I.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

I enjoy a good joke or argument, but I don't think much in a man who uses such words as "blow me," "stump me," "havin' about wits," "Darns in stockings is signs 'er" "onst en' unobjekshunabul poetry, but in conversayshn they show a poverty of lengwidge.—*The Kalkreuth Advertiser.*

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

VIII.

"Bright blaid' the fire of crackling wood,
And they around a charming gleam;
In front a vast oak table stood—
A bacon-rack hung from the beam;
Pipes, mugs, the chimney-peece well graced—
In rows the fishing-rods hung o'er;
On each side other skins were placed—
A rap!—cries dame, 'Who's at the door?'"

CHORUS.

"Some jolly anglers," loud they call,
"T' enjoy the pastime at Trout-Hall!"

WHAT a pretty picture of an English angler's inn doth the above verse give, and especially to those "to the manner born!" The old song goes on to portray the good cheer of the dame's house, and often reminds one of the simple and pleasant conceits of the "Compleat Angler," and of the "innocent mirth" indulged in by the great master of the "gentle art" and his beloved pupils and "chance-not fellow craftsman."

How effective are the "otter skins," hanging by the quaint old chimney-piece in that they suggest to the angler that, at least, just so many deadly enemies of the trout are well rid of. A brace or two of other hounds should have been added to the scene to make it perfect! Left to the imagination, however, we can place them to suit ourselves, and thus that generous blaze or under that sturdy table, but before being placed to the old and cunning four-legged race of otters has given place to a new and less noble genus, wholly devoid of the better and fully endowed with the baser qualities of the extinct species.

This new pest of our trout streams goes about on two legs, and has not the discriminating taste for noble fish that the old-time otter had, but is equally greedy. It is a shame—a pitiful shame—that such human otters exist, and it were well if a breed of hounds were "to the fore" capable of "drawing" them and giving to each and every one the fate of "varmin." Their skins, however, should never be displayed in any "Trout Hall," but, rather, at cross-roads and by streamside, as a warning to any existing whelp of the family of the probability in store for him.

It is the boulder days of every sportsman, angler, shooter, or huntsman, to constitute himself, as far as may be, a game keeper on his own "preserve." In other words, to guard his own interests and those of his craft against the encroachment of any poaching pursuit of game in close season, the needless destruction of game at any time, and to see that the

laws are wise ones and rigidly enforced. There are many towns (alas! too many, in this beautiful age and country!) which have no more respect for the game laws than for the noble trees that are, one by one, felled to the ground. It were well if some movement might be made to post, in many conspicuous places, cones or signs, to close seasons, and the penalties for infringement of the same. The publisher of every local paper ought to be willing to publish such, if concise and digested, and in every village, post-office and shop there should be a copy, also. Ignorance (even in these enlightened (?) days) is an excuse for many a wrong doing, where, if it be, the unwitting transgressor would be a model of propriety, if he but knew what the law declared, right or wrong. One point suggests itself: Early in April of last year, I was driving on a country road, and enjoying the first advance of spring and the songs of robins and blue-birds, when in a neighboring field I saw a man (he proved to be snick after all) with a shotgun in his hands and two little boys at his heels. I kept "my eye on him," and by so doing plainly saw him level his gun at a robin and fire, evidently without effect. He then deliberately loaded his gun, and before the charge was driven "home" challenged him to halt, and leaving the hunters, I stalked him, and a brisk walk brought me within talking distance and to confront him. Telling, by a glance, how best to address him, I asked him if he was aware that a law existed forbidding the shooting of song birds at any time and especially in the spring? He replied that he was not aware of any such law; that he came out to shoot a bird or two, to please his boys, who were teasing him every day to "go a-hunting"—as he expressed it.

He said he had not shot any nor injured any and promised me not to do so. I told him the penalty was ten dollars for every bird killed and that he should set the "boys" a better example. That I felt it my duty to tell him and that "a word to the wise," etc. I left him and drove on my way. A few weeks since I had occasion to take the cars at the little station nearest to the above mentioned road and field, and to my surprise the "hunting" pater familias recognized and addressed me. He said that he found I was right and very courteously thanked me for "stopping his little game." In the few minutes before the coming of the train we had a little rational talk about game laws and humanity, and I was pleased to find that, barring this one graceless, thoughtless act, he had a fleshly and considerate heart hidden away under his coat. This man might have shot robins and bluebirds all day long had I not chance to be near him, but he was not a bad fellow, and as he is known and respected quite as well as the forgotten one of the "Hedes and Persians," but I have reason to think he was honest and that he will make others so likewise.

This is a long digression from my subject and intent—so long a detour is it that I shall not try to find my way back, but will "run riot" to the end of this rambling chapter.

The passing sweet once in a while to wander up and down a brook, with now a "pasher handle," and now a "May fly" on the leader, and to bring to credit on to a few brace of well-conditioned fish. To go from deep to deep, from one likely "hole" to another, pausing often to note the changes of the passing months on the banks of the stream, and to be quite as well pleased to know there are still trout in the favorite stream as to take them thence. Trout are not always "on the feed," and why should the angler be always on the greed to kill them?

There are waters in which I would not cast a lure for a "sizable" trout, even if I knew I could bring him to net. Why? They are sacred to the past! To the past jolly anglers, "who have fished with me there; to the past goodly trout that erst bent my rod there!"

"Valve of bliss! what joy to wander
Where thy glittering waters flow!
Here en Gault in peace may ponder,
Here Despair forget his woe!"

Too sentimental? Nay, not so, good friend. Think for a moment what sport would be if robbed of sentiment—mere cold-blooded butchery! Who would go to an abattoir for sport? I will add, also, who would go to a battle, in the wildwood, when the half-famed birds almost touch the muzzle in their startled flight? The average life is too void of sentiment, as many a goodly dish is too void of seasoning, giving no zest to the palate nor vigor to the stomach.

The will and forthright only is needed to make of his life less full of care; to place a rose here and a lily there in the pathway, to unbar the senses to all the genial influences that revel in wood and water, in the sky above and earth beneath, and let them in to join with sentiment in making life less a treadmill and more of a goodly pleasure. At any rate, and however with others it may be, our beloved master, "honest Izaak Walton," set the craft a noble example of cheerfulness and sentiment, and we can but follow hard after. Few anglers can have a "Trout Hall" in every "outing" or at every corner; but, when arrived at the welcome portal, let him stay without doors who cannot sing with honest zeal:

"Begone, dull care! shouts every soul;
To thee this is forbidden ground.
Begone! Thou never canst enthrall
The jolly anglers of Trout Hall!"

O. W. R.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PIKE-PERCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Ever since your call for something concerning the wall-eye pike-perch I have been expecting some game warden to send in praise of his beauty and goodness and game qualities. But so far nothing has appeared but the short and disparaging communication of "Wall E. Pike," which only goes to prove what I long ago said in your columns, that the habits of game and fish so differ in varied localities that it behoves those whose observations have been limited to their own neighborhoods to be careful of making sweeping assertions in matters of natural history. In instance whereof, one of our foremost and most delightful writers on out-door life held for twenty years that bees never gathered honey from the arbutus, but at last he caught them in the act, as eager for the sweet heart of the scented blossoms as any woods-haunting dower hunter for the blossoms themselves. If anyone else had reported such doings he would not have believed the tale, but his own eyes were witnesses whose testimony he could not gainsay.

If you were to ask those who "go a-fishing" in Lake Champlain what fish is of its waters afford most sport, I am sure that nine-tenths of those who fish for sport would name, first the black bass, and next the pike-perch, and would tell you that the last is generally a bold bitter and fights well, if not

Salatoga. Heap washee in Salatoga, water all taste like old tin pill, all tist."

"Well, Sam! was that all the trout you took, one horned dace?"

"Yes, tont, hawn dace, alle same, some calle tloute, some calle hawn dace. Calle tlout when Melican man scoope himself, calle hawn dace when oller feller or Chiu-na-man scoope. Alle same, I cateche tlout like Melican man in Adonckock."

"With a smile that was childlike and bland, Sam Lung pungled off in the direction of the Brewery, scarcely soiling the white soles of his shoes in the mud of Broadway as he crossed it. I think I'll take him into the woods next season."

THE THIRSTY PELICAN.

"SKIP THE HARD WORDS."

IF there be any among the readers of FOREST AND STREAM disposed to doubt the truth of that alliterative axiom embodied in the copy-book sentence of their boyhood, "Many men of many minds," they will find ample ground for the re-establishment of their faith in perusing the communications of some of your correspondents concerning weight of rods, position of reels, and other moot points in connection with the angling art, and these discussions certainly form most interesting and instructive reading, especially to those who, like the present writer, are tyros in the craft, or, at least, are not above seeking an addition to their stock of wisdom from that supply which, according to the Good Book, is possessed by "the multitude of counselors." Indeed, I presume that I am, as the genial "Nesmuk" observes, "well right" in supposing the arguments contained in those communications to be intended for the benefit and edification of an audience who may be interested in the subjects discussed, and not for the sole behoof of the disputants themselves; otherwise they would send them to each other through the usual channels of private correspondence, instead of displaying them in your columns.

Acting on this presumption, I am emboldened to offer (together with thanks for the share of their knowledge which I have thus received) the suggestion that in the discussion of matters of detail pertaining to a "gentle" rod, a little more gentleness might not be out of place, and that objection, insinuation and vituperation add nothing to the strength of an argument. Siding humbly at the feet of these piscatory Gamaliels, I, for one, am willing and glad to hear all they may have to say about fish and fishing—the habits of the first and the methods of the last—but it does seem to me rather hard to be compelled to listen also to the disagreeable things they may choose to say about each other; for, while it interests me to know what so expert a fisherman as X thinks about the proper position of the reel, and what are the opinions of so high an authority as Y, on the subject of weight of rods, I don't in the least care to be informed that each of those gentlemen considers the other an ass, or that Z, who differs from both, holds them to be a pair of knaves; and I muckly, but argently, appeal to argumentative members of the craft to "study to be quiet," and to leave barking and biting, growling and fighting to Congressmen and truck-drivers, and not to degrade their vocation by making faces and calling names, especially after all that has been said and sung concerning the mild and refining influence of the pastime of angling.

What would our patron Saint Izaak say to such acrimonious disparagement as his followers, think you? And would you care to encounter such an episode as this among the pages of "The Compleat Angler"?

- VICTOR.—Methinks, Master Piscator, that your wined is misplaced on your rod, being behind your hand.
PISCATOR.—Humph!
VI.—And I would further make bold to say that your rod, in my opinion, is a trifle too long for the dexterous casting of a fly.
PISCATOR.—Humph!
VI.—And moreover, your line, to my eye, is prodigiously heavy for the use of an angler, and I have no doubt that the catching of his fish, but rather profane to the pleasure of the fish, his sport shall arise from the skillful handling of his trout or grayling with his light tackle.
PISCATOR.—Humph!
VI.—Also I think—
PISCATOR.—Those fish—
VI.—And both neglected to crop (thine ears? Thou sayest varlet) dost thou undertake to instruct thy grandmother in the snaking of eggs? Why, thou malapropos scound, thou pol-walloper, thou dol, dost thou venture to vex thine ears with the senseless chatter? Look now, thou curvy-kaw, how I shall speak thy nose—no. And take thou this enty—and tise—and this—and now this stinky kick in the middle of the broom. And so, be thou there, and may thy manners be bettered by the wetting! [Exit.]

TRUCHEUX JAMES.

PIKE FISHING THROUGH ICE.—Onida, N. Y., March 3. —On the 23d of last month, with a friend I went to Fish Creek, at the head of Oneida Lake, for a little fishing. Arriving at the hotel, we found mine host, Spencer, of the "Forest Hotel," had some fine holes cut and looks ready set which we could use. After an early dinner, set to work. Five of us had all we wanted to do to tend forty hooks, and Thursday P. M. and Friday morning we captured one hundred and twenty-six pike, which weighed over one hundred and sixty pounds. If anybody in Central New York would like a few days' fishing next summer, they will do no better than to try Onida Lake, Constantia being, in my opinion, the best place for bass. Game Warden Dege and his rindsey wanged an increasing war against trout here the past three years, and are to be thanked for the fine fishing, which was never better than last summer. They destroyed in one week as high as eighteen trap nets.—E. C. W.

NEPESIN RIVER.—Indianapolis, Ind., March, 1888.—I usually get statements of the number of visitors to Red Rock after the close of the fishing season, but it was delayed, and I have only just received it for last summer. The number was smaller than the average, being only forty-two, twenty-four of which were from the "States." The catch reported averaged about sixty pounds per visitor. This is not large, nor can it ever be large if the rules of the river are observed, but it is a good luck to supply fish for an Indian camp, as sometime happens. The season being cold, prevented many from visiting Red Rock last year.—H.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.—There will be a meeting of the association at the Metropolitan Hotel on Friday, March 16, at 2 P. M. Business Dege and his rindsey will be brought up, and it is possible that preliminary steps will be taken toward a tournament to be held some fine next summer. All anglers are invited to attend.

Fishculture.

IMPREGNATING SALMON EGGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in the report in your columns of Mr. Stone's experiments on the impregnation of salmon eggs, having at various times made many similar trials myself, and as I have expressed a wish for further reports on the same subject, I will give you a selection of my own experiments. If in some points my results do not agree with Mr. Stone's, it will be well to bear in mind that we were working with different species of salmon. Further, it is very true, as you say, that to establish a rule of procedure the trials should be often repeated. Contradictory results are sometimes obtained from what are supposed to have been identical methods; but as like will unerringly produce like, a divergence of results proves that there were some minor differences in the conditions of the experiments which were at first overlooked. Such minor sources of error can generally be selected by many repetitions carefully performed and carefully compared.

To-day I will give you the results of some experiments, all being on a single point, the one aimed at by the first three in Mr. Stone's series, namely: How long salmon eggs may safely remain in the air before the molt is applied.

EXPERIMENTS WITH SCROOD'S SALMON, NOV. 17, 1877.

Table with 4 columns: No. of experiment, Species, Time in air, and No. eggs which hatched. Rows include Scrood's salmon and various other fish species with their respective incubation times and hatching percentages.

* This experiment will appear again in another series, which will show that the failure to impregnate was not wholly the fault of the eggs.

These eggs were placed in a vial without water, corked tight, buried in sand under the water of the stream, and left for 24 hours, after which they were treated with fresh milk from a new mare.

Taken as it stands, the above would lead to the conclusion that it was much better to keep the eggs, exposed to the air an hour or two, than to mix them immediately. But I think I shall be able to point out in another communication the source of the error that leads to such a remarkable conclusion.

CHAS. G. ATKINS.

GRAND LAKE STREAM, Mo., Feb. 25, 1873.

THE WISCONSIN COMMISSION.

THE ninth annual report of the Commissioner of Fisheries and Wisconsin for 1887 opens with a sketch of fishculture and a description of the State hatchery at Madison. The statistics, however, are somewhat meagre, and the property of the State at this point, which is worth at least \$10,000, are in good repair and condition. The capacity of the institution now is 4,000,000, and it will be run to one-half its capacity, or 2,000,000, and the company has been engaged in excavations in the earth, three to four feet deep, and of varying lateral dimensions, lined and bottomed with hemlock plank and supplied with screens so that the whole body of water may be drawn off into gravel at the bottom. In accordance with the opportunity of daily cleaning, the fish, thus of considerable importance in view of the large amount of animal food that sometime sinks to the bottom. A branch hatchery is being established in the building of the Milwaukee Exposition building, and after that, which will be devoted to whitefish and lake trout.

The superintendent, Mr. James Nevin, makes a very good report of work done. He says: "The ova in the new hatchery are laid on wire trays instead of on gravel as formerly. We have at this date in the hatching houses 1,500,000 brook trout eggs, with the expectation of half a million or more by the 1st of February. Unless some unforeseen event occurs we expect to be able to fill all orders for trout fry this coming spring. From the number of moonfish trout we have on hand we ought to be able to have some two hundred thousand fry to distribute during the month of June next. The Milwaukee branch of the State fish hatchery is in the basement of the Exposition building, and is a most comfortable room can be found for the propagation of lake fish. During the past summer the hatchery has been overhauled and renovated to harmonize with the improved apparatus for hatching, and its interior is a model of economy and convenience. The apparatus consists of a large glass jar over the Holten hatching-box for the hatching of whitefish and wall-eyed pike was so apparent that the board directed their disbursement, and authorized the purchase of one hundred glass jars to take the place of the iron work is now done by one man, Martin O'Brien, and other men in charge. Otherwise, with the Holten box, he would require the help of four or five all winter through. These jars are 20 inches deep and 7 inches wide, with an oval-shaped bottom, with a glass tube extending down the center of the jar to within one-eighth of an inch from the bottom. The water is brought from the supply pipe by a half-inch wooden faucet, a small piece of hose connects the faucet to the center tube, and when the water is turned on, the water rises in the tube, and over the bottom of the jar and branches off, and keeps the eggs in constant motion. The motion of the eggs is regulated by the faucet. The eggs that are not impregnated turn white, and being much lighter in weight than the good ones come to the surface. The officer in charge of the eggs notes the impregnation, and with the increased volume of water the bad eggs rise and flow off, which saves a great deal of extra labor. I was not successful in getting our full quota of eggs this fall to all the one hundred and twenty-five hatcheries in the vicinity where we collected the eggs and not knowing where

the spawning grounds were. However, we succeeded in collecting in all seventeen millions, and will have in the neighborhood of sixteen millions of fry for the lakes this coming spring, as the eggs at this date are in extra fine condition."

An appendix contains an extract from the Michigan report, corrected and "State" and "Federal" fish culture, and the commissioners of fisheries. "We notice a trifle of carelessness in the make-up of the report, such as the retaining a printer's error in inserting a whole paragraph not intended to be printed in the New York report, and the omission of fish culture was taken; and the publication of a two-year-old list of fish commissioners and superintendents, in which the name of their own present superintendent does not appear; other wise the report is very readable."

THE CONNECTICUT COMMISSION.

WE have the Seventeenth Report of the Fish Commission of Connecticut for 1887, also the First Second Report of Shell-fish Commissioners. They call attention to the pollution of waters by the refuse of mills and factories, often lime or other bleaching material, which is deadly to fish, and quote the article on "Preventing and Raising of Fish by Bleaching Powder," from the Chemical Review, which has appeared in our columns. The hatching and distributing of brook trout is increasing. In 1880 the number distributed by the commission was 10,000; in 1881, 277,000; and in 1882, 525,000. Of brook-trout eggs, 10,000 were planted in the waters of the sea salmon over 265,000 were planted, 10,000 of them in Mill River, at Southport, and the remainder in Farmington River. Nearly five million shad were hatched and liberated. The demand for carp continues to increase, and the supply from Prof. Baird and sent to different persons. Some that were only two inches long when received two years ago are now of two pounds' weight, not as great a growth as in more northern waters, but fair for these colder ones. They have not been taken out here for sale, but are being planted.

The report on the shell-fisheries is somewhat larger, and contains a map of the triangulation of the Connecticut shore of Long Island Sound from the Connecticut River to Rye. The report contains much information concerning the oyster beds.

FISH-CULTURE IN KENTUCKY.

—Our fish commission has made an allowance of funds could do, and work for glory, and our Senators have done all they could through our Central United States Fish Commission. We have planted in the principal waters of Kentucky the California salmon, glass-eyed perch and Mackinac trout. In our private ponds we have also planted the edible qualities of the carp have been called in question. "That reminds me!" Some people would grumble if they were going to be hung; and the same party that says that a carp is not good eating (when properly cooked), most likely would sneeze at the idea of eating a wild fish. Now for the cooking. A carp of five pounds weight, nicely cleaned, wrapped in a towel, and cooked in a kettle of boiling water. Then boil fifteen minutes; turn off the water; take up the carp, cut of head, and cook in a kettle of water and baste as it roasts in the oven. Serve on hot dish and garnish to suit taste. Now I have eaten almost all kinds of salt and fresh-water fish, and say without fear of contradiction it is a fair, agreeable fish, and will call Col. Ferguson, of Baltimore, to back me.—W. J. AYRWAY.

THE KANSAS COMMISSION.

—The Fish Commission of Kansas has issued his third biennial report for 1887. Many carp have been distributed to the principal waters of the State and a monograph on carp and carp culture, with illustrations, by Capt. Milton P. Peave, comprising forty pages, is also given. The latter is substantially the same as that given by Capt. Peave in his book.

THE DELAWARE COMMISSION.

—The first biennial report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Delaware for the years 1885-86 is before us. As the State has just begun to take a hand in the good work and has made no appropriation for it, not much has been done except to distribute the carp received from the U. S. Fish Commission. A beginning has been made, however, and we have no doubt that the Commission will be granted the necessary appropriation if a hatching house is needed and also money to do other work. The report is very creditable under the circumstances.

SOUTHBIDGE, Mass., March 8.

—The Rod and Gun Club are perfecting arrangements for a weekly shoot. They have some good shots among them, and hope to make an enviable record. The few carp which they have received have been raised in one of the ponds. They also have applications for more.

"NIGGER MIGHTY HAPPY."

PLANTATION SONG.

HOG start a-plantin' when de overseer callin'; Whipperr'y holler when de Jew-traps fallin'; Doo de cow-a-quackin' when de black-birds callin'; Crows caw together when de young corn growin'; Pig gwine to squeal when de milk-maids churnin'; Nigger mighty happy when de blackberries tumin'; Sute'l go to jump when de sick-barks comin'; Bee-marth start when de honey-bee hummin'; Loo-baw nicker when de punkin-ripe spreadin'; Rabbit kick his ear when de cabbage-stalks headin'; Dog howl when de corn growin' in de row; Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-cake bakin'; Big fish flutter when de bone catch de cricket; Bullfrog likely when he sing in de licker; Frog sit slicker when de water in de gutter; Cot' it mighty early when you turn him in de clover; Cot' it mighty early when de nigger man do; When he squint in de eye, he say de nigger Nigger mighty happy when de hoe-cake bakin'; Backsack watin' while de old hen hatcher; Sparrow hawk lookin' while de little chicken scratchin'; Big owl jolly when de little bird singin'; Pigeon gwine to squawk when de white-birds swingin'; Nigger mighty happy—ef he ain't w' a dollar; When he startin' out to 'bin' in 'a tall tan' 'briar.—J. A. MASON, in The Century "Culicidae."

A NEW FREEMEN'S DEVICE.—The Milwaukee Wisconsin is proud and happy in the belief that if the Newhall House were to occur again there would be little loss of life, because the firemen of that city, taught by misfortune, have become experts in the use of all sorts of fire-appliances. One scheme in particular recommends itself to every one of imagination and experience. The plan is a future emergency will be to shoot ramps, with string attachments, into the windows of the burning room. The only drawback is that the execution of this idea is that a terrified guest, standing in a window shrieking for help, will be very much surprised, and not immeasurably tranquillized or reassured, on finding himself suddenly trampled with a three-foot ramp and a coil of string. And, unless the firemen of Milwaukee become vastly better marksmen than the police usually are, the probability is that not a window in the hotel will be broken, while the streets will be filled with a throng of firemen and firemen's citizens palling ramrads out of each other.—Philadelphia Press.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 26, 27 and 28, 1888.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club. Bench show at Ottawa, Canada. Entries close March 18. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1888, Western Pennsylvania Veterinary Society's English Annual Meeting, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries close March 19. Clin. Lincoln, Superintendent. C. R. Ebbett, Secretary.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1888.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 15. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1887.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1. W. A. Foster, Secretary.

December, 1887.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. K. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

N. A. K. C. DERBY.

FOLLOWING is a complete list of the entries for the fourth Annual Derby of the National American Kennel Club, to be run at Grand Junction, Tenn., next December. All were whelped in 1887, and are of the following colors:

- 1. COUNTESS VIC.—H. Bailey Harrison, Tilsontown, Ont., English setter bitch, January 8, Dick Laverack—Bell.
2. SAXON.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, April 19, Count Noble—Bessie T.
3. LA BELLE.—W. E. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, April 19, Count Noble—Bessie T.
4. LITTLE CURB.—W. B. Gates, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 19, Count Noble—Bessie T.
5. VAN HORNE.—D. S. Norton, Dowling, Mich., blue belton English setter dog, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
6. JOE BOWERS.—D. C. Sautborn, Dowling, Mich., blue belton English setter dog, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
7. KATE D.—D. C. Sautborn, Dowling, Mich., black, white and tan English setter dog, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
8. NOVELTY.—D. C. Sautborn, Dowling, Mich., blue belton English setter bitch, May 21, Count Noble—Dashing Novice.
9. FRED H.—J. Hayward, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo., black and white English setter dog, June 6, Dash III.—Countess Tru.
10. LADY FAY.—J. Hayward, Jr., St. Joseph, Mo., black and white English setter bitch, June 6, Dash III.—Countess Tru.
11. PRIMROSE.—R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white pointer bitch, Oct. 2, Don—Luck.
12. LUCK'S BABY.—R. T. Vandevort, Pittsburgh, Pa., liver and white pointer bitch, Oct. 2, Don—Luck.
13. MAJOR CROXTETH.—L. J. Pettit, Milwaukee, Wis., liver and white pointer dog, April 13, Croxteth—Lass.
14. MICE.—F. B. Law, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter dog, Feb. 23, Elcho—Rose.
15. RHODE.—Sidney Law, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter bitch, Feb. 23, Elcho—Rose.
16. BESSIE.—W. H. Knight, Chicago, Ill., red Irish setter bitch, February 23, Elcho—Rose.
17. FAYL GLADSTONE.—Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 19, Gladstone—Lavalotte.
18. GRACE GLADSTONE.—Chas. Tucker, Stanton, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, June 19, Gladstone—Lavalotte.
19. LEORA.—Dr. G. W. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, June 19, Gladstone—Lavalotte.
20. KING HARVEY.—B. T. Price, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 15, Gladstone—Donna J.
21. QUEEN BESS.—B. T. Price, Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 15, Gladstone—Donna J.
22. SHOT.—H. M. Short, Atoka, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, April, Prince Laverack—Native Bitch.
23. DON NILSON.—W. F. Thurd, Lewisville, Ark., blue belton English setter dog, January 4, Druid—Nilson.
24. MAY FRIGG.—W. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black and white English setter bitch, February 19, Count Noble—May Laverack.
25. COUNT GLADSTONE.—J. K. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., black, white and tan English setter dog, April 35, Gladstone—Comtesse.
26. COUNTESS GLADSTONE.—J. K. Henricks, Pittsburgh, Pa., lemon and white English setter bitch, April 23, Gladstone—Comtesse.
27. DON QUICKOTE.—F. Huntington, Memphis, Tenn., liver and white pointer dog, March 20, Pat, Cleburn—Mag.
28. PAED.—Benj. Macleaner, Trevorton, Pa., black and white English setter dog, February 10, Thund—Peggy.
29. SUE.—Benj. Macleaner, Trevorton, Pa., black and white English setter dog, February 19, Thund—Peggy.
30. KATE S.—Benj. Macleaner, Trevorton, Pa., black and white English setter bitch, February 19, Thund—Peggy.
31. COUNT GLADSTONE.—W. G. G. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., blue belton and tan English setter dog, March, Count Noble—Spark.
32. JEFF D.—J. E. Mask, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black and white English setter dog, June 23, Gladstone—Ress.
33. BRAVO.—W. W. Condon, Emma, La., black, white and tan English setter dog, 4 months, Brussels—Jenny Lind.
34. ALICE DALE.—W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn., orange and white English setter bitch, February 5, Waters's Grange—Daisy Dale.
35. ROSE DALE.—W. A. Buckingham, Norwich, Conn., orange and white English setter bitch, February 5, Waters's Grange—Daisy Dale.
36. TONY FAUST.—C. B. Rhodes, Moberly, Mo., liver and white pointer dog, July, Cane—Bessie.
37. NELLIE W.—M. P. Walter, Indianapolis, Ind., blue belton English setter bitch, 7 months, Rake—Minnetta.
38. LADY C.—B. M. Stephenson, La Grange, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 11, Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie.
39. STARTLE.—Elliott Smith, New York, pointer dog, August 30, Rab—Minnie.
40. PRIGANS.—N. Rowe, Cherokee, N. C., black, white and tan English setter dog, June 15, Penuloke—Burg Wolfington.
41. COUNTESS ELEANOR.—C. K. Drane, Burdick, Ky., lemon and white English setter bitch, March 2, Prince Loffy—Bonny Kate.
42. COUNT LOFTY.—C. K. Drane, Burdick, Ky., lemon and white English setter dog, March 2, Prince Loffy—Bonny Kate.
43. GLADSTONE'S BOY.—Dr. G. W. Ware, Stanton, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, January 10, Gladstone—Sue.
44. PRINCE GLADSTONE.—P. H. and D. Bryson, Memphis, black, white and tan English setter dog, January 10, Gladstone—Sue.
45. LOTTIE GLADSTONE.—P. H. and D. Bryson, Memphis, black, white and tan English setter bitch, January 10, Gladstone—Sue.
46. DANIEL BOONE.—P. H. and D. Bryson, Memphis, black, white and tan English setter dog, January 10, Gladstone—Sue.
47. CANNON.—E. L. Mallory, Memphis, black, white and tan

- English setter dog, July 11, 1882, Coleman's London—Belle of Hatchie.
48. DOT GLADSTONE.—W. L. McDonald, Tipton, Tenn., blue belton English setter bitch, July 22, 1882, Gladstone—Blaze.
49. SHADW.—E. S. Worthington, Glenora, Miss., lemon and white English setter bitch, May 15, 1882, Gladstone—Shadow.
50. NELLIE II.—S. Worthington, Glenora, Miss., black and white English setter bitch, April 9, Count Noble—Nellie.
61. PRIDE.—S. Worthington, Glenora, Miss., liver and white pointer dog, Croxteth—Royal Pup.
52. MAIDEN.—E. S. Wannerker, Elmwood, N. C., blue belton English setter bitch, February 25, Darkey—Rosey Morn.
53. PAUL.—J. E. Toul, New York, red Irish setter dog, 5 months, Spy—Shilpy—Royal Pup.
54. COUNTESS ROUSE.—J. H. Trezevant, Houston, Tex., black, white and tan English setter bitch, August 10, Gladstone—Hido.
55. LADY NOBLE.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 9, Count Noble—Nellie.
56. NELLIE B.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., black and white English setter bitch, February 6, Rake—Meg Merles.
57. RAY.—H. B. Diggins, La., liver and white pointer dog, August 16, Bow—Roxie.
58. LADY BOW.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., liver and white pointer bitch, October 12, Bow—Tick.
59. STRIP.—H. B. Diggins, New Orleans, La., lemon and white pointer dog, October 12, Bow—Tick.
60. STRIP BOW.—E. Odell, New Orleans, La., lemon and white pointer dog, October 12, Bow—Tick.
61. DING.—W. W. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
62. DAISY.—W. E. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
63. LADY.—W. E. Hughes, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
64. LEAH.—E. C. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., river and white pointer bitch, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
65. PRINCESS TECK.—Geo. C. Marsh, Sycamore, Ill., black and white pointer dog, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
66. BUCH.—J. W. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer dog, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
67. KATE.—J. W. Sterling, St. Louis, Mo., liver and white pointer dog, February 20, Croxteth—Trinket.
68. DOX ROE.—W. H. Robinson, Wabasha, Minn., liver and white pointer dog, October 20, Don—Gipsy.
69. COL THUNDER.—G. A. Soman, Marysville, Kan., blue belton English setter dog, February 20, Thunder—Lass.
70. PRIDE OF DRUID.—E. W. Wallin, Monmouth, Ala., blue belton English setter dog, May 26, Gladstone—Countess Druid.
71. CHATTON.—M. Parker, Memphis, lemon and white pointer dog, March 30, Belle of Memphis.
72. LADY BOW.—M. Parker, Memphis, liver and white pointer bitch, March 20, Bow—Belle of Memphis.
73. HAZENT.—E. Orgill, Brooklyn, N. Y., lemon and white pointer dog, April 3, Rocket—Belle.
74. RUSH.—J. E. Crossman, New York, Y., lemon and white pointer dog, September 22, Rush—Nan.
75. COUNTESS C.—J. Yearns, Jr., Coatsville, Pa., black, white and tan English setter bitch, March 24, Dashing Lion—Ardmore.
76. SAN ROY.—H. H. Matlock, Riceville, Tenn., lemon and white English setter dog, March, Count Noble—Spark.
77. DASHING LINCOLN.—A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., blue belton English setter dog, July 23, Dashing Jockey—Last.
78. NORT NEMO.—A. G. Sloo, Vincennes, Ind., English setter dog, Count Windham—Novel.
79. NELLIE.—J. H. Crossman, New York, lemon and white pointer dog, February 19, Sensation—Hill.
80. RUSH.—J. E. Crossman, New York, Y., Valley, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 18, Gladstone—Donna J.
81. FORTY.—J. M. Avant, Hickory Valley, Tenn., black and white pointer dog, January 13, Count Noble—Ress.
82. BANGOR.—E. B. Dowling, Wilmington, Del., liver and white pointer dog, July 11, Bang—Jean.
83. NORT NEMO.—J. H. Kraft, New Albany, Ind., orange and white pointer dog, July 11, Bang—Jean.
84. KING BANG.—W. B. Stafford, Brazil, Tenn., lemon and white pointer dog, July 11, Bang—Jean.
85. BEAUTY G.—L. F. Patterson, Bainbridge, Ga., black and tan setter bitch, January 13, Count Noble—Ress.
86. GAMBETTA.—E. S. Carr, M. D., Gallatin, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 22, Gladstone—Blaze.
87. GRAND BONCE.—E. S. Carr, M. D., Gallatin, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, July 22, Gladstone—Blaze.
88. LUCKY STONE.—R. M. Boyd, Racine, Wis., black, white and tan English setter dog, March 12, Gladstone—Flossy.
89. DAN ROYAL.—J. W. Boufford, Atlanta, Ga., black, white and tan English setter dog, January 22, Prince Roy—Vic.
90. FLOY.—Wm. Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter bitch, April 29, Pride of South—June II.
91. NORT NEMO.—Wm. Bowles, Jr., Memphis, Tenn., black, white and tan English setter dog, July 10, Gladstone—June.
92. JAR.—Wm. Davidson, Niagara, Canada, black ticked English setter dog, July, Beacon—Fly.
93. FANTLESS.—C. H. Raymond, New York, blue belton English setter dog, July 10, Beacon—Fly.
94. MARY.—E. C. H. Raymond, New York, orange and white English setter dog, May; pedigree not given.
95. BRANDY PENCK.—C. H. Raymond, New York, orange and white English setter dog, April, Brandy—Lemonade.
96. MARY.—E. C. H. Raymond, New York, orange and white English setter dog, April, Brandy—Lemonade.

PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.

I ENCLOSE a list of additional special prizes which have been offered for the show. The society are confident of having a grand exhibition. The Coliseum building is admirably adapted for a bench show, and is a great improvement over the old City Hall, as the beauty of light and air is well ventilated, beside having a spacious yard attached surrounded by a high, tight board fence. Mr. James Watson has written the secretary, saying it is impossible for him to attend in the morning classes owing to business engagements, but the society have been fortunate enough to secure the services of Mr. J. F. Kirk, of Toronto, Canada. The entries close on the 19th inst. The following special prizes have been donated since the publication of the premium list: 1.—The Cleveland Bench Show Association, a silver cup, value \$25, for the best exhibition of sporting dogs, regardless of sex, entered from Northern Ohio, quality to be considered in judging. J. J.—H. Malochu, Esq., Baltimore, Md., a Gordon setter puppy, eight weeks old, by Malcolm out of Dream IV., for best light-colored Gordon setter dog. To be competed for only by dogs owned outside of Maryland, Virginia and District of Columbia. Entry \$2, value \$50. K. K.—J. J. Snellenburg, Esq., \$10 cash for best dog, bitch or puppy, set on to the 19th inst. in the morning classes. W. W.—W. Lawford, Esq., Baltimore, Md., case Little's svelte phenyle, through James Ken, Jr., for best setter dog or bitch entered in the open class. W. W.—W. W. Waddles, Fifth avenue, jewel casket, value \$10, for Laverack setter puppy under eighteen months old. Entry \$1. N. N.—A friend of the Irish setters, \$10 cash for best Irish setter dog in show. O. O.—Same gentleman, \$10 cash for best Irish setter bitch in show. P. P.—Messrs. Grogan & Murr, silver cup, value \$5, for best pug bitch.

QQ.—Messrs. O. M. Chuteok & Co., sheepskin mat, value \$5, for best liver pointer dog or bitch. R. R.—J. R. Henricks, Esq., musical organina and music, value \$15, for best toy or pot dog owned and entered by a lady residing in Illinois. S. S.—J. J. Snellenburg, Esq., \$5 cash for best collie bitch exhibited with a litter of puppies. CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt. Printed Jan. 9, 1883.

LAVERACK PEDIGREES.

Editor Forest and Stream: Mr. J. B. Bowers has recently made an attack on me in a contemporary, and published in support certain private letters written to him, in which Mr. Laverack's name is mentioned. I do not know whether I should have taken any notice of Mr. J. B. Bowers, had he not made a false accusation. Doubtless Mr. Laverack deceived him as to the ownership of Fairy; but when Mr. Bowers gives as his authority the Standard for saying that Mr. Laverack's name is mentioned in a wrong name, he makes a false accusation, which he certainly has the means of knowing to be false. In the report of the Vainoy Trials, in the very self-same volume of the Stud Book which Mr. Bowers quotes, it is printed in plain type, thus proving that when his name occurs further on in the book, where she is called Fanny, it is purely a printer's blunder. It has been pretended that I detracted the Laverack setter. On the contrary I have done more than any to render it famous, and I have refrained from expressing my opinion as to his faults, which I now, under provocation, allow Mr. Laverack himself to describe in his own words. For my own part, I was content, and should have remained content with giving to sportsmen a breed of setters, vastly superior to the originals, from which they were produced, but I could not allow that breed to be ruined by in-breeding, without protesting. Last the false precedent set up by those who have since then tried to imitate my breed, took the opportunity afforded by the first occasion of their being publicly accepted as authentic, to enter a protest, which has caused a thorough exposure of the Laverack false. I have no subscribers to the Standard, and I am not a member of the division of the Laverack breed was crossed, hence the verdict, which allowed those dogs which had through custom become known as "pure Laveracks," to remain as such, in contrast of my "mixing" proved not only that one, but the whole breed crossed. What I have taken the trouble to prove before the committee of the Kennel Club I do not intend to prove over again. Those who do not choose to accept the proof will in time have no alternative but to do so. I shall not trouble myself to deny Mr. Laverack's charges against me, I shall merely place quotations from his letters referred to, and others, one against another. The letters I quote from were many of them published in the Kennel Club's pedigree, where they proved unreliable through his own words, and some of the most comest of his statements share the same fate. As you saw below Mr. Laverack's private opinion of his own breed, and what they would have been worth if in other hands than those he mentions. See also his change of front towards regard to certain persons after he became inspired by the Standard for the Laverack (the Llewellyns that had grown up stronger than his own. [To Llewelin—Saturday morning.] "If agreeable to you I propose dedicating this book to you, viz., of Tregwyn, Dr. Haverford, West South Wales, as a tribute of respect, esteem, etc., to a gentleman who has endeavored to restore the breed of setters, and who has spared no money, time, etc., in this pursuit." [To Llewelin—Oct. 15, 1871.] "I give you and Buckell very great credit for your great liberality. You remain the greatest observation, and I can endorse all you say about the cunning displayed when out of sight, etc. Don't despair; carry on day after day when tired down and you will subdue. Remember me to Buckell, and no does deserve great credit." [To Bowers—Oct. 1, 1871.] "Your friend, Mr. Buckell, must have them in time to prepare, etc. I desire to be particularly remembered to him, and both of you richly deserve your success. Had Countess been in other hands she would have been success." [To Bowers—Sept. 26, 1875.] "Llewelin, with all his venom and treachery, cannot injure the breed." [To Bowers—Sept. 26, 1875.] "Buckell and Llewelin don't understand setters; how should they?" Seeing that he (Laverack) cannot make head openly against the Llewelin setter, he is driven to the petty expedient of calumniating Llewelin, and circulating privately behind my back what he knows to be falsehoods in regard to Fairy and Pedigree. [To Llewelin—Sept. 7, 1871.] "Privately keep quiet until spring, and you shall have the pick of some clippers." [To Llewelin—March 10, 1872.] "If Pedigree and Fairy are no use to you for these Trials, send them back." [To Llewelin—March 11, 1873.] "I duly received Fairy to-day by your keeper, for which I feel most obliged. I return by him a check for her, viz., \$250 lbs." [To Llewelin—Nov. 19, 1873.] "As Fairy does not come up to your standard idea, would it not be more satisfactory, and avoid misunderstanding, for you to return her safely to me, and on receipt I will return you a check for the same you paid for her." [To Bowers—Jan. 14, 1873.] "The articles of Llewelin and Buckell show the petty malignity of envious men, and all owing to my not letting him have the services of my Pedigree and not selling him Fairy." [To Bowers—Feb. 3, 1876.] "The sole cause of my writing this letter of animosity is my refusal to sell him Fairy and refusing him for love or money the services of her brother Pedigree." The following clearly shows the truth of what the editor of the Standard stated some years ago, to the effect that Laverack habitually claimed everything that was good to his own, and repudiated whatever he did not find it convenient to acknowledge, although knowing it to be his own. Thus we see that he kept his own name out of his own pedigree, and only a very few months later, after he has failed to make people swallow it, he finds out that they are dreadfully faulty, and abuses them as though he had been bitten by them. By the way, how his fear and jealousy of Dan shows itself through all this. [To Bowers—Feb. 3, 1876.] "The sole cause of Llewelin's vindictive animosity is,

NEWARK MARCH TOURNAMENT.

The Newark tournament was shot on the Warren Street Range, corner Lock and Warren streets, with the following result:

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like J. T. Cobb, W. McLoud, S. S. Bradford, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. Yanley, T. Burns, J. Wolf, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like J. Leitz, W. A. Crocker, B. Jeffries, etc.

The tournaments are shot under the auspices of the Newark Rifle Association, 1 series consisting of 4 weeks...

BOSTON, March 10.—At Walnut Hill to-day there was a large attendance of members and friends of the Massachusetts Rifle Association...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like R. Reed, C. E. Palvay, A. B. Roland, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like G. Warren, W. H. Whitcomb, G. W. Whitcomb, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like G. Warren, J. N. Frye, P. J. Nass, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like A. Duffer, A. Adams, C. Weston, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like G. Warren, G. E. Goodale, F. H. Knowlton, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like B. Williams, G. E. Goodale, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Burns, Fenner, DeLisle, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Burns, Fenner, DeLisle, etc.

The individual scores of Oak Grove Club have not been received. The use of the boomerang.—The thrower kicks hold of the end of it, holding the rounded side downward...

THE TRAP.

CARVER BOGARDUS.—St. Louis, Mo., March 9.—Capt. A. H. Bogardus and Dr. W. F. Carver set for the third time to-day...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like Bogardus, Carver, etc.

* Dead out of bounds. The first of a series of twenty-five exhibitions at clay pigeons, 100 each, was disposed of before the main event.

CINCINNATI, March 10.—A clay-pigeon shooting match between Carver and Bogardus occurred here this morning...

KIRTLAND vs. CLEVELAND.—Match between the Kirtland Shooting Club and the Cleveland Gun Club...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like O. Alder, A. Beady, W. C. Brown, etc.

ENGLISH PIGEON SHOOTING.—London, March 7.—In the House of Commons to-day the bill preventing the shooting of trapped pigeons passed its second reading.

MALDEN GUN CLUB.—On Saturday last there were fifty or sixty lovers of the gun met at Walden...

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like F. T. Noble, J. Buffin, etc.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like J. Buffin, G. Sawyer, etc.

First sweep, 20 birds.—F. T. Noble and W. D. Gooch secured first by yards of 18 each; J. C. French and J. S. Sawyer second, scoring 17 each...

The LEATHER MEDAL.—Topham, Mass., March 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: I see in the last number of your paper that my name appears first on the list in the report of the wonderful doings of the famous Riverside...

WORCESTER, Mass., March 10.—W. S. Perry is matched to shoot with W. Taylor Howard, of Stoughton, on Thursday, March 15...

SAVING THE GUN CLUB.—Washington, March 8.—The regular annual meeting of the Capital Gun Club was held on Wednesday evening, March 7, 1883.

OSTRICH FARMING.—In reply to several queries we quote from a San Francisco exchange the 6th of March: "A company, with a capital stock of \$30,000, has been incorporated under the name of the California Ostrich Farming Company."

Kelden and Stoddard respectively won second and third prizes.—J. E. H.

A SUN YARN.—Pigeon shooting will not do this year: a snail voyage was raised in protest against the wholesale butchery. It gained strength and weight when the highest lady in the land declared herself against it...

CAMDEN, N. J., March 10.—The seventh shooting match of the Pinecroft Social was held March 7, 1883, at their rooms, Fourth Avenue and Market streets.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like W. Stein, J. E. Stein, etc.

MAINE ANTI-PIGEON SHOOTING LAW.—Augusta, March 7.—The Cruelty to Animals bill came up in the House to-day and was passed by a large vote.

TRENTON, N. J.—Second shoot of the Trenton Gun Club, March 1, at the glass halls, Barn's revolving trap screened, 18yds. rise, 13yds. shot.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Score. Includes names like A. Leigh, W. Cook, etc.

LONDON GUN CLUB.—London, Oct. 6.—The annual meeting of the members of the London Gun Club was held on Monday evening, Oct. 6, 1882, at the Metropolitan Hotel...

PITTSBURGH TOURNAMENT.—Pittsburgh, Pa., March 10.—A grand shooting tournament will be held in this city during the week of March 10-15.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

A. B. J.—Yes, the gun is strong and reliable. A. M., Jr.—Talladega.—For wild rice supply, see our advertising column.

J. F. W., Boston, Ala.—For wild rice supply, see our advertising column. S. & T., Providence, R. I.—For buffalo heads for mounting, write to parties named in answer to F. J. C.

L. C. N. York.—Will you kindly give me the name of the game and fish warden living at Rochester? Ans. G. M. Schwartz. J. E. H., Philippi, W. Va.—The combination gives general satisfaction...

F. J. Sander, New York or to E. H. Gun Broadway, New York or to F. H. Sander, 199 William Street, New York. T. Long, Falls City, Neb.—Will a short-barreled gun shoot as well as a long-barreled one? Ans. Within certain limitations of difference there will be no medicinal difference in field work.

A. E. S., Hastings, Minn.—The rifle mentioned is a standard first-class arm; but we cannot compare its relative merits with others; it will answer all legitimate purposes. Select a .4cal. H. R. G., Kittanning, Pa.—How large should English setters grow? Ans. They vary greatly. A medium-sized dog is of about 50 lbs. weight...

D. R., Montreal, Canada.—Will a gun with two sets of barrels of the following dimensions, viz: 10-bore, 32in., and 10-bore, 26in., be balanced when using either set? Ans. You could have such a gun made to balance by selecting heavy 26in. barrels and light 32in. barrels.

H. D., Baltimore.—I, would I, not knowing the points of an Irish setter, be able to distinguish a good specimen of the breed by having a look at their points? What is the best work on the judging of the points of the setter and what is the price of the best work on a little experience? "The Dogs of Great Britain, America and Other Countries," price \$2.00, we can furnish it.

J. E., Riverside, Cal.—Will you please inform me where, and at what price, I can obtain Ridgway's "Nonameclares," North American Birds, and Dr. Cooper's "Check Lists of North American Birds"? Ans. We do not know that Ridgway's list is on sale anywhere. Write to either of the publishers of the "Check Lists," viz: D. C. Cooper's Check List can be had of Estes & Lauriat, Boston, Mass., price \$3.

W. H.—Is a straight stern, made for hauling a rudder, a detriment to a trolling canoe? If so, what type of canoe is considered the best for trolling? Ans. The type of canoe is considered the best for trolling, and the type of rudder is considered the best for trolling. The modern straight bow, like that in Joyner's advertisement, is 3' 6in. I can get numbers of your paper. Ans. 1. Straight post canoe is no detriment to trolling. 2. The price of the canoe is the medium type can be had from any of our advertisers. 3. You can get back numbers.

OSTRICH FARMING.—In reply to several queries we quote from a San Francisco exchange the 6th of March: "A company, with a capital stock of \$30,000, has been incorporated under the name of the California Ostrich Farming Company. A tract of 600 acres, partly owned by the company, and situated near Los Angeles, California, has been secured, and will be placed under the superintendence of Dr. C. J. Skeelby, who has had considerable experience in ostrich raising in South Africa, and who has also had considerable experience in ostrich raising in California. The company has commenced laying. Her eggs weigh three and one-half pounds each."

ONLY ONE MATCH.

A RESIDENT of Indiana has received the following letter from a friend at English Lake, Indiana: I have not had time to fill you with details about Johnson's adventure upon the lake that terrible night. This is the way that Johnson was prevented from getting down the lake: He had noticed that the floating ice in the river was hard when he went up in the morning, and that it became soft and mushy in the afternoon. He thought that the lake would be partially open and the ice soft, so that he would have no difficulty in pushing through it. Everything went along smoothly until he struck the ice near Johnson's goose. He got about two boat lengths into it and could not get through. It was still daylight when he got there. He took in the situation at once, and said to Bell, the man that was with him, that it would be impossible to undertake it. The weather was getting intensely cold, and the drifting snow was so dense that he could scarcely see the length of his boat ahead of him. They were about two rods from the north bank of the river; there was nothing left for them to do but to turn the boat and seek shelter in the woods. Here they encountered much difficulty, as the boat could be scarcely moved on account of the ice and snow that had been frozen to it, and the river was so deep that Johnson had to put his hands down into the water so that the paddle would reach the bottom. They were fully fifteen minutes in getting to the shore. By this time it had become quite dark and bitter cold, with the snow setting down in torrents. The boat was so full of snow that it was impossible from the wind and to make a fire. An examination revealed that they had but one match.

The situation was getting desperate in the extreme, and a pitiless night before them. The boat was dragged a short distance into the woods. Johnson then dried off the decks with a paddle, took a look at his gun, and, finding it full of snow, and turned the boat over the coast. He then crawled under the boat and whittled the deckboard into fine shavings upon the rubber coat, then taking his oiled gun rags from his cartridge pouch, he took a little of gun oil upon them; some of the rags he saturated with whiskey. Not wishing to use the match until he had exhausted other means, he proceeded to obtain fire by extracting the shavings from some of his shells and putting the rags therein, also putting rags in the barrel of the gun. In this way he tried several times to get fire by shooting under the boat, but did not once succeed in lighting the rags. By this time they were nearly frozen. The time had passed so rapidly that there was very little time left to obtain a fire with the gun, and they were fully five minutes in getting to the shore. They were fully fifteen minutes in getting to the shore. By this time it had become quite dark and bitter cold, with the snow setting down in torrents. The boat was so full of snow that it was impossible from the wind and to make a fire. An examination revealed that they had but one match.

strike the match, which Bell lacked the courage to do; so, with fingers numb and nearly frozen, Johnson took from his rubber matches the solitary match upon which the lives of two souls depended, and, with trembling hand he at first struck, oh, so carefully, on the end of the match-saf. The second stroke less gentle than the first. The third stroke, with more vigor, ignited the match, and they were safe. The rags and shavings in the shell box immediately took fire. A few dry twigs and limbs were immediately added. Near the boat was a hollow ash tree, and to this the shell box with its precious contents was conveyed. In another minute the ash tree was in flames from top to bottom. Other trees and shrubs were set on fire. They kept as many as four or five fires burning at a time, during the whole night; so if the snow should extinguish one there would be others left. On account of the difficulty of getting a supply of fuel, they having no ax or hatchet, and nearly all the dead limbs lying on the ground being frozen into the mud, it became necessary to set fire to a hollow tree when one could be found. Consequently the fire extended over twenty acres of ground. About 6 o'clock in the morning (faded nature asserted itself. A mallard was picked and cleaned and broiled. There was one piece of frozen bread and some salt left in the lunch box, which served a good purpose. The voyagers broke camp at 8 o'clock in the morning, walked down the lake over the ice, and were soon at the house. Johnson had one ear frozen and his clothes badly ruined. Bell was nearly done for. He slept all that day and night, and he and Johnson went to work on the train the next day. They heard our guns when we fired, and replied by shooting also, but, as you are aware, we did not hear them.

POT LUCK FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The Russian General Ignatieff is now living near the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg. A correspondent says: "The workshop of the general contains a collection of historical arms, unique of their kind; each piece has a tradition, and each is marked by rich and curious workmanship; all have been given to him at one time or another by their owners. For instance, one sees the pistols of the last Sovereign Prince of Albania, a long pointed of schamy, and a gun richly chased presented to him by the Sultan Abdul Aziz."

The good observer of nature exists in fragments, a trait here and a trait there. Each person sees what it concerns him to see. The fox-hunter knows pretty well the way and habits of the fox, but on any other subject he is apt to mislead you. He comes to see only fox, fruits in whatever he looks upon. The bee-hunter will follow the bee, but lose the bird. The farmer notes what affects his crops and his earnings, and little else. Common people, St. Pierre says, observe without reasoning, and the learned without observation. If one could apply to the observation of nature the sense and skill of the South American *rastreador*, or trapper, how much he would track home. This man's eye is keener than a hound's scent. A fugitive can no more elude him than he can elude fate. His perceptions are said to be so keen that the displacement of a leaf or pebble, or the bending down of a spike of grass, or the removal of a little dust from the fence are enough to give him a clue. He sees the leaf-obliterated foot-prints of a cat in the sand, and carries the impression in his eye till a year afterward, when he again detects it in the suburbs of a city, and the culprit is tracked home and caught. I knew a man blind from his youth who not only went about his own neighborhood without a guide, turning up to his neighbors

gate or door as unerringly as if he had the best of eyes, but who would go unerringly on an errand to a new part of the country. He seemed to carry a map of the township in the bottom of his feet, a most minute and accurate survey. He never took the wrong road, and he knew the right house when he had reached it. He was a miller and fuller, and ran his mill at night, while his sole man ran it by day. He never made a mistake with his customers' bags of wool, knowing each man's by the sense of touch. He frightened a colored man, whom he detected stealing, as if he had seen out of the back of his head. Such facts show one how delicate and sensitive a man's relation to outward nature through his bodily senses may become. Heighten it a little more, and he could forecast the weather and the seasons, and detect hidden springs and minerals. A good observer has something of this delicacy and quickness of perception. All the great poets and naturalists have it. Agassiz traces the glaciers like a *rastreador*, and Darwin misses no step that the slow but tireless gods of physical change have taken, no matter how tiny they cross or retrace their course. In the course of his career he has seen an agent that has kneaded and leavened the softlike giant hands.

Century. It is a noticeable fact that the wholesale and wanton destruction of the forests in the northern counties is having a marked effect upon the annual rainfall and is seriously affecting the navigation of the Hudson River. The bill presented is a wise measure, suggestive of statesmanship of a comprehensive order. There is no need to which the interests of the public should be more frequently called. The destruction of the forest lands in the Adirondack region is a menace to the Empire State. Every falling tree is a presage of drought. Where no trees grow the waters never descend, except upon the occasion of destructive storms. The falling of timber is the banishment of moisture. Every rift which floats lazily down the stream is an eloquent prophecy of drought and famine for future generations. Every blow of the axe upon the living tree is the knell of a drop of life-giving water. The moaning and cracking of each falling oak is a dirge and requiem for the loss of productive power. The buzzing saws, which hum and whiz through the inanimate logs, are but touching the surface of the forest's irreparable loss. *Nature's Republic*, Yale campus has caused considerable comment. A shot entered the dining-room of a professor of mathematics, who has made the study of curves a specialty. He was determined to find out the reckless student, and he brought his mathematical knowledge into play. Knowing the breadth of the room, he measured the fall of the bullet in crossing it. Then he measured the distance from his house to the West Divinity building. With these data, and knowing the curve which a bullet takes, he computed the length from which the shot was fired, and fixed upon the very window from which the bullet must have come. The next day two students were greatly surprised by a call from the professor who accused them of firing the shot. They denied it and the professor gave his proof. The proof was so strong that they finally admitted their guilt.

A young lady tells of a plump dog in a family where she was making a visit, which she trained to lie under the table as a foot-stool. Now, whenever a chair is placed at that part of the table the dog locates in front of it, but cannot be induced to remain unless the young lady occupies the seat.

Tested by Time. For Throat Diseses, Colds and Coughs, BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 30 cts.—Adv.

THE MILD POWER CURES.—HUMPHREY'S HOMOEOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

- In use 30 years—Each number the special prescription of an eminent physician.—The only Simple, Safe and Sure Remedy for the Cures. PRICE. 1. Fevers, Coughing, Inflannations, etc. 25 2. Worms, Wind, Colic, Spasms, etc. 25 3. Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. 25 4. Diarrhea, Cholera, etc. 25 5. Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic, etc. 25 6. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting, etc. 25 7. Headache, Cold, Rheumatism, etc. 25 8. Neuralgia, Toothache, Sciatica, etc. 25 9. Headaches, Sick Headaches, Vertigo, etc. 25 10. Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach, etc. 25 11. Stomachic, Indigestion, etc. 25 12. Whites, Gonorrhoea, etc. 25 13. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing, etc. 25 14. Salt Rheum, Eruptions, Eruptions, etc. 25 15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains, etc. 25 16. Fever and Ague, Biliousness, etc. 25 17. Piles, Blind or Bleeding, etc. 50 18. Catarrh, Gonorrhoea, etc. 50 19. Whooping Cough, Violent Coughs, etc. 50 20. Nervous Debility, Physical Weakness, etc. 50 21. Nervous Debility, etc. 50 22. 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FOREST AND STREAM.

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With its compact type and its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

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SAINT SALVELINUS.

ON the first day of April the brook trout season opens in California, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Mexico, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Washington Territory. Other States and Territories make the season open earlier or later. In parts of the State of New York no trout fishing is done until May, but in the city the anglers look forward to the opening day as the coming of an annual festival. Long Island trout are early, owing to the fact that the ice is usually out of the streams early in March, and on the first day of April there is an exodus of New York city anglers to the island.

This year the opening day comes on Sunday, and we know of a score of enthusiastic anglers who will go down on Saturday night in order to be on the ground early on Monday morning, and who will fish on that day, no matter what sort of weather may be dealt to them.

At the South Side Sportsman's Club the members are feeling of their rods, oiling their reels and looking after frayed gut and moth-eaten flies. The well-stocked preserves of this club promise much sport in the way of extra-sized trout. All along the island from Shinnecock Bay to Canarsie on the south side, and from Fort Jefferson to Whitestone on the north shore, there is a bustle of preparation that denotes a vigorous opening of the campaign. For our own part we usually prefer to wait until the blustering March winds have blown themselves out and there is no danger of one's marrow being solidified by a blizzard from Manitoba, which goes through a spring overcoat like a black-fly through a patent fly-net.

In Fulton Market there will be a goodly display of trout from all parts of the country, and also from abroad. Mr. Blackford has been quietly arranging for his yearly display,

and no doubt it will be equal, if not superior, to his former efforts. Trout and flowers are the attractions at Fulton Market on "trout opening" day, and they harmonize well together; gems of the land and of the water, the condensed poetry of the earth and the streams which flow upon it. Anglers, who do not go down to the seaside to take the trout from the streams, should not miss the sight of the beauties in the market, where their differences, caused by food and water, are better studied in an hour than by a lifetime on the streams.

THE NATIONAL PARK.

A FEW newspapers, whose proprietors were interested in the attempt to capture the Yellowstone Park, are whining about the Government's loss of rent on the lands leased for hotel purposes. To these splenetic grumblers Mr. Assistant Secretary Joslyn adds his voice, and the querulous moans of the defeated gang are laughable to listen to. They say that if the original forty-five hundred acres that the Improvement Company so longingly reached for had been leased to it, the annual revenue to the Government would have been \$9,000, whereas it is now only a pitiful \$20. This is very true, but whether the loss of the \$8,980 to the United States Treasury is as serious a matter as these sad-voiced scribes would have us believe is open to a little doubt. If the Interior Department had, as it seemed at one time likely to do, bartered away all the rights of the people for ten years to this lovely spot for \$9,000, would it not have been thought that these dollars had cost the nation dear? We think so. It is to be expected that the vanquished will continue for a while to lift up their voices in sorrowful wailings. They still feel the effects of their beating. But life is too short to be devoted to such dead issues as the Park grab. The Improvement Company may yet try to seize on portions of the reservation, but it is for the officers of the Government to look out for this matter. The law is on the side of the people.

The Secretary of the Interior has, we are happy to say, called on the War Department for a detail of troops to guard the Park and its game, and this detail Secretary Lincoln has promised to furnish. Things are, therefore, marching along in a very satisfactory shape.

A dispatch to the public press credits Superintendent Conger with the statement that the reports to the effect that game was being killed within the Park are untrue. It may be that just at present the slaughter has ceased, but we can assure Mr. Conger that a short time ago, and during the progress of the fight against the encroachments of the Improvement Company, game was being killed in the Park and in considerable quantities. All this sort of thing must now cease, and we look to Superintendent Conger to see that it is put an end to at once and forever.

With the opening of the next session of Congress we hope to see a bill introduced embodying the essential features of Senator Vest's bill of last session, and providing for the enlargement of the Park on the east and south, as suggested by us recently. All who are familiar with the region are agreed that such increase in area is most desirable, and we trust that within a year it may be made.

NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of New York forbidding any person who deals in fish to be a Commissioner of Fisheries. As there is no good reason for such a proscription it is evident that it is aimed at Mr. Eugene G. Blackford, who is both a fish dealer and a fish commissioner. The same bill was introduced last winter, and it is believed to be instigated by a man who was once in the employ of Mr. Blackford, but who was discharged for dishonest practices in connection with the capture of trout out of season, while pretending to do other work. The fact that Mr. Blackford is a large fish dealer and one who has paid much attention to fishculture and kindred subjects, fits him to be a commissioner of fisheries in a degree that no other man in the State is fitted, and the introduction of such a bill shows its animus. Last winter when the same bill came before the Legislature, the late George Dawson said to us, in a private conversation: "Why, you might as well pass a law that no man should be a professor in a college who is qualified to teach!" That such laws, framed to gratify a personal spite, will pass we have not the slightest idea, we only wonder why our legislators introduce them. The fish commissioners serve without pay, and none but those who have the best interest of the public at heart would burden themselves with the office. Mr. Blackford's well-known public spirit and his knowledge of the habits and values of fishes are of the greatest service to the New York Fish Commission.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

THE necessity of a printed register of the breeding of fine stock is thoroughly appreciated, and for most kinds of stock, horses, cattle, sheep, etc., such records are regularly published. The demand for a similar promptly published registration of dogs is urgent and is becoming more imperative with the lapse of each succeeding month and the increase in the number of sporting and pet dogs. At the request of some of the prominent breeders of the day the Forest and Stream Publishing Company have undertaken the task of supplying such a record and will at once begin the publication of the *American Kennel Register*.

It is of the utmost importance for the convenience of all breeders, and owners and purchasers of sporting dogs, that there should be ready access to the pedigree and record of the stock in question; and this can be secured in no way more conveniently than that now proposed. The *American Kennel Register* will be published monthly in convenient shape for filing and binding in an annual volume. Its main feature will be the register of names and pedigrees and the supplying of a number to each dog entered. There will be also registers of "bred," deaths, sales, etc., all fully indexed under each breed at the end of the volume.

In addition to this registry, there will be given complete prize lists of all American dog shows and field trials, with summaries of such foreign shows and trials as may be deemed important; and a monthly compendium of all matters of interest in the canine world. The aim of the publication of the *American Kennel Register*, in short, will be to make it a *code meum* for breeders and owners.

The initial number will be published early in April. Fuller particulars will be given in our next issue.

A BAD BILL.

TWO provisions of the O'Connor bill to amend the game laws of this State are most unwise. One opens summer shooting; the other extends the market time. The law is much better as it stands than it would be if tinkered as this bill proposes to "fix it." The bill bears very good evidence of having come through the same manipulation that not long ago produced the notorious "refrigerator amendment," in fact it comes from the same source. Section 24 provides that venison and grouse may be sold for two months after the lawful killing season has expired. Every man of ordinary intelligence knows what that means. It means that for two months game will be killed out of season and smuggled into market. This game will come from New York and from other States in which the markets have been closed. This State and others are expending money in salaries for game commissioners and wardens and detectives, and the originators of the O'Connor bill with their extended market hold out fresh inducements to the poachers.

The market ought to be closed when the killing season closes. The framers of the bill in question know this. The probable reason why they have not acted on the knowledge is that they are attempting to serve two masters. They want to make a "game law" that will answer the purposes of the market men. The market men want all the game there is, and they want it now. The O'Connor bill framers are perfectly willing they should have it, and if the bill passes, it will be just one advance in their favor. We do not believe that the O'Connor bill was framed in the true interests of sportsmen and game protection. It bears the signature of the men in this city who advertise for snared game birds, and of the hotel proprietors whose kitchen back doors are always ajar for the sneaking midsummer slayers of immature game.

THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

THE American Commission will sail from Philadelphia on the 21st of this month on the steamer Lord Gough. It will consist of Prof. G. Brown Goode, Deputy U. S. Fish Commissioner; Mr. R. E. Earl, in charge of fishculture; Capt. J. W. Collins in charge of nets, boats and marine fisheries; Mr. Joseph Palmer, taxidermist; Mr. Reuben Wood, in care of the angling exhibit; a secretary, and perhaps others. Mr. Wood will remain in London until July 1, and then take a trip to the salmon rivers of Scotland. We hope that "Uncle" Reuben will remain over until the annual tournament of English anglers takes place so that he may be able to see how they conduct those things abroad, and if there are any points worth adopting our National Rod and Reel Association may have the benefit of his experience.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

THE State of New York has been very remiss in not caring for the large tract of land, larger than the State of Connecticut, which is popularly known as the Adirondacks. It has sold land to lumbermen at a nominal sum in the vain hope that it would get into the hands of men who would pay taxes on it and so bring in a revenue to the State. This hope has not been realized. The lumbermen have bought large tracts, in some cases as low as five cents an acre, and after skinning it have allowed it to revert to the State for non-payment of taxes.

A bill has just been introduced into the Legislature authorizing Mr. Verplanck Colvix, Superintendent of the Adirondack Survey, to locate the detached portions of State lands with a view to the preservation of the forests, and the laying out of the boundary of the proposed State reservation in that region. It needs no argument at this time to show how these vast woods shelter the sources of the Hudson and give off the water gradually which, if the forests were removed, would come down in floods and sweep over the cities in the valley, as has lately been done in the West. We hope this bill may pass and protect the water supply of our rivers and canals before it is too late.

The forthcoming report of Mr. Colvix will be looked for with great interest. It will contain important maps, records of horizontal measurements of lines and the determination of the latitudes and longitudes, etc., of lakes, mountains, villages, and the corners of the great land patents. It will also give scientific papers on forestry, rainfall, water supply for New York and the cities of the Hudson valley, descriptions of the fish found in the region, and an historical and descriptive account of the Adirondacks, as well as an official list of the several pieces of State lands, amounting to 573,872 acres, with details of their location. This will make it a volume of exceptional interest, and one that the Legislature will do well to have widely distributed. The State cannot afford to treat the Adirondacks with the neglect that it has done. Already the Hudson River has hardly a steamboat channel in midsummer, where fifty years ago there was plenty of room for the sailing craft that carried the commerce of the upper Hudson.

HORSES IN HOMER'S TIME.

THE ancient Greeks and the Trojans as well made great use of their horses in battle. Among these people the horse was as thoroughly domesticated in Homer's day as he is anywhere at present. Apollo looking down from Pergamos and urging the Trojans to fight calls them "the trimmers of steeds." (Il. IV., 506.) Elsewhere they are distinguished as those employing horses in battle. Diomed, a champion of the Greeks, is commonly addressed in a respectful way as a "tamer of horses." Horses were used in battle only when harnessed to the car. Thus Hector was driving to the field with his fleet steeds yoked to the chariot, when he reminded them of the wheat they had eaten from the gentle hand of his wife Andromache, and of the wine that had been mixed for them to drink as though they had been the favored guests of a luxurious house; and he called upon them by noon that day to prove themselves worthy of such favor.

Speaking after this way, he called to his steeds and addressed them, Xanthos and you, Podarge, and Aithon and Lampos divine one, Now repay me the cost of your keeping, which in abundance Andromache, who was child of Eetion, the great-hearted, Put in your ears for your food as wheat d-lighting the palate. Misting wine for your drink whenever you should feel thirst, Before bringing dhanor to me who am proud of being her husband. Hastily make the pursuit to see if perchance we may capture Shield of Nestor, which now to the gods is familiar in story, S it be wholly of gold—the body and even the handles. And from the shoulders may strap of Diomed, tamer of horses, Breatheplate skillfully wrought—Hephaistos toiled at its making. If only these two we take, then hope can I have the Achaians Thus very night for retreat will go on board their swift vessels. (Il. VIII., 154-197.)

Hektor calls his horses by their names which will be found expressive, and as appropriate as any pet names a modern jockey would find in English for his favorite steeds. There was Xanthos, the yellow-coated one, named after one of the horses given by Poseidon to Hera, and his yoke-fellow was Podarge, so called from the nimble movement of her feet. Next was Aithon, the fiery, named either for his bright color or for his impetuous spirit. This name had been borne by one of the horses of the sun. Last of all Hektor calls on Lampos the divine, whose name is the same as that given to one of the horses of Aurora who brings the light of day to mortals. (Od. XXIII., 246.) These names of Hektor's horses, and the many others which Homer makes famous by his verse, will remind the reader of Virgil of the name that poet gives the horse upon which Dido was mounted when she joined the hunting party. Its equivalent in English would be Foot-of-Sound. This is commonly taken as a mere epithet describing the horse by the heavy sound with which he strikes the pavement with his feet; that is, the horse of the sounding hoofs. But the queen's horse was a palfrey for gentle rein and of easy step, and it seems better to understand the poet as giving it a proper name, and calling it Foot-of-Sound to indicate the speed and ease with which it traveled.

The horses of Achilles were two, Xanthos and Balios, immortal steeds which Poseidon had given to Peleus. These were groomed and fed with a care no less assiduous than that bestowed by the gentle hand of Andromache. Often such care was shown by their master's comrade Patroklos,

and this we may suppose was the reason why at this hero's death these steeds so sensibly felt his loss. From his hand were they accustomed to receive their provender, and he used to wash their limbs with pure water, and pour the generous oil over their glossy manes. (Il. XXIII., 281.)

Horses of Atalides, also from the battle-field standing, Went as soon as they had intelligence of their driver Having fallen in dust at the hands of man-slaying Hektor. Surely Automedon, the stout-hearted son of Diros, Often with quickening tones he urged them on with his lashing, Often with coaxing tones he spoke, and with threatenings often. Now no more to the ships on the shore where the Hellespont broadens, Lured the horses to go, nor to battle with the Achaians; But as a pillar remains firm fixed which has been erected Over the tomb of a man deceased, or that of a woman, So did they wait and hold unmoved the beautiful carriage, Drooping their heads to the ground, more over tears that were scalding.

Fell from the horses' lids to the soil as they were lamenting Loss of the charioteer, and their flowing manes were polluted, Having escaped from the hand, and the yoke on both sides over-hanging; Seeing these two shedding tears, the son of Kronos felt pity, Nodding and shaking his head he talked with himself and he queried: Ah, moid why did we make you a present to Peleus the royal, Him who is mortal, while you are both free from age and undying? Was it that you among men most wretched should suffer misfortune? For there is not anywhere than man a more pitiful object. Of all, as many as breathe and crawl upon the earth's surface, Surely not by yourselves, and in chariots skillfully fashioned, Hektor, of Priam the son, shall be drawn, for I will forbid this. (Il. XVII., 430-462.)

The former of these two horses of Achilles was gifted by the favor of Hera with speech and with prophecy. The death of its master was foretold with confidence, and with too certain fulfillment. (Il. XIX., 400.) This cannot fail to remind of the experience of Balaam as told in the Hebrew scriptures, the practice of the Persians to keep horses for purposes of divination; and what Tacitus says of the same practice being common among the Germans in his day.

The horses of Diomed had served to them for provender wheat which was sweet as honey. (Il. X., 568.) This was fed them before going to battle. So, too, near by each of the eleven cars belonging to Lykoon stood a span of horses feeding upon white barley and rye. (Il. V., 166.) When in camp and idle, the steeds of the heroes were kept on less expensive food. While Achilles was encamped apart from Agamemnon, indulging his resentment, the horses stood unyoked about the chariots munching the lotus plant and the meadow-nurtured parsley. (Il. II., 775.)

It is worthy of notice that those portions of Greece abounding in meadow lands are such as were the favorite pasture grounds for horses. It was Argos abounding in springs, and Thessaly watered by mountain streams, that were famed for their steeds in Homer's day. This is a fact that should be taken into account by those who attempt to show that the intellectual and political deterioration of that country is due to the increased dryness of its climate. When Telamachos was about to leave Menelaos whom he visited at Sparta, his host presented him with three horses and a well-polished car, but the youth declined the present on the ground that Ithaka was fit only for the browsing of goats.

As to the gift you would make, pray let it remain as a keepsake. These horses I will not take into Ithaka, but in your keeping. Here will I leave them as pets, for you of a plain are the owner. One that is broad and in which grows lotus and bay from the marshes, Wheat and the kernels of maize; the white and the wide-spreading barley. Broad roads has Ithaka now, nor has it the least bit of meadow; Fit for the browsing of goats; too steep for the grazing of horses. None of the islands admit of driving, nor are they good pasture, As strong as they be in the sea, Ithaka being best for its meadows. This was the way he spoke; unmoved was loud-voiced Menelaos, Gave him a slap with his hand, and blunty took up the discourse. (Od. IV., 600-610.)

Horses were always driven to the battle-field harnessed to the car; but that the ancient Greeks were familiar with feats of horsemanship that would excite wonder in our day appears evident from a comparison by which the poet tells how Ajax strode over the decks of the ships when he would urge the Greeks to battle:

But as for Ajax high-souled, not yet it suited his temper There to remain where the rest stood it—the sons of Achaians. Over the decks of the ships he strode and hanged; his feet step: Sprang in his hands a spear that was long and fit for the sea-fight, Jointed with rings driven on—its length was twenty-two cubits. But as a man who well knows how to ride several horses, When from a numerous drove four horses he has selected Out from the pasture, he takes these steeds and drives to the city Over the public highway, and many, admiring, watch him, Men and matrons as well; not losing his balance, the rider, Springing he changes from one to another while they are flying: So did Ajax upon the numerous decks of the swift ships Stride with a lordly step, and his voice rose up to the ether. (Il. XV., 673-685.)

ISAAC BARRETT CHOATE.

DEATH OF S. H. TURRILL.—Mr. S. H. Turrill, Chicago, Ill., died at his home in that city, Wednesday morning, March 14. Mr. Turrill was widely known among the sportsmen of the country. Mr. Turrill was at one time a stockholder in the ROD AND GUN before the consolidation of that journal with the FOREST AND STREAM. He was for many years prominent as a trap shot, and took great interest in the Illinois Sportsmen's Association

The Sportsman Tourist.

SKETCHES OF LABRADOR LIFE.

BY J. U. GREGORY, OF QUEBEC.

DURING the month of July, 1872, my official duties required me to visit the coast of Labrador below Point de Mont.

The steamer Druid, upon which I made the journey safely, reached the snug little harbor near Egg Island and lay at anchor while workmen, taken down for the purpose, repaired the lighthouse and other buildings belonging to the station there.

Finding that the necessary work would detain us for two or three days, I organized a party to visit a small river some six miles off said to contain salmon. We started in the steamer's boat with the captain and four men, well provided with rods, flies, a tent, and provisions for a couple of days' camping.

On our way we kept near the shore, where we encountered quite a number of seals basking upon the rocks laid bare by the low condition of the tide. They would glide off their resting places at our approach and then come to the surface of the water, staring at us and often affording a fair rifle shot. We fired at them, but could not obtain possession of any, owing to their sinking as soon as hit. Next day, however, a resident fisherman passing picked up three which he found lying dead in the shallow water when the tide was at its lowest.

Near the mouth of the Little Trinity River, our destination, we found a fisherman's hut at the edge of the woods, with about an acre of cleared land on which was grown a patch of potatoes, a great luxury to the owner. We landed on the beach opposite the hut, and were met by a tall, powerfully built man, who bid us welcome in the language of his native country—France. We inquired about our chances of getting salmon, and were assured that about seven miles up the stream, at the foot of the rapids, we would find them. We engaged this man, whose name was Gitony, to act as guide. We fired soon after our departure, but the fisher-boys walk through a tangled foot-path brought us to the pool, where we toiled fortwofours trying to get a "rise." We caught several fine trout, but salmon did not then show themselves, notwithstanding our changing flies, and employing all the art we were possessed of to make them do so. We therefore decided to return at once to our boat and row back to the shore, but just as we were about to start, our boat was blown toward the homeward path, each one shouldering his load of the supplies, we heard a splash, and a fine salmon disappeared under the water. This cousteoed our guide, who until then looked crestfallen at our want of success and apparent des- less in his report that salmon would be found in the river. Feeling convinced, however, that the fish, although there, would not take the bait that day, we continued on our way back to the boat which we reached tired and hungry after our fourteen miles' walk. Fortunately we had hauled our boat well up on the shore, for a stiff breeze had sprung up, and the waves were rolling on the beach with such force as to render it impossible to launch her; we were therefore compelled to remain overnight, and accept the shelter of our guide's one-room dwelling, of which his wife and himself were the only other occupants, as they had no children.

Mrs. Gitony soon prepared a good meal out of our own supplies, and when this had been partaken of, pipes were filled, and the men began to relate adventures of different kinds to while away the time. Our hostess not taking any part in the conversation, I looked around, and through the thick tobacco smoke could distinguish her form sitting in a corner, and also the slight glimmer of a pipe. The air was quietly smoking. I asked her to come near and tell me how she enjoyed her Labrador life, at the same time placing a three-legged stool near me for her to sit upon. She complied with my request, and after some conversation I noticed that she was very intelligent, and rather well educated for a person of her position. This led me to inquire into her past life, as far as she could remember.

She appeared to be quite communicative, and informed me that she was born in Quebec, of respectable and well-to-do parents, had been educated in a convent, and intending to become a nun, had studied with that object in view, but, owing to some illness which unfitted her for the calling, her doctor prescribed a sea voyage or residence near salt water as her only means of cure. Her uncle, who owned a schooner, afforded her the opportunity of making the desired sea-trip. They left Quebec late in the summer, bound for the Straits of Belle Isle, but were wrecked near Esquimaux Point, barely escaping with their lives. She was kindly treated by the inhabitants and thoroughly recovered her health. While there she met Gitony, a Frenchman and a cooper by trade, who had come to the coast to build up a small town. She managed to build up a fortune making barrels for Canadian fishermen. This he did not succeed in accomplishing; but he wooed and won the would-be recluse, and they were duly married, when a life began for her such as she had never even dreamed of.

Not long after their marriage Gitony built a fishing harbor with his young wife, provisions and traps crossed over to the island of Aster, and put up a small hut. She was one of the most isolated localities, and then led the life of a trapper; often leaving his wife for days and even weeks at home, her only companion being a large Newfoundland dog—not a neighbor within twenty miles of her. It would be difficult to imagine a more solitary, cheerless life for anyone, particularly a woman, and one whose early training was so calculated to exist in the world. But she was provided with a common single-barreled gun, and plenty of ammunition, and soon became an expert shot. During one winter she killed five black bears and a large number of geese and ducks. Her depression of the utter solitude, her mental depression, and the vicissitudes through which she passed was most touching.

Once, during the severest winter weather, when entirely alone, the hut took fire and was burned down. She managed to save her gun, ammunition, some flour and clothing; everything else was destroyed. She made for herself a suit of men's clothing, with old boat sails, which she lined with her own warm female apparel, and thus she passed six weeks in a cabin made by her own hands from the trunks of trees which she cut near by, stuffing up the interstices with moss to keep out the Arctic cold. Upon her husband's return they set to work and erected a new hut.

The following summer, her husband being away on the

other side of the island, she was again alone for several days. One fine calm day, an American fishing schooner, which had remained almost stationary for several hours opposite the hut, cast anchor, and made preparations to land part of the crew, with the evident intention of visiting the house. She, fearing that her unprotected state would expose her to insult and danger, hastily caught up a pair of scissors, cut her hair short, and made herself as respectable as a man, slipped on some of her husband's old fishing clothes, besmeared her face so as to give it the appearance of being covered with a young growing beard, and quietly awaited the arrival of the visitors who soon made their appearance, carrying with them a jar of whiskey, cards and provisions. Not being able to speak English, by signs she made them welcome, and all that afternoon and next night she was forced to drink, play cards, and smoke in a perfect career with the unruly set. However, she acquitted herself so well as to excite no suspicion in the minds of the rough seamen, and parted with them the best of friends, but feeling thankful to have got rid of such unwelcome guests. For many years she spent such a life on Anticosti as few women have ever experienced anywhere.

At last Gitony decided to come over and live on the north shore, where I met them. She often begged her husband to come to Quebec, but he refused to do so. One day she ran away from home while he was absent, with the intention of sending him word to follow her on her arrival at Quebec, this being the only plan she could conceive of inducing him to leave such a desolate place, but he, reaching home earlier than she expected, followed her footsteps in the sand on the beach, and overtook her on the road to a locality where she hoped to find a schooner to bring her back to the civilization she had fled from.

My presence appeared to give her new courage, and I strongly urged her husband to come up, promising to procure work for him. The next summer he did so and soon found employment at his trade, but after a few months' residence in town Mrs. Gitony's health broke down again, and I was surprised to learn that they had returned to Labrador once more.

Only a year afterward a woman dressed in black was shown to my office, and I again beheld Mrs. Gitony, this time a widow. She told me that upon their return to Labrador they had gone far back into the wilderness with the necessary supplies to spend the winter trapping. They had two dogs and a "commetic," or sled to assist them in carrying their outfit; but they had hardly reached their destination when her husband was stricken with paralysis and died in her arms. Fancy her dreadful position! A hundred miles away from Quebec, but he refused to do so. One day she ran away from home while he was absent, with the intention of sending him word to follow her on her arrival at Quebec, this being the only plan she could conceive of inducing him to leave such a desolate place, but he, reaching home earlier than she expected, followed her footsteps in the sand on the beach, and overtook her on the road to a locality where she hoped to find a schooner to bring her back to the civilization she had fled from.

Recently, however, I was astonished to learn that, although now past forty years of age, she has married another fisherman, and come back with him to that desolate coast, to resume the life that she once so dreaded, but she now evidently prefers to any other.

Some persons eventually become so fascinated with the wild, free life of a trapper or fisherman, that, notwithstanding its hardships and vicissitudes, starvation often staring them in the face, a few months' residence in a large city becomes so irksome to them that they long to return to their former mode of life.

I have known a well educated, born and brought up Quebec, formerly a storekeeper, married to an educated woman, who accepted a situation as light-house keeper on the island of Anticosti, and afterward obtained, through family influence, a good government appointment with sufficient remuneration to enable him to bring up his family well and live comfortably, actually shed tears when he left his isolated island home, and a year afterward trying to get back to his former position; but I have also known others to go out of their minds from the dreariness and monotony of their lives. These were invariably men. Women appear to bear up better, and frequently do the most of the work, keeping the station in order, while their husbands look the picture of unhappiness. Again, there are some stations, where husband, wife and children seem to be perfectly contented, the family well educated and even accomplished in music and other recreations. The latter are all supplied with literature, and their conversation is free from slang so often noticeable in town-bred people.

Professor Linden, in his interesting and truthfully written papers published in your last volume, mentions one of such families, that of Mr. Edwin Pope, of Anticosti, whose amiable daughters, who have never left last year left the island, would do credit to any city family. His sons are educated, and it would appear to advantage anywhere, and Mrs. Pope was born and brought up on the island, and to the best of my knowledge has never left it.

There are others in my district on the coast of Labrador who are possessed of considerable education and even refinement.

At the solitary Bird Rock Station, where the lighthouse is perched on a square rock a few hundred feet in extent, which one can reach only by being hauled up in a box by means of a crane 120 feet from the water, the keepers have never been sadly tried. The first keeper there, a young man, whose residence, became insane from the monotony of the life. It was replaced by a very respectable man who, after having filled the station for nine years, was one day tempted to leave his station to hunt seals on the surrounding ice, but was overtaken by a storm and perished with his son, their bodies never being recovered. His successor, one of the most able and intelligent of our keepers, was a young man, by some means ignited a barrel of gunpowder in a hut at hand, and with his young son and assistant was blown to atoms; yet notwithstanding these fatalities, no sooner does a vacancy occur than applications for it pour in, invariably from those possessed of all the necessary qualifications to earn a living elsewhere.

Two years ago I visited the coast in the steamer Druid, together with His Excellency the Governor-General and a number of the most interesting localities, among others Seven Islands, and anchored in the beautiful bay of that name. His Excellency and myself, taking guns, embarked in a canoe paddled by two men, hoping for a shot at something. We had been informed elsewhere that porcupines were plentiful, and were eager to shoot them. When nearing the shore we were hailed by a Canadian fisherman, who, seeing me, and, having heard, I asked him if there was anything to be shot at. He pointed north shouting. He answered, "Yes, if you know what you want." As we did not know which direction to take we requested

him to procure us a guide, whereupon he said he knew a young Indian, an excellent sportsman, who, he thought, would answer our purpose. His Excellency whispered to me to try and get a full-blooded Indian, no sham, for some of those he had employed on similar occasions elsewhere bore Scotch names, such as McLeod, etc., and resembled too much the white man; he would like to see the real Indian, and expected to find him in such a far off place as this. I told the fisherman to bring us a real Indian, and he said he would do so. Fancy our surprise when he ran back a distance toward an encampment of some twenty wigwags, on hearing him shout at the top of his voice to a perfect looking Indian, whom he called by the name of McKinzie—Scotch again. However, since then His Excellency has had the "Simon pure" in the West, without a Scotch name, and doubtless enjoyed the novelty.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED K. SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

V.—Nimrod with a Fish-rod.

THE devotee of Isaak Walton, the sly old trout fancier, might allow his fish under the deep shadow of the overhanging cliffs to fly unhurt on a hot summer's day, winking and blinking at the feathered hook with impunity—here there before expression; the graying with his voracious endeavors to swallow hook, line, pole and fisherman; the bass, the pike, the pickerel and all the gamy gladiators of the genial climates are waiting in the frigid zones; yet there is some grand old sport, excellent spiced with danger—that suite of man's noblest essays—in many of the fisheries of the frigid zone, on the high water cleaving the clipper-built bow of his pursuers, into fragments with one stroke of his huge tail, to the finest little "finny" fellow that scratches his head on the under surface of the treacherous ice.

Ever since Captain Edge and Poole on the 13th of June, 1611, struck and captured the first whale, and the amphibious sailors of the Dutch, English and Scotch have developed this rude sport, it has been a wonder that so many sportsmen in secure and low lands, who could give as well as receive death—have never crossed weapons with these tigers of the sea. Perhaps their pursuit proves to profit and loss; but so does the buffalo in the hands of hirelings. Perhaps his hunts are too remote to be invaded cheaply, but whoever heard the true sportsman stand on such ground when we consider the great expense of excursions to such lands as Africa and elsewhere to kill the lion, tiger or leopard. However may be the reason, the noblest "game" given to man is left to the hands of those who kill him for the coin he will bring in the markets. I can imagine nothing more exciting than a good whale chase, and I think it would send any sportsman's blood up to (buck) fever heat. I had been promised a royal old chance; to participate in such a chase by the mate of the Eothien, the whaler that bore us to Hudson's Bay, should they ever "power" for one before my little party was set ashore to prosecute its Arctic explorations, but no such chance ever came, although no one probably watched the man in the crow's nest at the masthead for "there she blows" more than I, not even those to whom their pocket was more than their pride.

The Esquimaux catch considerable numbers of whale and trade their bone and oil to the whaling ships, and this fact creates considerable rivalry between the different vessels to reach the whaling grounds. In order to barter with these native fishermen, who have been so long in the position for a month before the ships can get in. The ancient Esquimaux, or purely native method of killing a whale was to pursue him with the harpoons and bladders we have described in the walrus and seal hunt, by a large number of natives in their *kicks* or skin caoes and literally fill him so full of them that when exhausted after a long chase he was unable to sink beneath the water and fell prey to their sharp lances made of wood and tipped with walrus ivory heads. Many of the old Iwlikik Esquimaux told me that their ancient whale hunts, the flesh of these monsters keeping a fair sized village in dog meat for the winter while the skin about an inch thick was used by themselves; the whalebone cut into strips was used to lash their *kicks* frames together, while the bone proper from the jaw was swain into long batten-like strips twelve or fifteen feet long, three or four inches wide and an inch thick, with which they worked their whaling sledges to give them a broad running and bearing surface. This with the oil and blubber for light and food made the whale one of the most useful game they could pursue.

Now they hunt them like the whalers, oftentimes in boats supplied by them or obtained from wrecked whaling ships, and sell the proceeds for almost insignificant results, the beneficial results of the contact of civilization with savagery. The Esquimaux also form, wherever they can be obtained, a fair portion of the crew of these vessels, for nowhere can be found more hardy harpooners, braver boatmen, than these natural fishermen in their seas of ice and storms.

The skin of the whale is considered the best part for eating. It is "as black as the ace of spades," and when boiled in the trying-pots its taste is not unlike that of tripe. It is an excellent article of diet in that it assists to keep away that base of the sailor, the scurvy. Before their contact with white men they would not "try out" the whale blubber in such a wholesale manner as now done for their benefit, as they believed, and probably with some truth, that the smell of the rendered oil would drive away the reindeer and musk-oxen, especially if there be an inshore wind. Game once frightened away in this manner is very slow to return.

If the natives are "whaling" from a station on the coast, the *ang-ahoo* or medicine men on the shore, assisted by those who have remained behind, beseech the god of the seas to give the whalemen luck by their reciting of *ang-ahoo* these of a system of gymnastic devotion more fatiguing than the chase of the whale.

One use of the whalebone to which the natives put it, and one case of which came under my personal observation, I must not allow to pass unnoticed. Whenever wolves have been unusually predatory, have destroyed a favorite dog or so, or have done up *caché* of reindeer meat just when it was so, or in any way have aroused the ire of the Inuit hunter, he takes a strip of whalebone about the size of those used in corsets, wraps it up into a compact helical mass like a watch spring, having previously sharpened both ends, then ties it together with reindeer sinew, and plasters it with a compound of blood and grease, which is allowed to freeze and forms a binding cement sufficiently strong to cut the snow string at every second or third turn. This, with a lot of similar looking bits of meat and blubber, is scattered

over the snow or ground, and the hungry wolf devours it along with the others, and when it is thawed out by the warmth of his stomach, it elongates and has the well-known effect of whalebone on the system, but having the military advantage of interior lines its effects are more rapid, killing the poor wolf, with the most horrible agonies, in a couple of days.

The narwal, narval or narval, or, as it is sometimes called, the sea unicorn, gives the natives of the North much sport in its capture, which, in general, is by the electric type method of inflated bladder and harpoon, a method which has never been improved upon, even by the ingenious Yankee whaler, for their whaleboat is nothing more than the float, and their harpoon looks wonderfully as if it had been borrowed from that of the Esquimaux, with civilized workmanship in its detail. The natives in Hudson's Strait brought up some to Britain, but I have never been able to see any in the bay, and in fact the Esquimaux there know of no such fish at all. Its peculiar twisted ivory tusk, of from about five to eight feet in length, is its weapon of defense, and it is not altogether a bad one if it can be once gotten through the frail covering of the native skin caoe, but accidents from it are rare; in fact the pursuit of the narwal is not a common sport even in waters where it is the most numerous. The flesh of the narwal is considered very fine by the Esquimaux, and as they are from fifteen to twenty feet in length exclusive of the horn, it obtains a reputation that they are not pursued more when they obtain so much meat in one animal. Probably the tusk or rather its active use mostly influences their practical minds. The fish themselves use it to transfix fish which they pursue, to break the thin ice so they may breathe and blow, and as a weapon of defense. It has been known to bury it in the wood of ships, into the sides of whales, and even run it through the copper of ships; in truth, the hardest ivory known, being worth double that of the best clear-cut ivory.

As we were entering the eastern entrance of Hudson's Strait we managed to while away a few hours pleasantly from time to time in shooting with our revolvers at the grampus whales that came sporting alongside of our ship, with a familiarity that seemed to take us to be one of their kind. It is needless to remark that we "bagged" none, for a pistol shot would have no more effect on their black, wrinkled backs that protrude from the water, than upon a Creedmoor butt; in fact they really seemed to enjoy our sportings because greater and their familiarity stronger in direct ratio to the amount of firing we would do at them, a sort of satire on our shooting. It is probably their penchant for seal meat that attracts them into the sub-Arctic regions, some of the sailors believing that they dislodge them with their tail or back fin from their frail abode on the edge of the ice or the rocks, when they are unable to back in the snow. When the Arctic sky is deeply overcast and the water of the sea by sympathy have taken on the same garb with the blackest lung swells, there is nothing more beautiful than a school of white whales passing by, their ivory white skins contrasting conspicuously with the dark green fluid in which they swim; or when the sun is shining brightly their backs, as they roll gracefully along, shine like so many mirrors so bright as their poles.

They are seen in Hudson's Bay early in the spring traveling along the coast as soon as the shore ice breaks up, generally toward the east at Depot Island, and then again become numerous in the fall just before the new ice forms, traveling in the opposite direction. The natives are eager in their pursuit, as it gives them some variety from the summer walrus hunt, and nearly as much blubber and meat. One thing I could not help noticing in their movements, while they were in the bay, and that was the manner in which they passed, and that was the almost simultaneous manner in which the whole school, however widely dispersed, would appear at the surface. It almost seemed as if they were figures joined by immovable rods and raised and lowered by machinery. Even when the island split them apart this synchronism was still observed, and on one occasion this happened when there were but two which were thus separated. These two broke up the school, and were seen to be in their highest state of discipline in their individual movements, as they appear to have more leisure; their spring actions being more the method of a mob scurrying along in a hurry to their feeding grounds. The porpoise is sometime seen and caught in the Arctic, but it is, in general, a very scarce game, not to be depended upon. I know that in a strict scientific sense all of the above are mammals, and therefore not strictly speaking fish, but are introduced, and their chief interest in their natural history sense. They are really no more fishes than the seals and walrus already described.

Those old piscatorial pirates, the sharks, often invade the Arctic, no doubt tempted by the carcasses of the whales or seals and walrus left to rot by white men engaged in their pursuit. Natives angling from their skin caoes in deep water, occasionally catch a sluggish shark who has engulfed the bait, but there is no use pulling against such a mountain of flesh and relying upon their strength to bring him up; and this the Inuit *Isaak Walton* fully knows, and overcomes his strength by sagacity. At every brisk pull by Mr. Shark, showing him to be irritated, the line is lowered to appease him, but cautiously hauled in again almost immediately, the shark slowly rising to this strategic manipulation, until "like a finny fool" he rests upon the surface of the water, and is then pulled up by the weakest fishing-line, when with a long terrific fisherman's defiance, he catches him by a well-directed thrust through the spinal cord. From their well-known voracity in warmer climes it seems singular indeed that they do not often attack the native fishermen in their little skin caoes, but there is not a recorded or known instance of such attacks even on the west shore of Greenland, where they are most numerous and the shore in that manner is frequented by from ten to twenty thousand a year, according to Dr. Blak, Danish inspector of this coast for a long number of years. The most usual method of catching these fish can hardly be said to be fishing at all. Near a hole in the ice a lighted torch is placed, and two natives stand on opposite sides of the hole with two sharp hand-hooks, like deck bands of a steamer at the end of a shaft waiting for merchandise, until the shark sticks his nose out, when he is treated in about the same business-like manner as the Inuit, the shark's carcasses often accumulate to hundreds of the carcasses, which when once commenced is generally carried on through the whole winter. The cartilaginous bones are the favorite parts for food, as the raw frozen flesh seems to have a depressing effect when long continued, and to it is attributed the dog disease of the North when fed to them, and which every few years carries off so many of these useful animals.

AROUND THE COAST OF FLORIDA.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

Ninth Paper.

As we passed out into the Gulf from the mouth of the Homosassa, the negro boatmen were mooring the raft of cedar logs under the lee of an island, to await the arrival of the little steamer that was to tow it up to Cedar Key. While thus employed the song, one of their peculiar and pleasing melodies, the "A-b-a!" or refrain "O-ho-ho!" and "A-b-a!" being caught up in full chorus in a wild, chromatic intonation, which floated out to us over the water in harmonious hursts and prolonged minor cadences:

- I pole his raft way down de river,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
De shakas and sawfish make me shibber,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
You thought you heard a gator beller,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
Twas only his brack bacula feller,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
De fish-bawk kotched a big fat mullet,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
But I found its way down de eagle's gullet,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
De tarpon chased a great big jerefish,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!
Oh, sez de shark, why did you do dis,
O-ho! O-ho-o! A-b-a! A-b-a-a!

We put out into the Gulf some five miles, beyond the group of Martin's Keys, and ten miles northward came to the Sweetwater Keys off the mouth of Crystal River. The mouth of this river is beset with oyster banks, but about it is a fine clear stream navigable to its source, some twelve miles, where it arises from several springs, near which is the village of Crystal River. Along this pure and beautiful stream the usual fishing, game and oysters are to be obtained.

Ten miles farther northward we came to the sand banks off the mouth of Withlacoochee River—called "Coochee" for short. This is a narrow, deep river, more than a hundred miles long, arising in Polk county, to the eastward of Tampa, and flows northward along the eastern border of Hernando county, from Lake Harris, in the Gulf. It is navigable for some twenty-five miles. As this river penetrates so far into the mainland, and flows through so extensive and varied a range of country, where the finest hunting, shooting and black bass fishing can be enjoyed, it is a desirable stream for the sportsman with a small boat. An entire winter could be profitably spent on this river. Connected with it is Panasoffee Lake, a large body of water but twelve miles from Lake Harris, in the hands of Oklawaha River, and during high water a still larger lake, to the westward of the river Lake Trafi or Charliepoka can be entered. To the canoeist a delightful and interesting trip would be from Jacksonville up the sluggish St. Johns and Oklawaha rivers to Lake Harris, thence by a portage of twelve miles (by wagon) to Lake Panasoffee and the Withlacoochee. From the mouth of the latter river it is but twenty miles to Cedar Key, the Keys of Waccasassa Bay, where the water is shallow and smooth.

Along the Withlacoochee the sportsman will find forests of pines, wild deer and quail, broad savannas and cypress swamps, abounding in herons, cranes, greys, water turkeys, ospreys, eagles, etc., and ponds, lakes and bayous, the resort of innumerable flocks of ducks, coots, plover, snipe and curlew, while in the swamps and low hamaks can be found porches, herons, wild cattle and hogs, and in the high hamaks squirrels and turkeys. In fact, the whole of Hernando county will prove of the greatest interest to the sportsman, canoeist or tourist. On the coast, between the mouths of the Withlacoochee and Anclote rivers, are numerous keys and many harbors, the rivers and creeks being only from five to ten miles apart, while lying outside, parallel with the coast and some ten miles distant, is St. Martin's Reef, breaking off the force of the waves of the Gulf. This portion of the coast as smooth as a mill pond, and in consequence, the shores are green to the water's edge.

The rivers emptying into the Gulf between the "Coochee" and the Anclote have their sources in beautiful and wonderful springs, which burst out from the base of a high sand ridge running parallel with the coast, and distant from it some twelve miles. This ridge is covered by open pine forests, and consists of the extensive banks of tropical luxuriance. In the edge of this hamak Jack and I were standing one day, feasting our eyes upon its strange and wondrous beauties. Maple and milkberry, myrtle and magnolia, cedar and cypress, willow and water-oak, mastie and acacia, palmetto and dogwood, red bay and live oak, elm and sea-shal, gum and hickory were thickly crowded together, interlaced, intertwined and overtopped by grape vines, morning glories, climbing the Jack and other creepers, and their trunks beset and hidden by thickets of Spanish bayonet, satinwood, paw paw, Indian fig and cacti. Flowers of every hue greeted the eye from tree, shrub and vine. The great snowy blossoms of sweet bay and magnolia, the tall white racemes of Spanish bayonet, morning glories of every tint, and the gorgeous scarlet and yellow flowers of the cacti mingled with fragrance with odors from spicy shrubs and aromatic leaves.

Jack essayed to cut a bouquet of the choicest bloom, but his feet becoming entangled in the meshes of a "climbing Jack," he fell full length and was lost to sight among the bushes and vines. He came bounding out again with a yell of anguish, and danced around, rubbing his legs where the acuminated, ensiform leaves of the Spanish bayonet had pierced them, and picking out the minute prickles of the cactus from his hair and face.

"Ah, Jack!" said I commiserately, "The least that is spouset awake to the flowers Is always the first to be touch'd by the thorns."

"Yes," answered he ruefully, "Beholding heaven, and feeling hell!"

These lines of Tom Moore as applied to Jack's case embodied more truth than poetry, but they are worthy of being recorded, for it was the last poetry indulged in on the voyage, for from the mouth of the Withlacoochee we took our course northwest, direct for Cedar Key, where we arrived in the afternoon of the first day of May, and the "Cruise of the Rambler" was ended.

Cedar Key is now a thriving and flourishing city of several thousand inhabitants, situated on Way and Alsenca oaks keys. Its principal industries are cedar and pine saw-mills,

fishing and turtiling. It is the shipping point for the produce, and the commercial emporium of the west coast, being the western terminus of the Florida Transit Railroad, running across the State from Fernandina, and connecting the Gulf with the Atlantic. Lines of steamers connect it with Tampa, Manatee, Key West and Havana, Mobile, New Orleans and Galveston. There are several hotels; the Swanwick, the Gulf and Bettolini's, and many good stores. The sportsman can be fitted out with everything needful for camping and cruising except fine fishing tackle, fixed ammunition and cartridge shells.

The visitor cannot fail to be interested in the cedar mills of the Paber and Eagle Pencil Companies. The logs are here run through saw after saw, until finally reduced to pencil stocks and penholders, when they are packed in boxes and shipped East to the pencil factories to be filled and polished. Even the cedar sawdust is utilized, being packed in casks and sent to New York. Some of the machinery is very ingenious and interesting and will repay a visit. Cedar is becoming scarce, even in Florida, and what we will do for pencil stocks when it is exhausted is hard to tell, for no other wood will answer, and Florida cedar is the best that could be had for the purpose.

There are several fish houses where great quantities of fresh fish are packed in ice and shipped North in the winter. Thousands of green turtles are also shipped from this point. They are taken in gill-nets with a mesh of eighteen inches. These nets are not staked down as on Indian River on the east coast, but are anchored on the grassy banks and shoals, and wherever the turtles are found, sometimes many from shore.

The Gulf coast of Florida is, perhaps, the finest cruising ground in the world. The water is shallow and seldom rough, for it takes a gale of wind to kelp up much of a sea, and harbors lie plentifully all along the coast. Small boats can find an inside passage from Cedar Key to Cape Sable, almost the entire distance. The principal passes and inlets are short and usually straight, with plenty of water and easily entered. Generally there are long sand spits and shoals making out from them for a long distance, between which the cruiser must proceed, though usually there are swash channels along the shores by which small boats may enter. The rise and fall of the tides is greater than on the southeastern coast. A harbor for small boats can be found at any time behind the numerous keys and islands. At length, on the morning of the tenth day of May, I stepped aboard the train of the Transit Railroad, and was soon rattling over the keys to the mainland, leaving behind the broad bay, the white sails, the skimming gulls and the mangroves. At last we were whirled into the pine woods and hamaks, and I caught the last, grand and glorious view of the boundless, blue Gulf, sleeping and shimmering in the bright morning sun.

- Farewell, Florida!
Thy stately palms and whisp'ring pines,
Thy silent yppress, clamb'ring vines,
Thy orange groves and flowers rare,
Thy spicy shrubs and scented air,
Farewell!
Farewell, Florida!
Thy Everglades, savannas green,
Thy crystal streams and lakes serene,
Thy coral reefs, thy sunny keys,
Thy mangrove isles, thy summer breeze,
Farewell!
Farewell, Florida!
Thy starry nights, thy balmy days,
Thy azure seas, thy white bird rays,
Thy coral blue, thy land-locked bays,
Thy silver sheen, thy golden haze,
Farewell!

Natural History.

A SALMAGUNDI OF NATURAL HISTORY.

In Two Parts—Part I.

BY JOHN DEAN CATON, LL.D.

MAJOR — is a character in his way—yes, and an instructor too. He has well educated the East, where he was born, and came to the Western frontier more than fifty years ago. Of good natural parts and a close observer, he has accumulated a fund of information. He affects an uncouth form of expression sometimes, which he contracted of the backwoodsman in early life, which pleases him much better than more scholarly language, while it serves to impart his ideas. He has been a land surveyor, and has often executed Government contracts, and thus have his observations of men and things been extended from the Ohio River to Lake Superior. He has lived in camp almost as much as in a house, and his fondness for the wilderness, whether forest or prairie, has never abated. Of course he was an expert hunter and was sure to supply his camp whenever in regions where game abounded. In early life he was much addicted to language quite inappropriate to a camp meeting or the vestibule of a church, but this he has succeeded in dropping out of his conversation to a large extent; but the frailty of exaggeration still clings to him to a certain extent, but it seems to lead a sort of piquancy to his discourse without detracting much from its instructiveness; for you readily see from time to time the paper allowance to truth he would give. He has said he was an instructor, and so he is. Nothing pleases him so much as to sit on a box in front of the store, and gather about him the boys of the town and discourse to them by the hour. Often in the balmy mornings of spring have I seen the Major cast himself on a bench or box on the sidewalk, when immediately the boys would begin to gather around him till he passed on. He was fairly obstructed, when the interview would begin, but he frequently stopped and listened with interest and felt I was instructed, though his object evidently was to both amuse and instruct the boys.

I cannot resist the temptation to repeat one of these interviews.

One of the boys who had worked up close to him said: "Now, Major, won't you please tell us some more about the Black Hawk war?" He said he, "you always want to hear about war and bloodshed. Better cultivate hearts of peace. That war was more'n than fifty years ago, and long before many of your fathers were born. Then I won my spurs, and used them, too—at Stillman's Run—then I will not talk about that. That war was only the chirp of a cricket to the roar of a gun when compared with the great war of the Rebellion, which was only twenty years ago. In that war I did some real service, and I may at some other time tell you about my campaigns in the South, but I am more peacefully inclined this morning."

"Well," said another boy, "tell us, then, something about this country when it was all new—when the prairies were wild, and the groves had no fences around them, and the deer and the prairie chickens had it all their own way. Come here, some of my twenty years ago. In that war I did some real service, and I may at some other time tell you about my campaigns in the South, but I am more peacefully inclined this morning."

From Cedar Key he can follow the shore of Waccasassa Bay, inside the keys if necessary, to Withlacoochee River. Thence along shore and inside the keys and islands if he wishes, to Crystal, Homosassa, Chocowiskee and Weckawatche rivers to Bayport. The reef before mentioned lies off shore, some ten miles, rendering this portion of the route very smooth sailing, with plenty of water and along inside Helley's Keys to the "Coochee" River, and thence inside Anclote Keys to Anclote River. From here to Hog Island, at the head of Clearwater Harbor, there is another long outlying reef. Sailing down Clearwater Harbor to Boca Ceiga Bay he will reach Tampa Bay, where he can proceed up to Old Tampa and Hillsboro bays, or keeping to the southward to Estero Bay, where plenty of water and he will enter Big Sarasota and Little Sarasota bays, and proceed to Casco's Pass at the southern end of the latter bay. From here he can await a favorable opportunity and a fair wind to run outside for a dozen miles to Kettle Harbor, which connects with Charlotte Harbor.

If he wishes to go below this point, he will sail inside to Punta Bessa, and a few miles below. In sight, either Matanzas Pass, sailing down Estero Bay, or the Estero Pass, where a dozen miles again of outside work will take him to Gordon's Pass, from whence he can follow the channels along the inside keys and Marco and Horr's islands to Cocoonet Key, behind Cape Romano. From here to Cape Sable there are outlying banks and reefs which render this portion of the route smooth, and the water is quite shallow anywhere within three miles of the shore, and the reefs can be found at a distance of one to three miles from the shore.

This would be a delightful trip in a boat drawing less than a foot of water, for it is in shallow water, and in the neighborhood of mud flats, oyster reefs and sand banks that game, fish, clams and oysters are found in their greatest abundance. The cruise could of course be varied by passing up the numerous rivers and creeks to the mainland, and once there could be safely navigated in small weatherly craft by Mosquito Lagoon and Indian River, and with the tributaries of the latter river, and the contiguous coast, it is preferable, in my opinion, to the west coast for a winter's sojourn, though in the eye of the sportsman each coast has its special advantages.

My pen is inadequate to describe the pleasures to be enjoyed, and the beautiful scenery of nature to be witnessed during a winter sojourn on the southern coast of Florida. The wealth and glory of the vegetable kingdom, the varied and curious forms of animated nature, and the balmy atmosphere and snaky skies of the Southern seas must be realized by appreciative senses to do them justice.

And of all the pleasing objects of that perpetual summer clime, the ever-present palmetto, with its beauty and freshness, with the eye of the beholder as the grandest and most graceful, and the most characteristic and picturesque feature of those sub-tropical shores. To the camper it is house, food and raiment. A good shelter can be flatched with its broad leaves; its berries are palatable, nutritious and healing to the diseased lung, and furnish a good wine;

the embryonic leaf-bud of the young tree provides a good "cabbage"; two of its broad fronds hung over the shoulders, in front and behind, form a waterproof garment in a shower; its leaves provide a carpet, a bed, taliecloth, plates and platters, and their mid ribs, forks; its dry foot-stalk furnishes fuel, and its fan, a torch; its green leaf stem, a fishing-rod, or spear; its bleached green leaves, cordage, hats, mats, fans and baskets. But don't sit on its trunk, for its brittle and sharp fibre is nearly as bad as cactus prickles.

can't prove it by me. He was headed to the northwest, and I have always believed that he went straight to the Bad Lands, which was bad enough sure. But the serpent didn't go—not a bit of it. There is no record that he was driven out, and I have conclusive evidence that he stayed in this Ed. I saw a boy, that serpent was a massauger! He stayed and multiplied! What's that?

"Massauger! What's that, Major?" shouted a little rnrchin on the outer circle of the crowd with his shoe-brush and blacking-box slung over his shoulder, as he adjusted his tattered straw hat.

"There, now," shouted the Major. "What is this world a-coming to that a boy born and bred right here should ask what a massauger is! Where is the schoolmaster now, that the ignorant should prevail in the rising generation? Yes, in one who is growing up to make a voter and may decide a Presidential election, it may be, and I dare say, his mamma thinks he will be President himself—most mamma think so in this country. But you tell her for me, sonny, that such ignorance looks bad for her hop-foll. Massauger! That is the little black prairie rattlesnake. He is the meanest little euss that ever walked the earth. I just know it as theascal that presented that apple to Eve. The evidence is abundant. He is found in the right place. He is just mean enough to do it, and then he is just the size. When the record is silent we must look to probabilities. Now, if it had been a big snake it would have scared away the timid maiden, and he could never have accomplished her ruin. No, it was a little serpent that she was not afraid of that offered her the apple."

"Stop, Major, a moment," howled Tom Slack, "and tell us how such a little snake could have held such a big apple in his mouth?"

"There it is again," cried the Major, "another presidential candidate going under very fast. Don't you know that a snake's mouth is a great deal bigger than he is himself? Don't you know that a snake can just unjunge his jaws when he pleases and open his mouth as wide as a quozoh if he can make anything by it; and you just bet that little fellow did his very best to handle a big apple, and I have no doubt it was a real feat on his part."

"Mean, did I say, yes, indeed. Would you believe it, in the nesting season of the prairie chicken, they prow around and find all the nests and eggs, which they gulp down as if they were sugar-coated. One will swallow a whole nest full, till he is bloated out like a bologna sausage. But this is not all. If a nest escapes them they are always on the lookout for the little chicks, which they seem to like even better than the eggs, and thoughtfully believe they are mean enough and small enough to take care of the nest, that they may thus profit by the patient industry of the old hen. On some prairies I have seen them so thick that not a prairie chicken could be raised there, and how they supported themselves I don't know, unless they eat each other, which I am sure they did, for they are just mean enough to be cannibals. Why, if I were to tell you of some of my experiences with the massauger you would actually think me exaggerating, and would lose your confidence in my veracity which I prize so highly."

"No! No!" they all cried. "Tell us about it, we know we can depend on every word you say."

"Well then," said the Major, as he smoothed down his long white beard and changed the position of his legs by swinging the right over the left, "I will venture this once to tell you how it was. When surveying in the prairie in those days, I always wear heavy boots and a buckskin suit throughout."

"I was once running a line across a large prairie when I came up to the flagman on the top of a swell in the prairie, which overlooked a valley about a mile wide, and in the middle of the valley was a wide swale where the grass was very high. I told the flagman to go quite across the valley. I set the compass and sighted across, when I observed in the exact line a clump of the compass plant in full bloom, which stood a mile by itself, though many others like it were near by on all sides. I thought if I could keep my eye fixed on the object till I could reach it, I could save some time, and I determined to try it. The compass under one arm and the tripod under the other made a pretty good load, but I was young and strong, and I fixed my eye on the object a mile away and started. The first half of the distance I got over very well, but after that I began to get lousy, and before I reached the object from which I never once removed my eyes, it seemed almost impossible to drag one foot after the other, and I felt as if I must stop and rest. I however persevered to the end. So soon as I reached the object I looked down and saw that more than fifty of those cursed massaugers were fastened to my buckskin leggings. The pisen pests had been striking at me all the way across, whenever I came near one, and from the peculiar texture of buckskin, whenever one struck my leg it would not let go, especially if I seemed in motion. Well, boys, they just covered both legs nearly to the knees and they made it lively down there, I tell you. My legs then would have made a good match for the Medusa's head. To draw my hunting-knife was the work of an instant, and I struck off heads faster than you could count. That was the biggest massauger funeral I ever attended, and the ceremonies were the shortest."

"But the messenger is not without its uses, and proves the truth of the saying that nothing is made in vain. The early settlers, before they had time to raise a crop of corn, used to fatten their hogs on massaugers, finishing off with acorns in the groves. Now the hog is an omnivorous animal, and—"

"Hello, Major, what is omnivorous? What breed of hogs is that?" cried a little rnrchin, whose pants were rolled up to the knees and who was in the act of lifting as a suspender over the left shoulder, and whose mamma had not had time to repair his breeches torn on a picket fence, which he had climbed the day before to plunder a neighbor's garden.

The Major stroked his long beard as he looked at the inquirer with a benevolent rather than offended expression, and said:

"Come here, sonny, till I tell you. There is another case where the candidate is likely to be elected by the force of ignorance. What did your mamma design you for? Not the General of the Army, I am sure. You will make a man of peace, for I see you always carry a white flag. But let me advise you hereafter to carry it in front of you rather than behind, that your flag of truce may be seen before you are injured. Omnivorous, did you ask? You are an omnivorous yourself, and eat everything you can lay your hands on, and that is the way you get them. All created are divided into three classes—carnivorous, omnivorous and

herbivorous. Will you remember that, sonny? The carnivorous eat only the highest organized kind of food, namely flesh, and would starve to death in the midst of all the vegetable food in the world. Of this class is the massauger and the tiger, for instance. The omnivorous are those who eat anything that comes along, whether flesh, fish or vegetable food. You are of this class, as I said before, and so is the hog as well as the bear, the roon and the porcupine, for example. This class can live anywhere where anything can be got to eat, and so may be called lucky."

"The herbivorous is a class of animals that live on vegetable food alone, of which there is a much greater abundance than of animal food. Of this class the elephant, the camel and the horse and the rabbit are examples, so you see that these vegetarians embrace the largest of all our animals. Now, you know what omnivorous means, there may be some hope for you."

"But why didn't the serpents bite the hogs?" inquired a bright-eyed, round-faced lad, who stood with gaping mouth listening to the Major's lecture on zoology.

"There, now," said the Major, "what a question for a boy born and bred in a prairie country. The hog is the only animal I know of that the rattlesnake can't hurt, and what's more I don't know of anything that will poison him. I once tried a pesky mean one with a senic an he grew fat on it, and I reckon it was because they are so contrary. Why, he just goes for them like a terrier among a lot of rats in a pit. A hog will smell a rattlesnake as far as a pointer will a prairie chicken, and will go for him twice as fast, and the more there are of them the faster he goes. I once saw an old sow who had widdled a big lot of those varmint run up wind so fast that it fairly took all of the kinks out of her tail, and when she broke in upon a flock of the meon as they were hawking in the sun on an old muskrat house, she slashed away right and left in a most astonishing way. One nip and one shake was enough for one, when she would drop it and go for another, and before you could say Jack Robinson, the ground was covered with the slaughtered reptiles, when she rooled over the old muskrat house, where she found a few more. She then pilled them all up heads and points, and went off for her litter of pigs that had come trailing and squalling after her. They had a choice family dinner that day, I tell you."

"Without that supply of hog fodder many an early settler would have run short of meat."

"What kind of bacon did those hogs make? you ask. I tell you it was first-rate. A little strong, it may be, but we had strong men in those days, and they needed strong meat. It's more than thirty years since I have tasted a bit of it—meat that is."

"Massaugers beat civilization as much as civilization hates them; so soon as white men began to come in they began to leave, and I don't believe there has been one this side of the Mississippi River in the last twenty years. That is why I say if they hadn't cleared out Adam the first time they tried, they would all have left themselves, long before Cain was grown up so he could strike a hard lick."

"But was a white man?" asked a strapping lad near the outside of the circle.

"There, now," said the Major, a little tartly. "There is another promising piece of timber spoiled for some great place. No amount of teaching can ever get him out of a log cabin or raise him above the plane of a rail-splitter, a tanner, or a canal driver. But never mind, for there are enough left to keep trying, and it may be some of them will win. Where the schoolmaster? Was Adam a white man? The same he was. Wasn't Ham the first negro? I say again, where is the schoolmaster, to let such nonsense find a place among the rising generation? What kind of rulers will he make of you?"

"You ask again what breed of hogs those were? I tell you they were the plowshare breed, or the 'prairie rooters,' as some called them. They had snouts as long as a tapir, and as stout as a crowbar, and the way they went for the wild arctiches was a caution. The wood break up a ten acre piece quicker than you could whip a pair of oxen, and twice as well. And many a settler who was short of a team depended on them to break his land. But then they were always troublesome, for they would come back for the crop after it was raised. Fence them out! As well fence out the prairie chickens or the spotted gophers. I have seen one clear a ten mile fence without touching a hoof, and I can show you the marks. After pigs at her heels, slip through a space in a paling fence not three inches wide, as slick as both sides were greased, and the way she went into those flowerbeds was a caution. But a circus soon followed—the old woman and the stalwart girls rushed out of the cabin with shovels and tongs, mop and broom, and set up a yell that would have drowned Gabriel's horn, and you might have seen that old sow scot back quicker than she came, and all you could see after that was a blue streak leading away to the prairie, and the pigs squealing along after. That was a remarkable instance, I admit, for a hog is the contrariest animal ever civilized by man, and if you want to get him out of a lot the surest plan is to try to keep him in."

"But," said Jack Tuhs, "didn't those hogs sometimes run off and the settlers lose them?"

"There, now," said the Major, "there is some sense in that question, and there is some hope for that boy if his mamma only licks him often enough."

"Yes, a good many of those hogs did run off and set up housekeeping on their own account. The hog is a strange animal after all. He is a direct descendant of the wild boar of Europe, which your story books tell you is so fierce and ugly. But he is easily domesticated, and in a few generations, if he is kept close, treated kindly and well fed, especially the latter, becomes the quiet, plump, porker you see at the country fair. But then the pig and the pigs squealing along the fattest hog into the range and make him shift for himself and in a few years he becomes as wild as his grandfather was a thousand years ago. He gaunts up, becomes bow-backed and long-legged, and will run like a deer and will fight like a tiger, and even his children will become striped like the pigs of the wild boar. This is what they call reverting to the wild state, and this he seems rather fond of doing."

"Yes, forty or fifty years ago there were a good many gangs of wild hogs in the great prairies of Illinois. They kept clear away from the timber if there were any settlements there, and took to the most secluded places they could find many miles away. Those plowshare brutes didn't want much change to make them wild, either. Once I was surveying on the Grand Prairie, not a hundred miles from here, and came across a lot of these wild hogs. As I had been challenged us at a place I made up my mind directly that I had lost no hogs in that neighborhood, and left. The flag-

man, who stumbled on them first, ran as he never ran before nor since, hotly pursued by the boar, who was clamping his teeth and frothing at the mouth, and pitched right in among us, as if he thought he was Samson, and wielded the jaw-bone of an ass, and only a ride bullet changed it from a man funeral to a hog funeral. We went a long way around the settlement, and I calculated the distance without chaining it, and told you I would turn out a prairie wild boar against the best in the old country and would ask no odds, either."

"But, boys, I only told you about half of that snake story. When the pesky massaugers handicapped me so, when crossing that valley, you know both hands were full, and I couldn't take my eyes off the bunch of pilot plant. When about half way across, a flock of gallinippers lit on me, like a flock of pigeons on a grain field. They could not make much headway through the bushes, doves or the buckskin clothes, though they did some; but the face was naked, and they soon found it out and fought for the chance. That fighting alone saved me, and not much, either, for when I got through and planted my foot at the object, my face was covered as thick with them as a squash poltice. I laid down my tools and brushed them off by the handful. Before I could see to cut off those snakes' heads I told you about a thousand arrow flag-like leaves, but got their snouts in so far that they tore away when the owner went to grass, and it took one of the chain men an hour at least to pull them out with tweezers. He was a prudent and considerate youth, and when I saw him carefully laying them down on an old letter which he took from his pocket, heads and points alternately, and asked him what he saved them for, he said that Jane (she was his sweetheart and had written that letter) had told him she was nearly out of pins, and had asked him if he could carry any first-rate gallinippers, to save her a good lot of their bills, which were sharper and stronger and better every way than store pins!"

"While Jim was busy collecting the hairpins the rest of the party had been busy digging and muncing a good supply of the root of the rattlesnake weed (*Eryngium yuccifolium*).—Ed.] This is a plant that grows abundantly all over the high prairies. This plant throws out from the root a cluster of long narrow flag-like leaves, the edges of which are slender blades. The seed stalks shoot up from the center of the cluster of leaves, on the top of which a burr grows, which contains seeds which will germinate and bear seeds again the third year and the two succeeding years, and then it dies. Near the top of this seed stalk a number of branches are thrown off, upon each of which a small seed burr is grown, but their seeds are generally blasted."

"Bears are much affected by mosquito bites used to carry a piece of the root in their pocket in their camp, and when the end of it a little and hold it on the bite for a short time, when the irritation almost instantly disappears."

"Whether the sap of the leaves or the stalk is an antidote for poisonous bites I do not know, but the root certainly possesses properties worth examining by the doctors, and this is true of many other plants of the prairie which were used by the early settlers for medicinal purposes. One I have seen which grows in the prairie, and which is used in place of quinine, and with similar effect to cure the ague. It grew up in a single stem from the root and bore a number of small white flowers with short, small leaves. The leaf of the plant grew out from the stem two and a half inches long and one and a half inches broad, and was very bitter [*Verbena stricta*,—Ed.] Of these leaves a strong tea was made, which was drunk freely, and produced a sensation almost a slight intoxication. This tea was sometimes boiled down and made into a jelly, one of the best as a small pea, was as much as I cared to take at once."

"By the time Jim had finished collecting hairpins, I had the big head badly. But the poultice was ready, and applied all over the face. Almost instantly the burning pain ceased, and in an hour I was as well as ever."

"But what are gallinippers, Major?" cried out one of the boys, who seemed to have an inquiring mind.

"Gallinippers, sonny," said the old Chief, "said the instructor in natural history, 'for they, too, were all gone with the massauger long before you were born, and it is lucky for you that they were. They are a kind of mosquito, only a good deal more so. They are most as big as grass hoppers, with speckled or barred wings and legs, and they have bills long enough for hairpins, as was shown by what Jim did for his sweetheart. They are as sharp as a two-edged needle, and as strong as a musket. When one struck you in the face, you would think a mule had kicked you. They hunted in flocks, and each one was more savage than another. The only way to sleep when they were around was to lay down on the lee side of a big fire, and when you would awaken in the morning the dead and the wounded would cover you like a blanket. I once got a pan of skimmed milk at a cabin when we were out of provisions, and I had to scald it, and when I did so, it was all around it, and I had to divide it by each one taking one swallow—honest. Each swelled his checks out big and it disappeared fast, but before it got round there was more than half an inch of gallinippers on it, but the last fellow didn't mind it, and said he got more good out of it than any of the rest."

"Why! a half-dozen smart gallinippers would clear that bottom of the mosquitoes any day in half an hour. Once, when I was surveying a Government contract on Lake Superior we camped on a beautiful lake—Lake Gratio. It was a charming little lake of clear sweet water. 'Now, boys,' said I, 'we will have a nice dish of trout for supper. You, Bill, get some bait for that lake. I am sure is full of the speckled jackets.' 'What shall I get,' said Bill, 'for you know there are no anglers in all this country.' 'I knew Bill was right—not an angle worm ever existed in the Lake Superior country. All their worms were made and planted by white men. I myself took a painful of them up there about twenty-five years ago and planted them along Eagle River, and in a few years they were as plenty as blackberries on Indian Creek. Angle worms are migratory and follow civilization, but they won't follow the Indians, they are too fond for that."

"I told Bill to clear an old log to pieces and get some grubs, and I did better than that angle worms, because the trout were not used to them. An old Chinaman Indian who had sauntered into camp and heard what was said spoke up: 'No trout in that lake.' I was too polite to tell him that I knew he lied, for I thought no trout could keep out of such water, but after fishing the lake all over in every nook and corner for three days, I found the old savage was right. So let no one else fish for trout in Lake Gratio."

"Before Bill had found any grubs a crowd of gallinippers, which he had seen in the lake, was in a white froth, and settled down on us. Then such a jumping for bear's grease

mixed with gunpowder you never saw before. We smeared ourselves all over with that, when the hawk was on our side again. Luck came out of that threat, for we immediately built our hooks with gallinippers, and although we caught no trout we caught a fine string of yellow perch, and some black bass.

"Now, boys, I think I have told you enough for one day. If you remember it all you will do well. It is of no use for me to tell you things if you turn away and think of them no more. Right now on your way home to get your dinners you should not think of me. I have said and done what you should do, and you should remember it. I have told you, and the offender you think it over and try to remember more and more of it, so much the better, and if you will talk it over among yourselves and see which can remember the most, so much the better still. If you try hard you may have it all well tanned into you so you will never forget it. Those who do this will have good hopes for the future, but those who turn away and forget all had better keep to shining boots, for they will never be fit for anything else."

"One important difference between great men and little men is that the former think over and ponder and try to remember what they learn, while the latter immediately forget it. It leaves no more impression on their minds than a passing shadow. Those who want to remember what they may need to know, should be up at nine o'clock and I will tell you more about things. I have been in the western country in the olden times of long ago, if only the day is pleasant."

As the Major closed his discourse and bade the boys a good morning in a kindly tone, I slipped my note book into my pocket and looked as innocent as a lamb when he gave me a nod of recognition as he passed me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

BY GEORGE E. INTY.

VERY few of the many persons that are interested in our birds in the winter, are studying their habits and habits during the winter months. Even the snowbirds and one or two others, all birds are supposed by the general public to go south at the approach of winter. And yet, if people only take the trouble to look around them a little, make an occasional tour of their park or some wood, go along some hedge or tramp through the brown fields, they would be surprised to find so many birds that were wild and able to defy the fiercest weather. They were sprung from the birds that winter in our northern States and Canada excites our warmest admiration.

The snowbird (*Junclo hyemalis*) is the most common of all our winter birds. Breeding in the British Provinces and the mountainous and high wooded regions of the Northern States, it comes, in wonderful numbers, to pass the winter with us. They usually arrive during the first weeks of October, and leave again for their homes in the woods, about the middle of March or first of April. While here it is one of the most cheery of birds. When the snow has fallen enough to entirely cover the ground, then the snowbird is in his glory. How he swings from the tops of the brown ragweed! How he twitters! A flock of a hundred will be feeding thus, and their united voices make a harmony that it will pay us to go far to hear. In the evening, when the night threatens stormy and cold, we see them scurrying around our gardens, stopping long enough to glean a few scattered seeds, and then hurrying on to find some old barn or thick evergreen tree in which to pass the night.

In the country, when the snow has covered the ragweed and the catnip, from which they get a large part of their daily food, they fly along the rough rail fences that are everywhere to be seen, and pick the seeds out of the crevices where they have been deposited by the wind. How sociable are these little birds. We swept away the snow and few seeds and crumbs to a dozen snowbirds. The next morning there were more than a score of snowbirds and a few song sparrows enjoying their breakfast. In two days we had more than one hundred boards of the feathery order, all of whom came regularly, morning and evening, to pick up their food, gossiping as amiably with their musical chattering. When nothing else was to be had, stacks of hay and grain afford them subsistence.

Next to the snowbird in point of numbers comes the song sparrow (*Melospiza melodia*). It must have a strong love for home associations, for the patch of hiramites, the grassy knoll, and the field of grass and stubble that it frequented in summer, are also its haunts during winter. Its deep, musical chirp and its happy singing as it flies over the snow, are so much enjoyed by the birds, that they are usually frequent lower and damper ground.

The fox sparrow comes among us only when forced to do so by the severity of the weather, and the clipping sparrow remains with us so irregularly, that he is seldom seen in winter.

The goldfinches, those exquisite little songsters, resembling in color some varieties of canaries, always winter in our northern States, and are often seen in flocks of forty or fifty, and move about the country in search of food. Sometimes they will not be seen for several weeks in a locality, and then they will come sailing around with their unmistakable undulating flight for several days. Occasionally a pair of birds, usually young, will leave the flock and take care of themselves for a day or two, and then, tired of solitude, they seek the main body of flocks.

One soft Philadelphia snowflake was seen in the city. Last, we heard the song of a *Chonotrichus tristes*, and upon going to clump of sumacs, saw a young male and female goldfinch. The male sat on a twig, a foot or two below the object of his affection, and sang most sweetly. Few old birds, in balmy June eve, could equal this bird, on this gloomy day. We listened for half an hour, and went away wishing that we had it in a cage so that we could hear its thrilling song always.

Bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*) and robins (*Turdus migratorius*) sometimes brave winter's cold and snow, and stay in the land of the apple and pear. Rarely more than a half dozen of each species are observed in one neighborhood, and never in cities or towns. They are usually quite silent and cheerless during the time that their friends are sojourning in the Gulf countries. The robins feed on dogwood berries, buds,

green plants, and whatever of insect life can be obtained in cold weather. They are never seen near dwellings, but love solitary woods and points of hills, and are sometimes seen in henlock or other shrubby woods. At this season he is ever silent, and seemingly sad. When seen he flits quietly away, not that he is afraid, but that he desires solitude. But in the spring, when the warm days do come, our hardy robin will be the first to triumph over fallen winter, and sing the praises of genial spring.

The bluebird has his habitation in the cavity made by a woodpecker in the trunk of a usually seen in an open wood of large timber, or what in the New England or Middle States would be called a "woods field." They do not venture forth in very cold or rough weather often than every two or three days, and then they only make short excursions among the neighboring trees for the purpose of finding a few beaumbed flies and bugs to appease their appetites. Ah! how sad is their "cheerily-cheerily-cheerily" as a woodpecker in their flight, as they hover in the dead oak, while the mercury in the thermometer is drops of rain and the wind whistles a dry through the leafless trees. But when the snow is melting on the eastern hill, and the ice upon the river is broken, their "cheerily," now so sad, will be a gushing note of joy.

What a gay and dashing fellow is the blue jay, the *Cyanocitta cristata* of ornithology! He is just as vivacious and spirited in action as he is in dress of all our birds, while the mercury in the thermometer is drops of rain and the wind whistles a dry through the leafless trees. But when the snow is melting on the eastern hill, and the ice upon the river is broken, their "cheerily," now so sad, will be a gushing note of joy.

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The jay's mode of obtaining a livelihood in winter is, of all our hibernating birds, the most interesting. During the fall months he is ever industriously concealing chestnuts, acorns, corn and sometime hickory nuts. Only one mit is buried in the same place, and they will have their winter's supply scattered over a mile or more of all sorts of rough ground. But how they find these nuts again is beyond our comprehension. And yet, we suppose, they find every buried treasure, for after having examined many hundreds of places where the jays had been scratching, we have never yet found one where a nut of some kind had not been unearthed. What a wonderful memory for locality must they have! No wanton or hungry they can be independent, even if the nut does lie white and dead on the ground. For does not each one know just where to alight upon the smooth surface, to dig to find his dinner?

When the winter comes with too grim a visage our blue jays retreat to some hollow tree or thicket of white oak shrubs to shelter themselves from his fierce blasts. Then, too, to shorten operations, do our jays stoop to methods that are more practical, making in all the coldest mornings that they will apply to the worthy granary. They dig under corn, and, without waiting for consent, will help themselves. Perhaps they think that they have earned that much by destroying slugs and noxious insects during its cultivation. Most social bird! Come and see us, as you do, often, and fear us not. Ah, you saucy, inquisitive fellow! We wish you no harm.

The black-eyed titmouse (*Parus atricapillus*) is one of our happiest winter birds. He is snug of by peep and rightly, for no other bird shows a more brave and cheery spirit. The chickadee, as this bird is commonly known, really is not in his happiest element until winter time. Then he will swing from the peach trees that grow by our garden walls, and all the time talking so cheerily in bird language. And, we suppose, that if we could only understand bird language we really would hear him say—

"In picking the gum from the old peach tree.

And the storm doesn't trouble me.

Peed-ee-ee-ee."

The country children have a beautiful habit of hanging bits of meat upon the post or tree near their homes for these birds to eat. The chickadees, with their neighborly and woodpeckers, will come every day to feast on the bounty so generously given. And while they are so happy, the children are more so, as from the windows or doorway they watch their protégés of the time being. This little bird is very sociable. It is usually seen in company with a half dozen of its fellows, and sometime, a couple of woodpeckers or creepers, making in all a lively company. Insect hunters. It is surprising the confidence that they show by the timidity. They will suffer you to approach within a few steps of them, and then will only cock their head on one side, look at you critically, and then go on about their ever busy task of searching for food.

Several varieties of woodpeckers are more or less familiar as winter residents. And closely allied to these are the sapsucker birds, of whom we are reminded the entire year in the vicinity of their nesting ground. They will make us "flying visits" at intervals of several days or weeks, according to the amount of food to be found and the sort of reception they receive. These birds are very fond of working on the beest tree, as beneath its rough bark many bugs and their larvae are found. They are not only pleasing to the eye, but are of much practical use to the horticulturalist and the grower of fruit. The woodpecker and sapsucker both like the bluebird, have a permanent home, even though they are rarely "in" excepting at night. In some dead tree a hole is bored horizontally two or three inches, and then down six or six inches, and made large enough to contain the owner comfortably, lined with a nest of fine wood or grass, and it is completed.

All the grouse and the Virginia quail (*Oryzopsis virginiana*) hibernates in the vicinity of their summer homes. Of the grouse, the ruffed is justly famed for his intrepid spirit and hardihood. No hills are too wild or craggy for him. No thicket is so brambly but that he will pierce it with crushing wings. Let the snow be ever so deep, and the winds ever so fierce and wild, he will only condescend to pluck the buds from our apple trees, and with this apology for a supper of winter, he will then proceed to dig, or to some dense thicket, and sleep as becomes the king of game birds. Sometime, however, a more domestic whim will seize him, and he will pick up the grains of oats and corn to be found along the roads, when he can do so without approaching too near to civilization. That he cares little for the average winter, is proved by the fact that we have frequently heard him drumming to midwinter.

We would not say the same of the quail. His "spirit, indeed, is willing, but the flesh is weak." He is such a happy, good fellow, that, for his sake, we wish 'twere always autumn. How proudly they strut among the brown chestnut leaves in balmy October! How swiftly courses the blood through our veins—

"When the sun's fruit is red,

And the quail is piping loud

In the huckleberry where he fed."

But there comes an end to such days. Winter spreads his heavy mantle o'er field and wood, and then all its gay and haunter is thrown to the winds. Now, your saucy "Peep," as the Germans more reverently say, "Poor God," will be given for the plaintive "wii-ee-wi-ee." Now, you no longer have the buckwheat fields to revel in; but struggling through the snow, a disheartened troop of little birds, you seek for food and shelter, and your cry of anguish is but the overflowing of your cup of bitterness. And he who will not give you an armful of brush or a handful of grain, or a handful of grain or crumbs to sustain life through the bitter night, will not give you a breath of life, or the protection of Him who loves alike all the good and beautiful of His creation.

BRUIN'S VARIED MOODS.

Will a bear attack a human being? Yes, one bear will attack a strong and courageous man and another will flee from the presence of a child, though far in the woods and alone. How is this all true? There is as much difference in the courage, tempers and general dispositions of bears as there is in the human family, or the dog family, or the horse family. Who has not seen a litter of little dogs who, when upon their feet, will start to frighten, will show all the varied dispositions of the litter, and all the variety of the same parents. One will meet you in the arena, one will scamper away under the bed yelping murder; a third sits down unconcerned and awaits the results and feels willing to stand his chance, and so on. Is not this true of nearly all animals?

One saw three cubs, all of one litter, one was tame and quiet and loved to be petted, and when scratched would run up his back like the pet pig. Another was shy, wild and cautious, but not angry, still when convenient, he would snap if a chance presented itself. The third was a demon, and was confined with a chain; he was unmanageable and showed no quarters, kept up a moaning howl and whine, and wanted no visitor, but would climb up and dig down, and would not let him be sure to bite the neck, does not this settle the question? These bears were all of the same man, in the same room, and on exhibition together.

This is a bear country, and from personal observation and conversation with scores of men who have had to do with the animals, I feel justified in asserting that the foregoing is the only true theory. When a man meets a bear he is in treacherous company, and knows not what he is to encounter. Bruin may run from you now, but he may return and may sit down or stand up and look at him, or may pretend not to know he sees him, or may creep away easily for a while and then run wildly. I have lots of evidence of all these appearances without regard to age, size, time of year or sex. The mothers of all animals stand by their young and fight for them as a general rule, especially if the infant is in trouble and gives the alarm of distress, and by no means is bruin an exception to the rule, neither is the unmanageable fox, and to outside, we will add the partridge. All females will defend their young.

Some people think bears kill sheep naturally as the bee sips honey. This is not so, if it were we could not keep sheep in the border towns in Maine. Some bears learn to take sheep the same as dogs, and when one of these sheep killers arrives in a neighborhood his name is more likely to have to suffer. I will confine the foregoing to the State of Maine, as I am not so well posted in other places, but presume the statements will apply generally. P. E. B.

Wata, Maine.

EXPERIENCE WITH WATER WITCHES.

I WAS much interested in reading the several articles on water witches, as they have appeared in FOREST AND STREAM, and, judging from your remarks, I infer you are disposed to doubt the fact of fluiding water in the ground by the aid of a green stick or twig.

Something over fifty years ago, being a lad of some ten years old, I was on a visit at an uncle's, who desired to procure water in a certain field on his farm in Hillsdale town, Columbia county, State of New York. He called on his sister, who, it seems, was a water witch, to go into this field and find it, if there. "This was the first I ever heard of such a thing, and of course, my mind was very much interested. My uncle cut a forked twig from a willow. Anna (that was her name) held one twig in each hand, with the butt end up, walking around the dooryard. At a number of places I saw it point down and work in her hands. I did not go to the field and see the operation then, as I had to return that afternoon to my grandfather's, a few miles away, where I then lived. I was told afterward the willow twigs indicated where to dig, and the water was found as desired.

I did not see nor think of water witches until many years afterward. In the mean time I had married, and afterward settled in the city of Detroit, about 1844 or '45. I bought a lot at the extreme southern limit of the city; one line of my lot was the city boundary; it was adjoining an orchard, being a "fat out" of the neighborhood was sparse, and the water pipes had not been laid, so the citizens of that section depended on wells. I built, and residing on my lot, and not having put down a well, depended on my neighbor for water. We had long dry spells or droughts, when most of the wells were dry. I delayed putting down a well until the next season of drought. Then the question to be decided was, "fat out" of the neighborhood was sparse, and the water pipes had not been laid, so the citizens of that section depended on wells. I built, and residing on my lot, and not having put down a well, depended on my neighbor for water. 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dropped her twig. I was as much surprised as they were, and at first thought they were playing a joke; they declared they were not. However, I quickly marked the spot, and to remove all doubt I blindfolded both and led them all around the yard; whenever we came to where the stream of water ran underground the twigs would point down in both their hands. At one point, on one side, and nearly at the back end of the lot, the twigs worked so strongly that one of the branches would generally twist so much that it would be broken half in two, when a fresh one would be required. In leading them toward this one central point the twigs seemed to feel the influence of the water, commencing to turn in front of them toward the underground water, or approaching nearer and nearer down, down, further and further, until the crock or pot pointed directly plumb at the point designated in former trials. Passing on straight ahead (now going from the water) the twig would bend back toward them, coming up to nearly a horizontal position, or, in other words, making nearly three-quarters of a circle. Keeping on straight ahead the single ends will go back, the reverse to an upright position as at the first, when the distance traveled (say two or three feet) is noted. The twigs which they have seen, and they reversed the order of approach by walking toward the point backward. In this case the crock will commence to lean toward the person carrying it, their back at the time being toward the water. Keeping on in that way the twig keeps bending in and down, until it strikes plumb at the time they arrive over the stream. So keeping on backward, now receding from the stream, the twig will gradually come up to nearly a level in front of the person. The tendency of the twig is always to point to the water, whether approaching or receding from the stream or spring, whichever it may be. After this thorough test I had full faith to dig a well around the point indicated, and I found abundance of water. Even in times of drouth, while my neighbors' wells gave out, mine had plenty; so much so that my well furnished our family and neighbors and their domestic animals during such periods.

FOXES OF THE EAST.—We receive frequent inquiries from fox hunting readers of the Eastern States giving descriptions of foxes of the South, which they have seen, and requesting their identification. East of the Mississippi are found but two species of fox, the common red (*Vulpes vulpes pensylvanicus*), and the gray fox (*Urocyon cinereo-guttatus*). The former is distributed over the whole country, from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast, and from the British line south to the northern tier of the Southern States, and even further southward. The gray fox is most abundant in the South, and is less so than its larger relative north of Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri. Of course it must be understood that there is no fixed line beyond which neither species intrudes. The ranges of the two overlap each other, and the red fox is often killed in Virginia and North Carolina, while the gray has been killed in New England and is abundant in Ohio, but is not common so far north. While the common pelage of the red fox is, as its name implies, red, it varies considerably in color, running into so-called varieties, such as the cross and the black or silver gray fox. The best authorities regard these colors as examples more or less perfect of the not very unusual phenomenon of melanism. A red fox may give birth to a litter of puppies, in which there will be red cross and black individuals, and the converse of this is true. An essential difference by which the red fox, whatever his color, may be distinguished from the gray is to be found in the tails of the two species. In the red fox the tail is covered with soft fur and long hair uniformly mingled with, while in the gray fox it has a concealed ridge or mane of stiff hairs without any soft fur intermixed with them. The so-called Samson fox is a red fox with a peculiar crisp, woolly condition of the fur. Professor Allen is inclined to attribute this peculiarity of pelage to some disease.

SPRING NOTES.—Stanley, Morris Co., N. J., March 14, 1883.—The birds are here with the very first indication of spring. On the morning of the 12th the air resounded with the songs of robins, bluebirds, sparrows and blackbirds. As I went from my window at sunrise, a morning, a clanging apple tree near the house was fairly reddened by the specter of robins, whose bright breasts reflected the earliest rays of the sun. The snowbirds, which have been closely occupied all winter in securing food, were chasing each other joyfully on cager wing in their love making. Great flocks of blackbirds were seen passing north. One flock lit in tall cypress, chattering long in fluttering funeral garb. I am much pleased to hear of the success in making game of our two species of quail as late as the season as they were poultry. Two hens quite as large as the ones I have seen killed and partly eaten. This evening I saw the first woodcock within a stone's throw of the New Providence depot of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad, a favorite place every spring. As I sat in my carriage expectantly waiting, one lit in the muddy road but twenty feet away; I heard several others in the adjoining fields. They are a week later than last year. —GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE.

The first robin arrived February 9, the earliest on record here. Bluebirds February 27; Killdeer March 4; crows, kingfishers and meadow larks have been here all the winter. —J. OTIS FELLOWS (Hornelsville, N. Y., March 15).

THE GREAT CAROLINA WREN IN CONNECTICUT.—While out collecting on Friday, March 2, 1883, a warm pleasant spring-like day, in passing by an old abandoned granite quarry, I heard a bird's song quite new to me. I found the bird perched on a low bush, among a pile of rocks, singing almost incessantly. I shot it, and on examination it was found to be a great Carolina wren. It now makes a valuable addition to my cabinet of specimens as note in C. H. Merriam's Review of the Birds of Connecticut, says it doubtless occurs as a rare summer resident from the South in the Connecticut Valley. I find no record of its being taken in this State previous to mine.—C. H. NEFF (Portland, Conn., March 10, 1883).

THOSE MIGRATORY QUAIL.—New Market, N. H., March 12.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have read with interest two notes in FOREST AND STREAM, Feb. 22 and March 8, both from Dover, N. H., and referring to migratory quail. I think that "G. A. W." is correct in making his statement. I was in Dover the 10th of February, and while passing along Chapel street, about 200 yds. above the gas works, I saw what is now known as a migratory quail. I do not claim to be an ornithologist, but can tell a quail from a pine grosbeak. I think it probable that they were seen the 1st inst. —W.

REDPOLE LINNETS IN CONFINEMENT.—Seeing in FOREST AND STREAM of March 8, Mr. Calton's account of a linnet he has caged, reminds me to give him my experience with them. Early in February I was fortunate enough to capture a pair of the little fellows, male and female, and I have had them caged since that time. They show signs of molting now, and I am in hopes to be able to report the fact before the end of the present month. They eat freely of all kinds of seeds, but seem to prefer canary seed to anything else. They eat sparingly of cracker, and not at all of bread crumbs. They drink a great deal of water, and are very uneasy if I do not give them a dish of fresh water every morning. I have never seen them offer to wash or bathe as canaries do, but I think they may do so in the summer time. I have not observed the habit of longing downward from top of the cage, but my birds use the little swing lung in the cage, and will sometimes fight fierce battles for possession of it. They are very chatty and sociable, and the "guide wife" says are a deal of company.—J. E. M. (Deering, Maine, March 10, 1883).

SPRING IN MONTANA.—Helena, March 11, 1883.—Editor Forest and Stream: Spring has fairly opened with us yesterday, the 10th. I had the pleasure of hearing for the first time this spring, the song of the bluebird, but unfortunately I was unable to see it. To-day I was more fortunate, as a pair, male and female, took possession of my bird house, seeming to make themselves perfectly at home. I would state that this is the earliest arrival noted for the past three years. Last year and the two preceding years the first arrivals were on the 20th of March. I think all of our migratory birds will arrive earlier this year than usual, as our spring has been exceptionally mild and clear. Some few mallards have been shot in the open ponds and creeks, but they are very wild, making for the river as soon as shot at. I recently had the largest sage cock brought in to me to be stuffed that I ever saw. It measured thirty-three inches. The party bringing it in stated that he saw at least fifty in one flock ten miles north of Helena.—R. W. D.

A CAPTURED GOSHAWK.—Charleston, Me., March 12.—I have a goshawk which was captured one day last month under peculiar circumstances. He was observed flying round the house, each time bringing him nearer and nearer, until he suddenly dashed through a closed window, on the inside of which being a cage of canaries. The force with which he struck the window stunned him and he was secured. Is it a common occurrence for hawks to fly through windows? We have several flocks of goshawks wintering with us. Grouse and deer in this section, especially the latter, have become almost extinct, but owing to vigorous enforcement of our game laws are once more on the increase. We have several disciples of Isaac Walton. Notwithstanding the severity of our weather the common crow has once more appeared on the field of action, and his melodious notes warn us that spring is near at hand.—BLAKE JAY.

PLEW AGAINST THE HOUSE.—Rockville, Conn., March 15, 1883.—An occurrence happened here to day worthy of note, being very strange. Yesterday was our first warm day, and last night the first one that ice has not made for ten weeks. This morning the janitor of the school building found a dead woodcock lying by the side of the building. His head was somewhat crushed, having struck the side of the brick wall. The bird was large and in very fine condition.—S. K. Jr. [We have occasionally known of ruffed grouse flying against houses, as well as quail and the Virginia rail.]

FOOD OF THE CHIPMUNK.—Is it known to be a common thing for the chipmunk or ground squirrel, to feed on animal life? I once shot one which had just killed a small green snake, it then had two or three small scottions of the snake in its cheek pouches. The chipmunk might be added to the list of "enemies of reptiles," brought forward some time ago in your columns.—C. B. H. (Attleboro, Mass., March 12, 1883). [The ground squirrel's fondness for animal food is well known.]

LARGE WHITE OWL.—Fort Covington, N. Y., March 9.—I have just stuffed a female white owl, shot in January, 1883, near Huntington, P. Q., which measured from tip to tip plump five feet, five inches. The spots on it are unusually dark, almost jet black, and head very large and broad. Pine grosbeaks have been abundant this winter, but are about all gone now.—GYRELL COON.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

NEW YORK GAME LAW.

[Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, N. Y., March 21.
THE Towsend Bill came up to-day in Committee of the Whole in the Assembly. The clause prohibiting the hunting of deer in St. Lawrence county was so amended that the clause applies to the whole State. Mr. Boynton, of Essex county, attempted to have this amendment stricken out, claiming that it was unjust to New York city sportsmen. He also put in a plea for the Adirondack hotel-keepers, and said that while the city sportsmen would not undergo the fatigue of still-hunting, they would be on hand in the autumn, when the guides would drive the deer to them. Their stay in the autumn would put money into the landlords' pockets. But it was the decided sentiment of the Assembly, however, that hunting ought to be prohibited; and the amendment stood.

An attempt was made by Mr. Rogers of Seneca to have a part of Cayuga Lake exempted from the provision forbidding the catching of fish through the ice. The proposition was defeated. When the clause offering a bounty of 50 cents on hawks and owls came up there was

a debate by Messrs. Irwin, Johnson and Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt sturdily defended the owl as a friend of the farmer and useful because it caught mice and other rodents. He thought that a fine ought to be imposed for killing owls. The Assembly voted to protect owls and fish-hawks.

The attempt to open the month of July for woodcock shooting failed. Mr. Roosevelt contended that no true sportsman would take pleasure in shooting half-grown woodcock in mid-summer.

The bill was ordered to a third reading.

SUMMER SHOOTING.

"And he smote them hip and thigh with a great slaughter."

Editor Forest and Stream:—The bill for the repeal comes from some quarter, and it is as true of the game laws as of any other code, and there are instances where this is proven necessary, and it seems to be the case with that which legalized summer shooting.

For one I cannot understand how any humane sportsman can advocate or practice the destruction of game in mid-summer. A shooter of this sort always calls to mind the raid of Samson on the Philistines, and although he may make no "great slaughter," he is a butcher in will if not in deed.

The killing of game (even in a sportsman-like way) out of season is sheer butchery. 'Tis a cruelty to animals, in that it interferes with the breeding and the rearing of the young; 'tis a thoroughly selfish and ignoble pleasure or pursuit, in that it diminishes the chance of a legitimate sportsman to secure his quota of game in the "open" season, and 'tis lastly a violation of a wise and just enactment of the "powers that be."

Now, the making of laws to protect game is, first, in the interest of the natural procreation and sustentation of the game itself, and, second, for the benefit of sportsmen who have respect for "the times and the seasons."

Should summer shooting be made legal (which God forbid it ever be), what a death-dealing gauntlet would bird and beast have to run! Not only those who appreciate and enjoy the use of a gun would be "to the fore" (some of this class, at any rate), but the vast army of Cockneys, whose rank and file go forth into the sweet country-side when the reign of the star Sirius approaches. To be sure, these shooters might not make a "great slaughter," nor have plethoric bags to bear to quarters, but the peace of the game would be gone, and the peace and quiet also of wood and field. Game has been treated like the Philistines were in far too many ways and places, and the time has fully come when every sportsman should protest against its "slaughter," and rise en masse to protect both game and himself.

And to the making of laws—wise and just ones—let the enforcement of the same be supplemented. Is it not contrary to law that the sale of venison is now made? It is killed, it is shipped, it is sold! These three assertions are short, but they are suggestive and cannot be denied. Who is the purchaser of the venison? Is it not? But, like many others, it does not prove satisfactory.

Where, when and what to shoot are the three W's that are most significant to legislative bodies and to protective associations.

We cannot change, without dire result, the laws of nature, and the safest guide for lawmakers to follow is these same laws, especially as regards the protection and preservation of game. We cannot reasonably wise laws and a proper enlightenment of the people as to their need and worth, together with an impartial execution of them, and the whole body of honorable and intelligent sportsmen will be satisfied. These laws will not include summer shooting, however! For the sake of humane principles do let us give fur, fin and feather time to be born and to be hatched; time to be nourished and reared and in proper estate, both for the purposes of sport, and, moreover, let us all be thankful, "in season and out of season," for the pleasures and privileges of moor and mere, of rod and of gun. O. W. R.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of March 8 I understand you to open the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM for a free discussion of "Clericus's" claims for summer shooting. I therefore take the liberty of giving my views of it.

The shooting of game birds, except for the purposes of game, is a wanton act of murder. Therefore to shoot a game bird when it is not fit for game is murder. Now, is a woodcock fit for eating in July or August? I say no, and my reasons are that the young birds in July are not fully grown, have no fat about them, and are weak, immature things, while the old birds, having just raised their young, are poor and scrawny—precisely in the condition of a hen which has just hatched her chickens, and which no one would think of eating. How then can it be that a woodcock in the same condition can be good to eat? And as woodcock raise but two or three young, one is just as fit to shoot an old as young bird, neither of which is fit to eat.

In August the birds, both old and young, moults are weak, feeble, sick and feverish, from which they do not recover and become fat and too soft to eat at the earliest till late in the fall. No one will attempt to claim that a domestic fowl is fit to eat when moulting. How, then, can woodcock be? I say it cannot, according to my taste. Green quills and feathers no doubt help to thicken broth and give it a rich dark color, and "Clericus" may consider them a most savory addition, but I do not.

"Clericus" seems to think that the poor farmers are receiving too much consideration, etc. The fact is, the farmer has no other way of getting any profit, for the purpose of cultivation and grazing, and not that to raise birds for "Clericus" to shoot. And they know it; they know that every time he comes on their land without leave he is a trespasser, and they know from experience the trouble and loss it is to have pot-hunters, as most of the summer shooters are, tramping over their fields, sending their dogs through their cultivated and growing crops, kicking mud off their feet, leaving bars down and gates open—for the pot-hunter acts on the theory "that farmers have no rights which he is in the least degree bound to respect." What is it to the pot-hunter if the farmer's cows follow him into the corn or potatoes? What cares he care an acre of corn is ruined? Nothing. Neither does he care how many pellets of shot the farmer finds in the side of a choice cow simply because she was in range when he kicked mud off her feet. But the farmer has no other way to earn him when, as it frequently happens, that the dan-

age the summer shooter does him in a single day is more than the value of all the birds that are on his place in a whole year. Neither does he admit a charge of shot spluttering among his crows when he is milking—a circumstance that has occurred in this town.

So great is the early shooting, and fence-destroying nuisance become in some sections, that the farmers, to protect their own interests, have been obliged to post their lands and prohibit friend and foe alike from hunting on them.

When October comes the farmer has gathered up his crows, and he frequents the fields where the crops were grown, so that he suffers but little if a fence is left down, and as the birds are then in the swamps and pastures there is but little necessity for crossing his cultivated fields. He does not then feel the animosity toward a hunter he does in the summer.

Game birds of all kinds are rapidly disappearing; and unless great care is taken to preserve them, in a few years they will be entirely gone. It is a self-evident proposition that the longer the season for shooting the more birds will be shot; and as their numbers are decreasing so fast under the open season, restricted as it is now to the short late one, how much faster will they disappear if the season be lengthened by adding the summer!

Therefore, if we wish to keep the present scant number of birds good, it would seem the correct policy rather to shorten than extend the length of the present open season. W.

Would it not be well for such as "Clericus" to rent a trap and buy a lot of chry pigeons for use in the vacation season? They could then get their shooting "without sacrificing the game," and my opinion is it would be much more honorable than to kill any kind of game in the close season. It is good sport, and let me say here, he or anyone else will find it about as warm work as camping the fields, and the "brain workers" will find it more interesting to sleep in the tent just after a contented shoot at glass balls or chry pigeons from rotary screened traps. Pica.

APLETON, Wis.

WILD BOAR HUNT IN SANTO DOMINGO.

THE winter of 1870-71 found me with my companion Conroy and a guide (Monway) encamped on the upper waters of the Rio Wau, at the junction of Rio Cedra in the province of Sebou, Isla Santo Domingo, enjoying existence in the climate as the world affords. I cannot conceive wherein it could be made more pleasant or more conducive to health and longevity. As I write a few lines of pleasant memories of the exquisite pleasure of existence in the mild soothing atmosphere of this favored clime, fill my heart with longing for enjoying once again these happy hours. The location of our camp was in the foot-hills of the main range, small savannas, deep gullies, and high hills with almost perpendicular sides. The gullehes were clothed with a dense growth of tropical fisher, strubs and tropical plants, with their broad, rich-colored foliage, and at the foot a stream of cool crystal water. The savanna was adorned with pitch-pines, tall and straight, from four to eight rods apart, with a carpet of a variety of grasses.

At the point where we were encamped there were some wild hogs. By crossing the river we set foot on wild land, and all was game that came to the hunter's bag. I had not at this time had a model for a wild boar, and I had only known him by the representation of Sir Walter Scott and others, but I was anxious to become more familiar with his ways. Monway and myself, accompanied by a mongrel lot of the canine species to the number of eight, one day crossed the river, following slowly a path on the ridge of a spur for half an hour, when the pack gave tongue. Monway moved off at a lively pace, leaving me to follow as best I might. When I came up with him he was standing by the side of a grisly gray boar with a monstrous head and neck running off to almost a peak behind, the whole forming a striking contrast to the plump porkers of the Western States. I informed me this was the second one he had killed, there being one other short distance from there. After partially dressing them we each shouldered one and started for camp. They were skinned and the bones removed. This meat lying under the skin was well saturated with sour orange juice and sufficient salt, and hung over a pole to dry.

At this present moment I am debating in my mind if the stew made from this meat would offer their delicious flavor to a gameness derived from the pig's diet of palm nuts and roots of various plants, or to our sharpened appetites and romantic surroundings. Whichever it was, I would give much for the condiment that would make my meals once again so palatable.

Weeks passed by and although we were indebted to the wild hogs for our supply of meat I had so far failed to be in at the death. I felt somewhat disgraced, for I fancied myself something of a hunter, having hunted and killed deer and bear in Canada and in different States of the Union, and that brings me up with him, he was waiting for my opportunity. We had elunged camp three times, and at the present time our camp was made high up on the Rio Cedra. Cassava, rice, sugar and coffee were getting at a low ebb. 'Twas decided that carna de puorko would not satisfy all our cravings; therefore Con would keep camp, and myself and Monway would go down to the nearest ranchos for a supply of the necessities. Two days' ride over a mountain trail brought us to Bonabare. In the afternoon, when the three dogs gave tongue, the pack was taken to the ranch. The following day we purchased a jack ox, a very strong creature much for packing in the West Indies) and provisions consisting of plantains, rice, sugar, coffee and cassava.

Monway wished to stay at home for a few days, and Thursday I started for camp, driving the ox ahead loaded with a portion of provisions purchased. The Thursday night I camped, and Friday traveled in the afternoon, when the three dogs gave tongue. The pack was taken to the ranch. The following day we purchased a jack ox, a very strong creature much for packing in the West Indies) and provisions consisting of plantains, rice, sugar, coffee and cassava. Monway wished to stay at home for a few days, and Thursday I started for camp, driving the ox ahead loaded with a portion of provisions purchased. The Thursday night I camped, and Friday traveled in the afternoon, when the three dogs gave tongue. The pack was taken to the ranch. The following day we purchased a jack ox, a very strong creature much for packing in the West Indies) and provisions consisting of plantains, rice, sugar, coffee and cassava.

very cautious not to make too intimate an acquaintance, just giving a nip and in their turn retreating. Forward and backward, advance and retire, went the fray. I enjoyed the sport until in one of his rudds his eyes lit on me, and he advanced with a speed I did not suppose he was capable of to possess. In a moment's time he had received a bullet in the back of his neck, and had torn my pistol band with his wicked tusks. The dogs had nipped him, and before I could give a second shot, away they went with the boar in hot pursuit. Then I began to realize that a wild boar is really formidable. He ran about twelve rods and again stood up, and I fired, grisly twistles all pointing toward his ears, writing his tusks which projected far above his snout, the froth dripping from his jaws and his head-like eyes throwing forth their malicious hate. He looked the embodiment of twenty devils instead of one. I approached within four rods, taking the precaution to stand under a tree, the lower limbs of which I could reach with my hands. The knife in my left hand and pistol in my right I opened fire. The chambers were emptied in quick succession without visible effect, when he seemed intent on coming to closer quarters, observing which I put myself above that limb with an agility that would have done credit to a professional gymnast. He stepped under the tree and saluted me with some sonorous grunts, then disappeared in the woods with the dunes in hot pursuit. I then decided to hunt no more hogs, without a rifle or double gun, which I never recovered religiously kept.

On arriving at camp and relating my adventure, Con complimented me by the information that he had not supposed me so great a coward; that if so good a chance had offered him, there would have been pork for supper. The next day, armed with a double gun, I secured three hogs.

Later we demonstrated the fact that a ball fired from a navy revolver three feet distant, would not enter the vitals of a full grown wild hog if directed toward any portion of the forward part of the body. Con did not often indulge in hunting, as he preferred keeping camp and letting Monway and myself look for pork. About six weeks after my first hog that I did not get, Con and myself decided to leave camp for a week. Taking a blanket and tin cup each, and tin pail to hold the coffee in, and salt, we went into the heart of the main range, and probably went over ground that was never before gazed on by mortal man. We placed our reliance for pork on a breach-loading rifle and one dog, the others having become disabled.

Toward night of the first day the dog was set loose and soon gave tongue. Con followed with the rifle. In a few minutes a report, followed by distressed hallooing, impressed me that the shot had been a failure and Con was being badly dealt with. Armed only with my knife, I made haste to the spot from which the cries proceeded. There stood Con, in vain endeavoring to withdraw the empty cartridge, his excitement preventing success. Taking the rifle and reloading I fired a shot at the hog, about four rods distant, the ball breaking his spine and one shoulder. Con explained that the first bite of the hog's whereabouts it was making a charge, and that he fired a shot, but the game was scarce eight feet from the muzzle of the gun. The dog immediately closed but was shaken violently off and pursued. Con's shot had broken one lip and the opposite gumbrel. This gray porker had pursued the dog four rods in this crippled condition. After my shot the dog again closed with her, and she fought as best she might until she was close to the end of the world, and out of my heart. There was a very good opportunity to return Con's compliment of cowardice, but I forebore, simply asking his opinion of wild hogs, and if he thought there was any fight in them. He replied that never again would he venture near one until he was sure it was dead. L. KENT, M. D.

THE NEGRO AND THE GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Perhaps a few more words about the negro as a sportsman may not be uninteresting. Some days ago I was taking a little recreation with my gun not far from Palestine. I noticed two negro men beating about the bushes in company with a solitary stump-tailed "yaller darg." As they had no gun that was visible to me, I could hardly imagine what they were about. I concluded, however, that they were rabbit-hunting, and that their stump-tail dog was their sole dependence for catching the rabbit. This dog's peculiar build was such that it did not seem to be possible that he could be very swift. I therefore concluded that these two sportsmen would be quite sure to go home at night without any rabbit. At last it occurred that the two sportsmen had not come into the game, but that one of them carried an old-fashioned horse-pistol, smooth bore, and the other carried no other weapon than a hickory stick, about five or six feet long. I said to them that I had noticed them beating about the brush for some time, and that my curiosity was greatly excited to know what they were driving at. They replied that as it was Saturday evening they thought they would go out and get a rabbit or two, in order to have a good rabbit pie on Sunday. One of these gentlemen was a powerful man of at least 240 pounds weight; the other considerably less in size, but a full grown man. They had secured no game yet, but were in high spirits and enthusiastic. They were entirely confident that they would reveal in all the luxury of rabbit pie at upon the next day. Now, it is my opinion that these negroes had not come into the game, but that one of them carried a horse-pistol, smooth bore, and the other carried no other weapon than a hickory stick, about five or six feet long. I said to them that I had noticed them beating about the brush for some time, and that my curiosity was greatly excited to know what they were driving at. 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vice or assistance required, and under their directions precautions for the illegal killing of game, followed by convictions, have been the inevitable consequence. Some parties have been tried and convicted in the neighborhood of Oil Springs for killing deer out of season through the intervention of one of our energetic members, and another of our members is now investigating a matter of a similar kind in the township of Down. Our society may safely congratulate itself upon its being the only game society in Western Ontario that has taken any interest or prominent part in game protection and the extension and observance of the game laws, and in the future as well as in the past will always be found to the fore. In conclusion, we would suggest, in the hope that it may be acted upon, the formation of really good and strong game and protective associations in West Elgin, Kent, Bothwell, Lambton and Essex, and that such societies keep up constant correspondence with each other, and act in unison in obtaining any further legislation that may at times appear necessary to protect our game and to further the interest of game protection generally. It is to the interests of every genuine sportsman to take the matter up and carry it through, and the assistance and experience of this society will be at their disposal.

The very energetic fishery inspector of the district, Mr. Peter McCann, one of the vice-presidents of this society, reports that there have been no prosecutions for the violation of the fishery regulations since our last annual report, which shows that he is attending faithfully to his duties.

W. C. L. GILL, President.

LONDON, MARCH 13, 1883.
The following were elected officers for 1883: President, Dr. Woodruff; Vice-Presidents, Messrs. W. C. L. Gill, and P. McCann; Secretary, D. Skirving; Executive Committee, George Kelly, Jno. Paddock, T. H. Smallman, R. Wallace, Dr. Niven, C. A. Stone, R. Mercer, A. Chisholm, John Cousins; Finance Committee, Messrs. Paddocke, Stone and Kelly.

Dr. Niven reported that he had appeared before a committee of the Local Legislature in reference to legislation bearing on the protection of fish and game proposed to be passed at the late session, and had found the bill proposed by Mr. Monck somewhat unsuitable and inhospitable. It proposed a tax of \$25 upon any stranger shooting within the Province, which precluded the possibility of taking a visiting friend for a day's shooting and would permit American residents to send into the Province and shoot to any extent they please on payment of the prescribed fee.

Mr. W. C. L. Gill was appointed a delegate to attend the meeting at Ottawa referred to in the president's report.

HINTS FOR NEXT SEASON.

THE other side of all enchanting tales would not come amiss, as sportsmen are now making preparations for future trips to unmolested game resorts.

1. Never locate camp near the feeding ground of large game, to enable you to get the best and first chances at what could be seen there. I will give the reasons after you return to your homes with bad luck pictured on your faces.
2. Do not go fishing or hunting before October 1 without a good fly mixture, in which the odor of tar can be detected.

3. My diary, date January 23, 1879, says: "Don't flood down the Suwanee, River, Fla., without an antidote for the bite of water-moccasins and scorpions. Remain under shelter until the dew disappears, and do not drink the waters of the State until it has been boiled. Provide shelter for mosquitos outside your tent before sunset."
4. After establishing headquarters remember that game and fish in American forests will not be around to dine with you.
5. In Northern wilds rugged clothing is as necessary to your enjoyment as a good fly-rod.

6. If you think a gun with single grip to hold the barrels down as good as the best, put it in some other fellow's hoat. If a \$5 gun shoots well, find the mark the striker made when it backed out of one shot a year ago. The gun has strayed since. No information wanted.

water, and not a few have been picked up on the beach.

During the past week it has blown so hard on the days allowed for box-shooting at Havre de Grace, that it has been too rough to comfortably lie out in a box, consequently there has been but little shooting, although redheads and blackheads were plentiful. A duck supposed to have been an English teal was brought into Kriders for stuffing last week. It was killed at Havre de Grace. No snipe have arrived here yet, the first pair of the week was warm enough to bring them, but it closed wintry and blustery, and we have given over looking for them until the next pleasant spell.

Brant are in great numbers in both Barnegat and Tucker-ton bays, but the fowl stool poorly.

In our own river sprigtails are very numerous and the marshes on the Delaware shore are now black with them. It is very hard to get shooting at these ducks on these marshes, unless one sinks a box in the mud where they come to feed, puts a few decoys out and waits for the arrival of the fowl. The job is a dirty and hard one, and scarcely repays the trouble, for the ducks soon steer clear from the place where the hide is made after being shot at a few times and resort to other feeding grounds, of which there are hundreds of acres.

Last week a large flock of Canada geese was seen flying northward high above our city.

MARCH 20.

EXPANSIVE BULLETS.—Pittsfield, Vt., *Editor Forest and Stream:* I called on our gunsmith and had him turn a bar of steel, about $\frac{1}{16}$ in. in diameter at base, $\frac{1}{8}$ in. at point, for $\frac{1}{16}$ in. long, filed like a twisted drill, for drilling a hole through bottom of moulds to receive pin which projects into the point of the mould $\frac{1}{16}$ in., tapering from $\frac{1}{16}$ in. at point of bullet to a blunt point $\frac{1}{16}$ in. from base of ball. This I find just the thing to turn a Thomas cat or ground-hog inside out. For deer make the point a little shorter, leaving more solid base to increase penetration. On the shank of bar, at the base of ball, forge or clamp on projecting lips, with cutting edge to face the mould and make the ball perfect. To make it hold, use a pin that will just reach the point of the mould; the pin can be finished to make the point of the bullet flat or round, as desired. My mode of loading the Winchester rifle, model 1873, with this bullet is as follows: Into the rifle put a primed shell; then into the muzzle turn 70grs. of P. G. rifle powder; next over the muzzle place a fine line patch $\frac{1}{16}$ in. in diameter, using care to place the bullet in the center of the patch; then with the driving rod the end of which is countersunk to fit the (bullet) drive it home. Owners of Winchesters, with this bullet cast solid, and loaded as described, will find the arm very accurate at long range. They will also find the flight of the expansive bullet up to 250 yds. (which is as far as I have tested it) very accurate, and with the magazine full of regular cartridges you are prepared for any game that breaks cover. The regular ammunition for the rifle made expansive in this way increases the killing power of that arm fourfold.—EDWARD SMITH.

THE BOY-HUNTER OF BASH-BISH.—From a letter sent to us by our occasional correspondent, Charles Lanman, we copy the following: While recently looking over some of my notes of summer recreation, I found a fragment which I think will interest your readers. I had been spending a few weeks with a relative who has a summer home in Berkshire, and where the ruling spirit was a boy—a wild and noble little hero—about thirteen years of age, who has the unspeaking pleasure of spending his school vacations among the mountains, and it was from one of his journals that I picked the following:

- ANIMALS CAUGHT.
- June 23—1 small woodcock.
 - June 25—1 large woodcock.
 - June 29—1 medium woodcock.
 - July 7—2 large woodcocks.
 - July 17—1 large woodcock.
- All killed by my dog Major.
Chipmunks and rats in cornfield—a good supply.

- SKARKS.
- One rattie killed and brought home.
 - Of common snakes—a big lot.
- TROUT.
- In eighteen days in June killed 284—one day 34.
 - Sunfish, suckers and pickerel a big lot.
 - Expenses for new fishing June, \$100.
 - My Crampton Lannan rod has been all smashed to fragments.

One night when all the family were in ecstasies over a magnificent aurora, this Nitro-rod came rushing out of the house with this exclamation, "What a glorious night for 'coon hunting!'"

THE PONGKEEPSIE CASES.—Pongkeepsie, March 6.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* G. A. Maas, the game dealer, was found guilty of having in his possession seventeen rabbits on the 2d day of February, which he offered for sale on that day. This man, in connection with others, were indicted for a violation of the game laws. Two of the persons indicted plead guilty, and were fined \$5 each. Maas, the third person, stood his trial, and admitted willful perjury, swearing that the rabbits were stuffed with salt and were used as a sign. The presiding judge said to Maas: "You made a mistake in not telling the truth (that is in committing perjury). You swore the rabbits were stuffed; nobody believes you, and as you have made more trouble and cost the county more, we shall fine you ten dollars. It is only a small affair; you simply had a rabbit at the wrong time, and although I know you have committed perjury, I will make the penalty more severe in your case and fine you ten dollars." This very judge has sentenced persons to the State prison for milder offenses than perjury. How very encouraging all this is to persons who are anxious to protect our game. Kaess was indicted for having in his possession 20 partridges and 10 quail; Smith Bros. for having in their possession 20 quail, and Maas 17 rabbits, all of which were seen and examined by Brayton, the game constable, and in Kaess's case many more. The two first are let off with a fine of \$5 each, and the latter, with perjury thrown in, \$10. Is there any use in trying to uphold the game laws?—S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NOTES.—New Market, March 12.—Partridges are scarce; there were some woodcock in their season. Within two or three years there have been a few quail around here, whistling Bob White almost always from an apple tree. We have never heard of any being shot around here. Gray squirrels were very plenty last fall; and a great many were killed. Foxes and white rabbits are abundant this winter, but it has been a bad time for the sportsmen, as for the most part every snow storm it would rain and form a crust, thus making it impossible to see a track. But on every favorable snow every man that owns a dog, (no matter what he is as long as they can call him hound) is out either foxing or rabbiting. Quite a number of both kinds of game have been killed. A party of nine, with three dogs, went out the other day and got fourteen rabbits. The handsomest fox we have seen this winter was shot by a young man at Parkers Falls. It was a cross between the red and gray and weighed over eleven pounds.—W.

THE SHONGEN COMPANY.—At the annual meeting of the Shongen Company, of Morrislow, N. J., held March 13, the following officers were elected: President, Henry W. Miller; Vice-President, Charles H. Raymond; Secretary, J. Frank Lindsey; Treasurer, Henry T. Hull; Counsel, Mahlon Pitney. Directors—H. W. Miller, E. M. Quimby, H. T. Hull. Committee on Membership—Francis Child, J. Frank Lindsey, Geo. B. Raymond, Henry M. Smith, Mahlon Pitney.

AMERICAN WOOD POWDER.—In reply to several queries in regard to the American wood powder, we would state that the Rev. Geo. S. Senter, at some time ago submitted a quantity of the material to a chemist for an exhaustive test, which is now in progress. The result will be published in due time.

SOUTH ABINGTON, MASS., March 19.—As the season for hunting foxes in this part of the country expires by mutual consent about the first of March, I will give the number of foxes, mink, coons, etc., captured by members of the South Abington Sportsman's Club during the last five months: Wm. B. Lincoln, 19 foxes, 4 minks, 4 coons; M. Hall, 13 foxes; Seth P. Gunney, 1 fox, 4 minks; C. L. Smith, 1 fox; D. B. Howe, 1 fox; E. E. Bates, 1 fox. Total, 36 foxes, 8 minks, 4 coons. At our annual meeting, March 1, Mr. Wm. B. Lincoln had his entire collection of fur on exhibition. David, who has been very unfortunate considering the number of days out, proposes to show a better record next season. Mr. P. H. Smith wishes to form his numerous friends throughout the country that his total score for the season was one squirrel.—SASSACUS.

MUSKOKA DEER.—Bramford, Ont., March 12.—A friend of mine who has just come from Muskoka says he never saw such a slaughter among the deer by wolves. The snow was deep with a heavy crust, so that a man or a wolf could go with safety on any place, but the deer would break through at every step. He said their legs were skinned to the bone, and some were found with their throats lacerated through, and others partly eaten, in places where they had yarded up for the winter. He thinks not one has escaped. Then, in some localities where there are no four-legged hunters, the deer-legged ones are, if anything, worse. Muskoka was a good hunting ground for deer. I was there last fall and found deer in plenty; in five days I got five deer. But I am afraid it is all up now.—G. A.

CHICAGO, ILL., March 17.—The ducks have captured the local sportsmen, and everywhere about Chicago decoys are afloat, shells loaded, and club-houses occupied by the sportsmen. At English Lake there were plenty of ducks Saturday. The Kleinmanns are at Lake Seneca wine hunting, and have sent in plenty of the feathered animals for the boys. Reports from Ptman, on the Illinois, are that ducks are now plentiful and the feeding fine. The overflow of water is fast passing away, and in a day or so the boys will be taking a turn down on the Illinois Bottoms. The kankakee and muskrat decoys are, if anything, worse. The kankakee is a good hunting ground for deer. I was there last fall and found deer in plenty; in five days I got five deer. But I am afraid it is all up now.—G. A.

TENNESSEE.—Savannah, March 5, 1883.—The season just past has been the most discouraging I have ever known here. Warm weather and consequently dense cover made the bird shooting a failure, and notwithstanding the excessive crops of wheat and corn the ducks gave us the go-by. Since January 1 the weather has been unfavorable to all kinds of sport, nothing but rain and mud repeated ad nauseam. There is this consolation, that if few quail were shot there are all the more left to breed for next season, and I trust that next November Bob White and relatives will "bob up serenely" and in great numbers.—WITL.

MICHIGAN.—Detroit, March 17.—The market hunters are sending in large numbers of red-head ducks of excellent quality. In fact, the market is glutted with them, but as the weather is still cold the dealers hold them at seventy-five cents per pair. Although the winter has been one of much snow, such reports as have come to hand indicate that grouse and quail have had plenty of food and fuel and are promisingly numerous in number.—B. F. W.

THE FUR MARKET.

THE following prices are for prime skins only, according to size, color and quality, as realized by the New York commission merchants. Ship in bags or bales, as boxes add to freight. Mark bales, etc., with your initials:

Antelope—North America, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	\$ 80 00	35
Dressed, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 25 00	1 50
Reddish, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 00 00	1 25
Rocky Mountain, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2 50 00	3 00
Black, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2 75 00	3 00
Pacific Coast, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2 50 00	3 00
Western skins, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	3 00 00	4 00
Dressed, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	8 00 00	1 00
Mountain Deer—Western, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2 00 00	2 50
Reindeer—American, raw, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	2 00 00	2 50
Dressed, as to quality, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 00 00	1 25
Black Labrador, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	3 00 00	3 50
Lake Superior and Canada, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	3 00 00	3 50
Upper Missouri, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 00 00	1 25
Lower Missouri, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 00 00	1 25
Beaver—American, large and full furred, each	1 00 00	1 00
Bear—Hudson's Bay, black, large, each	15 00 00	20 00
Black, large, each	10 00 00	15 00
Southern U. S., black, large, each	7 00 00	10 00
Cubs from 75 to 95 of the above.		
Beagle robes, in bales	8 00 00	10 00
Buckskin—Western, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 25 00	1 50
Pacific Coast, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.	1 00 00	1 25
Wool, each	4 00 00	5 00
House, each	1 00 00	1 25
Ermine and white weasel	50 00	1 00
Fox, each	9 00 00	10 00
Fale	7 00 00	10 00
Reddish	5 00 00	8 00
Fox, United States, each	1 00 00	1 25
Red, Territories	1 00 00	1 25
Cross, ordinary	3 00 00	5 00
U. S. States	1 00 00	1 25
Kill, North America	50 00	60 00
Silver, North America	25 00 00	30 00 00
U. S. States	1 00 00	1 25
Minnesota	3 00 00	5 00
Marten—Dark	2 00 00	3 00
Light	1 00 00	1 25
Mink—Pale, Southern U. S.	6 00 00	8 00
Pale, Western United States	6 00 00	8 00
Dark	1 00 00	1 25
Dark, New England	1 25 00	1 50
Dark, Quebec and Halifax	1 50 00	1 75
Musquoddy, Canada and Western	2 00 00	2 50
Spring, Western United States	1 00 00	1 25
Spring, Southern United States	1 00 00	1 25
Canada and Eastern	1 00 00	1 25
Fall, Western United States	1 00 00	1 25
Fall, Southern United States	50 00	1 00
Opossum—Canada	1 00 00	1 25
Southern United States and common	1 00 00	1 25
Otter—Labrador, each	10 00 00	12 00
Northern United States	5 00 00	6 00
Western United States	5 00 00	6 00
Southern United States	2 00 00	2 50
Raccoon—Canada	2 00 00	2 50
Western United States	1 00 00	1 25
Southern United States	1 00 00	1 25
Red—Raw, America	1 00 00	1 25
Skunk—Black, each, America	1 00 00	1 25
Strip, America	2 00 00	2 50
Long stripe, America	2 00 00	2 50
White, America	2 00 00	2 50
Territory, long stripe	2 00 00	2 50
Wolf—Large, each	3 00 00	4 00
Small, each	1 50 00	2 00
Prarie	1 00 00	1 25
Wolverine—North America	1 00 00	1 25

Wolverine skins worth less than clean, dry, well-handled skins.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

They greatly mistake the temper and tastes of the true angler, who assume that he is attracted to these quiet places simply to kill and to destroy. To have the opportunity to fish constitutes but one of the threads in the golden cord which draws him to the grand old forests, in whose mountain streams trout and salmon "most do congregate." If he finds pleasure in the rise and strike and struggle of a mummichog fish, so also is he fitted up out of the roost of common-place emotions by his majestic surroundings—by the ever-shifting shadows on the mountain; by the incessant music of the birds; by the never-ending melody of the singing waters; by the splash and foam and sparkle of the leaping cascade; by the gliding sunlight upon ripple and rapid; by the shadowy depths of the impenetrable forest; by jangled rock and giant boulder and sharp rock and drifting river, and a thousand and other "things of beauty," which remain upon the canvas of his memory long after the minor incidents of fish-taking are forgotten. No; it is not all of fishing to fish. That is but an incident in the angler's pastime. They have other and higher, if not more invigorating and exhilarating tastes to gratify.—George Downes.

TWO SONNETS.

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ALL BOTTOM-FISHERS.

AD VERBUM.

WRIGGLE! Wriggle, mightily "bob,"

As we strive to place ye

On the hook, aneath the "bob,"

Struggles can't release ye!

How I wonder if ye feel,

In your colon, the barb'd steel,

As ye enter;

To your centers;

Do not, prithee, be so froward

'Een though ye are well "secured";

But like "gentles and commons,"

Success and to our summons,

And if ye have another lure,

Pray save it to allure the perch.

AD PERCE.

Deep down, under a tree,

Sporting or lazily lying,

The "hog-backed" perch fishes nestle.

As it their fate defying;

Now, as if dreaming of vermes,

Now, as if longing to smoke!

Now rubbing their operium

Against a stone in a stroke!

Aha! now glancing, in light,

Their dorsals uprise to a right—

Not the hook, so gently sinking,

Nor ourselves, so earnestly thinking.

In a trice, lusty fishes, and we

Will grasp you in hand tenderly;

O. W. R.

NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION

A MEETING of the association was held at the Metropolitan Hotel on Friday, March 16, at 4 P. M. President Endicott, in his opening remarks, said that interest in the association was increasing all the time, and that it was destined to become a large and influential society. He had called this special meeting to consider and, perhaps, to fix the date at which the next tournament should be held, and invited an expression of opinion on this subject.

Mr. Mather said that last tournament was held on October 19 and, and in his opinion that time was too late. The weather was uncertain at that time, and he favored September, although if the city people were back from the country in August that month would be best.

Mr. Holberton thought more people would be back in October, and that if held early in the month we might expect good weather.

Dr. Elmhurst said that anglers who go to Maine are absent in September, and for one he would probably be there in that month.

Mr. Wilbur suggested May, as then the anglers were fresh from Long Island and other trout streams and consequently in practice.

Mr. Mather objected to May, as not giving time enough to prepare for the tournament.

Mr. Wilbur moved that the tournament be held on the first Wednesday in October. Carried.

The president stated that it would be necessary to have a committee of arrangements and asked how they should be selected.

Mr. Wilbur suggested that they be appointed by the president.

Mr. Mullaly moved that the president appoint an unlimited number as such a committee. Carried.

The secretary then read the following letter, which had been received by Mr. James L. Vulliamy, president of the Pasque Island Club, from a gentleman in Boston:

"MY DEAR SIR.—I was pleased to note your hand writing on the envelope covering the circular of the National Rod and Reel Association. I am much obliged to you for the same, and am glad to hear of the formation of such an association. Certainly, we ought to do what we can to preserve the game fish of our country, which has become so scarce in many of our rivers. In view of the fact that in this part of the country for the association I shall be pleased to do it. It is a matter to which I have given much thought and I hope, in addition to the influence exerted by the members in regard to proper game laws, an effort will be made to stop the wholesale slaughter of trout, by parties calling themselves anglers, on the streams and lakes of Maine. My only wish is to induce in your association to boast that he took them! The enormous catches of some of our young people are a disgrace. They are probably not aware that it is so, and only need the influence of your association to make them true anglers. I enclose my check for \$3, as my membership fee to the association, which please hand to the secretary. Very truly yours," etc.

Mr. Wilbur moved that one thousand copies of the constitution be printed for use and distribution. Mr. Holberton amended the motion by requiring that the names of the members be added to it. Carried.

Mr. Van Cleef asked if the association had made any effort to secure legislation to protect our fishes.

The President replied that it could not be expected that the

association, which is a national one, should attempt to influence legislation in the States. While it is true that the headquarters of the association are in New York city, because of its great center of population and therefore influence, it is a great mistake to think that in any other city, if attempts were made to influence New York State laws, it would make us appear more like a local than a national society. Our objects are more social and for the advancement of angling as an art and we had better leave the laws to local organizations. Covering the ground we do we could accomplish little in the line of legislation over the whole country.

Dr. Elmhurst inquired if any steps had been taken to incorporate the association.

The President answered that incorporation would make us local, a thing which we wish to avoid.

Mr. Mullaly thought it desirable to form an anglers' club out of this association and suggested that a committee be appointed to consider the advisability of forming such a club.

Mr. Burks agreed with Mr. Mullaly.

Mr. Mather thought that the formation of such a club would destroy the association.

The President had never heard of a society entertaining a proposition to dissolve itself, and that would be the result in this case, a club would necessarily take in all the members, or, if any were left out, they would be dissatisfied.

Mr. Mullaly withdrew his suggestion and made another that the meetings be more frequent. He disclaimed any desire to change the character of the association.

Mr. Holberton thought that monthly meetings could be arranged.

The president remarked that the meetings had meant business and not sociability. If the members chose to have a social meeting afterward, as they have done before, there was not only no objection to it but on the contrary, he thought it a good thing. He would be sorry to see the objects of the association changed. If an anglers' club was formed outside of this society he would join it. He considered all these propositions out of order.

Mr. Bloomfield thought that at the next tournament a line should be drawn that would exclude all that might be termed professional anglers.

Mr. Mather assured him that the point had been long under consideration and that he should advise that the lines be sharply defined and closely drawn.

With a vote of thanks to Mr. Henry Chair, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the president.

THE PRIMITIVE FISH-HOOK.

UNDER this title Mr. Ernest Phillips has an illustrated article in *Country* for April. He considers that man first used the spear for taking fish, next the hook and line, and lastly the net, with perhaps an intermediate stage between the spear and the hook, which the bow and arrow would be. The first implement which approached the hook was the "fish gorge" of stone, pointed at one end with the line attached to the middle and held in place by a groove running around the stone, a specimen of which, found in the Valley of Somme, is now in the New York Museum of Natural History. The fish swallowed this, when baited, and it lodged crosswise in its throat when pulled upon.

Mr. Phillips believes that, starting with this crude fish gorge, he can show, step by step, the complete sequence of the fish-hook, until it ends with the perfected hook of today, and he certainly makes a good showing of these steps, so that one is compelled to admit that he has given much thought to the subject, and that it would be difficult to refute his argument.

Other forms of gorges, called "hrioles," from Lake Neufchatel, are shown, which grade into a well defined double hook found in the same locality, make his theory extremely plausible. Then follow barbed hooks of bronze, Alaskan halibut hooks of wood and bone, which somewhat resemble the steel hooks of Russian make figured below them. Then come the shell hooks from the collection of the National Museum at Washington, and the artificial stone shrimp from the Mayan collection, making a very interesting contribution to the record of the fishing of primitive man.

EVENING FISHING ON THE LYCOMING.

OF the many trout streams that I have fished in in different sections of the Middle States none can compare with the Lycoming River, in Pennsylvania, in water beauty, nor miles this stream runs through a narrow valley, now rushing over wild rapids, now flowing lazily through deep, long pools. The forest-covered hills tower on either side, and the tall hemlocks almost meet over the water.

During the latter part of the month of June the laurels and rhododendrons which line the stream are a mass of pink blossoms, while the banks are covered with violets and other wild flowers in great profusion. It is a perfect river for fly-fishing, and during the time two anglers can cast side by side without interfering. Before the coal mine was opened, a few years ago, the fishing was excellent and was improving every season, but poaching and market-fishing have about ruined it. I used, almost daily, to start from the hotel at Ralston about sunset and fish until dark. No prettier sight have I ever seen than this same river late in the afternoon, when the last rays of sunset tipped the purple mountains with gold, while under the shadows of the dark old hemlocks the big trout would rise quickly after some unfortunate fly, and out in the shadows the little fellows noisily splashed and chased the midges and gnats. The wood-robber's sweet note was almost the only sound to break the evening's stillness, except the swish of my fly-rod or the occasional splash of a trout, until darkness supervened. My valley and the river were dark and I expected I would take this place.

When too dark to see to wade I would select some big, deep pool, where there were no branches in the way, and with a coachman or white miller enjoy royal sport. The big fellows then rise more boldly and fight with redoubled vigor when they feel the hook. I remember one evening in particular, arriving about dark at the head of a long, deep pool, where the trout were very numerous. I cast my fly into the water. It was a lonely place, under the shadows of the big hills; the mournful "Hoo! Hoo!" of the great horned owl sent a chill down one's back, even while knowing the innocent cause. Presently a small boy came down to the stream for the purpose of fishing for the eels which came up to the riffles to feed at night. While watching him setting his lines under the stones, I noticed a large trout rise under the

bank on the other side of the pool. It was a long cast, and when at last I reached the spot he took the fly with a splash that startled me. The elick buzzed as I struck him, and away he started for the other end of the pool, but the steady possession caused him to circle slowly back; then he tried for a smoken hemlock, but soon gave that up and flung himself with an ugly leap out of the water. Gradually I reeled him within reach of my landing net, but the sight of that instrument started him off again. Presently his bright side was gleaming on the surface, and I knew that his race was run. I had the pleasure of slipping my net under a good fifteen-inch fish.

My little companion was so excited that his eel lines were forgotten. "My! Wasn't he whopper!" he exclaimed. The boy had never seen such a trout, although living close to the stream. His struggles had evidently frightened his brethren, for not another rise could I get. I was satisfied, however, as I already had a dozen fine trout; so lighting a fresh pipe I started for home. W. HOLBERTON.

MONSON LAKES AND PONDS.

THE township of Monson is situated in the northwestern part of Piscataquis county, Maine, fourteen miles south of Moosehead Lake, ten miles west of Sebec Lake, and six miles north of the B. & P. Railroad. A branch railroad is about to be constructed, leading from Monson village to the former road. The town is more than 900 feet above the level of the sea. Three-quarters of its area is a vast unbroken wilderness.

The largest sheet of water within its borders is Lake Hebron, three and one-half miles long, at the foot of which nestles a pretty and picturesque village, noted for its production and manufacture of roofing slates. This is surrounded by mountains, hills and vales, farms and farm habitations. Lake Hebron is well stocked with spotted and lake trout.

Besides this there are within this town twenty-four other ponds, every one of which is filled with trout. The following is a complete list of these ponds, which are from two to four miles in length:

Spectacle East, Spectacle West, Bunker North, Bunker South, Tibbets, McLarion North, McLarion South, Bell, Jullie, Ward, the Twin Doughtys, Strout, Doe, Duck, Monson (Goodale), Eighteen, Spangquiquin, Meadow, Jacobs, Pleasant, and Four, Carleton, and many others. The next most important chain of lakes and ponds in this immediate vicinity is in Elliottville, eight miles distant. Lake Onaway, otherwise known as Ship Pond, is the best known and most famous of any in this entire region. It is about four miles long, encompassed by the towering Bear, Rochelle, Benson, Houston, Barren and Greenwood mountains, and all within the dense forest of many miles in area, and extending in every direction further than the eye can reach. This is the home of the land-locked salmon, which has migrated to Sebec Lake and other neighboring waters.

Elliottville contains forty-six square miles. An old high way, scraggy, moss-grown and hoary, leads through several miles of the township. Where there is a few days of year's driving settlement are now seen only a few scatter of log houses, the only ones that suggest the village of a "deserted village." Its land being covered almost entirely by the "forest primeval," as a consequence its grand old mountains, myriad lakes, sparkling ponds, roaring rivers and crystal streams challenge the admiration of all sportsmen and lovers of nature. There they may find every species of game known to the wilds of Northern Maine, and delicious trout in every part in the season.

Beside Onaway, I herewith give you a partial list of the more prominent ponds in and around Elliottville: Big Greenwood, South Greenwood, North Greenwood, Bear, Round, Long, South, Barron Mountain, Twin Benson, Sluogundy, the Rochelle, Summit, Butternick.

Shirley on the west, which is a portion of the immense watershed reaching through to the forks of the Kennebec River, contains some forty-eight square miles. For a distance of twenty miles in a westerly direction and at the north as far as the Canada line, this vast forest has no human habitation except the hardy lumbermen winters, and the brave hunters and sportsmen in the summers. At Shirley Corner the tourist finds a neat and comfortable hotel, the Shirley House, kept by Mrs. E. Smith and who keeps the best of the country. These wilds are Shirley, Mt. Sugar Town, and Squaw Mount Town, within a radius of eighteen miles from the Lake Hebron Hotel, are a large number of attractive and charming ponds inhabited exclusively by spotted trout (*Salmo fontinalis*). Every pond has almost a plentiful supply of these choice fish. Among the most inviting of them may be named the following: Moxie, Knights, Trout, Green Pond, Fox, and the big Indian, Little Indian, Coffee House, Carter Bag, Marble.

In Howard, on the east, five miles distant, is the lovely little "Grindstone Pond," about which has been an action at law of some importance and notoriety, as it settled certain questions relating to the ownership of ponds and the rights of fishing therein. (See 73, Me. 441.)

Also, within a few miles at North Guilford Pond in Guilford, Greenwood Pond, and the Thorn and Piper ponds, and around Abbot on the south. The last named is the only one in all of the above mentioned ponds that contains pickerel. There is an abundance of that fish in Piper.

In Blanchard, on the west, are the pretty little Russell Mountain, Thorn and Mud ponds and some others. I do not claim that this region surpasses all others in attractiveness, beauty, or scenery. What I do claim is that it is a place, undisturbed by too tempest which ripples the Merimack's surface, he lives happily and contented, in a little cot, whose shadow darkens the much maligned fishway. Year in and out, stormy or fair weather, beneath the sun's smiles or frowns, our re-elected fish warden is found at his post, ready, anxious, and willing to induce the funny tribes to seek the historic stream, and equally as anxious to do the same to the presence of depredators. Mr. Henry Noyes, South Lawrence's

A HERMIT WARDEN.—A correspondent sends us the following notes taken from the *Lawrence, Mass., American*: Yearly among the first officers appointed by the incoming city government, is that of fish warden, and there has been great speculation as to the individual, who, with each ensuing year, manages, without political chicanery, to retain this important position in the eye of the law. Quietly, undisturbed by too tempest which ripples the Merimack's surface, he lives happily and contented, in a little cot, whose shadow darkens the much maligned fishway. Year in and out, stormy or fair weather, beneath the sun's smiles or frowns, our re-elected fish warden is found at his post, ready, anxious, and willing to induce the funny tribes to seek the historic stream, and equally as anxious to do the same to the presence of depredators. Mr. Henry Noyes, South Lawrence's

respected hermit, was born in Enfield, N. J., October 4, 1817. He worked on a farm until he came to Lawrence in 1846, when he went to work on the dam, and drove team, but he established himself as a fisherman at his present location, paying the Essex company as high as two hundred dollars a year for the privilege of fishing between the falls bridge and the dam. He followed the business here for many years, employing about eight men through the season, and it was not unusual to see thirty to forty teams call at his market daily to purchase fish. He has sold his money as well as his fish in a single load to Lowell parties, for two cents a piece. He has been fish warden for twelve years, and is paid by the city forty-five dollars annually. Fishing within 400 yards of the dam is not allowed. Beyond these limits fish can be taken with hook and line at all times, and with net and seine only three days of each week from March to June; a fine of fifty dollars is imposed on each fish taken inside the prohibitory limit, but this high reward does not stimulate the fish to any unnecessary arrests. Thirty years this March, he resolved to live in solitude during the years allotted him, in a one-room cottage beside the Essex Company's dam. The entrance to his retreat is from No. 3 South Broadway. From this barren ledge he has reclaimed about one-eighth of an acre for his vineyard, yielding about fifty gallons of wine annually, for which he finds a ready market, at four dollars per gallon. This little cot and vineyard "has laid in the Essex Company for many years, but to retain the title of the property the company was obliged to charge a nominal rentage. He has been married twice, and has been a widower over forty years. He had one child, who died in infancy, and has no living relatives. He is the only survivor of a family of seven sons and six daughters. He has voted the Democratic ticket from Jackson to Hancock with one exception, when he voted for Abraham Lincoln. For a man of eighty years, his appearance, physically, is very good. His sight and hearing are well preserved; he reads without spectacles, and does his own house-keeping, cooking, washing, and mending. He smokes and uses tobacco in other forms, and is not averse to the use of liquor. He has not been sick nor had a doctor in twenty-five years.

FISH AND FLOWERS.—That there is a vein of poetry in the rough fishermen of the coast is shown by the following testimony taken by Prof. Baird, from a fisherman of Narragansett Pier, and published in "The Professor's report." It shows that under a rough exterior there was not only an observation and memory of the sequence of events but also a poetic feeling that is charming:—"Did they [the snappers] come much earlier than used to Point Judith this year?" Answer.—"About the same. They had then in the water in March. I always judge by the dandelions: when I see the first dandelion the scup come in with the haddock, and when the haddock are smaller fall than our traps go in. When the dandelion goes out of bloom and runs to seed the scup are gone. That is true one year with another, though they vary every season. I am guided by the blossoms of other kinds of plants for other fish. When high blackberries are in bloom we catch striped bass that weigh from twelve to twenty pounds; when the blue violets are in blossom, they come early—you can catch the small sea bass. That has always been my rule. That has been handed down by my forefathers."

BOMOSEEN LAKE.—(Chesham, Vt., March 16.)—At last Vermont has awakened to the necessity of preserving the cod fish in her waters. For several years we have had a law protecting trout. Last fall a law was enacted for the preservation of fish in the lakes of the State, and a special law for Lake Bomoseen in this place, the largest body of water in the State. The fish have been caught by nets and spear in the spawning season, and it was impossible to keep them with hook and line. This will stop it. Legitimate angling will now be fine. The lake is some nine miles in length, and from one-half to three miles wide; clear, deep and cold water with bold slate shores and fine feeding grounds. It is stocked with rock bass, pickerel and Oswego bass that weigh as high as eight pounds. The pickerel attain twenty-eight pounds. A beautiful island is in the lake whose shores are dotted with resorts. The village, three miles from the lake, is a handsome place with a fine hotel, well kept. The angler will find it a lovely resort, now that the fish are to be preserved for him to take with hook and line.—**ASPLEIN.**

BETHABARA WOOD FOR RODS.—The following letter gives a new feature in bethabara wood, which we do not remember to have seen:—"CHICAGO, March 15.—Messrs. A. B. Shipley & Sons: This article is as very singular. It presents two features in the wood that is somewhat unique and singular. I mean its cleansing and softening qualities. I have noticed when I have been rod-making—amateur rod-making—and I have sometime had dirty and oily lumps, if I take the dust and scraping from the bethabara wood and rub into the hands thoroughly with the soap, it removes every particle of oil mark, making the hands soft and clean, the finger-nails especially so. This article is as very singular, but I thought it was possible that anyone working this wood all the time might get used to it and not have the same effect.—**W. DAVID TOMLIN.**"

Fishculture.

THE COLD SPRING HARBOR HATCHERY.

On Wednesday, the 14th, a party of about two dozen gentlemen and four ladies visited the new hatching station of the New York State Fish Commission, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, by invitation of Mr. E. G. Blackford, the commissioner in charge of it. The party consisted of relatives of Mr. John D. Jones, who so kindly gave the use of this station to the commission, and representatives of the city press. A special train was placed at their disposal by courtesy of the Long Island Railroad, and the party arrived at the hatchery about 11 A. M., where they were received by the superintendent, Mr. Fred Rice, who, in talking along the various parts of the water works, could not help pointing out the facts which at high tide are covered with salt water up to the edge of the ponds, the old wooden mill which lies almost below the reservoir, the harbor stretching into the Sound, and the Connecticut shore beyond.

The water comes into the building on the upper floor where the troughs are placed, and is then gathered again and led to the lower floor where there are nine more and a McDonald hatching table and jars. From this floor it is again gathered

and used in two series of troughs, numbering ten altogether, out of doors, making it practically a three-story hatchery. From the door of the building a stone can be thrown into salt water at high tide. The station has been supplied with eggs this year by Prof. Baird, of Boston, for the purpose of increasing our stock, as follows: 350,000 Peabody salmon from Mr. H. H. Buck, Bucksport, Me.; 100,000 land-locked salmon from Mr. Charles G. Atkins, Grand Lake Stream, N. J.; 100,000 brook trout and 1,000,000 whitefish from Mr. Frank N. Clark, North Ferrisburgh, N. Y.; 1,000 German brook trout have been received from Herr von Behr, president, Deutsche Fischerei Verein, Berlin. The salmon and trout are all in the usual wooden troughs, and were nearly all hatched. The whitefish were in the McDonald glass jars, and in the glass aquaria of which they were four, were jars of the golden file and carp, three to five inches long, and some eggs of the tomcod, the first salt water fish attempted at this station.

Prof. Rice accompanied the party and with the microscopes of Messrs. Blackford and Mathew showed the visitors the circulation of the blood and the formation of the embryo salmon. Prof. Rice, it will be remembered, experimented with the hatching of oysters at Fulton Market last season, and intends to try it at Cold Spring Harbor again this year. The New York Times has already given the longest and best report of the formal opening of this station, and we make the following extracts from it:

"The position of Cold Spring is admirably adapted for the purpose of fish-culture, and has many natural advantages, and in the experience of those having some acquaintance with fish-culture it was declared by them to be the best in the country. In the first place, water can be supplied from springs that never fail; in fact, the water here seems to be boiling with water heated from natural sources. Then, again, the water is at just such a height as to give the necessary fall, so that no pumping is required, while its close proximity to the salt water of the Sound will permit of the hatching and rearing of sea fish, which was the object of the establishment of John D. Jones, Esq., a lease of 10 years has been given, without any cost, of a piece of land of at least 20 acres for the use of the State.

Last year, when the general appropriation was made by the State it was estimated that at least some \$5,000 would have been allowed to the Cold Spring fish hatchery, the remainder, \$12,000, to go to the Caledonia Works, but only \$1,000 were allotted to Cold Spring. This year, so far, no special appropriation has been made, but the State has given the preference of the work and the excellent beginning made, it is quite desirable that an additional sum shall be granted for Cold Spring—some \$2,000—or that a larger portion of the appropriation than was allowed last year shall be placed at the disposal of Mr. E. G. Blackford, who has devoted the best part of his time and energy to the development of this special hatchery.

"The reasons why there should be more than one State hatchery are quite obvious. Though the work done at Caledonia has been successful, it is not so well adapted to the needs of the State have found it both difficult and expensive to procure fish from a distant point. Not counting risk of loss, there was always a large item of expense. When trout had to be forwarded from Caledonia to points near New York City the fish had to be sent under the charge of an experienced person, whose fare and time had to be paid. It was hardly just that one portion of the State should receive the larger part of the fish, while another could derive but few. But the greatest advantage of the hatchery is the large quantity of fish, though at first little understood, are to-day beginning to be better appreciated. Means of communication between distant points are more rapid and continuous in our large city like New York than in the interior. But the strongest reason why we should have a hatchery is the fact that it is of more advantage for a hatchery is that material of all kinds, even the eggs themselves, can be more readily obtained, and the fish, when produced, can be more readily and safely distributed. The hatchery has advantages of the largest kind that the State had no business to make any experiments. Now it is quite well known that there is no place in the whole country where trout can be reared as advantageously or with as little expense as on Long Island. Whether it is owing to the favorable conditions of the water, or to the abundance of food that trout are more plentiful among Long Island trout-risers than elsewhere can not be stated, but it is quite certain that the trout establishments of the South and West do not do so well as those of the North. It is a mistake to find fault with any commissioner who is desirous of experimenting with the sole desire of increasing the stock of fish. Trout alone can never meet the needs of the State in any way of any money. The *Salmo trutta* can never become the common food of the people. At best it is an exotic. It requires a peculiar kind of water and of a certain temperature, two conditions which are not always to be found. It is all well enough to stock particular streams with trout, but it is not so well adapted to the requirements to our anglers, but poor people do not have time to catch these fish. The stock of trout which is sent to market is always limited, and commands a price which persons of moderate means can never afford. In fact, trout is food for the rich and not for the poor.

"The Cold Spring Hatchery will, of course, hatch out trout, but it is believed that, when the season comes, it will devote its attention to shad. As to the experimental part of the hatchery, with the exception of the salt water hatchery, right at its door, it ought to try and propagate the striped bass, the Spanish mackerel, the cod and the sheepshead. With improved apparatus and a better acquaintance with the habits of these fish, it is possible to propagate the eggs and hatch out trout eggs, of shad eggs, and the rearing of the fish present no possible difficulties. It would be wise, then, on the part of those having the Cold Spring hatching house in charge to extend their labors, for there can be little doubt that in the future they can be restocked with those fish which were once so abundant.

"The experiment will be tried with the whitefish of placing some of them in the larger fresh-water lakes of Long Island, and the Connecticut coast. At March 15, said the commissioner, it is not impossible that it might adapt itself to its new surroundings.

"With the fall of water, which is rightly described by those who prospected Cold Spring as 'inextinguishable,' advantage should be taken of the high water to erect a continuous source of salt water from the Sound could be had. The expense for this, and for the construction of a few salt-water ponds would be a small sum, and the benefits would be great. The eggs of the cod, obtained by the mill at Fulton Market slip, could be fertilized, hatched, and carried out into the Sound. Should any sole be sent in the future, instead of wasting them by putting them at once in the sea, these fish could be kept and propagated, and from the parents of a few millions of young fish could be produced. Striped bass, Spanish mackerel, sheepshead, might all be experimented with in a very trifling cost, while the actual routine work of Cold Spring would be left to the State.

"All present on this pleasant visit, to many of whom fish-culture was a novelty, expressed themselves delighted with the progress made at Cold Spring, and the work done by Mr. E. G. Blackford and Mr. Fred Rice, who were highly commended. After a couple of hours spent in inspecting the hatchery the whole party partook of a luncheon at the house of Townsend Jones, Esq., a brother of the gentleman to whose liberality, in great part, the hatchery at Cold Spring is due. Both Commissioner Blackford and Mr. Mathew were very proud of the hatchery, and have great hopes of it, particularly because of the salt water facilities. They intend in a short time to have a constant supply of sea water, and the experiments that are

to follow will, doubtless, be extremely interesting. Striped bass, fresh mackerel and oysters will be experimented on, and from the unusual facilities great things are hoped for."

The Times of Sunday, March 18, again refers to the station and to the pleasure and interest of the party. The hatchery on Long Island, the new work of the New York State Commissioner, was the presence of several young girls, in the employ of the superintendent, who were lustily engaged in caring for the young fish. As there is nothing inhospitable about the place, and many of the ladies, with some common sense, being all that is necessary, women would be well adapted for this special work. Some of these days we may have a regular trained corps of "fish nurses."

SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Editor Forest and Stream.
I enclose you a letter which I have just written for the Manchester Mirror, which you may find of interest.

I have just returned from a visit to the State hatching house at Plymouth, which is in excellent condition and order under the careful management of Superintendent E. B. Hodge, who proves to be the "right man in the right place."

He has now in the trays 400,000 Atlantic salmon eggs, 125,000 of which were taken at the hatchery from salmon which went up the Merrimack last year, and the remainder came from Maine, being partly eggs donated by Massachusetts, and partly those procured by Prof. Baird, of the State Fish Commission. In addition to these he has 125,000 land-locked salmon eggs, 75,000 trout eggs, and 200,000 whitefish eggs, the latter also presented by Prof. Baird.

These, from all in private order, Mr. Hodge has introduced an improvement over previous practice by placing a large block of ice at the head of each trough, thereby cooling down the spring water to about the normal temperature of the water in the rivers and returning to the country after a month. Thus the trout are just coming to the hatching out of their shells. This will keep them all back till into May, when the waters in the brooks and rivers are in suitable condition to receive them.

Mr. Hodge also tells me that many salmon found suitable spawning beds below Plymouth last season, in the towns of Bridgewater and New Hampton, and confirms my statement that the Peabodys were in literally swarming with the young fry.

All the breeding trout in the ponds are looking well, and the young *Salmo trutta* are perfect beauties, and there is a vacant space saved in the hatching boxes for another lot of eggs, which are daily expected from California.

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the common perch, which the trout of the first season have also, disappear, as do the red spots, and at the end of the second summer the young fish assume the salmon coloring and is ready to seek sea water, or at least the majority of them; for from what we have noticed I am inclined to the opinion that some of the "smolts," as they are called in Great Britain, do not go down to the sea till the third season. Two years, at the least, may be taken as a "fixed fact," as John Tyler said.

Now let us review briefly the history of pisciculture on the Merrimack River for the last ten years. Penobscot eggs were introduced by the late Mr. New Hampshire and Massachusetts and planted in the Penigowasset in 1872 and 1873. In 1875 the whole plant was made in the Connecticut. In 1876 and 1876 more young fry were placed in the head waters of Merrimack, and here the labors of the State board of commissioners began, and I say the present board, as two out of three are still in office. In 1877 and 1878, no Penobscot eggs could be procured, and the commissioners were indebted to Professor Baird of the U. S. Fish Commission, for a supply of California eggs. These hatched out much earlier in the season, and were planted through the ice and probably froze to death or starved to death, as nothing has ever been heard of them since.

In 1878 the hatching house had been built at Plymouth and a few eggs were procured from salmon which had found their way up through the new fishways, and these were hatched at Plymouth in the spring of 1879, together with a fresh lot of California eggs, and the result was nearly a few from the Penobscot. Since then in 1880-81, there have been large and increasing plants of Penobscot and native Merrimack salmon.

From and after this coming spring we have every reason to expect the return of salmon in large numbers, and is the duty of every citizen of New Hampshire, as well as of every true sportsman, to protest most earnestly against any such turning loose of the "robbers of the river" again. In Massachusetts, through her legislators and commissioners, has acted most honorably in this whole matter. She has helped stock the river, she has built fishways, and she has passed laws against netting and seining, and her commissioners have endeavored most faithfully to carry them out, and are now fighting the same petition in the Legislature, and it is incumbent on New Hampshire, through her press, to come to her aid.

This is a long letter, but it is impossible to make it shorter, and I have omitted much that I should have liked to do. The fishways might, perhaps, be somewhat improved, but they are all right when there is an average amount of water in the river, and as all the salmon except one, which has been hatched at Plymouth, have been taken at night, it shows that the fish run at that time, when there is usually plenty of water over the dams and in the fishways.

Yours truly,
SAMUEL WEBBER.

BLACK BASS IN GERMANY.—A postal card from Mr. Eckardt, dropped at Southampton, England, February 24, announced his safe arrival there with all his fish. A private letter from Mr. Max von dem Borne, dated March 3, acknowledges the receipt of seven small-mouth and forty-four large-mouth black bass.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

March 30, 27 and 28, 1888.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club Bench Show, at Ottawa, Canada. Entries close March 12. Charles Lincoln, Superintendent.

April 3, 4 and 5, 1888.—Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Eleventh Annual Bench Show at Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries close March 19. Chas. Lincoln, Sup. of Entries; C. E. Ellen, Secretary.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1888.—Westchester Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square, New York City. Entries close April 13. Chas. Lincoln, Supl.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1888.—Eastern Field Trials (Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the "Masters' Stake," at the All-ages State, Nov. 1. W. A. Coeter, Secretary, Mathias, Long Island, N. Y.

December, 1888.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. Entries close, Secretary, J. Tompkins, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream Publishing Co.* and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

NATIONAL AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB DERBY.

THE following entries for the National Derby have been received since I published the last list:

96, FAN IV., Edward Armstrong, Gosnont, England, liver and white English setter dog, Jan. 7, 1883, Diamond—Slut II.

97, FAN, Edward Armstrong, Gosnont, England, liver and white English setter bitch, Jan. 7, 1883, Diamond—Slut II.

98, DRAB, Edward Armstrong, Gosnont, England, liver and white pointer bitch, Feb. 3, 1883, Bang II.—Jane.

D. BRYSON, Secretary.

A CLEVER RETRIEVER.

THE dog always has been a curious subject. It is petted by one and hated by another. Those who love won't hear anything but about his tricks, and those who hate won't hear him at all. A retriever's deary love is a good dog, and the following story is told of a retriever in his own graphic way in his handbook on the "Dog Dog":

"In the winter of 1871, after the season was over, I saw two excellent young dogs of the name of Gorse's sort, who were broken by an old servant of mine—merry, light-hearted and full of spirits at the kennel, or when first loosed from it; chasing their own tails, with arched backs, and half knocking over the pretty daughter of the keeper, who might have been the model for Frith and Ansell's famous picture, but subdued and sensible, and full of what Oxford tutors call "application" when sixteen-stone-five took down the gun, and accompanied me to see how much they knew of the rudiments of the trade.

"They can both go, sir," he said, "if you're minded; I can send which I like, and 'Other will wait her turn." I did not quite expect this, and yet seldom see it—once in five years, perhaps, and when you say a thing wrong, I take care to look a note of it, or, as collectors say, I "stick a pin through it."

A busy little spaniel went with us to push out the rabbits from some good piece of about ten acres, with wide ridges, cut in it, for the pretty keeper is rather slow upon a rabbit run—"for the bare life," and he can't, he says, "get on 'em at less than nine yards"—or couldn't—until he found out that as soon as a rabbit has crossed a ridge, he stops one or two seconds directly he is concealed, to listen and fix upon his next cast or scamper; so he said, "I shoots at the place, and there they are, white side uppermost, nine times in ten."

"Well, we went to compare the two, and in a couple of hours' light hunt in the old winter's sky, all three dogs behind, and when we got to the gorse he sent us Dussy, the little

cocker, a white one with a liver head, and flecked body, legs, and nose. But that her tail was barbarously shortened to about three inches she might have passed for one of Mr. Plincha's Butcher's. I was not, but was bought—as many a good one has been and will be—of tramps in the road just by, who, no doubt, "borrowed" her "hustled" in. I believe, the rogues' pleasant phrase, and while her owner was "hunting."

She divel under the thorns and gorse as though she liked it, and the keeper hit the rabbit as he squirmed from his concealment, but he dragged his hind legs along for shelter, and he looked and began waggling her apology for a tail, and the next encounter. "Which is it to be, sir?" said the breaker, touching his low-crowned hat, which fitted so tight and was so hard that he seldom took it off, except, as he said, to lady folks, or when he drank my good health, and then saw that the two young gorse puppies—were about nine months old—were both down-charging.

"Yet," I said, "for choice?"

The old man flipped his finger as he looked at her, and in she went.

"Call her back," I said, as I saw her feathering across the trail, "and send the other."

"Almost too much that, sir," he said, but he crooked his little finger, and put the edge of it to his mouth, and gave a shrill whistle—an achievement I could never learn—and back she came, but rather mortified. "Come behind, det," he continued, and signalled the other, and she went in, the other dropping steadily and obediently.

Presently there was a shrill squeak, and a rush in the bushes, and Rose vaulted over the gorse with the crippled rabbit alive in her mouth, and brought it to the keeper's hand.

"Think that 'ull do, sir?" said the feather-weight.

"Yes, my man," I said, "very well. Go on and prosper." And we parted, mutually satisfied.

THE NEW COCKER CLUB.—Ann Arbor, Mich., Feb. 27.

Editor Forest and Stream: Scarcely a week passes by that I do not receive letters from lovers of the dog who regard the new cocker organization, as well as earnest inquirers about what I consider the "true standard of the genuine cocker spaniel." In the columns of the *FOREST AND STREAM* I have read letters and articles on "Stoncherry." Now, I have throughout the works of "Stoncherry" does he attempt to describe, with any degree of accuracy, as to points and standard, the "genuine cocker," but on the contrary everywhere refers to the cocker as the "modern cocker," which he says "and that is the dog of the present day, the Sussex and clumber." Now if this is true, it follows that the cocker is nothing else than a mongrel. All spaniels ("except the Sussex and clumber") are, he says, tinged with the cocker, therefore all spaniels are mongrels. Now can any of us, who do profess to have an intelligent knowledge of what the true cocker is, and there are many who do believe that the cocker of the A. C. S. Club is not in accordance with that authority? If he is, it is not in accordance with the dog and the true cocker. Therefore, it is both our determination and duty to restore the cocker to his true position, and to disassociate him from the mongrel classes referred to. In doing this, there need be no injustice done either to "the modern field spaniel," which breeders are advancing to a distinct and useful family, nor to the other varieties of the spaniel that have to a great extent preserved their family identity.

Our aim, if I understand the sentiments of all who have corresponded with me, is to separate the different varieties of type, and isolate him from the other varieties to which he has given both character and prestige. This should bring all true lovers of the cocker together, and can have no deleterious effect upon the standard of the breed. Now can any of us, on the contrary, it will tend to purify and improve all classes of spaniels, and break up the confusion that exists at present on this chaos of spanielism. All the types will become more perfect, and the public will be interested in the preservation of his own strain.—SEXEX.

ESSEX COUNTY HUNT—SPRING MEETS.—Wednesday, March 21, 7 A. M., at the kennels; Saturday, March 24, 4 P. M., Mansion House, Montclair; Wednesday, March 28, 7:30 A. M., Glenridge (late Edgewood) Station; Saturday, March 31, 7:30 A. M., at the kennels. For particulars apply to Water Works, East Orange; Saturday, April 7, 4:30 P. M., residence A. F. Brown, Esq., Gates avenue, Montclair; Wednesday, April 11, 7:30 A. M., main entrance, Llewellyn Park; Saturday, April 14, 7:30 A. M., at the kennels. A. Heckscier, Esq., Orange, Wednesday, April 15, 7:30 A. M., Watnessing. For the accommodation of parties coming out from the city, arrangements have been made with the N. Y. & G. L. R. R. (Orange branch), to provide box cars for transporting and hunting parties to regular passenger trains on most days.—HAS. A. HECKSCIER, Master.

MERIDEN BENCH SHOW OF 1884.—Meriden, Conn., March 6. *Editor Forest and Stream:* At the annual meeting of the Meriden Poultry and Kennel Club held last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, L. E. Coe; First Vice-President, Chas. S. Sleeter; Second Vice-President, P. Stevenson, Jr.; Corresponding Secretary, Josiah Shute; Recording Secretary, W. H. Dickerson; Treasurer, W. H. Bell; Executive Committee, D. S. Marcham, A. G. Birdsall, J. F. Ives, P. J. Quigley; Superintendent of dogs, W. E. Miller. It was voted to hold our next annual exhibition of poultry and dogs in this city January 1, 2, 3, and 4, 1884.—JOSHUA SHUTE, Sec. Secretary.

VALUABLE DOGS FOR SALE.—Major G. R. Watkins, who will soon depart upon foreign cruise, offers his valuable setters Tom, Crook and Captain Dorset for sale. They will be exhibited at the Pittsburgh Show in care of Mr. E. S. Wannaker, who trained them. Tom and Crook have appeared so often in our columns of bench shows, and felt it right that the dog of this description here. Captain Dorset is a very handsome blue belton nearly two years old. He is pronounced by Mr. Wannaker to be a capital feeder and thoroughly trained. All are well bred and should readily find purchasers.

BEEF FLOUR FOR DOGS.—Having received a number of inquiries regarding the value of "beef flour" as food for dogs, all speak in high praise of it. We were especially impressed with it when we first saw it, and are pleased to learn that it has stood the test, as it supplies a want long felt among sportsmen for something of the kind that would enable them to properly care for their dogs when on their shooting excursions. Messrs. Von Lengerke & Detmold inform us that it is meeting with a good sale.

DOMINION OF CANADA KENNEL CLUB.—The second annual general meeting of the shareholders will be held in the city of Ottawa, on Tuesday, the 27th day of March, 1888, for the election of officers and directors for the ensuing year, and the transaction of other business.—B. H. G. VICARS, Secretary-Treasurer.

"VETERAN FOX-HUNTERS."—Charlottesville, P. E. I., March 7. *Editor Forest and Stream:* From childhood I have regarded Sanson as the champion fox-hunter. His speed and dash, and his ability to give the belt to a couple of dogs of Connecticut, who saw Sanson's 300 foxes and went 600 better.—D. L.

A NOTABLE CANINE VISITOR.—We received a call on Monday from the pure Laverack setter bitch Meg Merrilies, owned by Mr. H. F. Grant, Newport, Isle of Wight, England, who sends her to this country for the purpose of breeding her to Mr. Jas. H. Goodson's setter, or rather to her son, Mr. Goodsell's Don Juan. She is a racy-looking, handsome animal and is exceedingly well put together. The progeny from this union should be very fine.

THE PHILADELPHIA KENNEL CLUB.—We understand that there is a movement upon the part of quite a number of the sportsmen of Philadelphia to reorganize the Philadelphia Kennel Club. We trust that the effort will prove successful, and that we shall soon see the association assume its rightful place and again become a "power in the land."

THE HORNELL SPANIEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have purchased the interest of the associate members of the Hornell Spaniel Club, and am now sole proprietor. I propose to devote my time to breeding and showing, to exhibit occasionally.—J. OTIS FLETCHER (Hornellville, N. Y., March 15).

SAN FRANCISCO is to have a bench show next month.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

NO Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

SENECA, Boston, Mass.—This is not a rare occurrence; we know so readily.

C. H. B. Your description not full enough; may be the result of distemper. Show him to some medical friend.

G. E. M., Charleston, S. C.—Give three grains iodide of potassium in syrup three times daily and repeat result.

J. H. If the symptoms of any disease are vague, the color of the eye may be due to catarrh, in which case a cure can only be effected by an operation. Show him to an experienced oculist.

W. J. P., Sado, Mien.—Your description of symptoms is rather indistinct, a teaspoonful of nuxvomica may have the effect of salivating of pale every three hours for three days, and write us if no improvement takes place.

W. J. P., Sado, Mien.—Your dog is undoubtedly troubled with epilepsy, which may be caused by debility, nervousness, or by over-exercising just after feeding. Remove the cause and you will probably have the result you desire.

H. S., Jordan, N. Y.—Your account is not clear; for you say that the bowels are all right and regular, yet state that the passages are very bad and small. Clear the bowels with a dose of rhubarb, a teaspoonful of nuxvomica, and the medicine apply Herra's white diachylum ointment daily, and report again to us.

INQUIRER, Baltimore.—My setter puppy had a touch of the distemper about four months ago. Since then he has had a slobbering at the mouth, and has been unable to sleep soundly. What treatment would be best to cure him? He is eight months old and very well grown. Ans.—Look to the condition of his teeth. If he is otherwise well he will outgrow the slobbering tendency.

C. H. H., Bogota, Canada.—I. My bound dog, seven years old, is paralyzed in his hind quarters. What would be the best will cure him? 2. What is a scotch-hound? Ans. 1. It is impossible for us to say what caused this paralysis, or to prescribe for it without a minute description of the case. 2. A scotch-hound is a breed of dog that follows the track of game by the scent. The term is generally understood to refer to the bloodhound.

L. B., Falls Village.—I have a young English dog that about five months ago was taken with the distemper, and it left him twitching his legs. Some say he has the St. Anthony dance, and will never get over it. Can he be cured or not? Ans. Chorea following distemper is rare. See article on Chorea in *FOREST AND STREAM* Oct. 20, 1878, where treatment, etc., is given. Chorea and St. Anthony's St. Vitus's dance are the same.

W. J. P., Sado, Mien.—The teeth of the dog are affected with some kind of caries, the enamel of almost all the front teeth being destroyed in circles extending round them. This has been a yellowish matter, which has corroded. He is in good condition otherwise, keeping constipated. His food consists of mush, beef, and milk sometimes warm. Ans. The condition is probably caries, and if the teeth are not cured, he can be done except good feeding. Keep bowels free by diet of cornmeal mush, or a meal of raw liver when necessary.

DICK, Honey's Falls, N. Y.—About four weeks ago a small cocker spaniel puppy was perfectly well, and the morning following this first symptom he appeared quite stiff in the hind parts, and before the day closed he lost all control of his hind legs, and since then has been unable to get up, and has no sense of feeling in his legs; left leg was swollen for about one week; after swelling went down, he was unable to get up, and he has no sense of feeling in his body part; he has no sore spot on back or any part of his body. Ans. Your dog has myelitis or inflammation of the spinal cord; the treatment is rest, and if the disease is not cured, he will leave the dog unfit for field work. The trouble is often the sequel to a mild case of distemper.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication, notes correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

- 1. Color.
- 2. Name and residence of owner, buyer or seller.
- 3. Sex.
- 4. Age, or date of birth, of breeding or of dam.
- 5. Name of dam, if known.
- 6. Owner of dam.

All names must be *plainly* written. Communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column.
Cashu Ma Creech. By Mr. Herbert Smith, Philadelphia, Pa., for red Irish setter bitch, whelped Feb. 15, 1883, by champion Berkley out of Nora (Elcho—Firely). **BRED.**

See instructions at head of this column.
Geoprole—Faust. Dr. A. M. McCollon's lemon and white pointer bitch (Geoprole—Snaphool—Elf) to Missouri Kennel's champion Faust, Mr. Conness—Crotchet. Mr. T. Donogoo's lemon and white pointer bitch Conness to Mr. A. E. Godfrey's Crotchet (Bang—Jane), Mr. Dechess—Boanfort. Mr. Garrett Roach's (New York) champion pointer bitch Duchess (Semantion—Whiskey) to Mr. G. H. Nixon's publisher (Boy—Boat).
Clu—Dunstable. Mr. H. W. Huntington's (Brooklyn, N. Y.) black English greyhound bitch (Dunstable—Fan) to his imported dam, Mrs. A. G. Adair—Sudlower, Feb. 27.

Dieie Out—Euceman. Mr. M. B. Brown's (Auburn Court House, Va.) black and tan English setter bitch (Prince Royal—Clu).
Clu—White. Mr. Thomas D. Simpson's (Philadelphia, Pa.) black and tan Gordon setter bitch Mrs. Samuel G. Dixon's Pilot (Clu—White).
Daily—Crotchet. Mr. R. M. Lindsay's (Scranton, Pa.) lemon and white pointer bitch (Daily—June) to Mr. A. E. Godfrey's Crotchet (Bang—Jane), March 12.

Dora—Blythe Bob. Mr. Burr Hollis (Hornellville, N. Y.) liver and white spaniel bitch (Dora—Blythe) to the Hornell Spaniel Club's Blythe Bob (Prince—Beau's Sister), March 5.

Birdie—Hornell Bona. The Hornell Spaniel Club's liver cocker spaniel bitch Birdie (Don—Bir) to their Hornell Bona, March 11.

Jenny—Hornell Birdie. The Hornell Spaniel Club's imported black and white bitch Jenny (Buck—Eush) to their Hornell Dandy, March 17.

Hornell Buby—Hornell Dandy. The Hornell Spaniel Club's liver and white bitch Buby (Hornell—Lady) to their Hornell Dandy (Boonphins—Black Bess), Feb. 22.

Prin—Hornell Dandy. The Hornell Spaniel Club's liver and white spaniel bitch Prin (Which—Trimmer) to their Hornell Dandy, March 11.

Reveries—Hornell Dandy. The Hornell Spaniel Club's black and

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 - 5. Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic, 25
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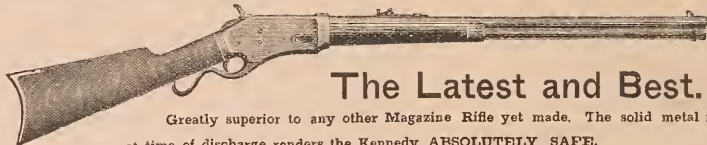
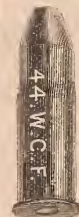
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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 29, 1888.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

THE NEED OF RANGE DATA.

TO revert to a subject on which the FOREST AND STREAM has before thought it necessary to speak, we would ask why it is not possible for our rifle associations to take more definite and active steps toward making more valuable reports upon the work accomplished on the several ranges.

It is not enough to have a mere clerk who can present an accurate copy of the score-sheets. That may be necessary enough for the determination of the prize lists. But that after all is but a small part of the field that should be covered by an association which pretends to be organized for "the encouragement of rifle practice." There is not that steady progress in the development of small arms which there should be met with when so many men give so much of their time to practice before the butts. Every shot fired is an atom of experience which it should be the endeavor of the controlling body to gather up for the use and guidance of succeeding riflemen.

It is not enough to say that this work of experiment and carefully noted trial will be carried on by private individuals or by rifle-making firms interested in securing good results. The best results cannot be reached in this way, and the trial of a decade shows that they are not. What are needed most just now are carefully condoned series of shooting trials, so that the riflemen going out to practice may know at least in what direction he may expect fruitful returns for his effort, and what he may not expect to find in other directions. The association will be able to make impartial trials, and the conclusions, whatever they may be, will be accepted on all sides as conclusive at least for the time being. By exploding many old and antiquated notions which still cling about the theory and art of gun and rifle shooting, the way will be cleared for progress in the right direction toward simplicity of mechanism and accuracy of result.

For example the amount of shooting which during

the past ten years has been done in different parts of this State by the members of the National Guard. Have any general conclusions been drawn from that practice? Has there been any compilation of results in such form that succeeding officials may find a fund of information awaiting them, drawn from the rich mine which the annual practice of nearly twenty thousand men opens? There are an abundance of figures, but they are useless records of what was accomplished by the hap-hazard system in vogue.

A small club devoting itself to this line of original research and test can do more for the advancement of the art of rifle-shooting than the richest and most extensive organization which aims only at merely gathering a number of shooters together to compete for prizes. The work now done is an important one. There must be grand field days, when in open matches opportunity is given for a careful and keen comparison of results. In this way different experimenters are enabled to air their theories and get the knock-down quietus of defeat or the encouraging indorsement of victory. But there are dozens of needed tests—of charges, of shells, of rifling, of holding, of powders, of wads, of bullets, of all the hundred et ceteras which enter into that most complex of results—a well-delivered bulleye. Such a series of tests should run over an entire season in order to gain the advantages of varying weather conditions; and when carried out by different individuals they include that personal equation without which factor tests are apt to become mere bench trials, and correspondingly misleading.

THE MAINE INDICTMENTS.

IN our issue of August 10, 1882, we called attention to the summer killing of moose in Maine by three parties who we stated were residents of Worcester. One of the three who were thus named, subsequently called at this office and explained—that the other two did not live in Worcester—which was certainly much to the credit of the sportsmen of that city. We do not know just how much more he had intended to explain, but we convinced him that we "had the papers" for our statements; which did away with the necessity of further explanation. By reference to our "Game Bag and Gun" columns, it will be learned that indictments have been found by the Grand Jury of Somerset county, Me., against the other two of the party named, as well as against their guide, for the very offense reported by us. Many other individuals have been indicted on similar charges, and the public is now given to understand that Messrs. Stillwell and Stanley, the Maine Game Commissioners, "mean business."

In addition to the parties against whom indictments have been presented, were many other offenders against the Maine game laws, who eagerly accepted the Commissioners' offer to allow a private settlement, and paid up their fines. We are glad that the detectives failed to discover evidence that the Hon. George F. Hoar, of Worcester, Mass., was present at the moose killing which has been somewhat freely coupled with his name during the past months. The publication of the names, given elsewhere, of which we have been in possession some time, will also relieve from worry several other gentlemen who have been quite oppressed by the thought that their good name might be tarnished by unfounded suspicions.

It is a pleasure to know that there is a gradual change of sentiment among sportsmen tourists, and this change is very largely due to the influence exerted by right-thinking men who annually carry their home principles with them into the woods. Among the Maine summer visitors are many individuals who have by persistent preaching and consistent living exerted an influence in behalf of respect for the game laws. Wholesale condemnation of Maine tourists is, therefore, most unjust.

THE GAME PROTECTORS.—We understand that the bill to increase the force of game protectors in this State to sixteen has been passed. The new law will put the wardens under the control of the Fish Commission, and there may be some possibility of making them do their duty. We have been unable to learn that any of the eight wardens, always excepting Mr. Dodge, have earned their salary, or a tithe of it. They have been unprofitable servants, and ought to be cast out of office. We hope to see Mr. Dodge reappointed, for he has proved himself to be an admirable man for the place, and if the fifteen others were like him game protection would mean something in this State. Special care should be taken in the appointment of these game wardens to supply officers at points where they are most needed. Long Island should not be neglected, nor the New York markets.

TROUT DAY.

THE legal opening of the trout season in the State of New York is the first day of April, which this year falls on Sunday. While many of the northern lakes and streams are still ice-bound, the streams of Long Island have been free of ice for a month, and the trout are feeding to make up for lost time. How many anglers from the city will visit the island it would be hard to say. The new penal code makes it an offense to fish on Sunday, and we hope that all our readers will strictly observe the law and wait until Monday morning.

Those who are fortunate enough to have friends who own preserved streams and are in possession of invitations to fish them are mortals to be envied. We have several such invitations but cannot accept them for a week or two yet, and it is this fact that disturbs our sleep and makes us thin of flesh. Long Island is the greatest trout country in the State. Its waters have always been filled with trout by reason of their coolness and their plentiful supply of food. To-day there are nearly two hundred private ponds and streams which afford excellent fishing, and also a few streams which have been open to the public for years, and are not yet fished out. The famous South Side Club has been adding to its preserves several new streams, which will be stocked from the abundant supply in ponds and lakes belonging to the club. Its members comprise some of the most prominent citizens of New York. Near Yaphank, the Suffolk Club has its grounds and its excellent fishing. Mr. Austin Corbin's, near Babylon, are well known, and here and at the ponds of Mr. W. Floyd Jones, at South Oyster Bay, President Arthur occasionally wets his fly. At Green River, near Sayville, are the preserves of Messrs. E. R. Wilbur and Charles F. Imbrie, which afford some wild trout fishing.

Beside these places where only invited guests may fish, there are other preserved waters where the angler may cast by paying for the privilege, usually about a dollar a pond for fish taken. There are Thompson's pond, at Nyoc, near Sag Harbor; Clapham's pond, at Roslyn; Seaman's, near Ridgewood; Carman's, at Amityville; Furman's, at Maspeth; Douglass's, at Huntington, and others.

The charge of a dollar a pound is certainly very reasonable and is less expensive than to go miles by railroad where the fishing is free. Of free fishing on the island there is little or none that is good. A few trout may be taken from Cedar Brook, near Baldwinville, the Fish Commission at Southtown, and in the streams at Mt. Desert, Vinal Haven, and Cape Cove, but they do not yield much and are not worth the number of rods and the expense which would be required to preserve them before the opening of the season.

CAVIAR.

THERE are many people who pretend to like caviar, and it is possible that a few may have forced themselves to relish the intensely salt or rancid preparation of sturgeon eggs called by this name. We believe the "delicacy" first came from Russia, and we can imagine that a native of Siberia, half Indian and half Esquimau, might find caviar a delightful change from whale's blubber and decayed seal. We have tasted caviar, and think that old rusty mackerel brine is nectar beside it.

The Germans pretend to love caviar, and Americans who have been abroad eat it before their friends to show their acquired taste contracted in foreign lands. We read in the *Deutsche Fischerei Zeitung* that some Germans have been making caviar from the eggs of the pike, and we wish them success in their search after a new source of supply of delicatessen. Shakespeare speaks of something which the general public cannot relish as being "caviar to the general." The hard is correct, as usual. Caviar is caviar, whether made of triple-salted rancid sturgeon eggs or of the ova of the pike flavored with seal blubber and stale mackerel brine.

To our friends who have not yet met this luxury we will say that at dinner, after the pudding, ice cream, cheese, nuts, figs and raisins have passed, you take a piece of toast about three inches square and cover it with a quarter-inch layer of something that looks like broken rice stewed in coal tar. On this you put a thick layer of finely-chopped raw onion and squeeze lemon over it. You raise it to your lips; you bite into it and roll your eyes heavenward and declare that you never tasted anything half so delicious before. At the first opportunity you slip down-stairs and take a quiet drink out of the kerosene can to get up a proper after-taste in your mouth.

Yes, the Germans have discovered a new source of caviar

in the pike, and don't we wish we had some of it. The memory of the caviar we have eaten comes over us like the recollections of an Arctic explorer when he thinks of the train oil he has swallowed.

THE MINNESOTA MOVEMENT.

THE sportsmen of Minnesota have become thoroughly aroused on the important subject of a more efficient conservation of their game supply, and have set about securing a better order of things. After a protracted struggle in the State Legislature they have succeeded in securing several amendments to the game laws, among the most important of which is a non-export clause, so worded that it is thought to be capable of standing the severest test in the courts. This law will provide a much-needed remedy for the traffic in game illegally killed out of season and shipped to Chicago markets, where the dealers are always willing to receive it, however unlawful may have been its capture. The sportsmen of Minnesota have expressed their determination to secure a stringent enforcement of the non-export law, and it is stated that the principal game dealers of the State will second their efforts.

The work of the game protectors will not, however, be confined to suppression of the illicit traffic in game. The Minnesota Sportsmen's Association, through its active and efficient secretary, Mr. W. S. Timberlake, has given notice that its members and agents throughout the State will report all violations of the game law, and the association's officers and counsel will prosecute the offenders in every instance.

We sincerely trust that the zeal of the gentlemen now interested may not abate; the need of well directed and persistent effort is great. All right-minded sportsmen, whether residents or non-residents, will indorse the present movement.

There has been in certain quarters a tendency to dory non-export game laws as wholly unconstitutional, but this criticism has come from a source which is not altogether above suspicion of being hampered by entangling alliances with the game dealers, and such opinions must consequently be taken for what they are worth, and no more.

FISHING AND SHOOTING ON SUNDAY.—The new Penal Code of New York, Section 265, prohibits "shooting, fishing, playing, horse-racing, gaming," etc., on Sunday. This was amended in the State Senate last week so that fishing is exempted from the forbidden pleasures; but an effort to also permit shooting and hunting failed. We have not at hand a record of the votes cast on this occasion, but it is probable that the city members of the Senate voted in favor of Sunday fishing, for the bait and hand-line fishermen of this city are numerous enough to be a power at the ballot-box; and a queer lot they are, too, but quiet and inoffensive. There is a very good reason why shooting should be prohibited on the Sabbath; for if it were not, there would be no peace for the dwellers in the vicinity of our large cities. The Sunday shooters would inaugurate a reign of terror, and the familiar feathered denizens of the Long Island banyard would become a *rara avis* in the land. Some of the other States need laws prohibiting Sunday shooting.

SOME PICTURES.—Mr. Charles Lauman, of Washington, the well-known traveler, author and artist, has completed a series of paintings of scenes on famous Canadian salmon rivers. Mr. Lannan's work is of a very high order of merit; his pictures are admirable, and fortunate will be the man who secures them. Mr. Charles Zimmerman, of St. Paul, Minn., who some years ago made a happy hit with his pictures, "The Tight Shell" and "Trying for a Double," has added to the series of duck-shooting scenes three other water-colors, "A Lost Opportunity," "Stopping an Incomer," and "A Side Shot." The pictures are well conceived and most happily executed; they will appeal at once to the duck-shooter, and cannot fail to add very greatly to Mr. Zimmerman's already pleasant reputation as a sportsman-artist.

ALASKA.—We are in receipt of the report of Captain J. A. Beardslee, U. S. Navy, relative to Alaskan affairs during his command of that Territory, on board the U. S. S. Jamestown. Capt. Beardslee justly won great credit for the admirable way in which he governed the Territory; and we are pleased to know that the wisdom of his course was appreciated at Washington. Our readers, who will recall the delightful letters from Alaska, contributed by Capt. Beardslee to the FOREST AND STREAM, will be interested in a perusal of the present report.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The announcement in our last issue has already brought in numerous responses, which signify the welcome to be accorded to the *American Kennel Register*. The initial number will be issued April 10, and all entries for it must be in hand by next Friday at the latest. We give details of the *Register* in our Kennel columns.

BIRDS OF MAINE.—The publication of Mr. Smith's notes, which has been interrupted by Judge Caton's very entertaining "Salmagundi," will be resumed in our next issue.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

V.—Nimrod with a Fish-rod.—Concluded.
CODFISH of several varieties swim over the various parts of the Arctic seas, no less than a quarter of a million being caught annually in Greenland alone. There is the larger variety similar to those on the "banks" of Newfoundland and elsewhere, but are only caught on the banks of the Arctic seas during the summer with hook and line. The smaller cod—the *obovate* of the Esquimaux, seems to be a more Arctic fish. My first personal contact with this variety was when I first encountered the Netschells of King William's Land in a little cove on the Adakids Peninsula. A short distance out on the ice of this cove were a number of holes dug through the ice, some fifteen or twenty, and at nearly every hole was a woman or child hauling out these herring-like cod as fast as they could put in their lines and pull them out. Their lines were made of the sinew stripped from the superficial dorsal muscles of the reindeer, their hooks being simply twisted bits of metal barbs, and depending upon the rapid hauling in of the line to retain the fish, a dexterity which they acquire to such a degree that they lose but few. Still, our barbed hooks excited their curiosity and desire so that they were fain to give us almost anything for them, but we were glad enough to exchange them for their rough ones of copper that had been crudely hammered from the sheeting stripped from the bottoms of Sir John Franklin's and other Arctic expeditions, and the wind would blow with a disagreeable strength the fishers would build a high snow wall on that side to protect them, and this could be varied in a minute or so to suit every varying gust of wind. Even the many dogs in sneaking around would make out to steal a good meal of fish in the course of the day.

One thought could not help impress itself upon me very forcibly. Right near this place was the spot where the last survivors of Sir John Franklin's ill-fated expedition perished from cold, hunger and scurvy, the terrible tripod of death that determined their destruction. Here they landed, some ten or fifteen in number, in the summer months, when the first cause was at its minimum, with the means of appeasing the second cause almost immediately, swimming in compass numbers under the very feet of the anchors, and the same being the means of curing the last in the next future. Man's life hangs on a thread, as the old proverb says, for it certainly hung on a fish-line in this case. The old women of the village pressed around us with their hands full of curious little pearl buttons that came from the head of the *oo-wahk*, wishing to trade them for needles and such material. There is also a large number of Eskimos, and in the Arctic seas caught by whites and natives. The large halibut often weigh a hundred pounds, and a few years ago some American ships went into the business of catching them on a commercial speculation, but I think it has failed. The little halibut is much fatter and sweeter, and is angled for in the ice-floors of Greenland, at depths of about 200 to 250 fathoms of water. In somewhat shallower water, in some places, are from 150 to 200 fatidoms, and the anchors will often obtain the "red fish," whose flesh is likewise rich in oil and good to the taste. The *netipok*, a fat little finny fellow, runs inshore during the spring to spawn, and then those natives lucky enough to be in the course of their "run" can live off of them for a couple of weeks or more.

The northern capelin is a fish that warms the un sportsmanlike soul of the native from its great abundance when it does come, and may in a dried state in winter time, says Dr. Hink frequently be said to have constituted the daily bread of the natives. They are actually shoveled on shore for a month during the running season in the spring by the help of nets and seines and strewn over the rocks of the beach like manure over a field. The natives of Greenland do not catch much less than a thousand tons per year, especially if the season be successful.

There is one tribe of Esquimaux, and only one tribe, that my journeys brought me in contact with, who may be said to live upon fish, or, at least, it is their principal diet. I refer to the *Oo-que-sik* Sô-lik Esquimaux, who live on the largest branch of Back's Great Fish River, the *Koo-ri-ook*, about forty miles from its mouth, and at the Dangerous Rapids at the mouth of Back's River. At the former place, on the *Koo-ri-ook*, there is a long series of rapids in the river, and when the ice breaks up and is clear of the river, about July the salmon commence to ascend, and they are speared by the hundreds by the fishermen, who holdy wade through the rushing torrent until a good standing place is found.

Their fishing spears are about ten to twelve feet long, in the inch and a half shaft, and at the lower end is placed a sharp-pointed spike about four inches in length, generally made of copper. Two flaring pieces of horn are bound to the shaft, and at each one of the free extremities of these pieces is a metal spike bent back like a barb, the points of the three spikes nearly touching and at about equal angular distances from each other. When thrust over a salmon in the water the central spike pierces his back, the two outer ones flaring over his sides until they are pulled up, when the elasticity of the musk-ox horn-progs drives them into his sides and there is a long series of rapid jerks, and he dies with deadly certainty until he is thrown upon the land. The women and children then clean them, and they are placed to dry on double rows of reindeer sinew strings, drawn from one rock to another and back. When dried it is packed in sealskin bags for winter use, and even as late as May, when we visited them, they had a tolerable supply of *pisces*, as they call it, among them.

Those at the Dangerous Rapids, beside the salmon, catch a herring-like fish which they call *oo-wahk-sik-luk*, and as it comes later in the year they have no time to dry it, and pile or *cache* it away in pens of rocks looking like huge granite beehives often as high as they can reach. Late as they are caught, they have plenty of time to acquire that taint so characteristic of stale fish, and so much is this killed by freezing, and so generous is the benefit of thawing, that the raw frozen fish are decidedly a luxury as a diet compared with those that are cooked. This is true of all tainted meats, vast quantities of which are devoured by the natives throughout these regions. Taken in large quantities sickness supervenes, accompanied by a practical nausea, and cases often occur of death from this cause when driven to it by necessity, or indulging in it too freely under other circumstances. Out of 4,770 deaths among the Esquimaux of Greenland, 36 were poisoned by putrid meat, 16 of putrid

fever, probably brought on by this cause, and 73 of complaints of the stomach, 33 of vomiting, of which over half would die of this cause, if my experience among them should hold good in the case of the natives.

Colonel Gillet was fain to compare tainted walrus meat to Limburger cheese, and certainly when meats so perfectly marbled with interstitial fat as that of the walrusmeat is it more that of the rancidity of old cheese than a true putrefaction; but no such claims rest with any of the true fishes, even in the cold zones of the Arctic, although we are anxious to caution ourselves to this diet in homopoeitic doses. In small shallow streams the natives select a place, on the bank, and build an oblique dam across, open for about a yard on either end and inclining to the axis of the stream at an acute angle as the length of the ripples will allow so as to keep the dam within them. After the *oo-wahk-sik-luk* have passed up the stream the upper opening is closed and a large number of natives getting on the up stream side of the sheet of fish frighten them into returning down the stream where they must pass through the lower opening of the wing dam. This dam is continued along the bank for some distance, if there be one, or the water is directed out into a basin if there is none and in either case the fish are piled into a place so thick they are raked out with a large wooden rake on the bank and from thence deposited in the large earthen pits, and eaten through the winter.

But the principle of the polar fish is the same, and it is impossible to get as much sport out of him here as in the temperate zones, owing to the ice, which bars such sport for the greater portion of the year. They are caught by means of holes cut through the ice, and the amount of satisfaction derived is about equal to that of pike or pickerel fishing under the same circumstances. Whenever the native traveler goes to the water he always takes a dog, he always makes allowance for fishing by making a hole in the ice, and enough to draw through this icy avenue the largest salmon that may perchance be swimming in that lake. He sometimes gets deceived in this calculation. I was once on the upper surface of seven or eight feet of ice, with a twelve-inch salmon on the under, separated by a ten-inch hole and connected by the strongest kind of sinew line and stout Limerick fish-hook. My efforts to get together were finally crowned with success by one of the natives, who enlarged the hole in the ice with the chisel. These holes are dug with two instruments, the ice chisel consisting of a bayonet, a mortising chisel, a sword point or such like instrument fastened on the end of a ten or twelve-foot pole about two inches in diameter, and an ice scoop, consisting of a saddle holding about a pint, made of the splayed base of a ten-foot wooden pole. The hole is dug about a foot or eight or ten inches in diameter, and cut as deep with the chisel, and its contents removed with the scoop, and this alternating process kept up until the water is reached, which wells up to nearly a level with the upper surface of the ice.

A REMINISCENCE OF UTAH.

HAVING seen but very little in the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the game of Utah, it is the purpose of the writer to mention some of the small game that can be found in certain portions of the Territory. While from a strictly scientific standpoint, the matter presented may not be very instructive, the perusal of this article may be the means of giving some slight information regarding the section of the country referred to.

In the northwestern corner of Utah, about thirty-five miles from the Nevada line and twenty-five from the Idaho line, is the Rosebud Mining District, and it was the good fortune (or otherwise) of the writer to spend nearly a year in this camp. It is right on the borders of the "Great American Desert," and close by the old emigrant trail, over which so many poor pilgrims have passed their weary way during the great excitement of the Pacific coast. The camp proper is situated in the foot hills of the Goose Creek range of mountains, and the district extends to the Raft River Range.

During the year the writer sojourned in the land of the Mormon, he had plenty of spare time to ramble over the hills and mountains, and so was enabled to gain a very good insight into the ways of the inhabitants, birds and quadruped. Many very laughable affairs happened in the West, and many strange sights and scenes are always in the memory of those who have dwelt in the mountains. A person meets strange characters, in fact all those one meets are strange, for it is not the common kind that emigrates West. They stay at home and do as their fathers did before them, and in many respects they are very different from his brothers (it may be more utterly so than his) in that matter, he is different) who strikes out for himself, and wanders forth into the world seeking his fortune by land and sea. And among these men you will find characters that it only needs the hands and brain of a Dickens to make as immortal as the characters to which the great novelist has given life. We of "Rosebud Camp" had our characters, with so many more pilgrims headed their way, but I will not attempt to enter into any description of the mines or mining of the region, suffice it to say, that as far as the writer knows the camp is at this time deserted, for though there seemed to be plenty of good indications and great quantities of rich lode, no one has been able to strike out of the desert, and it was in the fall of the year when the writer "struck" the "camp" in the morning of what proved to be a very rainy day. After having ridden twenty-five miles on horseback, getting thoroughly damp, to say the least, he spent the night on the floor of an empty building, vainly trying to keep warm with one pair of blankets. It was cold enough to snow, too, so one can imagine that his introduction to the Rosebud was not so pleasant. He had some disagreeable things to have an ending, and after a month or so I was very happily situated in a little house of my own, where I had two bed rooms and an office.

My first experience in the way of shooting was the pursuit of what we called "mountain hare." I am at a loss to classify the animal. Baird gives a number of hares that seem to me the same thing, and I imagine to my regret that the naturalist is in the same dilemma. The mountain hare in Utah has to those Baird describes as the prairie hare (*Lepus yesteris*) is its taking a white fur in the winter. You will be out in the hills to-day, and a hare will jump up from beneath a little bush with its suit of gray and dirty white, and at night the snow falls; the next day you start the same hare—and lo and behold! he is white. No doubt the chances are not so sudden, but it really seems so, and the transition back to the summer garb is done as quickly. The

are very large, and I have seen some of them whose backs appeared as broad as that of a lamb as they went hopping up the hillside. They frequent the high foot-hills, and I never found them below the best hills, where the real plain commenced. When started from their form they hop off very awkwardly, as though one leg was in very bad shape; and if not shot at, or but slightly startled, they will stop after going a little way and sit up. By keeping quiet and following slowly the possible way down them around and to get near enough to shoot. They seem to skulk and dodge, especially when among the low mountain cedars. But start them by shooting at them, or scare them in some way, and then see them go! Their great long ears will flatten out on their backs, and nothing but a streak of white can be seen lying along the ground—and such jumps! I have started them down a hillside, where the snow lay so that their tracks could be seen, and the distance they would cover with one leap was prodigious. For fear, however, that some may say, "That's another Western yarn," I will not venture to name any exact distance.

The hares are not very hard to kill, excepting in the winter, when their coat is very thick, and then it will stop short in certain ways. But one or two shots in the right place will do the work, and I have killed them at quite long distances with No. 5 and No. 6 shot. They are good eating, and our fresh meat ran low. I would take my gun, saddle fork and bridle, and have my horse and a good cook would stuff and roast, and serve hot. Charley D., the party who boarded the men, would help himself liberally and then remark: "Rabbit is pretty good chuck, if you hear me." I used to think something that the men did not agree with him, especially when the price of table board was \$7.50 per week. They probably thought it was too dear eating.

Poor Charley, he needed money badly, and I for my part did not begrudge him what he could make. He had been in the army and came out crippled with rheumatism. He spent a year in bed and got up with his body four inches shorter than when he lay down. His shoulders were all hunched up and his internal organs crowded together. It was with difficulty that he could walk in the rarified air of the camp, and he would have to stop and rest every few minutes when climbing the hill near his house. We were only about 1000 feet above the sea level. He had done a great deal of work and had drifted West to Oregon, then back to Utah. Here he started a little store and boarding house. While the camp lasted he did well, and would have "made his pile" if the thing had not "petered." From Utah he went to Idaho, and was one of the few who ever made any money on the placer claims on Snake River. He sold out there and went to the Wood River country, and this winter wrote that he had "made his pile," and now was going to rest and take care of himself. The next mail brought the news of his death. This is only one of many sad cases—the best years of a man's life thrown away searching for that which he never lives to enjoy. Charley was a good, whole-souled fellow, and many a pleasant trip we had together. He would mount my pony with his shotgun while I would tramp alongside, and off we would go for the "jacks" on the plain.

Although Charley was nearly a cripple, he was a good shot with rifle, shotgun or pistol, especially with the latter. When he first struck camp he was possessed of a little .22-caliber Smith & Wesson revolver, which in that country, as anywhere in the West for that matter, is laughed at as "no good." So the boys used to "devil" Charley about his "pop." One day one of the boys had just purchased a fine black stouch hat of the best quality, and extra large brim, and a coat of the same. Charley was laughing about Charley's pistol and said that "he would just as soon let him shoot at him twenty-five yards off." Charley said that "he did not want to shoot at him, but he would bet he could hit his hat." So the fellow put up the hat, thinking at the worst it would only be a hole the size of a pea if it was hit. Charley took aim and fired away. The hat was inspected, and it was found that by chance the ball had just struck the crown of the hat, and it was cracked, cutting a slit in it like a knife had ripped it. The hat was then returned, and "the lugh that followed can be imagined, and the poor chap had to buy a new hat and "set 'em up" for the boys, while Charley afterward was allowed a little peace about his "pop."

The "jacks" that we used to hunt were "jack rabbits"—that is we called them—whether they were the genuine "Texas hare" (*Lepus arizonae*) I am at a loss to state. Still I think from Bart's description that they are the same. They were not as large as the mountain hare, nor so good eating, and they lived principally on the white sage, and their flesh tasted at times very strongly. There was a species of sage which was known locally as "rabbit brush," which seemed to be a favorite food; and wherever it was found there the "jacks" would be in abundance. Near Kelson, Utah, on the stage road into Idaho, there is a patch of this brush, and here the ground seemed to be alive with rabbits. I had heard wonderful stories of the number to be seen, but was inclined to be skeptical. At last I visited the locality and I saw more rabbits in one day than I ever saw before in my life. They would jump up from beneath your feet, in front, to the right, to the left, and all around you, until it seemed as if the whole plain were nothing but jumping, hopping rabbits. No doubt that there are other sections of the West where they are as plenty, but I never saw such a sight before nor since.

It was quite the thing to get up rabbit-shooting parties in Kelson and to go out and kill a wagonload. It was no trick to shoot them there, but where they are less plenty it is good sport, for a little excited the jack rabbit is anything but slow. The coyote will pick them up, it is said, but I won't vouch for it. I know that nothing in the shape of a dog that I ever saw, excepting the greyhound, has any business with a rabbit. One of the best dogs I ever saw was evidently a cross of several breeds, but he was a great runner for a cur. This dog rejoiced in the name of Quartz, like Mark Twain's "cat," and was a great character. Quartz would follow his master when he went to work, and if the work happened to be near the surface, he would sit and watch the men put in a blast. When the fuse was set on fire, he would retire with the men and wait eagerly for the shot to off. As the first sound of the blast was heard, Quartz would get right among the falling rocks and dirt, and if the shaft happened to be where the rocks would roll down hill, he would start after them and try to pick them up. Many a narrow escape did Quartz have from falling rocks, but he seemed to bear a charmed life and always just escaped. He would sometimes follow the wagon to town, and on the way would tackle every "jack" that started along the roadside. Sometimes the "jack" would take the road,

and then we were treated to as pretty a sight of a "stern chase" as one would care to see. Quartz would just about hold his own for the first hundred yards, then in spite of his most strenuous efforts would begin to "get left." When the rabbit had increased his lead a little more, Quartz would come back, wag his tail, and look at us as if saying, "Didn't I make him run; just wait till next time and then see me catch him." Then he would trot along quietly until the next "jack" got up, when the performance would be repeated. Quartz was ambitious, but he never "got there."

Sometimes when I did not care to ramble far with my gun, I would go just back of my cabin into a deep gulch or cañon, and walk slowly up through it, watching sharply for the little cotton-tail rabbit, which inhabited the cracks and crevices in the rocks. These rabbits were evidently the same species as the gray rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*) by Baird, and resemble the rabbit I used to shoot and trap at home in New Jersey when a boy. Though they average smaller, they are better eating than the larger rabbits and hares of the mountains, probably because they feed on other things besides sage. They inhabit rocky places, and though I have seen them on the plains, it was always near rocks or among stones of some kind.

There was still another kind of rabbit that I used to bag occasionally. This was known locally as the "brush rabbit," but I cannot find anything mentioned among the rabbits in any of the books I have read. I have never seen one, but I think it is not a genuine rabbit. I always found them in the larger sage brush, near water. They lived in burrows. Hair was dark brown, ears short; general appearance that of a small cotton-tail, excepting color and ears. However, I used to shoot them and then helped them, so if they are not rabbits, they are at least not a poisonous article, as I live to tell the tale.

Among other kinds of game that frequented the locality was the sage hen (*Circus cyaneus arizonensis*). They lived during the fall and winter would come in quite large flocks and alight on the bare hillsides where nothing but a very small stunted sage brush grew. The leaves of this plant, however, seem to be the chief food of the sage hen. They are not a hard bird to approach, except in very windy weather; still as a general thing a person can not walk right on to them. By keeping out of sight most of the time, so as not to attract attention, a person can get very close to a flock. I have stood in my cabin door and heard the whistling of the wings of a flock as they flew to some hill a half mile or so away. Taking my gun, which always hung in my room ready for use, I would start for the hill. If the birds were on top of it I would go up some gulch where I could keep partially hidden; but if they were on the side I would go up the opposite side and circle round until I came on to the flock. This was generally easy work, as the hills were flat and the birds were tame. They were very tame, seldom rise until I was within shooting distance. Once in a while, however, I would "get left," and before I got in sight would hear the roaring of their wings as they went off for another hill. A little patience and a good deal of "leg work" would generally get the birds, however. After they were secured they did not amount to much for the table, especially if they were old and the winter nearly gone. They were rarely so fat. But if young and killed early in the fall they are not so bad. These birds were very long, as I learned to my cost. I shipped two East to have them mounted for a scientific society. It was winter and I thought they would go through all right, but they arrived "too ripe" for use.

Up in the pine, some distance back of camp, one could find the blue grouse (*Tetrao obscurus*), but they were not plenty. Over the range on the "Goose Creek" side the country was more thickly timbered, not an acre of heavy timber there were more plenty. I did not get over the range, therefore my acquaintance with this bird was limited—for I saw very few of them on our side of the mountains.

About four miles from camp at the foot of the main range was the head of a small stream called Rosebud Creek. In the high grass and weeds near the wet ground was quite a resort of the sharp-tailed grouse (*Pediculario phasianus*) or as we called them, "yellow-billed" birds. These birds I never found away from springs or streams, that is at any distance. They will lie in the grass quietly until tickled up, and at times a person will walk nearly over them. They are not hard to kill, and it is good sport shooting them. Their size compares favorably with that of the partridge of Michigan, though I do not think they will average as large. I used to go over to the creek after grouse, and while there would call out a chucker who lived in a cabin on his banks. This man was known as "Whisky Bill," "Cock-eyed Bill" and "Preacher Bill." The first two names I could account for, for whisky was a "strong hold" with Bill, and one of his eyes was a little crooked; but the "Preacher" part I cannot explain. This party was a little short man, seemingly shorter than he was, as his head sat right on his shoulders without any neck to speak of. He had been all over the West; was a trapper, stage-driver, pony express rider, miner and I don't know what else. He would come to camp after flour and supplies, borrow all the books, papers, etc., he could find, shoulder his gunny sack and tramp back to his lonely cabin, where he would stay all alone for days and sometimes weeks. He was a great reader. One winter when trapping in the Rocky Mountains, he ran out of everything readable excepting an old Bible, which by some strange chance happened to be in the cabin. This he read through and was the last man ever to pick a quarrel or have any trouble with anyone; but he was not afraid of being shot, as was proved by a rather laughable incident that occurred in "town."

One day Bill borrowed a mule and went to town (a railroad station), and there, in due course became gloriously drunk. When it became time for him to go home, he sought the mule and was trying to mount the beast. Just as he was about to do so, a man who had been with him once with a revolver, the balls singing very near Bill's ear, but he did not seem to notice the shooting. One of the crowd helped him to hoard his mule, and he sailed off, colors flying. Whether it took a long time for an idea to work itself through his muddled brain, or whether the ride home sharpened his faculties, no one knows, but the next day Bill appeared in town, still "full," as he had taken a supply of the creature with him, and after he had made up his mule, he hunted for the man who had done the shooting. Rolling up to him in an unsteady way, he began in his peculiar nasal tone with, "Say, look'er Gassy, I want to know who in—I—er was shootin' at, and yer want to be keerful. If yer want to shoot at me, why all right; ain't any objections. But don't shoot towards that mule agin, for you might hit the mule, and he ain't mine; so mind,

don't do it agin," and off he went, satisfied that if there was any more shooting the borrowed mule would be respected.

Of all the mean, contemptible animals that roam the Western plains and mountains, the coyote (*Canis latrans*) is the meanest. We had a fair supply near and around our camp. Some quiet, "stilly" evening after all had retired and were "sleeping the sleep of the just," a sound would be heard like the wail of a lost spirit, then another like the yell of a maniac, then a succession of horrid sounds, until it would seem as if pandemonium had broken loose among the devils, great and small, were holding high carnival over the happy event. A person not acquainted with the character of the beasts would imagine that at least fifty of them were in camp, when three, or at most four, was the extent of the gang. It was not often that we got a shot at Mr. Coyote. He would always "hob up serenely" when we did not have our guns handy. Charley had a few chickens for a short time, but coyotes love chickens, and Charley's died young. Scraps of meat and anything in the line of eatables were cleaned up nicely by these scavengers, and many other things which a person would not imagine they would touch would likewise be gobbled.

On clear bright mornings, when the wagon would start for "town," it would not go more than a half a mile from camp, when away off to the right or left would be heard a yell, and in a moment another in reply from some other direction. It then would be necessary to stop a moment or two away two or more coyotes would be following, to pick up the excrement dropped by the horses. We had a good joke on my brother while he was with us. One day he went to "town," with Charley after a load of supplies; and they did not start to return to camp until nearly night. It was dark before they were home, and as they had a load J. was walking to lighten the pull over a bad place. He fell behind a little way and presently looked behind him. There, right at his heels, were, as he supposed, two dogs. Charley had stopped to allow J. to catch up, and as the latter reached the wagon, he said: "Whose dogs are these, Charley? Charley glanced back and burst out: 'Dogs! hang it man, those are coyotes.'" J. climbed on the wagon and roled the rest of the way. Not that he was afraid, but then the roads were good. The wolves had been attracted by the smell of meat, and were following the scent. There was not the slightest chance of their being dangerous to them, but it made his brother go to find the brute at his heels.

The principal way coyotes are hunted is with poison. The offal of slaughter pens is doped with strychnine, and as they always hang around such places a good many are captured. Another method is to take a good stout stake, bore holes in it and fill them with lard and poison. The wolves will lick out the lard little by little, and lie down and die. I have heard of instances where coyotes would band together to attack the lard and even man, but I suppose that these accounts are true, at least I have no good reason to doubt them; but I personally never saw more than three or four coyotes together at one time, and they were anything but bold. Dogs and coyotes will interbreed and some of the dogs that follow the Shoshone Indians around can hardly be distinguished from coyotes. They are a hungry, sneaking, mean-looking lot.

There were a few foxes about our camp, but it was not often that we could get sight of one; and I only succeeded in getting a shot once, and then the distance was too great for the fine shot used. They were the prairie foxes (*Vulpes macrotis*), and they are a beautiful animal.

A description of the game of our camp would be incomplete did I fail to mention the animal known as the mule. Many may think a mule queer game, but I can assure them there is much game in a mule; and though plenty of game is made of the restive mule, there is nothing more so more. It is a subject without limit, for "yes, verily," no man can comprehend the vagaries of the mule's character, especially of the Western mule. I believe that the further West one travels the more mullish he finds the mule. Here is a little incident to illustrate this point: We had hired a man to haul some lumber, etc., from the C. P. R. R. to camp. His team consisted of six animals—three horses and three mules. The freighter, who was a patient, straitlaced, things out and hit Moll a cut with his blacksnake. Then he stepped back, and yelled this time directly at the obstinate one, "Stand up, Moll." But Moll shook her head as if to say "couldn't think of it," and stood still. P.—the freighter—then walked up, and with the butt of his whip gave Moll a fine training, but it was of no use, so she would not. I stood watching the proceedings, wondering what would come next. P. unbuttoned the harness (Moll meantime started like a lamb and looking as innocent as a baby), and getting a large lash rope from the wagon fastened it to Moll's neck; and after leading her quietly to the rear of the heavy wagon, he tied her head down as near the wheel as he could. Then he took off his coat and vest, laid down his hat and threw his braces back. Walking to the woodpile he picked out a slab about five feet long and an inch or two thick, and with one hand he beat that mule for fully five minutes. Then he took her back, and put her in the harness; and she—pulled—no, sir, not much! Out she came again, and once more back to the wheel. Some more medicine. To vary the dose this time, the butt of the heavy blacksnake was applied over her head; this seemed to have some effect, as she began to hang her head and shake it. Putting the harness to her once more, P. stepped back, and put on the lard and yelled "Stand up, Moll." The freighter, who was a patient, straitlaced, things out and hit Moll a cut with his blacksnake. Then he stepped back, and yelled this time directly at the obstinate one, "Stand up, Moll." But Moll shook her head as if to say "couldn't think of it," and stood still. P.—the freighter—then walked up, and with the butt of his whip gave Moll a fine training, but it was of no use, so she would not. I stood watching the proceedings, wondering what would come next. 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Rocky Mountains is "Pacific Coast" to the people there. It is always the "Coast" and the "States," speaking of East and West. A person from the East would be at a loss to understand the jargon of a mining camp west of the Rockies. It is bad enough East, but not to be compared with that on the western slope. "Chinook," Spanish, Indian and English all mixed, and queer are the expressive used. A person always employs the most common or shortest words that will convey the meaning. Did Longfellow write that? Why, the danged old fool, he oughter not to have said, "I could tell him mur'n he ever d'raimed off;" and we all thought he could, as he had lived with them. Poor old Jake; these same "danged" "Tujons" got him at last, and from all I could ever find out his bones lie bleaching in some quiet nook in the fastnesses of the Big Horn Mountains. And some others went in prospecting and never came out, and as the Sioux were "bad" at that time, it was easy to account for it.

I must relate a little incident showing how "Chinook" is used in the far West to express thoughts that to one East would seem out of place spoken in the jargon. Charley D., when in Oregon, attended Sunday school, and some of the "Webb-foot" maidens were in his class. The lesson was on the crucifixion and the question was, "What did the Jews do to Jesus?" For an instant no one answered, the teacher felt unaccountably, and looking forward eagerly, shouted out, "They manloosed him" ("manulosee" is to kill in "Chinook").

I could relate many stories, but I am afraid it would tire the general reader, as all do not take the interest in the West and its ways that the few do who have had a little experience themselves.

The glory of Rosebud has departed and the human inhabitants thereof have scattered far and wide. The grave has claimed its share and the "boys" will never meet again on this earth. The unpleasant events which occurred we will try to forget. The pleasant memories of the past we will cherish, and as they are brought to our minds while living a different life amid strangely different scenes we will think of Rosebud city in all its glory, blooming like its name-sake in the dreary fastness of its mountain home.

PRAIRIE DOG.

THE LAST OF THE GROUSE.

"CAN you drive over here for our last hurrying of the birds to-morrow, before we go south," wrote the son of a neighboring land a few days ago, and keeping the invitation he backed by pleasant company at least fair sport, I most willingly set back an acceptance by the mounted gillie, whose horse was pawing the gravel outside the porch of the Highland lodge which formed my temporary abode, while his rider compared the recent "bags" of rival estates in the broadest Galic with our own keeper.

Looking out of my window the following morning the prospect was wondrous fine. All the higher spurs of the rugged neighboring mountains lay shrouded in snow where a few hours before they had been green and fertile. Truly the hind of winter was coming down upon the land and in a little time even the few still occupied shooting lodges would be bare and empty of their summer pilgrims. But we judge things as they affect ourselves, and the snow would make little difference to-day, since it was confined to the higher ranges, while our working ground for the time would be on comparatively low-lying moorland.

Breakfast over, myself and "J." climbed into the waiting dog-cart, in which guns with cartridges *quantum suff.* were ready stowed away, and tucking in the wolfskin rugs, for an autumn morning in the Highlands before the sun is over the hills tops is none too warm, J. picked up the ribbons, flicked the sleek-coated chestnut and away we went down the drive, our cigars aglow and our minds full of pleasant anticipations.

Half an hour's sharp trotting brought us to the beginning of the long avenue which led to our entertainer's noble mansion, where arriving we had a hearty Highland welcome from him and his assembled guests; but the hour being already somewhat late, the necessary introductions were hurried over, and then, as usual, following the head keeper down a winding path into the hills below the house.

The morning was lovely, cold and clear as could be wished, while our "fighting line," winding through a deep forest of firs, was really a picturesque sight. First went the keeper in his national dress, a man of strength and stature, and an awe to all the poachers far or near; then our host, P., discussing the merits of a new trout fly with an Assuan tea planter, R., whose gun, carried over his shoulder, had recently been dealing out death and destruction to snipe on the plains of Northern India, on their heels came our host's son talking to "Uncle P.," as he called that relative of his, and two cousins, both in Athole tartans. These, myself, J. and one other young laird made up the party. We wound down the narrow path in single file, the occasional gleams of sunshine breaking into the cool shade of the forest to gladden the eye, and the bushes and trees, some of which had having dipped into a lovely Glen, thick with amber fern and silver birches, we crossed a rocky torrent bed, scaled the opposite bank, and soon found ourselves by a thatched cottage, where keepers with numerous dogs in leash awaited our arrival.

Now chaff and fun had to be given up, for we were about to begin the serious business of the day, and our host, an unwearied hunter, led the way, across a patch of rocky ground, through a gap in a stone wall, and there we were on the breezy hillside, knee deep in heather, breathing such nectar as dwellers in towns never dream of, with in front a limitless expanse of mountain and moorland undisturbed as far as the eye could see by a trace of civilization. "Can this mighty, uninhabited expanse be in the overcrowded British Isles?" wondered, but my host sniffed the great of battles afar off, and stopped all musing by an imperative "Come along!"

Our first position was behind a broken-down stone wall, where the keeper dropped us some seventy-five yards apart, and with our faces all to the eastward whence the birds were to be driven up. This turned out to be but a poor sort of cover, for though the wall in front of each shooter had been built up to serve him the better, yet to be so placed it was necessary to raise the cover down, either of which positions are fatal to good, rapid shooting. The best screen

in driving game is always found to be one that comes up to the neck of the shooter when standing, thus allowing him to turn rapidly and giving him a clear shot in every direction. We occupied our "marks," such as they were, and making ourselves comfortable awaited in silence the arrival of the first bird, amusing ourselves meanwhile with our delightful surroundings—numberless mountains fringing in an amphitheatrical of purple moor, all rugged and grand, some just tipped with snow at the highest points, and gleaming silver where the sun lay upon them, and purple in the shadows of the ravines. The wind from these snow-fields, now that we had no trees to shelter us, was as cool and fresh as it could be, sweeping over the wide expanse of moors, and bringing to our ears the far away bleat of mountain sheep, or the melancholy whistle of a plover, whose sharp cry could be heard from a distance of several miles. But the sun was warm overhead, and our pipes smoked fragrantly, so we waited with contentment for the battle to commence. Presently a distant shout comes floating to us, and the guns all down the line are to be seen directly on the *qui vive*; cartridges are hastily arranged, caps nervously "cramped" down on their wearers' heads, and all eyes are directed over the wall to get a wider view of the plain in front; and soon the grouse comes down the slope of the line, and the last man on chine, and his gun immediately breaks the silence of the hills, the white puff of smoke sailing away over the heather to leeward. Then some black game go over to the right under a regular fusillade from the batteries down there, and it becomes obvious that though we cannot see them, yet the beaters are all among the birds down the hill slope.

Soon my turn comes, and I see R. making signs to me under cover of his ambush and taking a peep at the moor in front; there is a large covey coming "dead" for my stand. It is always an exciting moment, even to those who think little of driving as a legitimate sport. The birds appear skimming lightly over the tops of the heather, seeming almost stationary for some time though traveling at a great pace, and being dead or nearly so out of them, but the second or two and they are within forty yards, and as my gun speaks the forenoon bird drops, the others going at such a pace as on such near acquaintance as we are now seems fearful, rise to clear the wall, passing overhead like meteors, in another second are retreating over the heather behind the line. I fired again, R. fired, my brother fired, and the coming of the last bird, who stood in my stand, died by me, and to our astonishment, when we thought it was all over, "Uncle P.," far away down the line, also sent a couple of charges of shot up in our direction, but without bagging either any of us or of the grouse.

We get a few more shots and then the beaters arrive, the retrievers are unslipped, the shin picked up, after which we walk in line over some rough ground where the dogs find a wounded bird or two and put up a lowland hare which our host says in good style.

At the next broken-down dyke we disperse again to our posts, spending the interval, while the beaters walk round the moor, in adding to the screens as our fancy suggests, and making our seats comfortable in the manner set by our luxurious friend the Assuan planter, whose first care at every stand is a springy seat, or a heater, on which to stand, and a pipe by me, and to our astonishment, when we thought it was all over, "Uncle P.," far away down the line, also sent a couple of charges of shot up in our direction, but without bagging either any of us or of the grouse.

The cannoning is soon brisk up and down the line—the two young gentlemen in tartans getting a little "off their heads" with excitement, and showing themselves freely to great mistake in grouse driving, sweep the neighborhood by their well-served guns, while "Uncle P.," who, by a judicious and philanthropical foresight of the head keeper, is always their companion, far away down on the left, also gets a "wee bit duff," burning much powder with great satisfaction to himself but little effect on the bag. We up in the center, however, behave ourselves with decorum, never firing at any bird, but our own, and carefully noting a general note of where such of them as we may bring down will be found when the beaters come up. I have heard of this latter matter being settled in a very cut-and-dried manner with the help of a pencil and sheet of cardboard, the latter being divided by lines into quarters, with a circle where the divisions meet in the center to represent the stand; the shooter carries a supply of paper, and divides the ground into quarters, and drives into imaginary quarters, marks with the pencil as nearly as he can the vicinity of every bird, as he brings it down, on the sheet of paper—a cross for dead birds and a dot for probable manners, this record being handed over to the keepers when they come up; an arrangement, I fear, which, though it may read well enough, would need a shooter as many-minded as Cæsar to carry out in the heat of the fight. By the time the sun high up in the sky points to a little past midday, being all more than ready for lunch, we seek a sheltered nook, cut deep through the moor by the ceaseless labors of a sparkling streamlet, where, on a broad, sunny rock well out of the wind, we find luncheon spread and our host's charming daughter in the neatest and most reasonable of costumes ready to welcome us, while the big man in his side mantle hill and valley, and the two young gentlemen, until a sign from his master's hand informs him we are lawful intruders, when he forthwith subsides into the heather.

It is by no means the worst part of the day, the provender is ample and varied, cold grouse pies, flanked by such salads as must surely have grown in celestial kitchen gardens, a sirlon of the finest stalled beef, pastry of fairy lightness, and the drink magnificent, all in her side mantle hill and valley, and the two young gentlemen, until a sign from his master's hand informs him we are lawful intruders, when he forthwith subsides into the heather.

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But after twenty minutes or so there comes a shout mel-

lowed by distance echoing over the corrie, and soon a devoted band of little brown birds are on the wing coming along all in a bunch. "They come nearer and are just within long range, the cock bird leading and the rest 'twinkling' over the heather behind him, when the report of the gun of some impetuous individual, whom we have no time to see, disturbs the stillness, and as the covey breaks up to right and left we all get our chances, thinning their numbers sadly until they are out of shot behind us.

Other drives follow, bringing up the bag to a very respectable total considering the lateness of the season, but so much alike in the details of the slaughter of the unsuspicious little brown birds "butchered to make a Roman holiday," that it would be but tedious to narrate them all, and then we have finished the final beat and troop homeward as the sun sets, not quite so early as in the morning but well pleased with the day's shooting. "Nor are our consciences, whatever the tender-hearted may suppose, overhardened with the manner of our sport, for we feel that at this time of year we could not have got near the birds in any other way, and finally, as our entertainer remarks with a sigh, handing his gun to the keeper, "It is the last beating they will get until next August."

LONDON, England.

Natural History.

A SALMAGUNDI OF NATURAL HISTORY.

In Two Parts—PART II.

By JOHN DEAN CATON, LL.D.

A FEW minutes before the appointed time the Major made his appearance, smoking his corn-cob pipe charged with the strongest kind of native tobacco, and took his seat in the place which he occupied yesterday. He puffed away with an energy which seemed to say, that he would do in this year what he had done in the last. The boys came running up from all directions as if they feared they might lose a single word, and there were a number of larger growth gathered with the rest.

Presently the Major knocked the ashes from his pipe, which he carefully placed in his pocket and began:

"Good morning, young gentlemen, and I hope you will always conduct yourselves as to deserve that appellation. And you are prompt to the time—promptness in all things is of the highest importance, especially in meeting appointments. I have strong hopes for those who get up in the morning betimes and are alive and prompt all day.

"I hope you have well couched over what I told you yesterday so that you remember it all. If I could only know this of half of you I should feel richly rewarded for my trouble and feel encouraged to go on with the lesson—and the hopes of your fond mamma might not be altogether groundless. Let me see—where was I? O, yes, I now remember. We were at Lake Gratiot, which is on the easterly side of the Kewanan Peninsula, which juts far out into Lake Superior. There are many of these beautiful little lakes in that Lake Superior country, and Lake Gratiot is the only one I have ever seen which did not abound in brook trout. The shores are thickly bed with springs and in many of them the springs boil up in the bottoms, which you can see to a great depth through the clear water where the ever restless white sand is perpetually dancing as if it tries to lay still and could not for a single moment. Such places are the paradises for the brook trout, where they gather about in great numbers, and hold their solemn meetings. They usually lay quite still, and feel wanting their food, and then they start up and chase around as if there was a fiddler among them. It looks, however, like a grave council of sachems, rather than a dance of young folks, but you frighten them once and as quick as a flash of lightning they will disappear, many of them in that boiling sand, and I don't know but they go down to the very bottoms of those great boiling springs, and there they stay for a long time, and after a still rain, but they will reappear, one by one, and finally the meeting will be called to order again.

"One curious thing is that most of the trout in a lake are nearly of the same size. I have caught a string of twenty that would not vary an ounce in the weight of each, but sometime you will take an old patriarch of four or five pounds that will fight you like a buffalo bull, and make you as sick as you can get, and then you are not up to the work, will smash it for you—but this is uncommon.

"Again you may take a little fellow that has strayed away from his mamma, but that is more uncommon still. The fingerlings are found mostly in the running streams which generally head in some of the little lakes—while the old fellows go on their travels—and bring up in Lake Superior, though I have sometimes caught a few in the same lake fine strings of small trout by throwing, but from the gravelly beach, while the larger ones hang about the rocky bluffs not far from shore, and the blacker the rocks the more likely you are to find the big trout. But they do not stay in the big lake all the time after they go there. I once saw a big school of trout run out of the lake up into the Huron River, and strange to say, they changed their color very soon after.

"Now all the trout you take in Lake Superior are of a silvery white color, while those you take in the streams are of a very dark color, even the beautiful red on the belly and fins has a dark, clouded shade.

"The reason of this is very plain. The lake waters are as clear as crystal and colorless, while the waters of every river I ever saw which empties into the Great Lake are stained to a wine color, no doubt by vegetable matter. They are cold and tasteless, and quite transparent, and as pleasant to drink as fresh spring water, and, but for the color, you would declare them perfectly pure; and the fact that brook trout abound in them is convincing proof that they are practically pure. The coloring matter seems to be held in solution rather than in suspension, and seems to be perfectly innocent of harm.

"The trout in the little head lakes are not as white as those in Lake Superior, although the water seems as colorless; nor yet are they as dark as those found in the colored streams. It may be they change their quarters frequently in search of food.

"But the remarkable uniformity of size in a given lake remains to be accounted for, and it may be that I can't do it very satisfactorily, but will make a guess which you may think is better than you can do for you like.

"This trout, although he is so very beautiful, is still a cannibal, especially when rations run short—will enjoy a breakfast of his own babies. I am sorry to say such bad things of my beautiful favorite, but why shouldn't he love

trout, if we do, and beside, families get so scattered there that no one knows who his father is, and so vice versa, and who knows but that it is such delicate food that makes them so toothsome a dish for us. If Patii can improve her voice by singing on a long line, why may not a trout improve his flavor by eating choice morsels?

"Well, the foud mammas, knowing the danger, keep the youngerlings down the stream, where there are so many good hiding places, till they get large enough to take care of themselves, or it may be, to help themselves to a younger brother, when they get off on voyages of discovery in large schools of the same age, and bring up in the little lakes. Sometime, no doubt, a little fellow plays truant and messes off to the lake, but he is soon gobbled up. I dare he has time to practice on a fly or a baited hook. Now if this explanation don't suit you, then find a better one for yourselves.

But I slid away from the gallinippers onto the brook trout without knowing it. Well, I am glad of it. We had been so long among those horrid massagers, and slab-sided hogs, and the pesky gallinippers, that it made me sick, and I had to go to something beautiful and charming just to settle my nerves. But even God made those quail-like things, no doubt, though I never could find it out, and it was necessary, you should know something of them to qualify you for the greatness before you, if you answer the hopes of your dear mammas, and I'll try to do my share in the discouraging job, even if it does make me sick."

"But, Major," called out a tall grout, stripling, who had seemed particularly interested in the trout question, "you started out all right with the prairie chickens and the deer, which I don't call prairie chickens, but did you ever swished off into another track, which runs you into a nest of vipers, where you floundered along till it made us all shudder with their ugliness. Now, can't you top off where you began and make us feel a little more jolly at the end?"

"Good for you, my darling," responded the Major, "There is some hope for a lad that loves the beautiful in nature and dislikes the ugly, if God did make them all; and I will give you my doubts about the surpents. But let the preachers settle that if they can."

"Yes, yes, get back to the prairie chickens and the deer, where we began; and I only wish I had time to tell you about the wild turkey, too, whose plumage is the gayest, glittering with the softest and the most charming colors, exquisitely blended, of all American birds, not even excepting the humming bird. I have seen hundreds of them in a flock within a few miles of where we are now. In the fall the old birds strut about, and raise their feathers till they looked as big as a barrel, and you would think they must burst with pride and self-importance, and you could hear them gobble in a continual chorus full a mile away; and then they would fight. O my! It was the battle of the Wilderness over again, where the Grants and the Lees fought for the mastery. But we must leave them for another time.

The prairie chicken is not a very beautiful bird, but he is good all the same. He is not a smart bird. Indeed, he is much troubled with a disease which often afflicts boys, called 'the poos.' They haven't sense enough to go south to warmer countries in cold winters, but hang around here and freeze and starve to death, when they could fly in a single day to where they could make themselves comfortable. Although they generally make short flights, they can fly for miles at a time if they choose, as I have seen them do.

In cold weather they expose themselves by sitting on ground on fences and trees where the wind can get a fair rake at them, while in warm weather they always sleep on the ground under some big leaf on the prairie where they can't get a breath of fresh air, and where all the varmints in the country can easily find them. They always make their nests on the ground, where the snakes and such are hunting for them, and if a nest escapes them it may be drowned out by floods, for they are apt to select a low ground for their nesting places, in very low water the water is always exposed a short crop of chickens. If they would only select safe nesting places, like the crow or the blue jay they would multiply faster than rabbits, for they are good layers and good setters, and I never found an addled egg in a nest after the brood had left it. The eggs are small, and the average number set upon may be from twelve to sixteen, but they are exposed to many casualties which very young, but when they are ten days old they can fly pretty smartly, and can take some care of themselves.

"These prairie birds are, however, funny fellows, sometime. The spring of the year is the season of courtship with them, and it doesn't last all the year round as it does with humans, and they do it in rather a loud way, too. And instead of taking the evening for it as many people are inclined to do, they take the early morning for it. Early in the morning as soon as the day dawns you may see them assemble in parties, from a dozen to fifty, together on some big dry knolls, where the grass is short, and their goings on would make you laugh, if you could. The cock birds have a loose patch of naked, yellow skin on each side of the neck just below the head, and above these on either side just where the head joins the neck are a few long black feathers, which ordinarily lay backward on the neck, but which when excited they can pitch straight forward. Those yellow naked patches on either side of the neck cover snaks, which they can blow up like a bladder whenever they are angry. These are their ornaments, which they display to the best advantage before the gentler sex at these love feasts. This they do by blowing up these air sacks till they look like two ripe oranges on each side of the neck, projecting their long black ears right forward, ruffling up all the feathers of the body, till they stand out straight, and dropping their wings to the ground, and then they look just lovely, as you can't find a maiden more so, as they cast side glances at them, full of admiration and of love.

"Then it is that the proud cock, in order to complete his triumph, will rush forward at his best speed for two or three rods through the midst of the love-sick damsels, pouring out as he goes a booming noise, almost a hoarse roar, only more subdued, which may be heard for at least two miles or so still morning air. This heavy booming sound is by no means harsh or unpleasant to the contrary, it is soft and even harmonious. When standing in the open prairie at early dawn listening to hundreds of different voices, pitched on different keys, coming from every direction, and from various distances, the listener is rather soothed than excited. If this sound is heavier than the deep key notes of a large organ it is much softer, though vastly more powerful, and may be heard at a much greater distance. One who has heard such a concert can never after think or forget it."

"Every few minutes this display repeated itself, but not only one, but more than twenty cocks going through

this funny operatic act once, but then they seem careful not to run against each other, for they have not yet got to the fighting point. After a little while the lady birds begin to show an interest in the proceedings by moving about quickly a few yards at a time, and then standing still a short time. When these operations are completed by a large number of birds at a time, it presents a funny sight, and you can easily think they are moving to the measure of music.

"The party breaks up when the sun is half an hour high, to be repeated the next morning and every morning for a week or two before all make satisfactory matches. It is toward the latter part of the love season that the fighting takes place among the cocks, probably by two who have fallen in love with the same sweethearts, whose modesty prevents them from selecting between them.

"These birds can't smell enough to tell a roscobud from a polecat. I guess their eyesight is pretty fair, and they know just enough to fly when they are badly scared—sometimes. When they do get up they fly straight away with a very rapid motion of the wings and a whirring noise, which will raise every individual hair on your head if they get up near you and you are not expecting it. They are an easy mark for the sportsman and are very welcome to the table.

"They have been confined in the woods, and used to catch them in box traps and confine them in loose pens made of poles, where they would eat and fatten well, and the hens would lay their eggs in the spring, but were not inclined to set upon and hatch them. I believe they could be easily domesticated with proper management.

"The winter of 1832 was the hardest winter ever known in this country within the memory or tradition of the oldest Indian. The snow was four feet deep all over the north half of this State, and it was a great year for me. This was very bad for both deer and prairie birds. Not one in a thousand lived to see the naked ground again. In 1833 I marched with my regiment across the Grand Prairie, and we did not start a single head of either. Before the big snow, hundreds, or more of them, would have been started. By 1835 on the same route, many were met with, and in 1838 they were as abundant as ever, and the deer were everywhere. For instance, I have been over three years, and the white settlers only killed a few for their own use. In that year I counted over sixty in one drove, only sixteen miles from Chicago, and you could cross a prairie nowhere without jumping a deer. The Indians were never hard on the prairie chickens. Not but that they wanted them, but they could not get them in paying quantities. They could not smell them out like a pointer dog, and they never tried to shoot them on the wing, so the birds had it pretty much their own way.

"But the deer! The deer, the most beautiful of all living things—barring the ladies, which I only do for politeness's sake. His graceful form, his light and elastic step, his bounding leaps as he rushes through the forest or over the plain, his mild, bright eye and majestic mien as he stands in the running stream, form a combination of fascinating charms in no other animal brought together. If that aesthetic fellow who has lately been roaming through this country milking the gentle folks could see one wild deer in his uncheeked freedom, he would surely expire with delight or say, 'I will look no further for the beautiful.' How I ever had the heart to kill one of these I cannot tell, and yet I never felt a self-reproach, while I never ceased to admire. Surely we are strange combinations of inconsistencies.

"The deer has some peculiarities which I may mention: In the first place they have no gall sack on the liver. This is true of all the deer family, and so one wild deer in this remarkable, is that vegetable poisons have no effect upon them. For instance, the deer will grow fat on the green laurel, while a single mouthful will kill a sheep.

"A deer will eat tobacco whenever he can get it, and probably he would grow fat if he could get enough of it. Offer the first tame deer you meet with some tobacco, and you will surely make him your friend. Whether this is so with natural poisons, I do not know, I reckon it is not. I feel very confident that he would as likely be effected upon venomous bites, like the log. He has as great an antipathy against the massager as any good Christian. Any man worthy of the name, even if he is going for a doctor, will stop to kill a massager, and so will a deer. I once saw a prairie buck loping over the prairie, as if he was to a great smart hury, when he stopped suddenly and turned his head to windward. Presently he began stopping along, as carefully as if he was walking on eggs, looking intently over every foot of ground before him with a very sharp eyesight.

"I say, Major," cried out a freckled-faced, shock-headed and sandy-haired graced-looking stripling who had stood for an hour, one bare foot resting on the other, where he had balanced himself with great precision, "did that old buck tell you what doctor he was going for, or what member of his family was sick?"

"The Major looked and looked at the impertinent youth for an instant, and said: "Boys, take that sickly looking youth home at once and put him to bed with hot blocks to his feet, and ice to his head. He is in great danger and prompt remedies should be applied." It was evident the sympathy of the crowd was with the Major, who had so often interested and instructed them. The boy was hustled out of the ring in a trice, and when all became quiet again the instructor proceeded:

"As I was saying, that deer stopped short in his tracks, turned his head to windward and sniffed the air for half a minute, and then turned in that direction and stepped along very lightly and cautiously, looking intently before him. Now you must know that the deer has not a very sharp eyesight, though his eyes look as if he could look right through a board fence, but his senses of hearing and smelling are sharp enough to make up, and more too. He can smell an enemy further off than he can see him, and he can hear the breaking of a twig or the rustle of a leaf, at an astonishing distance, and tell by the sound what caused it.

"Presently that buck stopped stock still, and looked intently at some object a little way before him, with his neck curved down for a few seconds, and then jumped high in the air and lit about six feet away upon all four feet bunched together, and took a full run, like a rail, or a mallard, ten feet, and then turned his head to look at the tracks where he had struck. After a short survey he pursued his way as if nothing had happened. I might have shot that deer, but I wouldn't—no, not much, though I was in want of meat bad. I well knew the Christian work he had been doing and felt like shaking hands with him as a brother. I would have starved before hurting a hair of his hide.

"After he had gone on (for the doctor it may be) I went up to see the tracks he had made, and sure enough there lay

the mashed remains of a big massager, which looked as if he had been run through a sausage mill. Those four double hoofs, almost as sharp as bay knives, loaded with about 180 pounds of venison, had just cut the thing all to pieces. There wasn't a piece left big enough to wiggle.

"Now, who shall say that a deer hasn't got sense and courage as well as beauty? I could spend a whole day in telling you of incidents that would bear this, and if his argument wasn't so toothsome and nourishing I just think it would be a sin to kill him. I never killed one unless I needed the meat, or somebody else did, and when I killed him I loved him still.

"I must write a cook book some day just to tell how many ways venison can be cooked, each one better than another. I will only speak of one now which is not mentioned in the latest almanacs. Take the spare-rib of a deer, pulp it on one end of a sharpened stick, and stick the other end of the stick in the ground, leaning it toward the fire, sprinkling it with a little salt and red pepper, or, in want of these, use clean hickory or maple ashes lightly. Half a dozen of these at the back side of your camp-fire will be ornamental, and in the morning you will find them useful. Go to your cellar or hemlock bows and sleep till an hour before daylight. Then get up and you will just hanker to pick those bones. Go to the woods, and in the first streak of light, listen to the concert of the squirrels and the birds as they awaken to greet the morning light, and if you keep still and look sharp you may see a big-horned buck, or a doe and her fawn, on their morning walk, and now, boys, I think we have said enough for one day, so let's go home and get our dinners and tell your mammas you have been to school."

"Stay, Major," called out an intelligent-looking lad, who had been attentively listening in silence the whole time. "Tell me about that pilot plant that you signited to cross this valley."

"Well, I will," said the Major, "for it won't take long. There are two plants that grow abundantly on the wild prairies which indicate to the observing traveler the cardinal points, or the points of the compass, unless, indeed, he is completely turned round, when he may take north for south and east for west. Hence these are indifferently called the compass plants or pilot plants. Both are of the sunflower family, and have flowers like it, only smaller. One is also called the rosin or turpentine weed [*Siphonium laciniatum*—Ep.], and is the most abundant. While it is met with on the high rolling prairies, it grows most luxuriantly on low ground, where it sometime occupies the ground to the exclusion of all other plants. It only seeds once in four or five years, when a stout seed stalk shoots up, from four to eight feet high, with a fuzzy coat, with small leaves shooting out occasionally along its course. This stalk is saturated with a gummy fluid strongly resembling the sap of the pine tree in smell and taste. Wherever a stalk is broken or the bark fractured this substance exudes, and as it dries it crystallizes in drops from the size of a shot to that of a half-ounce bullet. It is as clear as amber. The children of the period used to gather it in considerable quantities and used it for chewing gum, for which it is the best known substance. It cleans the teeth and gums of all kinds of parasites and keeps the breath sweet, and breath and promotes general health. That explains why it was that all the log cabin girls of former days had such beautiful pearly teeth, as white as the snow and as sound as a rootabaga. You can tell one of those log cabin girls by her teeth yet whenever you meet her, and it is all owing to the prairie gum, but remember they could only gather much of it once in four or five years, so they had to lay in a good supply at intervals. They used to cut the roots extensively, which, if you could get them, would be a very high price, for that would a girl give for beautiful teeth, provided she is of any account herself.

"Horses eating prairie hay never have the leaves, and the leaves of the pilot plant, more or less of which is found in all wild upland hay, have the credit of this. The leaves of this plant grow out in a bunch of from five to twenty, close to the ground. They are from four to twenty inches long, with a strong center rib and deeply serrated edges. The center is called the fingered-leaf pilot plant. The fingers in the middle of this leaf may be six inches or more long and two inches wide, and the indentations between them reach to within an inch of the center stem. These leaves spring from the roots, which are large and of a soft, woody, fibrous structure. They are readily cut off by the breaking plow, and die at once.

"The other pilot plant [*Siphonium teretifolium*—Ep.] is of the same family, but differs from the first in several particulars. It has a large palmate leaf with finely notched edges. It may be from ten to fourteen inches long and half as wide. It widens gradually from the bottom to one-third its length, and then gradually diminishes in width to a point at the end. It, too, springs from the root, which is smaller than the other. It, too, secretes a resinous substance, but is much less rich than the first. It has the resinous odor, but it does not exude in sufficient quantity to crystallize, and so no gum is gathered from it. Its bearing years occur more frequently than those of the other resin weeds—a very few of both will be found in fruit every year. Its fruit stem is longer and more slender, and is as smooth and glassy as if finely polished. It is much more tenacious of life and will bear transplanting. It grows on drier ground and not in such dense bodies, but is scattered over the high prairie. Of the first number, the roots and the roots were found clustered together, especially on the higher grounds, sending up a dozen or twenty seed stalks in a cluster, which when in bloom may be seen at a great distance.

"I once took a friend, who had just arrived from the East and was supposed to be far gone with the consumption, out riding. The road passed through a large field of the rosin weed in full bloom, and almost as dense as a field of wild roses. It was some distance from the road, and I had a delightful resinous perfume. Directly we entered this field, covered all over with a golden mantle high above our heads, he drew a long breath, and requested me to stop, saying that he could now breathe freer and fuller than he had for a long time. He seemed to be in positive delight as he freely inhaled that healing atmosphere. Every pleasant day after, I took him to the same place, with the same result. He began to improve immediately, and in a month's time felt so well that he began to look about for business. That was thirty-five years ago, and he has never complained of his lungs since that healing, and is a well now. That the fragrance of the rosin weed is soothing and healing to weak lungs I am certain, and I have no doubt the same is true of chewing the gum."

"But how about the compass part of it, Major?" cried out a lad who was evidently becoming impatient at so much detail.

"Yes, and that is the best," said the Major. "It is these clusters of large leaves, springing right from the ground as described, which point the course. Their edges point to the north and south, and their sides face to the east and west. This is not so with all of them, and perhaps not with any of them exactly; so that if you depend upon any single leaf you would surely be misled. This is their condition approximately, all or nearly all varying somewhat to the right or left of the true course. But with out error correct another and take the average, and the true north and south are pointed out exactly. I speak of what I know, for I have often set my compass and studied carefully cluster after cluster of these leaves, and of both kinds, and always with the same result. It is not necessary to study minutely every leaf in order to determine the right course. The moment the eye rests upon a cluster of leaves it almost intuitively calculates the average and determines the course."

"I could tell you some marvelous stories of the results from observing these plants, but I have told enough for one day, and so we will declare school dismissed."

As the Major arose from his seat and turned away he saw me writing on a barrel-head just behind him, where I had taken down every word he had said.

"A chief's name, your father's notes."

"And faith he will, Major, with your leave," said the scribe. "It was too good to lose. It was throwing pearls before swine."

"Not so, my friend," rejoined the Major. "There is sure to be some one or more among those boys that has it in him to make his mark in the world, and what I say may whet his appetite to seek for more knowledge. You ask my advice and then do as you like. You are a pesky set after all. If a man has a little wits at night, why, then, in his sleep you will have every word of it in the paper the next morning. At any rate leave out those big things I said in the fore part of my talk. I had to put them in to get the boys' attention."

"No, no, Major," said the reporter, "that would spoil it. Those were exaggerations, and too understood by everybody. When we say a million, we are simply understood to mean a great many."

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"No, no, Major," said the reporter, "that would spoil it. Those were exaggerations, and too understood by everybody. When we say a million, we are simply understood to mean a great many. When you told how you were handicapped by the massagers, you only told that they are very plenty and ugly, and strike at everything that comes within their reach, and either from the form of their fangs or viciousness they are apt to hang on when they do bite. Now this I well know to be true. I once had a pointer dog was ranging through the prairie at a good pace, when he suddenly reared up and threw up his head violently, and up went a massager more than four feet into the air. He had bitten the dog in the cheek when he was on the run, and it took a violent jerk to throw him off. And then, too, was proved the efficacy of that rattlesnake weed which did you such good service on that trying occasion. I took in the dog and drove to a cabin about half a mile away, dog in one of that root which grew within a hundred feet of the house, and he was all right in some ten minutes, and the dog with a pint of it, and bound the rest onto the wound as a poultice. By this time the head was swollen large enough for two heads, and very soon the dog was in a comatose state, and so continued for ten hours, when I went to bed never expecting to see that dog again alive. When I looked out of the window the next morning I was rejoiced to see the dog running about apparently as well as ever, and he never after showed any sign of the injury he had received. So you see you were only telling simple truths, though in strong language, no doubt. But, Major, I do think it was rather hard on the boys to have to chew the roots for that big poultice. Certainly if there were any demercks about there with which they could have brused them."

"Not so," said the Major. "By mixing the root with human saliva its efficacy was increased. Have you yet to learn that human saliva has wonderful remedial effects in certain conditions, while it is actually poisonous in others. It may be taken into the stomach not only with impunity, but is absolutely essential to the healthy action of that organ, while it is poisonous if taken into the circulation; such is the case also with the virus of a rattlesnake. You may suck the poison from the wound made by the rattlesnake with perfect impunity, if then the new place in the mouth, and indeed that is the best thing to do, can be done quickly. Human saliva counteracts or neutralizes other poisons similar to itself. Hence it is that it so quickly relieves the pain of a mosquito bite or even a bee sting. It is an excellent remedy for all cutaneous irritation, and still it is hurtful if it gets into the circulation. I have heard of several cases where most serious consequences have resulted from human bites, and if a virulent poison had been introduced into the blood. Indeed, miasmas and lues can be caught in the blood, and undergo precisely the same change when brought in contact with human saliva that they do when touched by the virus of the viper. I expect it will not be long before the scientists will prove us all to be only an improved breed of vipers, and that our bites should be equally avoided. I think I have seen people who are not much improved in the breeding either."

"Thank you, Major," I said, "I now see why you made the boys chew that root poultice. As to the gallinipper hairpins, if that was an exaggeration it only amounted to the statement that they have fearful long and stout bills, which is undeniably true. You made them pretty large, to be sure, when you made fish bait of them, but—"

"Stop there," cried the Major, "that was true in fact, for Jim Boal did catch a fine yellow perch in Gratio Lake with one of your bait, and we could not have caught a whole mess of them only we would have had to bait the hook every time, which made it too slow for them when they were ready to almost jump out of water at any thing."

"As for that old saw, I admit I made her rather thin when I forced her through a three-inch space, but all that breed were mighty thin and slab-sided. I know I made her a better-smucker hunter than they would average, but everybody knows they went for them as if they both hated and loved them."

"I don't know of any thing else that I have said that needs any explanation or qualification, so I will bid you a good day, hoping that you may live long and prosper."

SNOW BUNTINGS IN A TREE.—Not to be outdone by "Taxidermist" in your issue of March 8, I want to report what I saw last evening. On Monday we had a fall of about a foot of snow, and since then snow buntings have been more plenty than at any time during the winter. Wanting some specimens, I went out on Wednesday, but succeeded in getting only two good ones. After business hours yesterday I went over the same ground and did not see a bird until I

had got inside the city limits, when I saw a flock of fifteen birds, and on getting near them I saw they were horned larks. Not waiting any, I thought I would so have shot one, but I could not get them and watch them. When within about four rods, on looking beyond then I saw a flock of 200 or 300 birds, and as they seemed to be more restless than the larks, I concluded they were buntings. I passed the larks without disturbing them, and when within good gunshot they took wing, and I fired one charge of No. 12 shot among them, killing one and winging another. After securing them, I went on and winging another. After securing them, I saw that the larks took about fifteen or twenty rods and alighted again. I retraced my steps to take another look at them, when to my surprise I saw the buntings retrace and alight among them. I shot among them as they got up, killing one lark, one bunting and winging another. The larks flew from me, while the buntings passed by me, crossing the street, and, to my great surprise, all alighting two or three feet apart four rods from the street. After securing the two dead birds, I took about fifteen or twenty rods, and before I had overtaken it, it had reached the fence, passing under it into the street. While I was getting over the fence I saw one of the larks alight by the side of the wounded bunting (probably taking it for its mate that I had killed) and then on the rail of the fence, and remained there until I had secured and pecked away the bunting. A man passing a few to a cross fence about four rods from me, and I returned, and I do not know that it was a pair, but as there were fifteen in the flock, there must have been one without a mate, and I tried to console myself by thinking that in some respects birds are like human beings. As I passed to the opposite side of the street, and near the tree where the buntings had alighted, two meadow larks flew out of it and went the street in front of me, and they were the first of the season. I do not know that it is uncommon for snow buntings to alight in trees, but I have never seen or heard of their doing so before. I was much surprised when "Taxidermist" reported the horned lark doing so, but now I do not doubt it.—J. L. D. Lockport, N. Y., March 23).

MEADOW LARK AS WINTER RESIDENT.—I read with great pleasure Mr. Enty's chapter on "Our Winter Birds," in your last number, and through your columns would like to ask that gentleman whether he has ever noticed the lark as a winter resident. I have seen and shot this bird in the winter of '76 and '77, at which time I was teaching school in the Blue Ridge Mountains (Adams county, Pa.). On Christmas day of that year I went rabbit shooting, and while crossing a rather marshy spot had flushed a meadow lark, which I killed; and as the report sounded, a woodcock flew, which I killed with my other barrel. The lark, and likewise the cock, were the heaviest and largest birds of the two species that I ever saw, and oh, ye gods! such delicate and juicy morsels never crossed any man's palate. While narrating this fact to the stage driver from Gettysburg, I made the remark that though I had read of winter woodcock, I had never seen or heard of a winter meadow lark. This gentleman told me that he knew of several large flocks flying the year around in the meadows around Gettysburg. The following winter I attended a normal school training school for feeble-minded children at Media, Pa., and here, on our own grounds, I saw proof of this fact in two large flocks which remained all that winter with us, becoming very tame during the cold weather; we fed them the whole winter. Just about a month ago, while crossing the fields, in our country and near the city, my young sister flushed a lark, which I have since seen several times in the snow field. If my memory serves me right, I saw some birds of this kind which I have had access, give the lark as a migrating bird, and from the facts stated above I should think differently. Another point, the bird I shot in '76 was a male, which I proved by dissection, and two which I shot from the flocks at Media were also males; this would seem to give strength to the theory I once heard, that it is only the females which migrate. Mind you, Mr. Editor, I am doing no more than write what I have seen or heard, and cannot make a dogmatic assertion one way or the other. I can only hope others will give some observations on the bird which, if not hunted as game, is at least interesting as an ornithological study, and the bird which I have no doubt others beside myself used as a target when taking their first lessons in wing-shooting.—MEDICUS (Baltimore, March 23).

THE PTARMIGAN WINTER.—Last autumn (1887) we had published in the Quebec *Chronicle* a letter relative to the probable recurrence of the willow grouse or ptarmigan (*L. albus* Aud.) this winter. The prediction or surmise has proved correct as the following clipping from the Ottawa *Citizen* of March 2 will show: "It was reported to-day by a farmer from the neighborhood of Pembroke that ptarmigan had been seen in the vicinity of the town. It is curious that if such be the case, none have been observed in other localities generally visited by this polar bird during the severe winter south of the Arctic latitudes." Some weeks ago another notice of the recurrence of the ptarmigan appeared in one of the Manitoba papers and was copied in the *Montreal Witness*. Of late years this bird has been very scarce and reports have been received at some of the Hudson Bay outposts, stating that Indian families, whose sustenance depended almost entirely on these birds, were in a starving condition. When the snowfall is very heavy in the north the birds appear to perish in large numbers—not from cold, but owing to the willow brush being covered up. During such winters there is a large migration southward of the ptarmigans, and numbers are killed by hunters and lumbermen to the northward of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa rivers. Some twenty years ago I have seen the birds brought into our markets in Montreal and Quebec in large numbers, but since then they have almost completely disappeared. This, then, has been a "ptarmigan winter," and a cold and severe one too it has been.—H. G. V. (Montreal, March 3).

FEW AGAINST THE HOUSE.—No less than four woodcock have met death in the same manner, i. e., dying against the house; and the last fell tried it while we were all sitting on the piazza one fine summer evening, "twixt daylight and dark"—Zip bang! and poor little longbill was struggling his life away on the gravel walk at our feet. I gathered him in, and I have him mounted; and a fine bird he is. The bill was unimpaired, but the top of his head was badly smashed, and the feathers were all gone. He was in elevation, and is painted a half color, which may account for these frequent casualties. It is also located at Bay Ridge, L. I., on the line of flight of the migration, which would seem to have something to do with it, as three of the victims were found late in autumn.—DICK.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

SMOKE MEMORIES.

WRITE THE SECOND—A POT SHOT SPOILED.

"A peaceful pipe the shepherd plays."

THREE o'clock on the morning of July 4 each year always found the "royal four" at the "Water Hole" on the Sag Harbor turnpike. First, a cast was made by the dogs on the east side and then we commenced the real work on the west side of the picnic toward the brick kilns (gone for more than forty years). I have shot through almost every kind of cover for summer birds, but save a small amount, Montauk nothing could compare with this cover. We had to crawl through and beneath the densest tangle of bull brier and wild rose, getting our shots not through skill, but by intuition, luck, or whatever you might call it, for it was impossible to put the gun to shoulder for a sight. Birds were plenty, but rarely left this dense cover. However, we usually got a dozen birds and thought ourselves paid for all trouble.

One time we had a New York chap with us who could outshoot Daniel Boone (let him tell it). We worked the bull brier gully, as well called it, but our new friend had not made a shot. This was nothing against him, for we old chaps, who knew the whole racket, sometime were in the same plight when we had got through the thicket, but at least we hadn't a bird and perhaps had made several shots.

After picking up a few birds at several places further ahead, the party divided for a short time to meet at a very likely place, which would require the four to work in a thorough manner. The New York gentleman and the writer were to follow a drain through a short meadow to where it met a creek and await the arrival of our friends, who took both dogs for a different kind of game.

The trysting place was lovely. Some large willow trees grew a short distance from the bank of the brook and the cattle had made a wallow or resting place under their cool shade. The other side of the brook was a thicket of wild rose and a few alders. Where we halted a little knoll topped with a clump of bushes gave us cool shade with a delightful view through the willow flows, brook and rose bushes. We both enjoyed it, and while waiting our friends for our pipes and chatted of the sport so far and prospects for the remainder of the day.

As we talked we spied two woodcock under the shade of the willows, and motionless silently watched them. I never before had such an opportunity to study their natural movements, and I know my companion never had, for he asked me what kind of birds they were. They could not have been thirty feet from us, and we, lying upon the bank as we did, were not perceived so long as we remained motionless. For a full quarter of an hour we watched these birds here, eat, plume themselves and meditate. How pretty they were—graceful, stately, moderate in their meal! It seemed to me that they heard the worm ere they thrust their beaks into it, and that they faintly noted, in their own way, the head on one side, quite near the ground, and the tail on the other, and suddenly turn and thrust the long beak into the soft earth, but I noticed not always successfully.

A sound from my companion caused me to look toward him, and none too soon—the pot-hunter had quietly raised his gun and was drawing sight upon our pretty neighbors, intending to pot them where they stood. I threw up his gun as fast as I could, and the birds were gone, but there was nothing too bad for me to be called for spoiling his shot. I had to tuck in to pot him, and while our wordy war was in progress our companions came up, and after hearing the story, were so indignant that Mr. New Yorker was then and there invited to leave our company, as we considered ourselves gentlemen, and not pot-hunters. We were very considerate, and, our little club, that a man who shot a game bird sitting was not fit company for us, and we did not hesitate to say so.

A true sportsman does not go out for meat; that is of secondary importance with him. I had rather spend a day in the woods and fields, coming home with an empty bag, happy if I have been able, as on that day, to come face to face with nature. I have been into a nut forest for several years, and have had great adventures, but I have never shot for I was well paid to sit still and watch them *as natured*. I didn't want meat. Whether I should carry this feeling so far as to sit still and watch a grizzly who was watching me, I don't say. Perhaps he might want meat. REYNOLDS, Boston, Mass.

WINTER AT INDIAN LAKE.

IT is March 19 and no more sign of spring than January 20. It is cold and the snow is fully four feet deep on the level. It has been the longest and hardest winter known for many years past. The great amount of snow has given rise to the most extraordinary and great adventures, and some that they have been killed to some extent in some parts of the Adirondacks. In this part of Hamilton county, I think, they have not been killed to any amount; I have heard of only two within fifteen or twenty miles from my place of business. As I do business with all the lumber camps in this section, I have had good opportunity to get information. I was through the woods of several camps after early winter, thinking at the same time what sport I would have in two months later in season, but I was very much disappointed when in September I wrote to some friends in the city to come and join me in the sport to find that the many flocks of teal and other birds in the spring were reduced to the old birds and from one to three half-grown chickens in each flock. Of the two hundred that I shot during the season, I did not find the several birds in young birds. My usual number of these birds for the season is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty, and about fifty woodcock.

Woodcock are getting more plenty every year in this section. I shot about twice as many last season as the season

previons. No one cares for woodcock here but myself; not one in ten of the inhabitants know what they are. Many an old farmer has told me that they had seen some in the dry trees about their farms, after my inquiring of them if they knew of any—they meaning of course the red-headed woodpecker.

One fine morning the drumming of the cock grouse not over three hundred yards away from my doorstep. It is very tempting to the small boy with the old musket, and once in a while to a big boy, too. It is a great pleasure to the lover of the gun to be able to steal an hour or two from his business on a bright October day and return with two to six birds. I have done this time and again and without going more than half a mile from home. Once, two years ago, I stood on my doorstep looking across the garden at my little patch of woods that lay away, when I noticed four full-grown grouse playing in the sand. It did not take long for me to step inside and get my gun from its case and secure the whole four after flushing them two or three times. You cannot do the same from your office, but you can enjoy your short wild winter better than we can four feet of snow for six months. O. S. T. M.

CAPTURING A GROUSE ALIVE.

A bird in the hand is worth two in the bag.—Old Proverbial Remark.

THESE are many peculiar incidents happening in the life of every sportsman when afield which never appear in print, and so fall to add either to our knowledge or pleasure. I do not mean great events; not escapes from fire or flood, but those which may be very simple and yet peculiar as well as interesting.

Every time I see the words "ruffed grouse" in the articles appearing almost weekly in FOREST AND STREAM, I am reminded of a number of just such incidents in which I have figured when in pursuit of that noble bird. I was born and brought up within hearing of his drum beat, and the habits, haunts and tricks of this king of the woods are as familiar to me as is my mother tongue. The incident of which I write occurred some ten years ago.

At that time my "right-hand man" was Duke, honest, earnest old Duke, whose grandsire, straying from his baronial estate in times gone by, was gobbled up by a Jersey farmer and put to the menial task of furnishing the motive power to a dog churn, until one day, "Squire" Smith, in search of fun and feathers, happened that way, and thenceforth the dog occupied his legitimate station among the canine nobility, and from his loins came Duke—proud as a peacock, he sleeps now under the Norway spruce in the garden there.

It was late in November. A thin coating of snow lay in patches upon the ground, and it was almost too cold for agreeable field work, but the air was bracing and so we hurried away on this particular afternoon to a famous ground known as the Deep Hollow, and a favorite haunt with me when time was limited. Following an old log road to an almost impassable fence, I swung to the right and left a gently sloping hillside, with here and there a towering beech or maple tree, and now and then a hemlock. So open in fact was the ground at this point that I was musing as I walked upon the time when this hillside was in its primeval glory—with its giant pines and oaks, and all this slope was dim and obscure and weird—when like a flash a full-grown grouse appeared seemingly from nowhere, passing me within twenty yards to my left, and moving with incredible celerity. As I swung my gun from my shoulder my gaze was arrested and my aim changed from the swiftly flying grouse to that of an immense hawk in close and deadly pursuit. The situation was explained. So close was the pursuer that his eyes and beak were plainly visible, and as I pulled he doubled up like a pocket knife and fell dead; then as an encoeur I gave him the other barrel. I can never forget the contrast presented in these few seconds—the pursued presenting innocence and helplessness, the pursuer with outstretched beak, ugly talons and glaring eye, strength and ferocity.

Even in this short space of time I had found leisure to mark down the grouse, for instead of taking to the swamp for cover, the bird dropped on the open hillside at the base of a large rock. Duke by this time was laboring under strong excitement, and from his actions I knew had marked the bird as well as myself; so moving up to within fifty feet of the grouse, I had the pleasure of seeing Duke assume one of his characteristic postures.

Expecting each moment to see the bird flush with the customary rush and whirl, and scattering of dead leaves, I was in no haste; but as no such thing happened, I slowly moved step by step toward the rock, until at last I laid my hand upon it, reaching as it did about breast-high on the lower side and sloping into the hillside above. The difficulty made the circuit, then I boisterously repeated the jeremiad, kicking up the leaves with my feet as I moved, and still Duke drooled and trembled. Then I laid my gun upon the rock, and "hunted without a gun," but I did it on my knees, pawing away the leaves and feeling into every nook; still no bird.

By this time things began to seem queer and uncanny, and to give vent to my pent-up feelings I picked up a pretty good row about these things on my lone launter. To swing the club I determined not to give up the search; so, seating myself upon the rock, I critically surveyed the scene and noted all places and objects. The nearest tree was a chestnut, ten yards to the left; between it and the rock, I now discovered three or four chestnut sprouts projecting above the bed of leaves. On these sprouts were a few scattering leaves fluttering in the wind, the whole forming a kind of net. As the chestnut tree was about two or three inches in depth, not deep enough to cover a full-grown bird. Moving from my position I carefully parted the sprouts, when to my surprise I found a bed of leaves a foot deep, and snugly hidden away within their depths a full-grown unharmed female grouse.

Now I was truly in a quandary, and with my gun out of reach and the bird under my nose, so very dared to stir; but I did the best thing possible under the circumstances—stooped quickly down, grasping her with both hands, and removed her from her hiding place.

Having no cord with me and desiring to take her home alive, I got down upon my knees, placing her upon my back between them; this relieved both hands, which I employed to unfasten my suspenders, and then tied her as best I could and placed her in one of my game pockets. I found I could do no more hunting that afternoon. Do not be disappointed in inquiring birds at all points of the compass, and would stiffen out every time he got my wind; then I would break

his point by moving up and showing him the live bird, at which times his antics were laughable.

From the time I caught the bird until I reached home, my captive made no attempt to escape. After showing her to the family I carried her out to the trees, and tossing her high in the air, I had the satisfaction of seeing her wing her way on strong and even pinion to her native bills.

Now the question arises, Was this a case of lypomania or was it not? Was it a suspension of will power and so muscular power through fright, or did my act of laying her on her back and gently pressing her with my knees while lying produce this strange passive state in this wild thing?

I have experimented with the common barnyard fowl, laying them upon their side back on the floor and gently pressing them, and I have found that a suspension of will power was produced, the time depending in each case upon the conditions under which the experiment was conducted. Under very quiet conditions I have had them remain in this position for ten minutes. I think it can be done by anyone who chooses to try the experiment.

If there is anyone among your readers who has had the pleasure of catching a full-grown and unharmed ruffed grouse with his bare hands, I would like very much to see his experience in print. FALCON.

WHITE MOUNTAINS, PA.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

BY PAUL PASTOR.

IN the winter time, when our Northern woods are deep with snow and all our game birds, save the hardy and unapproachable grouse, have taken to the water, whether climes, little feather-footed puss affords the true sportsman some glorious sport.

There is a charm about rabbit shooting, in the deep, still, white woods, that rightly endears it to the gun lover. Planted comfortably in the vicinity of some zig-zag runway, knee deep in his snowy shooting pit, the sportsman stands alert and listens to the must of the hounds. The flushed woods ring with the eager baying of the dogs, now far away and now growing fainter and now approaching, warm, quick cry, that causes him to tighten his grasp on the trusty barrels and peer sharply down the white aisles and spaces of the trees, expectant every moment of the bounding, noiseless form of frightened puss. It will need a quick eye and a steady hand to stop her in her bounding flight. I know of nothing which stirs the sportsman's blood more quickly and thrills all his nerves more keenly than this waiting for the little white fugitive on the wide whiteness of the snow.

There are sportsmen who pretend to think that rabbit shooting is tame, and do not care to take part in it. I cannot help but think that they are lacking in something which goes to make up the complete and perfect sportsman. No sport surely could have more of the fascinating charm of anticipation in it than rabbit shooting, and as for skill and difficulty—which form the spirit of the sportsman's pursuit—it will fall to some sturdy who has never tried it to claim that puss is dull and easy shooting. I have known crack shots in the field and on the wing to miss the bounding rabbit again and again. She comes up so noiselessly and unheralded, white as the snow and only to be distinguished by her motions and long fawn-colored and pink ears. Likely as not that it is in a thick, brushy place that you see her, or between the close-standing stems of young saplings. Now let the contemplations with shot and with the sublime end of his gun comes up in quite a rapid fashion after all, for a man who is to shoot tamely and for the pot. His eye glances along the barrels with an anxious alertness; the muzzle of his gun swings through a swift half-arc, his fingers nervously contracting and then relaxing on the trigger, as he alternately trusts and doubts his aim; and finally, with a sheepish look, he lowers his breech-loader and puss disappears in the thickets. "Oh well, I haven't got the hang of it," he says. "Wait till the rabbit comes round again." The rabbit comes, but not in the same path. She darts across the open space in front of him. He fires—and there is a great sputtering of snow about a foot behind frightened puss. She survives, comes directly across him on the right, plunges into the brush, and is out of sight before he recovers sufficiently to use his other barrel. Old rabbit-shooters like to get a concerted young dead-shot and trap-shooter in the "nest" in winter. They have lots of fun with him, and he learns a thing or two. After he has once got the knack of it, however, he doesn't despise rabbit shooting, and he enjoys the sport all the more, from having found out by experience that it is sport.

I think our best sportsmen are getting over their foolish prejudice against the "hairs." They are coming to learn that it takes as much skill to hit a rapidly moving object on ground as in the air, indeed, so much, that it is more difficult, for there are apt to be more embarrassing obstacles in the way in brush shooting, and in the fields the range is usually greater than in bird shooting. I have always enjoyed my winter rabbit shooting as keenly as the pursuit of any other game, and I do not find that the sport clogs upon me by reason of too easily earned success. I miss a rabbit as often as I miss a bird, and with as good an excuse. And then, where rabbits are reasonably plenty, the sport is right lively and as interesting as any. It is not the walking deer, all day beside the expected runway of a fox, and then, after right reynard has made his long circuit, and the excited baying of the hounds proclaims his return, seeing him suddenly swerve aside and go over the top of an adjacent hill and disappear for the night.

Rabbits run nearly in a circle and take a brief course, if well followed by the hounds. They do not often return exactly to the place where they were started, but somewhere within a few rods of it they are sure to pass. If several dogs are running the sportsman must keep his eyes open for "scared" rabbits; they may come up at any time from any direction.

A rabbit should never be shot except when it is in motion. It is almost brutal to mow the poor little creatures down when they stop to listen for the dog, or to catch the direction of some unexpected sound. Treat them fairly as they treat you, and in endeavoring when you have as many as you need for the table, or for a friend, and I warrant you, brother sportsman, you will agree with me in saying that rabbit shooting is one of the most exhilarating and delightful sports with dog and gun.

As for the proper dog to use, I think the best, taken all in all, is the ordinary foxhound, trained, as much as possible, to run rabbits alone. Beagles are too lazy and dumpy, and spaniels are too dependent enough. The foxhound is a large, strong of limb and deep of chest, and possessed of a pertinacity and endurance which is of great value in this

kind of sport. He will sometime leave a rabbit trail if he strikes the fresh track of a fox, but can generally be recalled or recaptured, if the sportsman is provided with a team. I have very often found it necessary, however, to resort to this expedient. Foxes venture into thick cover far less than would be supposed; and when the rabbits are once fairly started and the dogs in full cry, there is little danger of their seeking a fox track on the outskirts.

The season with us is so late this year, that we are enjoying the rabbit shooting close up to the first of April, and may yet be able to make an "April fool" of the sportsman who thinks "rabbit shooting is as easy as turning over your hand."

THAT SCREAM AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Just about the time I had done with "secreds," but it seems that criticisms and answers are still in order. The last comes from a gentleman who signs himself "Picket" (FOREST AND STREAM March 15).

The article savors strongly of "sarkasm," ridicule, burlesque; loose rather than logical; rather superficial than solid. It commences with: First, "Nessmuk" is "well right." "But he does not go far enough." "There never was a horse worth \$500," etc. Second, Again: "There never was a gun worth over \$25." "Nessmuk" has better sell those Damascus barrels and buy a Zulu gun at \$5," etc. Third, "There never was a diamond worth \$100. I will bet my choicest cyuoidie," etc. Fourth, "When you come to talk about pictures, language is inadequate." (I should say so) Fifth, "Land is another thing that people are great fools about. I own a lot on which you could raise as much garden stick, or build as fine a house, as on a lot," etc. Dear "Picket," what does all this amount to? Wherein is the point? Sixth, "Look at gold for another thing." Just so. "But for this we could make gold, that would look just like gold, and not one man in ten could tell the difference. Wherein is its value?" Just so. As to the concluding remarks of "Picket" about "Nessmuk philosophy," they may be relegated to the "Regions of Gimli" (or bore-dom).

I have tried to be brief. I wish to be honest; to be square. Let us resume.

First, The \$500 horse (make it \$5,000 if you like). Foot up all the names of the winners; also the losses. Give us the list of English paces, *et id genus omne*, who have won and lost; who have squandered and lost large estates in a single year. Make a business thing of it. Do not count the suicides, the ruined. Only give us the square business proceeds of profits and losses. When you get down to this, divide the remainder by the number of first-class racers who have assisted at the rascality of race-tracks, and give us the result in round numbers. Give us, by my remaining balance, place it to the winners. And report.

Second, "There never was a gun worth over \$40." Who said that? I did not. I have said, time and again, that I admire a thing of beauty; that I admire a poem; a painting—

"But not through thick and thin,
Nor think it such a thing as never hath been."

If the Zulu, or the army musket, were just as good as my Damascus barrels, I would take them. But they are not. They are ugly. They are unwieldy. They are unsafe. They are not sport. They look like an army arm. Who shall dictate that I take such an unwieldy weapon into the field? Who does "Picket" pick-it up in this style? I expressed plainly my love of the beautiful in flies, rods, Damascus barrels, paintings, fine chronos, etc. And "Picket" calmly relegates me to the Zulu gun and army musket. I take in no 5-cent chronos. I do take in Prung's best chronos. I take in no \$5 Zulu gun, nor army muskets. I take in no \$200 hammerless sacragans, either. I do take in a plain, business shotgun at a sensible price. Much ink has been shed in abusing the "Zoo" and musket, mostly by men who can afford more costly outfits, and whose ire is aroused at being crossed in the field by a grunting darkey or "low-down" white, with one of these guns. I have witnessed this thing often, and it tickles me hugely. It is true that the gentleman sportsman, with his costly gun and high-priced setter kills four birds to the sickly one, but what of that? What business has the darkey there, as show? Or the poor, shiftless white? They ought to be at work, laying up a stake to thank the poorhouse in old age. That is about the argument. The insolence of wealth. The vulgarity of money without culture. The arrogance of dollars, gotten honestly or otherwise—but gotten. And it is one of the most humorous things I know, to see one of these high-toned, sportsmen cut off on a heavy coil of grouse by a sphyro-floated darkey with a \$5 "Zulu." I always think of Byron's "Deformed Transformed."

"The rascals have as much right as he."

After more than fifty years experience I can safely say that the most brutal trick I know of is the fact that three deer were shot down in a lick at one time and left there to rot, without even having their throats cut, one of them being a doe with a full breast of milk. The deed was done by a noted "Clericus," not unknown to fame as a preacher and *literateur*. Any old North Woods guide can give the name, which I withhold on account of his family.

"If I have any fault it is depression."—Byron.

Let us return. "Picket" drags in gold versus bogus, pure diamonds versus paste, with city versus country lots, etc.

"And such a lot of skinkie-stinkie-stink as puts me in my faith."—Hobson.

These similes and comparisons seem to me irrelevant. But as most readers read without reflection it may need that I reply. Firstly, the pure diamond is a thing of ad within itself. Its past imitation does not contain one grain of the material which makes up the pure article. The imitation is a fraud, likely a crime. The pure diamond is only a bit of crystallized charcoal, and the man who gives up a life competence for a glittering piece of nonsense that can neither give him food or shelter may well be called a fool. But a pure diamond is very beautiful, and the fortunate fool who has more money than brains may do worse than pay it out for a thing of beauty that will last forever. In these times it will sell, and the paste imitation will not.

The same holds true of gold. There is no metal like it, or having the same qualities. If the civilized world chooses to take it at a certain value, can "Picket" or "Nessmuk" reverse the decision? And is a bogus imitation pure gold? As to the land question, it seems to me so far-fetched and irrelevant that it may well be left to the deniers in corner lots, agents, etc.

The assumption that I would take a painting according

to the cost of the property it represents is a trifle flippant, but hardly requires an answer. It may be suggested, however, that if two pictures are equally well executed, equally true to nature, so that the best judges cannot agree as to which is the original, and the copy, that the value of the pictures cannot be so very different. A fine painting is not a bank note. The value is dependent on execution and fidelity to nature in the one case, on the genuineness of signature in the other. The material, colors, canvas, etc., is the same on both pictures, the artistic skill not distinguishable. One may be a copy; but both being alike true to nature, neither is a counterfeit.

And this statement of yours is fair and apt, only that the \$25 picture and liver and white is not a copy. He may have a longer and better line of ancestry than his \$1,000 cousin, only it is unwritten. His blood, bone, muscle, and entire make-up are essentially the same as the pedigreed Laverack or Diewellu. In the field he is tougher, harder and less liable to nervousness and gun-shyness. If he works just as well as the field-winners, why is he less valuable? As for the inflated "potatoes" dog, for instance, "pedigree" are like potatoes—the best part underground."

NESMAUK.

WELLSBORO, Pa., March 21.

THE MAINE DEER QUESTION.

Editor Forest and Stream:

After an absence of some over two months I am hence once more. It looks a little different from what it does in the summer above there. Cleft Rock Hall (the dining-room) is buried in a snow drift; and while wondering just where Camp Avernus was I stuck the heel of my snow-shoe square into the flu of the chimney. I have dug the cook-room door out, shoveled out the snow, and had my hat and its works through the cracks, have had my supper, turned the plate, cup and saucer bottom side up all ready for breakfast, and as I stretch out before a blazing fire and pull the wrapper off from the last FOREST AND STREAM, I realize that "you never feel so much at home as when in your own shlang."

And what better can-pine companion can a man ask for than a FOREST AND STREAM right out of the wrapper? "Summer shooting" attracts my attention, and after reading it carefully I am glad to know that there is one man left in the world who has courage and fairness enough to stand up and say: Give the other side of the question a chance, let it be decided on its merits, and not by prejudice and misrepresentation. And while I do not by any means claim to be the looked-for advocate, there is an explanation that I beg leave to make in behalf of myself and the rest of the "other" teachers who are shy of many brought down on ourselves by asking for summer shooting of moose, deer and caribou in the three counties embracing and in the vicinity of the Rangeley lakes. We did not by any means ask for the whole State of Maine, as has been represented. The slaughter of deer that has been going on in our State the past season is nearly a hundred miles from us. I believe that the whole number of deer killed in these three counties from October 1 to January 1 would not exceed ten. We did not have been much fairer in our worthy critic, the Boston Herald (that got so well posted upon the Maine deer question), to have allowed this instead of trying to make us shoulder the eighteen hundred deer claimed to have been killed and marketed from the eastern portion of this State?

There they are professional market-hunters, and want to market their deer, and they are not market-hunters, but they look to the sportsman, as well as our trout. That position asking for summer shooting was signed by every man, I believe, in our region that it was presented to who is interested in our sporting travel. It is likely that we who have been brought up here and spent much of our time in the woods, have worked and invested our money in this business, know nothing about it, that we would ask for, as you pointed, the privilege of killing the moose that is leaving the golden age for us. Will some one who would really know what a deer was if he saw one, please tell us where the value in the Rangeley region deer is if summer shooting is not to be allowed?

I'll admit still-hunting on the fall snows is much the fairest and most proper way to hunt them, but owing to the hardships and uncertainties it will never be practiced to any extent by city sportsmen in our region. Jackshooting, in my estimation, comes next. In either of these ways the deer are not taken advantage of by dogs or deep snows; they are not driven to the pond, and if there is anything in the looks or smell of their favorite watering place that they don't like they make their shot short. If everything works well, the wind, the weather, the boat, the jack, the gun, the guide, and most of all, if the shooter has plenty of quail and curlew, he may be successful. If any man has a flock that there is anything lazy about sitting perfectly still in a box six or eight hours, let him try it.

The fawn question, I am aware, is a very important one, and by the mother does being shot as early as July, in many cases they would die. But very few of them would be deprived of their mothers, I think, for I believe that when the fawn is dependent on its mother she will leave it in the evening or early in the forenoon if it is in the evening and in the early morning. She then leaves her fawn hidden back in the bushes. Watch her as she feeds, and every few seconds you will see her raise her head and look and listen in the direction of her fawn. Is a State law needed to protect the deer in this condition? I think not.

As long as there are deer in our forests they will be hunted in one way or other by people of one class or another. Good feeling and public sentiment go much further in the woods than the fear of the law. There is such a thing as fashion even among woodsmen. As long as summer shooting is not practiced, there will be crust hunters in the winter. Allow summer shooting, and I honestly believe that no law can be made that will better protect the deer. Then the cruster sees more money in leaving them for the summer sportsman than in killing them. If any man has a flock in the deep snow and turn to pieces by dogs, is it not the doe every time? and does not the killing of the doe at this season of the year mean death to just as many others as if she was killed the day her young was born?

The deer are very plenty in our region, much more plenty than they were five years ago. And as long as dogs and crusters are kept down they will remain abundant. They will never be decreased by jacking, for the reason that the places where they can be jack'd is but a peck compared with the territory of good feeding ground where they cannot be. It was with the best intentions that we asked our Maine Legislature to grant summer shooting, but not even September was opened for us. More law was what was wanted to keep down the "restless poacher" and the "game thief."

Under the many obligations that we are in the Rangeley region at least) to the visiting sportsman, and as dependent as we are on their patronage, I think we cannot do better than to offer them the best we have, and try to please all classes. We can say that there are not just as pure-blooded sportsmen that enjoy jackshooting as there are that enjoy trout-fishing? My only reward for the trouble I took to do what I could for what I sincerely believe would be much to the advantage of the State of Maine, the visiting sportsmen and the game, was unjust censure from a leading newspaper which at least might have been expected to give a fair deal. And if whoever encouraged the Boston Herald to write up the fish and game question was really interested for the public good they should have cautioned it to not be too extravagant with its censure, then I think that the article last fall on fish propagation and the two articles this winter on the game question would have had a much better effect, especially with the people who know and look on both sides of the question. It may have been better if "Clarius's" suggestion had not started me agoing, or if I could not have found pen, ink and paper night, but I feel that I have been unjustly accused and have a right to say so; and when the Boston Herald publishes the statement that "the Maine game commissioners say that" a certain person "has done more prospective and actual harm to the deer of Maine than the best of Legislatures can repair in many years," and the commissioners say that they did not say so, it looks as though the advocates of summer shooting were not the only ones in disgrace.

CAPT. F. C. BARKER.

CAMP BEMIS, Rangeley Lakes, Me., March 17.

SUMMER SHOOTING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In several recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM we have appeared articles in which the subject of "Summer Shooting" has been discussed pro and con, and we now beg leave to add our mite to the "con" side of the question. While we acknowledge that we are at present in the minority, we are glad to know, nevertheless, that the FOREST AND STREAM is on our side, and we believe in the right on this question, as it always is on others, and we are confident that among the minority will advocate the same question they are in the majority. As for the reformers of old found that at last the cause of the few became the cause of the many.

Although we have read, yet we cannot barken into the plea for deer shooting in July, even though that is the only month when our friend can satisfy his ambition to be called the "Deer Slayer," nor are we able to follow in the wake of "Clarius" and men of his "class" who advocate the killing of woodcock in July, for they too closely resemble the renowned "Rev. Adirondack Murray," who openly boasted of killing dogs in the early summer months.

Who are the advocates of summer shooting? Men who keep summer boarding houses and hotels, and wish to advertise "god hunting and fishing within a stone's throw of the house;" market-shooters, who supply their tables with game, and would do so, if the law did not prevent; and the law protects until the first of September, as they would a woodcock; and "Clarius," who advocates it from purely selfish motives, and has no regard for the laws of God or Nature.

This snare "Clarius" says that "something must be trusted to the honor of men. As a knight of the trigger, I would not object to countenance the public outcry on summer shooting if a half-grown grouse should suddenly rise up before him, for I believe he would, if possible, bring it to bag as soon as would an unprincipled market-shooter.

If "Clarius" needs exercise we would suggest that he borrow a "Rosinante" of some friend, and with his "Don-Quixote" ideas he can undoubtedly dig enough "imaginary foes" to keep him busily engaged during his vacation. Getting this done, he could then go to the public outcry, and, but invidiously as a roaring lion, seeking what half-fed birds he may bring to bag.

If "Clarius" has the "strange fascination for the trigger" that he says he has, let him go forth on a bright October day when nature has had time to fully mature the birds, and we think he will then feel, as he probably never has before, what it is to have a complete void of offense, and know that he has not crossed the law by cutting a grouse.

We heartily endorse every word written over the signature of "W." in your issue of March 23. As he says, to shoot a game bird when it is not fit for game is murder, and in July the woodcock are not fully grown, have no fat about them, are weak, immature things, and can be easily shot by any man who knows how to hold a gun and pull a trigger. In August the birds, young and old alike, are moulting, and are therefore weak and sick, and not fit to serve on the table until September.

His defense of the farmers is also well timed, and we trust that ere long "Clarius" and other advocates of summer shooting may see the folly of their ways and become possessed of a little of that charity that "thinketh no evil."

Hudson, N. Y., March 26.

PLANKERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is, among sportsmen, at least among those who put their views in print, one subject which seems to induce acrimony. Need I mention it? It is, of course, spring and summer shooting. The latest impetus and newest life given to the controversy has been the good-natured, and rather faithful challenge of "Clarius," the bright and pert reply of "Otherus," a sedate rejoinder by the former, and a large number of soter remonstrances from everywhere against "Clarius's" heretical views.

I have some reluctance in entering the arena, and do not propose to become a combatant further than to state an inference from my own limited experience. It has been said—*non est in rebus nisi veritas*, which is a maxim. From all accounts, the reasoning from data supplied by one section of the country may fall in another, where the same conditions are lacking. So, arguments which are unanswerable on one statement of facts, may sustain the reverse of the proposition where circumstances entirely different exist.

Recreation, I take it, is the indulgence in an occupation which is at the same time innocent and agreeable. It is distinguished from rest or repose, which is a cessation from all occupation, by the addition of the element of activity, mental or bodily. It implies a change from our ordinary pursuits or business, although they may be in themselves both innocent and agreeable, and it may be far more arduous and exhausting than they.

All animals are benefited by recreation, whether they be

wholly, or half, or quarter, or not at all "brain-workers," from "Clarius" himself down to the horse in the elder press "turned suddenly out to grass."

I assume that the form of recreation most agreeable to all the readers of FOREST AND STREAM is the pursuit of game, be it clothed in fin, fur or feather, which was the business of our ancestors (post-humans), and which is our pleasure. We should, therefore, have the widest opportunities to pursue all forms of game consistent with its preservation in reasonable abundance.

We should not destroy game except within reasonable seasons. We should not kill the parents when rearing their young, nor the immature offspring, and the seasons should be arranged to prevent the probability of such an occurrence. But the seasons should be arranged to suit the interests of the game, and so arranged, too, as, if possible, to give the pursuer—the brain-worker or what you will—an opportunity for an outing at any time in the year.

Let us look at the matter of shooting woodcock in July. I can only speak for my own section of the country. I am not morally, but I know the habits of woodcock here. The birds arrive in Southern New Jersey in February in large numbers. They immediately begin to nest, and by the middle of June all are full grown, and they are abundant. By that time the swamps and meadows have become dry, and by the opening of the season in July all but a few birds have disappeared. In August these, too, have gone, and no more are seen until October, when the fall flight of scattered and scattered birds yields an occasional trophy to the quail-shooter. The spring birds are abundant; they rear their young with us; there are but few birds in summer, and the fall birds are purely migratory, and yield but one or two days' good shooting, immediately after the first severe frost. There are none of these numerous birds shot in the spring by the inhabitants, as I believe. Few are they in summer, one who knows their haunts ea, in the cool light of evening secure a half dozen, giving himself recreation and furnishing a delicacy appreciated by his own table or by his invalid neighbor. Not fit for the table? Far more welcome is he than later in the more mature autumn traveler, lean from his long light, and contesting supremacy with snipe and quail, and rail and canvas-back.

The old protest, that if there is no summer woodcock shooting we should have no summer shooting at all, carries some weight, and is applied to the death of a snipe or curlew in spring diminish the game supply more than if it had occurred the previous summer? He has raised no young in the interim, nor has he begun housekeeping.

We are told, too, that we should give up spring shooting of snipe and bay birds. I have never seen any valid reason as applied to this locality. The birds do not mate or breed here, they are travelers returning to their summer residences. Why should the death of a snipe or curlew in spring diminish the game supply more than if it had occurred the previous summer? He has raised no young in the interim, nor has he begun housekeeping.

One word in regard to the "persecuted farmer." We are told that he is damaged by summer shooting. One man, I think the "Otherus," says that fields (sic) have been posted because of summer shooting. From the standpoint of my location, this seems extraordinary.

The State claims dominion over the game; it undoubtedly has it; it is one of the *jure regalia*. The State can ordain when game may be killed, and by whom. But the State can give the right to no man to go on another's land to slaughter the game, although it can prevent the owner. Therefore the "persecuted farmer" has no grance to kill game on his own land, but he has on a footing with the other citizens of his State in this respect. But he can prevent its appropriation by any other person, at any time, in season or out.

What has this to do with summer shooting? My observation is that many farmers wish to protect their quail. They like to see the birds about their farms. Occasionally they will give permission to a sportsman to shoot a few, but if they see the birds exterminated, or anything like it. But I have yet to see the man who objected to shooting woodcock.

The summer shooter is an object of wonder to them, not unmixd with good-natured contempt. The idea of a man who can live in an office, in cool linen, facing a South Jersey swamp, in the uniform of a tramp, wading knee deep through mosquitoes, and biting the heads of flies, and fighting uncountable mosquitoes, for the sake of a few "mud snipes," not half so good as chicken, gives them material for plenty of uncomplimentary gibes. I never heard of any farmer objecting to summer shooting. Of course if, as suggested by the "other us," and others following of his ilk, this or any other "sportsman" should break fences, wound cattle, or do any other wrong, and if the pursuit of his recreation should have caused him to have cause for complaint, and could redress his injuries under the laws.

But why the more occasion for offense in summer than in fall? PSITTACUS.

NOTES FROM CHICAGO.

[From our own Correspondent.]

YOUR correspondent at this point has had little to chronicle lately, as the season is just betwixt and between—neither the proper hunting, and assuredly not the proper trap-shooting season. Pigeons for the latter are scarce, and the ducks have only recently arrived on our waters. The hunting for the past ten days, however, has been very fair. During the game has now are all kinds of ducks, such as bluebirds, spiketails, pintails, mallards, greenings, blue-bills, teal, hutberlall, widgeons, and in fact nearly every kind known to northern lakes and rivers. The late cold snap has sent them south again, that is, nearly all of them. The lakes are partially frozen up, and only running waters remain open. Still the boys bring in good bags every trip. John Giespie, John Wiggins, and several others, I think, have returned from the fishing lakes. Bob Hyman, William Haskell and Ed. Hoy returned Friday night from a ten days' shoot on the Mississippi River, near Davenport, Ia. They had fully twenty-five dozen ducks of all sorts, and enjoyed some splendid shooting. Fred Taylor arrived back from Lake Senacliwin Thursday, leaving John Kleinman still there. Taylor brought back a good many ducks, and reports the shooting fine. All the club-bags will be teanted in the next forty days, with sunny skies above.

Clarence Schutt, one of the leading members of the German Hunting Club, came near being drowned on the Kaukaakee last Monday. He was pushing a boat through the floating ice to gain the swamp on the east shore near Thayer's Station, when he overturned the craft and, weighted down with game bag, shot, etc., he soon found

the bottom of the river. His huge hunting dog sprang in from the overturned boat and seized him by the coat. A farmer near by put out in a flat boat and pulled over where Schmitt had gone down, succeeded in getting him safely into his boat. It was a narrow escape from a watery grave.

The death of S. H. Thrill has been profoundly felt through this section of the country, and letters from sportsmen all over the State expressing regret and condolence for his family have been daily received by his friends. The Illinois State Sportsmen's Association met Monday, March 26, at the Palmer House, to draw up suitable resolutions of respect for his memory.

At the time of the heavy frosts and rain storms this year about January there seemed reason for thinking that most of the quail in Illinois, Northern Indiana, Iowa and Nebraska had been killed off in the open fields. Now more encouraging reports are being received by local sportsmen from everywhere. A letter to the FOREST AND STREAM correspondent from Jerseyville, Ill., says that the informant has heard from all through Central Illinois, and that about two-thirds of the quail survived, and that the shooting will be better than last year. From the same informant it is learned that with a good breeding season and a let up on the breaking of game laws there will be fine quail shooting next fall.

ANOTHER HETEROODOX SCREED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have seen a great many articles in your paper on the subject called "The Protection of Game," and most of the writers blame the "market-shooters" and "pot-hunters" for being the excuse for the scarcity of game, so as to need protection. But if there were no "market-shooters" nor "pot-hunters," the so-called "gentlemen sportsmen" would kill more game, and they would soon find that the game still needed protection. The only way to protect game is to stop killing it entirely, which would be the law of the land, and to hunt only where it is plenty, if one hunt at all.

As far as the "market-shooter" is concerned, I think it is a great deal better for a man who kills large quantities of game to sell it (so that many folks who are not able to spend the time and money to hunt themselves, can have a taste of game once in a while), than it is for a "gentleman sportsman" to go on a shooting trip and kill to throw away. I read an article in a paper a while ago, where a sportsman started after woodcock the day the law was off, and the conductor told him it would be no use to go to the place, as a gentleman had been there two or three days before and shot sixteen. This made my gentleman sportsman mad, but he thought he would go there anyway, thinking there might be a few birds left, but he found none; so he said he would see if the game could not be protected, and the game laws lived up to, and he would put that "law breaker" through if he could find out who he was. Now, I ask the question, would the game laws be better protected if he had found the sixteen woodcock instead of the man that broke the law? I say no. He would have shot all he could. The fact of it is, the rich "gentlemen sportsmen" want to have all the shooting themselves, and only go in for "protection" so that they can slaughter more themselves when they go out.

Now, I can see no fun in shooting from forty to a hundred grouse, or ten, day for a month at a time unless you sell them. If I wanted real sport, I had rather work hard all day for ten good fat ducks or grouse, than to murder a hundred or so. There is no skill about it where they are so thick that all you have to do is to take out and put in shells and fire away. There is no sense in a man—even if he is worth millions—shooting more game, or catching more fish than he can use when he is off on his annual "shooting or fishing trip." I have read your paper from No. 1 up to No. 10, and I must say I am sick of seeing in every paper a howl from a so-called "gentleman sportsman" saying "Death to the market-shooter!" "Down with the pot-hunter!" "We must protect the game!" "So we kid-gloved hogs" will have more to shoot and more to brag about! Of course I do not mean to say that all "gentlemen sportsmen," rich or poor, are hogs, but I am afraid a great many of the rich ones are. I think those "sportsmen" who hire guides to hunt out and help shoot the game, ought to be placed in the same category with the "skin-buffers, who have hundreds of buffaloes to rot on the plains."

I think the "gun and rod clubs" organized all over the United States for the protection of game, ought to have a pro once in a while to brace them up to their work; they claim to be in favor of protecting the game, but as soon as the law is off, each member seems to vie with the rest as to who will kill the most game, and I believe there are a hundred birds killed now with a gun as there were one before there were any "rod and gun clubs." As soon as a club is formed in any town, a number of the merchants, ministers, lawyers, doctors, clerks, etc., who make up almost wholly the great crowd called "gentlemen sportsmen," join the club, a great many of whom never fired a gun in their lives, except when boys, nor caught fish either. But after they have been a few times to the wilderness of "York State" or "Illinois" or "Iowa" or "Nebraska," they are glad to call themselves "true sportsmen," and tell of their experiences, and set themselves up as men able to give good advice on all subjects relating to gun and rod, when they do not know the first thing about the subjects mentioned, but rely on their guides to place them on the best runways for deer, or the best holes in the ponds and streams for trout, and with their help kill and catch more than they can use, and then leave a few of the former and large quantities of the latter to rot, just for the reason that their vacation comes only once a year, and that they must bring to bag all they can in the two or four weeks they have to spare for the purpose, so that they can brag when they get home as to what great sportsmen they are, and what large quantities of game they got. If this is being a "true gentleman sportsman," I do not wish to join the band.

My idea of what a sportsman ought to be, is a man who has used the rod and gun most of his life, who understands the nature and instinct of all the objects of his pursuit, who when in the woods or on the plain, and by the lake or stream, can by his own skill fill his bag, can paddle his own canoe, row his own boat, build his own camp, tie his own flies, and find his way home with no need for a guide, who enjoys being out in the open, free from care or trouble, who does not kill just for the sake of killing or bragging; who is a hunter every day of the year, and who is not a "gentleman red or black" gentleman sportsman or market-shooter, shall have just as good a time as himself, so long as they are not hogs, and do not kill everything they can find on their

tramps, but after killing enough for a meal, and perhaps for a friend, are ready to quit and go home, and leave what is left for some one else or for another year; and finally, one who lives up to the game laws, no matter what anyone else does or says, and who never breaks a game law.

Now as far as the "market-shooter" and so called "true sportsman" are concerned, there is but little difference, one kills for profit, and the other for pleasure, and both kill the same quantity of game. The "market-shooter" is the best one of the two, for his game is sold to the market man, and then bought by people who have no time nor money to shoot themselves, while the "gentleman or true sportsman," after he has shot enough for himself, and a few friends, keeps on shooting to throw away. It is just as Frank Forester says in his "Manual for Sportsmen," page 298, viz.: "The fiat of wanton destruction has gone forth against all the wild inhabitants of the woods, the fields, the marshes, and the waters, as irrevocable as that against the red Indians, for profit, for pleasure, for mere recklessness and the love of useless slaughter, the work of extermination is going on eastward, and westward, from the salmon rivers and trout streams of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, to the prairies and plains of the great North-western Mountains. And again: "Many years will not elapse before no species of game, whether bird, beast, or fish, perhaps no wild animal, not so much even as a thrush, or a bluebird, will be left to enliven the fields, or the forest, and then too late, when the beautiful toil of the sportsman has no longer an object, and the table of the luxurious epicure is deprived of its choicest dainties, America will bewail its shortsightedness, neither more nor less than that of the clown who slew the goose with the eggs of gold."

In a very few years more, and his prophecy will come true. How can it be prevented? I say it will help a great deal toward it, if the gun and rod clubs all over the country would protect the game the whole year through, and for a term of years where the game is scarce, instead of only protecting it through the close season, and then beginning to slaughter it the minute the law is off. It is a great deal better to "hunt without a gun" where no game is scarce, than it is to lay the whole cause on the head of the "market-shooter," when the fault-finders are so much to blame themselves.

I ask all the so-called "true sportsmen" why they call a market-shooter or anyone else that knows enough, and is able to kill more game, or catch more fish than they can, a pot-hunter. Now I think there is a good deal of honor in being a first-class pot-hunter, so far as being able to pick out a good tender piece of meat, and a good day for market, is concerned. A POOR OLD MARKET-SHOOTER.

ST. AUBURN, VT., FEB. 25.

HINTS ABOUT LOADING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Permit me to call the attention of your readers to an accident that happened recently to a friend of mine. Although such an accident might be avoided by the exercise of no other degree of intelligence than a well-hred collie dog is supposed to possess, yet, I am convinced from inquiry and observation, that very many of those who have occasion to use and load shot shells (and especially those living in the country) are guilty of the same act that caused this accident, viz., deapping and reappaling loaded shells held in the hand. The young man had been out shooting and one shell missed him. As he was about to load the cap at the end of the shell (a Draper) and removed the primer, placed a new one on the nipple, and holding the shell in his hand with the butt down, attempted to force the primer home by light blows or taps on the stone hearth. Result—an explosion. The shell burst and his hand was shattered and maimed for life. If he had placed his hand over the muzzle of a loaded muzzle-loading gun, and held it there while forcing a cap on to the nipple by repeated blows of the hammer until an explosion took place, he would not have been more careless. Further comment unnecessary.

I learn by your issue of the 15th, that Dr. Piffard, of New York, has invented a new shell, in which he claims to have the advantages of both paper and metal shells, with the defects of neither. It seems to be his opinion that by using metal shells as heretofore constructed the shooting qualities of a gun are impaired by the use of wads too large for the bore of the gun, etc., and I think this is true as such shells are usually loaded.

After much experimenting I have adopted the following method of loading metal shells when I desire extra hard shooting with a light gun: I use a 12-gauge; powder, 23 drs. Dupont's "choke-bore" No. 7, to which I add 1 dr. best fine powder (putting fine powder into shell on top course). I then put on to the powder a heavy cardboard 11-gauge wad, and a 10-gauge muslin-edge, then an 11-gauge wad, and a piece of harness leather (of about same thickness as felt wad), with from 1/2 to 1 1/2 ozs. chilled shot (if coarse shot, use not to exceed 1 1/2 ozs.), with 10-gauge pink-edge wad on shot. By placing the 10-gauge pink-edge felt wad between the cardboard and leather wads I succeed in expanding the felt wad so that escape of gas is impossible, more so than with two pink-edge wads alone on powder; and beside, all of the wad pass from the gun undisturbed by powder or shot, the leather wad reaching the muzzle perfectly flat and true with the bore of barrel. This gives a pattern remarkably free from bunches or open spaces. By using powder as stated, I obtain better penetration than any amount of coarse powder will give in my 12-gauge, 28-inch barrel, 74-lb. Fox gun. In fact, I have yet to see the gun of any gauge that will give better penetration, or that is more certain to kill a duck or grouse at any distance.

I have experimented for the purpose of ascertaining how much powder of size grain No. 3 Orange "ducking" can be hurled up clean in a full 12-gauge breech-loading gun. I placed a board target, with the surface smeared with lard, two rods away from the muzzle of my gun; I aimed and shot, both with and without shot in shell. This I repeated many times, with more or less powder, cleaning target when necessary and putting on more lard. With 24 drams powder and ounce shot could not find my unburned powder either in greased surface of target or along the board upon path leading to it. With 3 drams without shot I found some unburned powder both on target and along path, and continued to find increased amount of unburned powder as charges were increased up to 4 drams. But I found less when the shot was used in the shell. With 24 drams coarse and one dram fine powder, I could not find any unburned powder in any part of the shell, and the shot much heavier than with 4 drams coarse, with a trifle better pattern and with less loss of the gun.

Any one who will take the trouble to force, with a large

rod, one or more 10-gauge felt wads through a full 12-gauge gun from breech to muzzle will at once see why a uniform pattern cannot be obtained. When only 10-gauge wads are used the center of the uppermost wad will be raised in a convex form, causing dispersion of shot from center of pattern. Now place a leather wad 11-gauge on top of a 10-gauge felt wad and force through same barrel. The leather wad will reach the muzzle perfectly flat and true with the bore of the gun, and will give an even distribution. Some guns using 12-gauge metal shells are only 13 or 14 gauge at muzzle. In such guns use on top of felt wads and next to shell a leather wad that will just fit bore at muzzle, and a corresponding pattern will be the result. The same principle applies to any gauge bore, and am well convinced from my experiments that using two pink-edge wads alone on powder will not give as good penetration as a single pink-edge placed between cardboard and leather wads of proper size. This is due, in my opinion, to the fact that the single felt wad thus placed expands laterally to a greater degree, thereby more effectually preventing the escape of gas with less friction.

Perhaps some other correspondents may add to my notes a description of their own experiments in loading.

WILLET, N. Y., March 20, 1883. M. E. B.

NEW JERSEY GUNNING GROUNDS.

THE following list of the names and addresses of equipped gunners of the New Jersey coast, with the shooting points at their command and their rates, is taken from a late issue of the Coast Pilot.

CAPE MAY COUNTY.

CAPE MAY CITY—80 miles from Philadelphia, by West Jersey Railroad, via Market street wharf. Enoch Schellenger, Harold Schellenger, Jerry Schellenger, Charles Seiffelinger, Reek Hand, Joseph Hand, D. W. Pearson, James Clark, A. P. Hildreth, E. C. Taylor, F. Sidney Townsend, Col. J. L. Lansing, Clark Brothers. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

CAPE MAY COURT HOUSE—60 miles from Philadelphia, via West Jersey Railroad. Charles E. Foster, William H. Foster, E. C. Wheaton, S. F. Hewitt. Rates, \$2 per day and board.

DEPTFORD—One mile from Cape May Court House. Lewis Ludlam, Benjamin Hawkins. Rates, \$2 per day and board.

DENNISVILLE—Four miles from Seaville on West Jersey Railroad. Edwin W. James, Joseph Blizzard. (Upland and Sound shooting.) Rates, \$2 per day and board.

SEAVILLE—61 miles from Philadelphia, via West Jersey Railroad. F. Shute. (Upland and Sound shooting.) Rates, \$3 per day and board.

TOWNSEND'S LEEF—Via Seaville. William Sutton, Howard Rice. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

TUCKAHOE—Six miles off Woodbine Station on West Jersey Railroad—total distance, 62 miles. Major W. B. Brown, Thomas S. Clark. (Jund and Rivers.) Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

BEESELY'S POINT—Reached via Pleasantville, West Jersey and Atlantic Railroad—total distance, 67 miles. Thomas Clauser, John Clark, William Stites. Rates, \$2.50 per day and board.

Gunning resorts in Cape May county are in and about the various sounds and thoroughfares, as Cape Island Sounds, Grassy Sounds, Jarvey Sounds, Cresse's Thoroughfare, Great Sounds, are well-known and available points in this county.

BURLINGTON COUNTY.

TUCKERTON—Capt. Wm. Gaskill, Capt. Joseph P. Shourds, Hazleton Jones, Samuel K. Shourds, J. G. Downs, James Marshall, Lewis Parker, Samuel Shourds, Jr., Wm. A. Mathis, John Sprague, Henry Shourds, Wm. Horner, Wm. R. McDaniel, Noah Marshall, Charles Horner, Abram Price, Edward Parker, Mason Price, Peter Parker, James Horner. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor Bay accessible from Tuckerton: Gautt's Point, Gautt's Cove, Jerimie's Point, Jerimie's Cove, Rose's Point, Rose's Cove, Hester Sedge, East Sedge, West Sedge, Johnny Sedge, Johnny Sedge, Shelter Island, Parker's Island, Middle Island, Storrey's Island, Hester Island, Bunches Island, Big Bunches, Barrel Island, Goose Bar, Buntion Sedge, Little Island.

OCEAN COUNTY.

TOMS RIVER—Vincent W. Applegate, Lane Applegate, George Irous, Samuel V. Pierson, James Robinson, Fred Grant, Israel Hoffinger, John Grant. (Bay gunning.) Equipped sportsmen with yachts. Rates—\$5 per day and board, boats and equipments.

CHADWICK'S—John Applegate, Charles Sceman, William H. Gaunt, William Vannote, James Lovelaud, Gilbert Chadwick, Weston Chadwick.

MAX CHIEF—69 miles from Philadelphia on Tuckerton Railroad, via Pennsylvania Railroad by Market street wharf—122 miles from New York City. James Horner, Samuel Parker, Abram Price, Edward Lorton, Richard Cramer, Job Parker, William Horner, Abram Pharo, Aaron Pharo, Lewis Parker. Rates—\$2 per day and board. Well-known available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor Bay accessible from West Creek: Ham's Island, Sheep's Head Island, High Island, Little Island, Beach Meadow Point, Egg Island, Marshelder Island, Parker Island, Sand Point.

MANAHAWKIN—65 miles from Philadelphia on Tuckerton Railroad; 118 miles from New York City. Frank Martin, Humphrey Martin, Dal Cramer, Lewis Laman, Joseph Cramer, Joseph Cramer, William Letts, E. B. Ohliphant. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Well-known available gunning points in Little Egg Harbor and Barnegat bays accessible to Manahawkin: Egg Island, Thoroughfare Island, Lazy Point, Gulf Island, Bear Island, Parker's Point, Oyster Point, North Point, Red's Fishing Point, Main Point.

BARNEGAT—80 miles from Philadelphia via Tuckerton Railroad, 113 miles from New York City via Central New Jersey Railroad. Henry Grant, John Horner, Scurr Burr, Jefferson Woodmanic, Charles Sprague, James Cox, Jesse Birisall, Augustus E. Cramer, Charles Ridgway, Geo. H. Vannote, Jarvis Ridgway, Alphonso Bayres. Rates—\$2.50 per day and board.

Well-known available gunning points in Barnegat Bay, accessible from Barnegat, Harvey Cedars, Barnegat Inland, Barnegat Bay, Barnegat Island, Carver's Island, Little Sandy Island, Lovelady's Island, Voll Sedge, Gulf Island, Big Sandy Island, Marchelder Island, Sloop Sedge, High Bar, Clam Islands, South Point of Gunning River.

NEW MAINE LAWS.

INSECTIVOROUS BIRDS.

An act to amend section fourteen of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, relating to insectivorous birds. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section fourteen of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight, is hereby amended by adding thereto the following words, viz:

"Under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars, for each bird, or in possession except alive," so that as amended said section shall read as follows, viz:

Sec. 14. No person shall kill or have in his possession, except alive, any of the birds commonly known as larks, robins, swallows, sparrows or orioles, or other insectivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted, under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars for each of said birds killed, or in possession except alive.

An act to confer upon sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, police officers and constables, the powers of game wardens and their deputies. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Sheriffs, deputy sheriffs, police officers and constables are hereby vested with all the powers conferred by law upon game wardens and their deputies, and shall be allowed for their services the same fees as are now prescribed for sheriffs and their deputies.

MOOSE, CARIBOU AND DEER.

An act to amend chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight relating to the protection of moose, caribou or deer. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. Section three of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight is hereby amended by inserting the word "hunted" before word "killed" and by substituting the word "September" for the word "October," so that as amended said section shall read as follows:

Sec. 3. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose within this State, under a penalty of one hundred dollars for every moose so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 4. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any deer or caribou within this State, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 5. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose, deer or caribou, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such moose, deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose, deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 6. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose, deer or caribou, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such moose, deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose, deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 7. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose, deer or caribou, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such moose, deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose, deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 8. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose, deer or caribou, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such moose, deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose, deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 9. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose, deer or caribou, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such moose, deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose, deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

Sec. 10. No person shall hunt, kill or destroy with dogs any moose, deer or caribou, under a penalty of forty dollars for every such moose, deer or caribou so hunted, killed or destroyed; and no person shall between the first day of January and the first day of September in each year, in any manner hunt, kill or destroy any moose, deer or caribou, under the same penalty as above provided.

MOOSE, CARIBOU AND DEER.

An act for the protection of moose, caribou and deer. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. No person shall kill, destroy, or have in possession from the first day of September to the first day of January in each year, more than one moose, two caribou or three deer, under a penalty one hundred dollars, or every moose and forty dollars for each caribou or deer killed, destroyed, or in possession in excess of the said number, and in case of conviction all such moose, caribou or deer or the carcasses or parts thereof shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting, and the provisions of sections twelve, thirteen and fourteen of chapter one hundred and thirty-two, but the warrant may be issued on complaint of said warden or either of his deputies.

Section 2. Any person owning or having in possession dogs for the purpose of hunting moose, caribou or deer, or that are used for such hunting, shall be liable to a penalty of not less than twenty nor more than one hundred dollars.

Section 3. The penalties prescribed in this act may be recovered in the manner provided in the provisions of section five of chapter fifty of the public laws of eighteen hundred and seventy-eight.

SALMON AND TROUT.

An act for the protection of salmon, land-locked salmon and trout. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:

Section 1. No person shall fish for, take, catch, kill or destroy any fish in any waters, except tide waters, with any net, seine, weir or trap, under a penalty of fifty dollars for the offense and ten dollars for each salmon or land-locked salmon, and one dollar for each and every other fish so taken, caught, killed or destroyed.

Section 2. No person shall kill or destroy any land-locked salmon less than nine inches in length, or any trout less than five inches in length, under a penalty of five dollars for each fish so killed or destroyed, and ten dollars for each and every land-locked salmon or trout so killed or destroyed. Any person having in possession any land-locked salmon or trout of less than the above dimensions shall be deemed to have killed or destroyed them in violation of the provisions of this section.

Section 3. No person shall take, catch, kill or have in possession at any one time for the purpose of transportation more than fifty pounds in weight of land-locked salmon or trout, or of both together, nor any such fish transported in violation of the provisions of this section shall be liable to seizure, on complaint, and shall be decreed by the court forfeited to the use of the party prosecuting. Any person having in possession more than fifty pounds in weight of the fish aforesaid, shall be deemed to have taken them in violation of this section.

Section 4. All penalties imposed by any of the sections of this act may be recovered in the manner provided in section twenty-six, chapter seventy-five of the public laws of 1878.

OTHER LAWS.

The following acts were also passed and have become laws: An act to prevent the taking of trout from Tappan's Pond and Grinnell's Pond in the town of Kingfield for the term of three years.

An act for the better preservation of black bass in Penesse-wassee and Hobbs's ponds in Norway.

An act to regulate the taking of fish in Mouson, Elliottville, and Williamantic.

An act relating to fines and penalties recovered for violation of the fish and game laws. (This act provides that all fines and penalties recovered for violation of the fish and game laws shall be paid one-half to the complainant and one-half to any game and fish protective society or any other sportsman's association organized under the laws of the State and located in the county where said fines were recovered, provided that they spend the same in the propagation and cultivation of trout and salmon for the fresh-water ponds and lakes of Maine, to be done under the direction of the fish commissioners. The fish commissioners shall designate to which it shall be paid in case of there being more than one society in the same county.)

An act to prohibit the taking of fish from Messabasic Pond and its outlet in the town of Alfred.

An act to prevent the taking of trout from Bryant's Brook and Beaver Brook in the town of Scarborough.

An act to prohibit the taking of fish from Bungeawent Pond in the towns of Alfred and Lyman.

An act to repeal Chapter 193 of the Public Laws of 1874, and of Section 17 of Chapter 50 of the Public Laws of 1875, relating to taxidermists, and all laws authorizing their appointments.

An act making Sunday a close time for game and birds of all kinds. SAMPOON.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

BROOK TROUT.

This fish is in season on April 1st, as follows: California, Connecticut, Iowa, Massachusetts, Minnesota, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Virginia, Washington Territory, and Wisconsin.

If then you chance to read this treatise, it shall seem no otherwise to thee than the way of an ordinary traveler—sometimes fair, sometimes foul; here champagne, there enclosed; barren in one place, better syle in another; by woods, groves, hills, dales, plains, I shall lead thee.—Burlin's Anatomy of Melancholy.

TOT'S TROUT.

BY MRS. FRED MATHER.

O BEAUTIFUL TROUT with the crimson dot; My grasshopper waits for you; I know that you're hiding below that root, And to reach you I'll wet my shoe. I've borrowed a line from brother Ben, A hook from Cousin True, And I've hurried away from my kitted old doll, To pay a visit to you.

I saw you yesterday under the boat With the polka dots on your side, Your olive green mantle shaded with black, And your fins spread out so wide. You were real mean to go way so soon When I just put in my hands; I only wanted to smooth your back, And tell you about the land.

We've got the loveliest violets here, Paucists and Jacobins, Scarlet runners, and primroses with white, That will exactly match your fins; And just the dearest golden girls, Some of them dusted with blue; So, now, little troutie, just bite my hook, And then I'll show them to you.

I'll show you the nest that the wren has made In a hole in the linden tree, With two of the cunningest little eggs, And nobody knows it but me. I'll show you my dolly and all her clothes, My kitten and Bennie's big dog, The place where the humble bees go in the barn, And the moss on the old hollow log.

Come, beautiful trout with the peary side, My grasshopper's getting all wet, Bennie is calling and I must go home, Or dolly will worry and fret. Now, come, little troutie, do not, so hard! You are pulling me into the stream; And you've taken the grasshopper off from my hook; I just think you are real mean.

BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES—II.

THE SWAMP TROUT—BAGGING SUCKERS.

OLD Hunter had two places, perhaps more, where he was wont to go in a secret manner, from which he brought home large trout. He was a shrewd character, and produced only a few at a time, just enough to fill an order for a trout breakfast or to dispose of without attracting too much attention.

One of these places was discovered by that famous woodchuck shooter and pickerel fisher, Scott, who while skittering for his favorite fish, discovered Old Hunter in a boat out in the middle of the reservoir, where he knew the water was at least ten fathoms deep. Now, he reasoned, the old man would not be there for his kind of fish, for pickerel don't lie in deep water, but nearer shore where there is feed. He tried to get nearer to find out what he was after, but the old fellow immediately rowed away. The next day Scott heard that Judge Mason had bought two trout of Old Hunter of nearly two pounds a piece in weight. Now, this reservoir was built to supply water through feeders to the Chenango Canal. There were two of these reservoirs, and on high ground, letting water into the summit of the canal. They were made from springs and brooks that passed through them. We all knew there were trout in the brooks, both above and below the reservoirs, for we had

caught many a one, but none over a pound. And we knew, too, that there were cold, terribly cold springs in the middle of the big waters, for we had swam across them and been chilled to our very bones. In fact, one of the most promising young men—a student at the university—lost his life, having been seized with cramps while in bathing there. He was an excellent swimmer, but the extreme cold on a warm summer's day doubled him up, and before assistance could reach him he sank. Yes, we knew about the cold springs, but none of us dreamed of their being full of tremendous big trout.

Scott was on hand the next day, and he was a very fortunate fisherman on big trout for some time. How we hoys go to hold of it I have forgotten, but Old Hunter was disgusted.

The second secret of his I discovered. I was picking strawberries on a side hill that sloped down toward a dense swamp, some two miles out from the village. I saw Old Hunter with his tin pail on his arm; his red tippet betraying him a quarter of a mile away, for he always wore it in summer as in winter. Old Hunter I now discovered stealing into the swamp. What is he after there, I wonder, "Yarbs," I suppose. For the old fellow had more or less knowledge of the healing powers of certain plants, at least he had the credit of this; and was often commissioned to gather certain kinds from time to time. "Yarbs," I guess. But why does he sneak in that careful way, and look around as if he didn't want it known that it was he and he there? I guess I will investigate.

I crawled on my hands and knees down to the fence, across the road, and through another fence, and was in the swamp ahead of him when the old man went in. It was a wet and boggy place fed by springs from the hills on both sides, and from which ran a small brook. Tradition said there used to be trout in the brook, but there were none, or but a few little ones, in our day. By careful dodging I did not betray myself, but kept within seeing distance of my object. When near the middle of the swamp he stopped and laid down his pail. With his hatchet he cut open a hole or stump, and thence took out five white grubs. Then from some inner pocket he brought out a fish line, and baited the hook with one of the grubs. Well, I had to laugh quietly to myself; going to fish in some hollow stump or hole for a woodchuck, I guess—when, behold! The ground where he stood was boggy and lumpy, with here and there small spaces of water, none of the surfaces of water being larger than a good-sized fish-bait. The ground was so spongy and lumpy that when he stepped on it, the old man stepped on a bog and dropped his baited hook over into what I supposed was water not more than a few inches deep, but to my utter amazement the line ran under and off at one side at least ten or twelve feet. A subterranean region of unknown proportions was there. It was not a minute before out came a trout of not less than a pound and a half; then another, until he had five wet not less than seven pounds of the very best of the most superb trout fish in the world, for no country nor climate can or does furnish anything so good as a wild speckled trout out of a cold spring. These were placed in his pail and carefully covered up with leaves, and the cover securely tied down; and then the old fraud stole out on the other side of the swamp, to go away around the village, two miles or more, and come in from a different direction. Oh, he was a cunning 'coon!

It was not long for me to get a fish-line and grub, and I caught six splendid fellows. How black they were, how fat, how short, and broad across the back, but genuine speckled trout. How cold and hard and, ye gods, how delicious. How the folks opened their eyes when I brought them home; and what a breakfast—words cannot do it justice. The memory of their sweetness, their plumpness and flavor takes me back nearly forty years. Alas! the swamp is long gone, cleared off and drained, making way for the farmer's grass. I wonder how many of those magnificent beauties perished thus, of no benefit to anybody. I don't think we caught them all; for they grew shy; and sometime wouldn't bite at all—but they were there.

Old Hunter found the ground trodden down (he was very careful himself in that respect) and he knew his secret was in somebody else's keeping. He caught me there one day, and his wrath was vehement, and as much as right as he. He said I was a fool and idiot to give away my way, and catching so many and by not being more cautious in my approaches, etc. Well, he was right, but I was a boy.

Bob Uplam was the famous trouter of that region in later years, and I, am told, even yet. He used to have some sacred spots to which he would slip off and bring home big strings, but he never had the *Bonanza fontinalis* (how is that for any classic?) I had for awhile.

Talking of trout, I remember one of another favorite way of fishing. Did you ever hook suckers through the ice? Ah! that was fun. The canal and the different feeders furnished good feeding grounds for certain kinds of fish of the coarser varieties, especially suckers; and suckers in the winter were not bad eating, especially when you were so far from the coast, with no railroad near. Fresh fish, instead of salt cod or mackerel, were at a premium.

The way we caught suckers, and sometime pickerel and perch, was to go about five together, three to hook, and two to drive and change about. Our implements were three large hooks, fastened together in triangular shape; or better, a tool in the shape of a hay rake, only that the teeth were parallel with the rake's tail. Having cut three holes in the ice, thrown in a few white beans or some corn to light up the surroundings, we lay down over the hole, our hooks near the bottom, the handle of the rake's tail grasped firmly in one hand, and both sharp, of course, and pointing upward. The others of the party having gone above some ways on shore, then approached us on the ice with big clubs or a big chain, thumping the ice between them, thus driving the fish by us. And they came in schools, sometime big ones. As they passed over our hooks we jerked up, landing them on the ice, then thrust the hook into the hole with celerity to repeat the operation until the school drove by. All the while we would be and some distance ahead and cut fresh holes and then again others, until we thought we had sufficient of the fish for the day. On our way back we picked up our spoils at the various holes. Generally, we had a large hand-sleigh to draw them home on the ice. Sometime when we struck a big school, two expert hookers—for it was no slow business, I tell you—would land on the ice from one to two bushels at one drive, and to be repeated in less quantity until the school is used up.

One of our biggest times, I remember, was a litter cold day; but the excitement kept us warm. We drove the Lebanon feeder for several miles. We hagged (haggling suckers, think of it!) sixteen bushels, a one-horse lumber-wagon load. There were five of us, and we had suckers

enough each to give away to our friends and the poor of the village. Doc Havens was a famous hooker, as well as trout fisher. He was along that big day. I don't believe he has forgotten it. It took a quick man to snatch a pickerel, for they went by like a flash, but the Doctor could do it. When there was a chance for pickerel in the streams or reservoirs, they used to make a drive (which I didn't like), until I got older and could handle the hook like a veteran.

"Well, those were great days.
"If our foresight was only as good as our hindsight?"
Yes, that is so. But it does an old fellow go to go back to them. Yes, I am getting garrulous again. Good-night.
JACOBSTAFF.

TROUT OPENING IN FULTON MARKET.

THE annual display of trout on the opening of the season will take place in Fulton Market, New York, on Monday and Tuesday, April 2 and 3. Mr. Blackford sent out the following circular to trout breeders and others some weeks ago:

DEAR SIR: In addition to my usual trout display, I desire to give an exhibition of as many specimens of the various kinds of fish as have been hatched out or raised by fish-culturists of this country.

I should esteem it a great favor if you would send me a few specimens from the hatchery under your charge, accompanied by a label giving name, age, and all particulars necessary for the instruction of the public. All specimens should be shipped so as to arrive here early on April 1 or 2.

The object of this exhibition is to create a greater public interest in fish-culture. Trusting I am not troubling you too much I remain,
E. G. BLACKFORD.

We are informed that in answer to this he will have both the rare and beautiful "Dolly Varden" trout and the rainbow trout from the United States salmon ranch at Baird, Shasta county, Cal.; the handsome "Clark's trout," *Salmo clarki*, from Nevada, as well as specimens from our Eastern *Fundulus* from all parts of the East. The New York Fish Commission will send specimens of different fishes from its hatcheries at Cold Spring and Gold Springs, Mr. Jas. Annin and other private breeders will send their contributions, and the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island and the Suffolk Club will be well represented. The whole of the new market will be thrown open on that day; the dealers in meats, fish and game will endeavor to make a display for the public which will be attracted by the "trout opening" of Mr. Blackford. This gentleman has, by his energy and large expenditures, earned the thanks of the public for the establishment of trout day, and his opportunity to compare the fish from different localities, and so to educate anglers to the observance of the different species and varieties. We will give our readers at a distance a good report of the exhibition, which will be one that many will regret their inability to see.

The invitation to the opening this year is in the style of Mr. Blackford's former ones, and will, of course, be more artistic, we hardly think it as beautiful as former ones. The cover contains a fair mermaid, without her traditional comb and glass, holding a slip which winds about and is inscribed "Opening of the Trout Season of 1883." Below is the verse:

"And when ye thunders from I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,
My pleasure 'tis to then invite
My friends to share in my delight."

On the inside is a rainbow and a Dolly Varden trout, side by side, while above and looking down through the water the brook trout is gazing at the strangers. A little nondescript in the middle seems contented to stay in the background. On the opposite page is the invitation and a water scene with rods and reel in the foreground.

THE WALL-EYED PIKE.

(*Stizostedion*, Raf.; *Luciperca*, Cuv.)

THE following communications on this neglected fish will prove of interest:

I was much interested in the report in your columns of the 15th regarding wall-eyed pike. As you press a wish for further notes on this subject, I will give you some facts that are largely within my own knowledge.

I have seen large numbers of wall-eyed pike caught at the St. Clair flats and on the St. Clair River, above the flats. The wall-eyed pike is a game fish, nearly, if not equally as game as the black bass. It is a bold biter, especially during the mouths of April and May, they are then leaving the lakes, going into the rivers before their spawning season. During these months it will give the angler ample opportunity to exercise his skill. I have never seen them taken with the artificial fly, but I have seen numbers of wall-eyed pike taken with minnows, which is the usual bait at the St. Clair flats.

In April and May they are trolled for with a spoon in the St. Clair River, and I have seen as many as eight large pike, weighing from two to ten pounds each, taken in less than two hours. As a rule they are bold biters, and fight well for life and freedom. In the latter part of June and July they are spawning; then it seems they cannot be induced to take any kind of bait, and it is as well, for at such times they are not fit for food, and ought not to be caught. I have seen the wall-eyed pike taken with an apparatus called a "bobbing line," a piece of coarse line from eighty to one hundred feet long, with four large hooks fastened together in the center of the ground, and lead weights and floats well spaced, attached to the end below the hooks. They take this fishing tackle with a small skiff and row out in the stream and cast the line; the lead sinks to the bottom, and as the boats drift slowly down with the stream, the hooks are dragged or jerked along the bottom, as the angler keeps his arm continually in motion, which jerks the hooks along the bottom in this way. The fish is hooked in any and all parts of the body when it is struck, the hook is then taken in hand over hand, and the fish is taken apparently without a struggle.

The wall-eyed pike can only be taken in this way during the months of June and July, when they are spawning, then they seem to have no life in them, and nothing to do but float around the bottom of the river. Of course such fishing is not sport, and an angler who fishes for sport would blush with shame to take them in from the stream in this manner. At any other season—except June and July the angler who attempts to take the wall-eyed pike either with the rod or the trolling line and spoon, will find plenty of sport and

ample opportunity to test their skill. The wall-eyed pike is strictly a game fish, and as a food fish he is second to none.
WISCONSIN, March 19.
MARTIN E. O'BRIEN.

My experience with the wall-eyed pike may throw some light on their game qualities. I have taken them in Bloek River with ordinary tackle, live minnows for bait, and found them hard fighters and free biters. I have also taken them in the Upper Onondaga. This river is clear, swift, and has a rocky bottom. My mode of fishing there was to use a light float, live minnow, a yard long leader, and seventy-five yards of line. I would then find a rapid and let the bait drop down with the current. The river abounds in bass and I caught them often than the pike, but I never could see any difference in game qualities between the two. I never tried them with a fly. I never fished for any of our fish with a fly, nor did I ever take one on a troll. My experience is that they differ very much from a chunk of wood, as your first correspondent thinks. Let him try them in cold, swift water and he will change his opinion at once. If living in sluggish water they might lose their game qualities. Bass caught in the lagoons near here are not so game as the same fish caught in mountain streams. Piscator.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., March 19.

Presuming that your "wall-eyed pike," or "pike perch," is what we in Canada call pickerel, or in the Province of Quebec "doré," I beg to add my humble quota of information regarding their habits, etc. One moonlight night some years ago, I caught one on a red bass fly when proceeding to shore after fishing near the St. Lambert's end of the Victoria Bridge, Montreal. Since then I have heard of several cases where the pickerel was taken on a troll. In St. Lawrence, Ottawa and Rideau rivers, the blue jay is their favorite. To succeed I am told that it is necessary to allow the flies to sink an inch or two below the surface of the water. We count them here as next, in point of sport, to the black bass. They grow, in the rivers above mentioned, from nine to fifteen pounds, and the larger ones fight vigorously when not yanked in the hand over hand with a trolling line. The pickerel is a game fish, but not when feeding they are somewhat like their cousins, the pike, not very particular.

OTTAWA, Province of Ontario.

I see in your issue of the 15th inst. that you invite contributions on the subject of the pike-perch. This fish is known in this locality as the salmon, and is comparatively rare. As a fly fisher, I regret to say that I have not afforded as much sport to the angler as either the small or large-mouthed variety of the latter. In taking the bait he strikes very tamely, and when hooked keeps close to the bottom, never, in my experience, leaping out as the bass does. This fish is much scarcer now than formerly. I have been told by competent authorities that ten or twelve years ago they were numerous as the bass; but at present, if the number of each caught in a season be any indication, our streams do not contain one pike-perch to a hundred bass. I am at a loss to account for this diminution in numbers, as they are only caught by anglers who are fishing for bass, never, so far as I know, being caught in nets or seines, or taken on troll lines. They bite best in early spring and late fall, and very early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The largest specimen I have seen was a specimen weighing eleven pounds, and was caught in a trap on the "Massed Shoals." A friend of mine caught one in Cypress Creek, near Florence, Ala., that weighed nine pounds and some ounces. This fish was killed with very light tackle. The largest fish of this kind I have ever heard of was caught in a stream near this place, and is said to have weighed over seventeen pounds.

SAVANNAH, TENN., March 21.

A GROWL FROM GRIZZLY GULCH.

A FEW miles north of this place (our present camp) and about one hundred and twenty miles northeast of Denver, at an elevation of 8,500 feet in the Rocky Mountains is situated a body of water called the Lost Lake. Any person in this vicinity can testify that there is not another body of water of the same size in Colorado that is inhabited by trout of all sizes in such numbers as said lake. Nor is this lake unknown to the money-making guide. In the fall of 1882, under the leadership of one of these guides) came a party of five Eastern tourists to the Lost Lake. Game was plenty, mountain air was abundant, and trout was to be had by the hundreds within two hundred yards of their tent. Here for some four weeks this party of tourists remained living like kings and enjoying themselves only as the lover of rod and gun can enjoy themselves in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. They had all the game they could eat, and ten times more trout than they could make any use of.

The time came when they deemed it necessary to again turn their steps toward the rising sun. This party of tourists came here for recreation and sport with the rod and gun, and you may learn from what I have already written, that their desires were fulfilled to the utmost. Now would not any ordinary Eastern man be satisfied with such results? I sincerely hope so. But these hogfish flew over their heads, and the light of day dawned the morning on which they started on their homeward journey they obtained a quantity of giant powder, then taking a quantity of brown soap they made waterproof esings, inserted the powder therein, ignited the fuse and tossed them into the lake. These bombshells exploded with terrific force, killing the trout by the hundreds, and on the next morning the surface of the lake and its shores were one mass of dead trout of all sizes. But the anglers were gone, and they might well thank their lucky stars that the party of miners and ranchmen did not know their whereabouts, for nine out of ten chances there would have been news of another necktie party had the infuriated inhabitants overtaken them. The writer would like to know if these five are what you call trout boys. I should say that this includes the old saw and the pig and the peck-thru-in. If it were possible for me to find out the names of this party I would cheerfully give them to you in full; but as it is I cannot find any clew to their names, nor do I know where they were from. All I do know is that they came here from the East.

In December last an old hunter and myself started on a two-weeks' hunt. We turned our steps toward a favorite hunting locality in the Cheyenne and Rocky Mountains. On our arrival, however, we found deer signs fresh and plenty. Now it happened that a party from New York city who claimed to be sportsmen (under the leadership of a guide), arrived at said grounds on the same day, and pitched their

tent within a mile of our cabin. The first thing that greeted our ears on the following morning before daybreak was the crack of a rifle, then another and another and another, and this was kept up all that day and for the six days following. They were armed with repeating rifles, and it seemed to be their object to see who could shoot away the most ammunition.

It is hardly necessary for me to say that that party of New Yorkers did not see a deer the whole week they were there. Nor did we for I do not believe that there was an antelope, and the miles of either camp as long as that party remained. But greatly to our relief they took their departure on the eighth day, cursing the luck and the Rocky Mountains. My friend and I remained a few days later and got five deer.

Now the writer would like to know if this is the kind of stuff of which the majority of Eastern sportsmen, tourists, etc., are made. If so, for our sake and their own good they had better stay at home, and be contented with reading the FOREST AND STREAM and with what sport their native State affords them, for such vagabonds as the above will never make friends in the Rockies, nor will they ever be satisfied with their hunting here. But let the sportsman who is a sportsman come out here and he will be welcomed by all, and will find friends at every camp-fire; and he can make up his mind that he will have a good general time.

GRIZZLY GULCH, Colorado.

SILVERTIP.

EARLY FLY-FISHING.

OLLIAN, A. D., 231, a native of Macedonia, says: "I have had a receipt in form of the following method of catching fish in Macedonia. In the river Axos, which runs between Berana and Thessalonica, there are fish which are ornamented with spots of different colors, but the names they bear are best learnt from the people of Macedonia. Their food is the flies which frequent that river; and these flies differ from any that are found elsewhere; for they are not of the bees and wasps, but they unite in themselves the likeness of all these insects. The people of that country call them *lappuri*—horseflies; and as they fly near the surface of the water they are easily discerned by the fish, which therefore glides gently to the place where their shadows fall, and, just as a wolf snatches a sheep from the flock, with a gulp it seizes the fly and instantly plunges with it into the depths of the stream. This has been noted and copied by other fishermen, but with success. The people of that country play the natural fly which will scarcely bear to be handled, but they imitate it by art. A small quantity of purple wool is wrapped around the hook and a couple of wings are added from yellow neck feathers of a cock. The rod and line are each four cubits long, and this contrivance when skillfully cast on the stream is found eminently successful."—From *History of the Fishes of the British Islands*, by Jonathan Couch, Vol. IV., page 228.

NORTHERN MICHIGAN ONCE MORE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

When a boy I remember of reading that two knights armed "cap-a-pie" met one blue at the junction of two roads, in which stood a large shield. After saluting one another, one knight remarked on the blackness of the shield, "Not so," quoth the other, "It is white;" which the first knight contradicted; and so one word led to another, until they agreed to fight it out. Couching their lances, each charger was spurred forward with his greatest speed, and when the shock came knights and horses rolled in the dust. As the two warriors lay groning on the ground a third traveler came up and they appeared to him to settle the dispute. He, wiser than they looked at the shield on all sides before giving his decision. Then chiding them for their hastiness, he informed them they were both right, as the shield was black on one side and white on the other.

It may be that your correspondent, "W. D. T.," and myself are looking at opposite sides of "the shield." However, before we are challenged to enter the lists again by any worthy champion, I would like to finish this point and then retire. "Prairie Dog" does not expect to find trout on a mud flat, nor "Under waving rushes," but he not only expects to, but has found them in streams where, though the country is much more rugged than Northern Michigan, it is more easily traversed, and where a person would not lose as much blood. My map of "W. D. T." had found such streams he might "swear some." It may be a pleasant surprise to find that they enjoy it to fish in the rain, camp in the rain, and live in a beautiful state of dampness. I can and have stood considerable wet myself, but must confess I have a hankering after the dry spots, other things being equal.

It may be my "feet are tender," though I imagine if "W. D. T." had followed me in some of my wanderings his would have been caloused. If "W. D. T." had been careful to read just what I said in regard to the fish of Northern Michigan he would not have attacked the article in quite the style he did. Your correspondent, "G. H. W.," in issue of March 8, at least shows a willingness to admit that all might not think alike.

"W. D. T.'s" axiom must be of the kind of old saws Mark Twain calls frauds, for I will vouch for trout not being a fraud.

Discussion is a fine thing, and it is also a fine thing that we all do not think alike or all want to always visit the same section of the country. And also that each person sees certain sections of the country in a different light from his neighbor. I do not for one moment contradict "W. D. T.," but I would like to ask him to reply to a question. First, if he has visited a country where trout were numerous, and where other things being equal, climate nearly perfect, food of course not perfect, I don't claim that for any, scenery grand and everything harmonious; second, he then visits a place he has heard much in favor of, finds it greatly overestimated, finds a great many things conspiring to make it unpleasant, does not find the fish he expected to and knows he could have done better elsewhere; third, how would he decide, which place all, climate nearly perfect, food of course not perfect, I don't claim that for any, scenery grand and everything harmonious; second, he then visits a place he has heard much in favor of, finds it greatly overestimated, finds a great many things conspiring to make it unpleasant, does not find the fish he expected to and knows he could have done better elsewhere; third, how would he decide, which place all, climate nearly perfect, food of course not perfect, I don't claim that for any, scenery grand and everything harmonious; 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LONG LAKE.

FLUSHED with victory and laden with spoils the enthusiastic sportsmen came marching home. Some from Blue Mountain, Eagle and Utowana lakes; many from the queeny Raquette, and a host from the lovely and picturesque waters of Forked and Long lakes, the most beautiful and romantic watering places in the great Adirondack wilderness and the "Idle-wood" for sportsmen. The waters of the Raquette are, so to speak, literally alive with speckled beauties and beauties that are not speckled. I have reference to the celebrated black bass. Trolling through the waters of this magnificent lake is enjoyed, not only by the male portion of our sporting fraternity, but by the ladies who accompany them to enjoy the health-giving sports of the great Adirondack wilderness, and to paddle their light canoes upon the bosom of the lake at sunrise and sunset, quaffing the balmy breeze.

Who is it that dare say, "I have never seen Forked Lake?" What may we say of the rest of the world as to be out of the fashion, and, not to see Forked Lake implies as much. Trout fishing, and bass fishing along its shores cannot be excelled. Just let old Capt. Parker, the renowned musician, for music we know hath charms to soothe the savage breast, but that the fish are savage, paddle you around the shores of the Forked, and don't forget when you go to take your trolling line, and all of the paraphernalia requisite for such a party, to be sure to visit Blue Mountain Lake. Seek and make the acquaintance of the versatile Commodore—the veritable Commodore Henry Bradley, of the Raquette Lake Steamboat line—and my word for it, he will post you as to every little nook, where with line and hook, you can while your pleasant sporting hours away. I can assure the sporting fraternity that the old Commodore can, to a nicety, post them as to the various spring holes along the Marston River, and the speckled beauties seem to court the presence of even enthusiastic sportsmen.

We must not forget Long Lake with such residents as Robert Shaw, Esq., Albert Hamner, Jerry Plimby, and the world-renowned Indian guide, Mitchel Sabbates, who lives in that most enchanted locality. The scenery at this matchless watering place cannot be surpassed. 'tis the Mecca of the wilderness. The view from Edmond Butler's Mammoth Hotel is exquisitely beautiful, really enchanting. A Long Lake abounds in fish of the finest quality, no sportsman should fail, if an epicure, to test their favor. The guides located at this lake are fine specimens of manhood, obliging and courteous to all strangers, and trustworthy. If a Long Lake guide, and this I say to their credit, should tell you that he was posted in all the ins and outs of a piscatorial region, you can believe him. You can shoulder your rod and follow and follow him wherever he leads. Such is the character of the much abused guides, not only of Long Lake, but of the whole wilderness.

Dr. T. C. Durant and son will, the coming season, place upon the charming waters of Long Lake a magnificent steamer. This will be hailed with delight by many of our sportsmen.

A sportsman never makes a down or show of himself. I have actually seen a young man who, as he thought himself, was a sportsman, was dressed in the most fantastic style, he was dressed in a corduroy suit, his coat had as many pockets as Joseph's coat had patches, around his waist was a broad leather belt, and to this was hanging a four-pound ax with halve, on the opposite side was a large bird-bag stuffed with paper, rags, towels, socks and various other things, sticking in his belt was a hatchet, a No. 3 carpenter's hatchet, across his shoulders he carried four fishing rods, and hanging from his belt, he carried a pair of his boots, the handles of two large bowie knives protruded, and in his hip pocket a navy revolver was stowed away among cigarettes and fine cut tobacco. Poor fellow, he marched to the battle-field, and, marched home again.

Two-SPINED STICKLEBACK.—Bridgeton, N. J., March 18.—A fortnight ago, while crossing the marshes along Delaware Bay from duck shooting, I picked up in the melted snow in the path made by gunners going to and from the blinds, a fish which was unknown to me and which was equally strange to professional fishermen to whom I showed it and in my pocket, and an hour afterward, while collecting in a bog, I picked up another of the same kind, which swam about in the most vigorous manner, though rather torpid when found. When I returned home I unfortunately forgot to bring it. I will try to describe it, and if my description fits any known fish, please give the name on enclosed card. The fish was about 1 1/2 inches long, of silvery whiteness, barred transversely with very faint gray stripes close together. Its shape very similar to that of the "fooly" or "cuffie" cuttle bone. The accompanying drawing shows my recollection of the appearance of the fish and of his singular weapons.—F. S. J. C. [The fish is undoubtedly the "two-spined stickleback," *Gasterosteus bicuspidatus*, DeKay, although it has three spines on its back. It grows to a length of 2 1/2 inches, and is found in both brackish and fresh waters. The spines on its belly, "back of the throat," represent the ventral fins.]

THE UNITED FISHERMEN.—The "Society of United Fishermen" was organized last May in Salina, N. Y., for the protection of the trout streams of the township. A subscription list was made up containing fifty names of gentlemen, each agreeing to pay one dollar in cash any conviction should be made of persons violating the fish law. A reward of fifty dollars for evidence was then offered, and we managed to secure to the extent of one hundred and a second has twenty-five days in jail, and both cases have been simply in the Criminal court. They are now to be presented by the district attorney, according to the law, in the Circuit court,

and conviction before the jury is almost a certainty. The subscription has been met promptly and the informant has his reward. The fishermen here feel quite elated, as these men are old offenders and dared some one to take hold of them. The conviction has created a great stir, and it looks as though the noted streams of this township might again afford pleasant sport. We are to put in 30,000 brook trout this spring from the State, and last year 15,000 Californians were planted. A man brought up this spring, after netting bait fish, four quacker-looking little fish, new to him, and submitted them to us, who were on the lookout for the California trout. They were all right save the heads, which looked more like a sucker without the sucking apparatus. They were spotted, apparently well-scaled, and fine correct and large. We packed one off by mail to Mr. Seth Green, who wrote us the following: "The fish you sent is not a California trout; it is a minnow. I saw the same kind of fish in South Carolina. I never saw it in this State." Would somebody advance a theory how this South Carolina fish came in our waters?—ISAAC W. [The name "minnow" covers perhaps a thousand different species. Many of them inhabit the waters of the Atlantic slope from Maine to Georgia. Send us a specimen and we will try to identify it.]

THE LEHIGH VALLEY.—March 23.—From the Lehigh valley the following from an ardent angler speaks thus of the trout-fishing prospects as soon as the season opens: "Nearly all of our trout streams are good for the first few warm days in April, but they are fished out very soon. It is not worth while to come up, however, before the snow water is done running, and there is lots of snow in the mountains yet. A warm rain would bring it down and clear the beds of the streams and make elegant fishing."—HOOB.

Game Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me." THE incident related in "H. L.'s" communication of Brooklyn, strikingly approaches a story once told by a veteran duck-hunter of this vicinity. Being out one day in pursuit of ducks, he espied a flock, but they were out of range and could not be approached sufficiently near with the boat to be shot. However, he didn't allow himself to be out-generaled, and quickly divesting himself of his equipments he plunged into the water and dived to where the ducks were quietly floating upon the water. He first seized two by the feet, bound them securely with string and then fastening them to his own person he continued his exploit, until he had secured seven pairs, at which point the remaining flock light. He returned to the shore, set his traps, and struck the four o'clock hour, but the ducks he had so strategically caught, fully satisfied, he said, with the day's adventure. W. K. M. SALEM, Pa.

Belonging to the regiment (fourteenth Tennessee Confederates) was a man who stammered in his speech very loudly. Late one evening while the "boys" were gathered around the camp fires, the stammering soldier saw a squirrel in a tree. Pointing his finger at the squirrel, he exclaimed excitedly: "L-l-l-look b-h-boys at t-t-that squi-squ-*g-pore in his hole!*" BIRRO. FORT ROYAL, Tenn.

"Pica's" advice to "Clericus," (in your issue of March 23) that he should "rent a trap and buy a lot of clay pigeons" to shoot, instead of going woodcock shooting, reminds me of the story of the small boy, who asked his father to take him to the circus, but that if he was a very good boy, he would take him the next afternoon to see his grandmother's grave. A. D. 1883. NEW YORK, March 24.

Fishculture.

THE DETROIT HATCHERY.

A REPORTER of the Detroit Free Press has visited the hatching station of the Michigan Fish Commission, at Detroit, in charge of Mr. Oren M. Chase, and this speaks of the place and the glass jars invented by that gentleman: "Probably not one-half of the residents of the city are even aware of the fact that there is a State hatchery within its borders, and no more than one in fifty knows its location. It is on the north side of Atwater street, just east of Dequandre street, a long, one-story wooden building, living a small distance from the city, and the entrance is a rather wide doorway, plainly but comfortably furnished. Here E. O. Chase, son of Superintendent O. M. Chase, and an assistant pass a tiresome and uneventful existence, one being on duty by day and the other by night.

Upon entering the main room the visitor at first hears nothing but the tinkling and splashing of fallow water, and sees nothing but rows of jars filled with a moving mass of the funniest looking corpuscles imaginable, a little larger than grains of tobacco, whitish-brown in color, looking like nothing else in nature, each dotted with two black specks and each speck unmistakably an eye.

Along each side of the room, but a few feet from the walls, there is a double frame work of simple construction, but constructed in form. It is about eight feet high, and runs the length from end to end there is a tank probably about a foot wide and deep. A few inches beneath this tank there is a shallow trough. On the outside of the frame there are narrow ledges or shelves upon which stand the jars, looking much like an apothecary's shelves. A few inches above each jar a wooden faucet projects from the side of the tank. A short section of rubber tubing connects the spigot with the glass tube above mentioned, through which stand the jars, looking much like a row of jars on each side of the tank, standing all in contact with each other. Below the first there is a second combination of tank, trough and jars. The double row of apparatus upon the second frame is somewhat lower than upon the first, to secure a flow of water.

The water enters the building by an iron pipe and, strange as it may seem, the pipe is only an inch and an half in diameter. The pipe runs along the ceiling and discharges into the highest tank. It is through this pipe that the water flows through the glass tubes to the bottom of as many jars, the water rises up through six quarts of eggs, flows out of the little metal spout attached to the jars into the upper trough; and along the trough, the water flows through a fine screen to remove all foreign bodies, then around into the upper tank of the second frame, and so on until it has passed through four sets of jars, when it flows into the large tank upon the floor, where now are the large whitefish.

The fish, which are now being hatched, have revolutionized the artificial propagation of fish. Formerly the eggs were

placed upon trays immersed in running water. Daily each tray was taken from the water, and all dead eggs carefully removed with a feather, requiring great care and constant labor.

The glass jars are about fifteen inches in length and six to seven inches in diameter. They are open at the top, taper nearly to a point at the bottom, and have wide, flat, horizontal flanges around the top is a strip of metal, with a flat spout about two inches wide at one side. Standing in the center of the jar is a glass tube less than an inch in diameter and slightly bell-shaped at the bottom. This bell mouth is pushed into the narrow neck of the jar but for three projecting ears that hold it up about a sixteenth of an inch, the purpose of which will be seen further on.

To fully describe the industry of fish hatching, Mr. Chase led the way to a large tank in the rear end of the room, in which there were six or eight meters, as they are called, as kettles. Thrusting a kind of paddle beneath one of the beauties, he raised it to the surface of the water and picked it up without a single protest on the part of the fish. Said he: "Take in the fall, previous to December 1, we get our whitefish, and taking them very few as they are drawn from the water, press gently upon their sides and secure the ova in paas, in which is placed a little water. After securing the eggs of two or three, the milk of the male fish is secured in water set to flowing through the tubes. This is about all there is of it until the hatching commences, about the 1st of April. The water of the Detroit River is excellent for our purposes, being pure and of very even temperature. By warming it even a few degrees, these eggs, that will not hatch for two weeks at our water, will be hatched in a few days. When the water used in hatcheries comes from shallow streams, its temperature is changed by the early spring rains, and the eggs hatch much earlier. They are not so strong and healthy, however, as those hatched.

"You will observe," said Mr. Chase, as the end of the busy watercourse was reached, "that every egg is constantly in motion. Look through every jar in the room and you will not find an egg that is not moving about. This is regulated by the current being set through them to keep the eggs in motion." "I observe many dead eggs in the jar. In the days when trays were used it was considered necessary to immediately take out of a jar every few minutes, however, by merely destroying the live ones with which they were in contact," said the reporter.

"By the use of the jars, that becomes unnecessary, for the continued motion prevents contamination. After an egg has been set to flowing through the tubes, it is about all there is of it until the hatching commences, about the 1st of April. The water of the Detroit River is excellent for our purposes, being pure and of very even temperature. By warming it even a few degrees, these eggs, that will not hatch for two weeks at our water, will be hatched in a few days. When the water used in hatcheries comes from shallow streams, its temperature is changed by the early spring rains, and the eggs hatch much earlier. They are not so strong and healthy, however, as those hatched.

"How many of these jars have you in operation?" "Two hundred and five." "And how many eggs in a jar?" "From 100,000 to 150,000. There is one that has 200,000 in it. In all, we have 40,000,000 eggs in the hatchery."

"All whitefish?" "Yes. As soon as these are hatched we shall go to collecting whitefish eggs. That will be early in April and they will hatch in a month. After that we shall go to Troy, N. Y., to get eels. We get them there in immense quantities, from three to five inches long. They are placed in mud lakes, where none will come in. The pickerel will be planted principally in interior lakes, and the whitefish at Petoskey, Traverse City, Grand Haven, South Haven, St. Joe, Saginaw Bay, Whitefish Bay, and in Lake Superior. A few are to be planted in some cold and deep inland lakes.

"How is this planting done?" "As soon as a fish hatches he makes his way directly to the top of the jar, swims out into the trough, and round down to the bottom. They hatch very rapidly after they commence; so rapidly that a man cannot count those passing out from a single jar. The tank soon becomes alive with them. Then we scoop them out with a net, put them in big tin cans, like milk cans, and express them off to be planted. That is done by holding the can down to the level of the water and pouring them out."

"Do not pick and the other fish-velves make sad havoc with the fry?" "Not to the extent generally supposed. These little fellows are very quick and nimble, and, being so small, can easily get away from a pike. Come down the 1st of April and see them go down through these troughs. You will then realize the meaning of the word 'speed'."

SHAD.—The season for shad in the Hudson's very backward on account of the ice about Albany. The first run has not struck in yet, being nearly two weeks late. In the Susquehanna they are taking many. The Havre de Grace fishery and the Chesapeake fishery are the best of the State, and the city which will be shad. These nets will average about four hundred feet each in length, with a depth of about twelve feet, and will be fished by about thirty boats, requiring the services of two or three men per boat. The average catch per day is about 100,000 shad, and the price during the season ranges from \$10 to \$35 per hundred. Of shore fisheries we only have two, Spencer's Island, near Lapidum, operated by Jurett Spencer & Sons, and Shinnock's Fishery, at Spotswood Island, operated by Messrs. Burres & Co. There are also eight boats, owned and operated by Silver & Co., Courtney & Co., Wm. Ewing, Coale & Bailey, S. E. Penning, Osmond & Co. (2), and Brown & Co. These shore and boats fishery employments to fill from four hundred to five hundred shad, and represent an investment of \$100,000. In addition to above is the old Donahue's Shore on the "Battery," which has lately been fitted out and rigged up in the most scientific manner, by Major Ferguson, of U. S. Fish Commission, which will operate solely for scientific purposes. The shad caught will be placed in the reservoir prepared for their reception and be utilized for spawning purposes.

AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—At a meeting of the Executive Committee held at Mr. Blackford's in Fulton Market, New York, on Saturday, March 24, it was decided to hold the next meeting at the Cooper Institute, New York, on Wednesday, May 10, 1888. Mr. J. W. Mather and Phillips were appointed as a committee to solicit papers to be read at the meeting. It was voted to send engraved diplomas of honorary membership to the Crown Prince of Prussia, Herr von Bohm, Theodorits Garlick and John D. Jones.

THE NEW JERSEY COMMISSION.—Trenton, March 24.—The Governor sent the Special Land, operating by the Senate to be a fish commissioner in place of Maj. E. J. Anderson, whose term has expired. The nomination was rejected on Thursday, the 23d, and on the same day the Governor nominated Mr. William Wright, of Newark, now Sheriff of the city, to be fish commissioner, and he was confirmed the next morning.—JERSEYMAN.

Brackett and Ed. Ward, second; J. Hopkins, third, and H. S. Stall-
 ighth event, birds—T. C. Fielding and J. S. Sawyer, first; J. C.
 Foster, second; J. Hopkins and B. H. Sanborn, third.
 Seventh event, birds—F. T. Noble, first; J. Hopkins, second; G.
 W. Furrington and E. I. Brown, third, and A. L. Brackett, fourth.
 Eighth event, birds—F. T. Noble, first; A. L. Brackett, second,
 and D. S. Short, third.
 Ninth event, birds—T. C. Fielding and F. T. Noble, first; B. H.
 Sandborn, second, and A. L. Brackett, third.
 A scrub match and a consolation match was shot off, the origina-
 tion of which not allowing the so-called cracks to enter, was a scrubby
 kind of consolation to the non contendeers, resulting as follows:
 Scrub match—Ed. Ward, first; G. W. Furrington, second, and A.
 F. Adams, third.
 Consolation match—A. L. Brackett, first; J. Sawyer, second, and G.
 R. Durand, third.—T. C. F. Sec.

UNKNOWN GUN CLUB.—The regular monthly match took place
 on Thursday, March 22, at Dexter's, Long Island. First in order was
 the shoot-off ties from the previous match for a handsome valise,
 with the following result:
 Knebel 25yds. 1 1 1 1—4 Rathjen 25yds. 1 1 1 0—3
 Lemken 25yds. 1 1 0 0—2 Tamford 25yds. 0 1 0 0—1
 Van Staden 25yds. 0 0 0 0—0
 Regular match, 17 members participating, birds very strong flyers.
 Condition were 7 birds, handicap prize, 30yds. boundary, one barrel, gun
 below the elbow, club rule for three prizes on the classified plan. The
 score is below:
 Knebel 25yds. 011110—5 Van Staden 25yds. 101011—4
 Lemken 25yds. 011110—4 Pope 25yds. 101111—4
 Chichester 25yds. 110101—3 Doshier 25yds. 100000—1
 Bohling 25yds. 111100—4 Ehlen 25yds. 101000—2
 Pankon 25yds. 101111—4 Schwabler 25yds. 011110—4
 Tamford 25yds. 011011—3 Appel 25yds. 101111—6
 Rathjen 25yds. 001110—4 Greif 25yds. 100010—2
 Mader 25yds. 000—0 Miller 25yds. 101010—3
 Schmutz 21yds. 0000—0

CHICAGO, March 24.—As soon as the pigeons can be procured, and
 Cal Bond is doing his best to get them, there will be two matches
 between local sportsmen shot off, both most likely the same day, at
 Kleinman's grounds, at Grand Crossing, out a ways from this city.
 These matches are between Harry Torday and Mike Eich, 50 birds
 each, ground traps, 30yds. rise, both barrels, and a triangular match
 between O. W. Roche, Thomas Starg and Charley Kerns, 25 birds
 each, same conditions as the other match. Although it is said that
 both matches are for the birds alone, still there will be a little stake
 on the result. Talking of matches, it would do any one's heart good
 to hear the opinion local sportsmen entertain of Capt. Bogardus. It
 is no longer "dear Bogey." He came very near playing upon his
 friends here too much, and losing the many he used to have.

THE FOUNTAIN GUN CLUB of Brooklyn had a very pleasant
 reception at their club rooms last Monday evening.

RAYMOND CLUB.—Friday, March 23. Quite a number of the
 Raymond Club met at their grounds, at Wellington, to carry out their
 usual programme of skeetshooting and matches at clay pigeons. In
 the six-shot gun sweepstakes, Messrs. Kirkwood, Starks, Wildbeell,
 Goodrich and Locke being the principle winners in the order men-
 tioned. Messrs. Stank and Kirkwood had three matches at 10 birds,
 25 yds. rise, guns not exceeding 3 lbs., 3 drams powder. Mr. Stank
 winning the first and second and Kirkwood the last. The 20-bird
 scores were as follows: C. T. M. Stark 17, D. Kirkwood 15, W. B.
 Widdereel 12, G. Charcoalier 12, L. S. Kennedy 12, A. G. Locke 10, F.
 C. Waterman's, C. J. Goodrich 7.

CINCINNATI, O., March 23.—A remarkable awakening has oc-
 curred in the shooting fraternity in this vicinity, and the coming
 season promises to bear rich fruit in the way of close trigger con-
 tests. The recent Louisville meeting, pronounced by all to be the
 finest exhibition ever given in the West, has enthused the oldtimers
 to the highest notch. There is a movement on foot to secure 15
 stockyard grounds and fit it up as a permanent shooting ground,
 and give occasional exhibitions during the year. There are in this city
 two prominent gun clubs, the Cincinnati and Independent. The
 former has a limited membership of twenty-five, while the latter
 numbers one hundred. It is more than probable that, during the
 summer, teams will be made up from these clubs, and a battle for
 the local championship. Negotiations are now pending between the
 Independent and Columbus, Ohio, clubs, to arrange for a series of
 three shots, one in this city, one in Columbus, and the third to be
 determined by the flip of a copper. The Columbus Club contains
 some excellent material, and stands at the head in the central part
 of the State.

One of the first local shots, who is also a prominent gun dealer, is
 endeavoring to arrange a match to finally determine that much
 mooted question of the championship of the three cities of Cincin-
 nati, Covington and Newport. By the terms of the match, which
 have not been finally settled, an entrance fee of \$10 will be charged,
 and each contestant will be required to try his skill on the following:
 Ten birds, English rules, from five ground traps. Ten birds, 25yds.,
 plunge traps, one barrel. Five double rises, English rules, ground
 traps. Five double rises, American rules, plunge traps. Ten clay
 birds, five traps, unknown angles. Twenty explosive balls, mole
 traps, five angles. A liberal prize and a handsome badge of victory
 will be given to the winner. This match will undoubtedly attract
 the attention and receive the hearty co-operation of all the gunners
 of the three cities. Mr. Billy Caldwell, formerly a well known shot,
 who has fired of the gun, has again taken up the sport, and will,
 no doubt, make it interesting for some of the cracks.

Yachting and Canoeing.

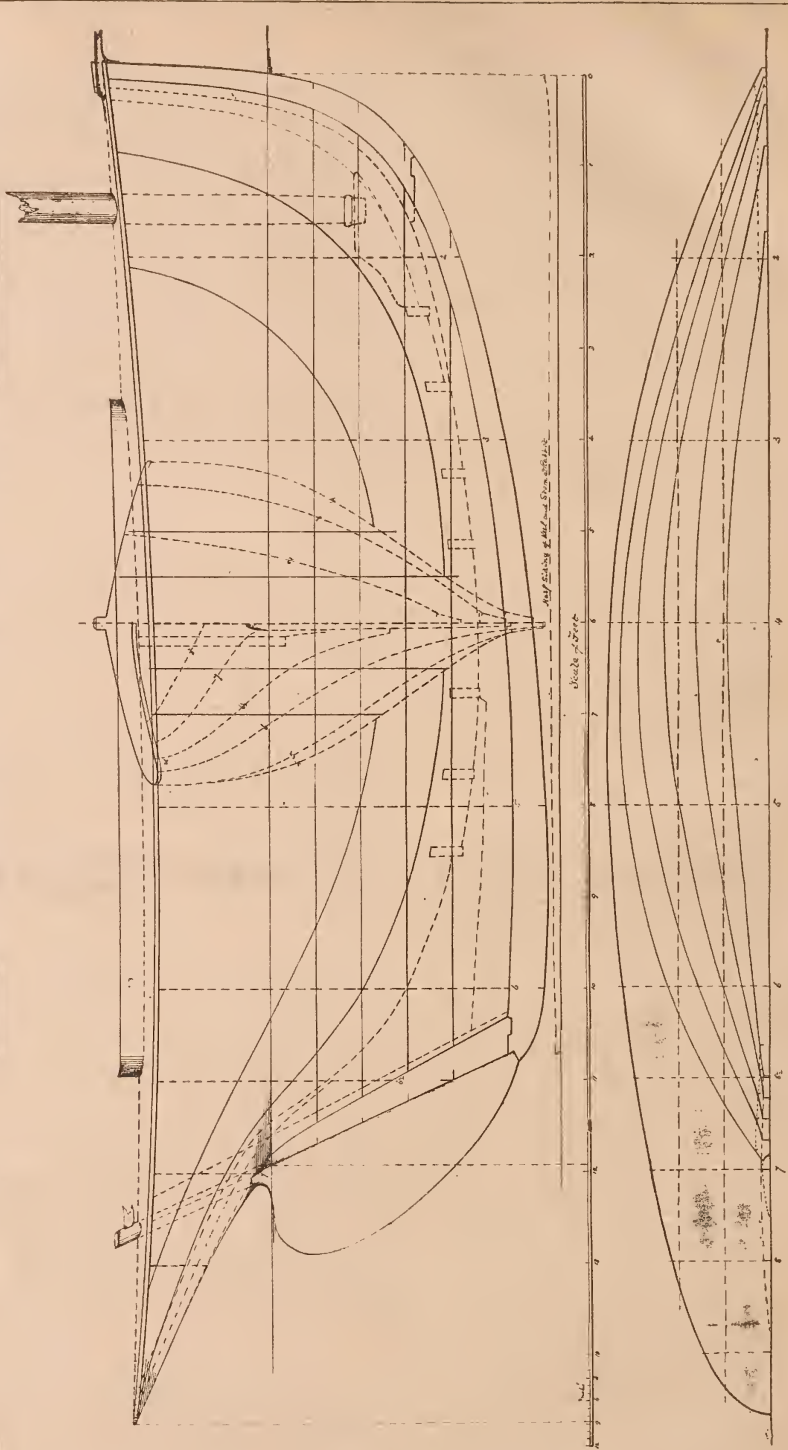
To insure prompt attention, communications should be ad-
 dressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to
 individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of im-
 portance are liable to delay.

FIXTURES.

- May 24—Toronto Canoe and Skiff Races.
- May 30—South Boston Y. C., Open Races.
- May 30—Penny Regatta Y. C.
- June 9—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 1, 2, 3.
- June 16—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 4, 5.
- June 19—Atlantic Y. C., Annual Matches.
- June 21—New York Y. C., Annual Matches.
- June 23—Seawanhaka Corinthian Matches.
- June 23—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 6, 7.
- June 30 to July 4—Chicago Annual Matches.
- July 7—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Fleet Championship.
- July 14—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 1, 2, 3.
- July 21—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 4, 5.
- July 28—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 6, 7.
- Aug. 2 and 4—Cruze Regatta.
- Aug. 4—New York Y. C., Rendezvous at New Port.
- Aug. 4—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Second Championship.
- Aug. 11—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 1, 2, 3.
- Aug. 18—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 4, 5.
- Aug. 25—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 6, 7.
- Sept. 4—Beverly Y. C., Marblehead, Open Matches.
- Sept. 8—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 1, 2, 3.
- Sept. 10—Beverly Y. C., Nahant, Second Championship.
- Sept. 15—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 4, 5.
- Sept. 22—Larchmont Y. C., Pennant Match, Classes 6, 7.

HULL, Y. C., Mass.—Commodore Laubert, who has been at the
 head of the club since its formation, will retire from office at the
 end of his term, carrying with him the best wishes of the mem-
 bers. Vice Commodore Perkins, who has worked late and early to
 bring the club to the position which it now occupies in southern
 waters in his yacht Gitana, to whom the commodoreship has been
 offered, it is understood is not averse to accepting the office, and that
 Vice Commodore Perkins will be content to remain in his present
 position. About 25 new members will be added at the annual meet-
 ing, among them the commodores of four of our largest clubs.

NEW YORK Y. C.—An invitation has been received by this club
 from the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron to extend their cruise,
 which is to take place the early part of August, to Halifax. Noting
 that an impulse for extended sea-travel has been developed gen-
 erally by the members of this club, and by none more than by the
 Commodore, we hope to hear shortly that arrangements are made
 to accept the invitation. Nothing will be done until the Commodore
 has approved the models of the new craft built, so much as experi-
 ence in Boston's yachting waters. Among the new members who
 have enrolled at the club are: Wm. W. Furrington, Beverly
 Ward, J. A. Dostwick, George S. Huntington and George C. Cooker.
 Mr. Superintendent J. E. Hildard, of the Coast Survey Department,
 was made an honorary member.



THE PROGRESS IN YACHT BUILDING.

THE progress in yacht building, and that of the modeling of yachts
 in this as a subject that now, as a nation, we are much more interested
 in than at any time since the land we dwell in was first discovered.
 For reasons why it is so we have only to recognize that until the last
 few years we were among the chief maritime nations, if not the
 chief.
 That the subject is now claiming our statesmen's attention more
 than it has done since that time is not to be wondered at, for, let re-
 ports reach us as they may of this or that small dividend being re-
 ceived by the British ship owner, more particularly by the steam-
 ship owners, who do claim part of our carrying and passenger trade,
 it must not be lost sight of that these same Britidiers are every
 year adding new steamships to their fleets, and can it be imagined
 that this would go on if they were not getting fat out of their busi-
 ness?
 Allying that such is the case, and, if not alone for profit, we are
 ever to become a great shipping nation again, and that such improve-
 ments shall be imported into the craft doing our home trade as may
 be fairly claimed as having its precedent in the improvement im-
 ported into the model and build of yachts, we say, is not yacht mod-
 eling and the construction of yachts a subject worthy of our serious
 attention?
 Think of all the fishermen roused upon our coast, and the adjoining
 waters they are hourly employed upon, and is it possible that a
 single improvement in either type or model carried out in the yachts
 we build, is not eagerly copied by the builders of the vessels our noble
 fishermen—men from whom we select those who manage our yachts
 —risk their lives in during the heaviest of storms, for our daily re-
 quirements?

Now, to give impetus to this great fact, and to induce the rising
 generation to know more of the beauties and life-giving properties of
 ocean cruising, fully recognizing that we begin at what may be fairly
 called the stepping stone, we publish in this issue the lines of a new
 sailing boat, one which is within the means of most young fellows
 having a taste for the briny to possess, and one which, from certain
 provisions in her construction and outfit as a sea-going boat, and that
 of the expense which generally follows of caring for a sailing boat
 can be greatly reduced.
 If the proportions of this little craft are studied, it will be found
 they are such that a boy who knows scarcely anything more than
 port from starboard, can, when exposed to sea-water, come to no
 harm, and when he has paid a visit to 103 South street and seen
 one built from the same lines, we shall be surprised if he does not
 scrape the necessary dollars together and either build one for him-
 self, or give some boat builder the job to build him one for the
 coming season. We will publish all details of her rig and outfit by
 the time he has got the hull ready for them.
 To return again to the matter of acquainting our young yachting
 sailors of the road they should take, has been already partially
 vented in our columns in the articles we have published under the
 heading of "Single-Builders," several specimens of which little craft
 are now to be seen in the shops of W. Stephens, at New Brighton,
 Staten Island.
 To return again to the more extended idea of the good to be done
 by yachts being built of good construction and speedy proportions, we
 would not omit mentioning in this praise due to a few of the yachting
 community who have built boats of this type, and as the few
 that now exist will soon be put to the test of their superior qualities
 with the usual type of our fleets we have already hope that it will
 not be long before the attention of those who build the sailing craft

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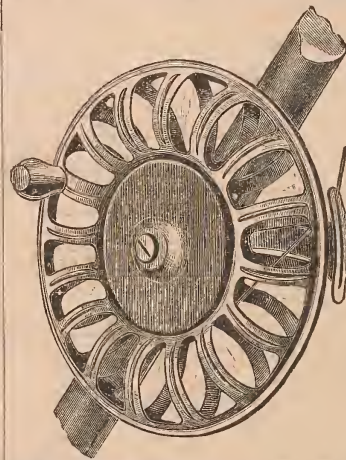
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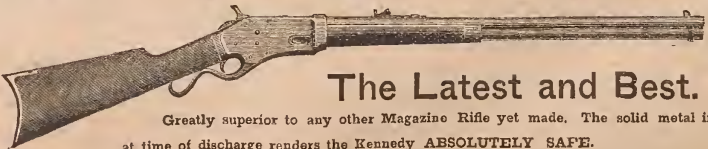
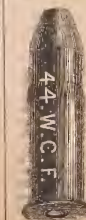
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NEW YORK, APRIL 5, 1888.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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THE OPENING RIFLE SEASON.

THE Board of Directors of the National Rifle Association at its regular meeting on Tuesday last elected Gen. U. S. Grant as the president of the association. The post has been vacant since the annual meeting in January last, and after some persuasion the old war general has been coaxed into giving his consent to an election. He is not to do much, apparently, beyond allowing the use of his name, for nobody, of course, supposes that he will bring much knowledge of shooting matters to that already possessed by the workers on the range.

The association needs just now a strong popular backing. It needs a liberal fund available at once for the heavy expenses connected with the getting up of the team for Wimbledon and the sending of it over to the English battleground. The match was made in a plucky and commendable spirit by the directors as the representatives of the American people. It has been thus far a truly international affair. The Americans were defeated last September because with all the talk which has been current here about the native skill with the rifle, we had neglected an important chapter of the art. We have gallery shots so good that the proposed match with foreign riflemen was allowed to fall through by them. In off-hand work and in the finest of long-range shooting we have shown our ability to pile up victory on victory, but a very valuable style of military shooting had not been touched, and this vulnerable point was hit upon by the British riflemen as a fair one to attack. After the acceptance of the challenge time was so wasted and opportunities so neglected that we suffered a wholesome drubbing. It showed many things, but particularly that we could not win with the rifles then in existence.

Now we stand on the eve of the preparation for a renewal of the battle. Much has been done during the winter, as our readers have been informed from time to time. Now we have guns from which excellent results are confidently expected, and with energetic work on the part of a few men a winning may more than offset the whipping of September last. It will be a point of advantage to have the team composed of new men, at any rate of men who have not frequented the ranges and tried experiments of various sort in a desultory fashion, until they are so stuffed with prejudices and notions that they are most unmanageable as team

material. Fresh blood for the fresh battle is one of the first demands.

The Board have determined upon a programme of matches intended as preparatory drills, but in the meantime much work can be done. The spring is now fairly upon us, and already the crack of the rifle is heard every day. Some of the intending competitors for places on the team are settling down very finely to work, making big scores with rifles in every respect fully within the conditions of the match. The modification of the conditions which held for the last match has done much to encourage systematic practice, and we shall be disappointed if encouraging scores are not met with from the very start.

SPORTSMEN AND FARMERS.—This is an old and much vexed subject, but as yet by no means settled. In another column we publish a pertinent communication, which is written in a temperate tone and contains many admirable suggestions. There is in reality, as we have reiterated, no cause for quarrels between respectable sportsmen and respectable land-owners. When a farmer is churlish and refuses to admit a sportsman to his land, the very strong probabilities are that the farmer has at some time been imposed upon by a man with a gun or rod. There is nothing in the pursuit of agriculture to create an extraordinarily long suffering disposition; and without such a spirit a farmer cannot be expected to forgive this rowdyism from which he may have suffered, and to welcome with open arms the next gunning stranger. But if the sportsman be a gentleman, and disposed to employ tact, he can generally succeed in convincing the land-owner of this, and so enjoy the coveted privileges. Our correspondent's story of his personal experiences is instructive; we hope that others will supplement it by contributing a relation of their own.

FOR THE LONDON EXHIBITION.—On Thursday, the 5th, two of the American staff sailed in the steamer Grecian Monarch for London. They were Lieut. McClellan, of the U. S. Coast Survey, and Mr. Reuben Wood. Mr. Wood goes out, as our readers are already aware, to arrange and exhibit the angling display of America in the care of the U. S. Fish Commission. He bears letters to prominent anglers on the other side, and will sample the game qualities of the trout and the salmon before he returns. He will be back about August 1, and we then hope to hear that he has had a good trial of fishing in foreign waters, and also that he has had an opportunity to witness a casting tournament in England, and perhaps taken part in it.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.—Mr. Roosevelt has returned from his Florida trip in rigged health. We met him in Fulton Market looking over Mr. Blackford's trout display, and he spoke of the trip as a pleasant one. Mr. Green returned some weeks earlier and was at the point of death from pneumonia last week, but has now passed the point of danger. On the 24th of last month his death was announced on the bulletin board of the New York Evening Telegram, but the report was contradicted the next day and we refrained from alluding to it at that critical time. We hope by the time he reads this that he will be on his feet again.

THE SUNDAY FISHING CLAUSE of the New York Penal Code came up in the Assembly last week and afforded occasion for a vast flow of bosh from the sapient Solons who debated it. It is not at all surprising, but certainly very humiliating, that the members at Albany should fritter away their time over such trivial things to the neglect of many other matters of real importance. The amendment to allow fishing as a recreation on Sunday was lost by a vote of 50 to 42.

ENGLISH PIGEON SHOOTING.—The farcical Sunday fishing debate in the New York Assembly last week has a counterpart in the absurdities of the speeches in the English House of Commons upon the proposed abolition of pigeon shooting. We have a special letter from a London correspondent, which will be printed next week.

THE FOX RIVER FISHWAY CASE.—In this case are involved some of the important principles of riparian rights. We give in full the able and lucid argument of the counsel for the People.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The first number of the Register will be issued next Tuesday. Its success is already assured.

HUNTING WITHOUT A GUN.—IV.

WHEREVER civilization and improvement have, for a hundred years or so, laid hands upon the country which God made and man for the most part spoils, there is but little woodland left but that of second growth, and this is yearly dwindling as some new industry arises and calls for trees of size and kind before of little value. Such woodlands, if they have not the grandeur and solemnity and mystery of the primeval forest, have beauty and their seasons of silence and some secrets of their own to keep from the world at large.

The trees were set in their disorderly order by the oldest and best of landscape gardeners, who plied her art before Adam delved or Eve span, and whose severe but kindly hand thins, prunes and trains them. She gives them beauty, and in the hush of noon and eve and night, and in the deadness of winter, such silence that one, being in the midst thereof, may believe himself as far as he would wish from his fellows. She gives them also plants and their flowers, birds and beasts and their nests and lairs and ways of life to hide cunningly.

For what is left us, let us be thankful—for the trees that since the pioneer's axe laid low the giants of the old days have grown to fair estate, and shade a soil that no plow has rumbled, where the unstirred leaves may lie and molder where they fall and nurture moss and ferns and the shyest wild flowers; where a hare may yet crouch, a grouse drum, a woodcock bore the mold, and where some trees have grown old enough to take squirrels and woodnicks, and raccoons and swarms of wild bees to their hearts.

Into such saved places it is good for one to go, weaponed or weaponless. If he leaves his gun at home, he may see more but have less to show for his outing; yet what one has to show for his hunting not always counts highest in the long run.

One cannot go far in such woods before he will be reminded that he is not very much apart from his kind though out of sight and hearing of them. He will come upon traces of the ruthless axe, stumps, chips and wasted wood, and among the sprouts, the brands and ashes of the choppers' fires, or a rank weed of herds' grass grown up from the chance-sown seed of a team's baiting.

He may find an apple tree in the midst of the woods, which he shall know more by its blossoms or fruits than by its manner of growth, for it has taken on the wild natural ways of its companions, and strives upward toward the sky, mingling its lithe slender branches with those of the birches and maples. One is first aware of it when, in blossom time, he scents an orchard fragrance in the woods and sees out-of-place flowers aloft with all the wild bees about them, or when in autumn he finds the forest leaves strewn with farm fruits. It is like coming upon a sheep astray in the woods, only this strayed one seems quite at home here. However it was planted, by bird or squirrel or wood-ranger's cow, or by hunter or chopper who tossed aside the close-gnawed core of his dessert, it is a godsend to present generations of bees, birds and rodents, and its racy fruit would sting delightfully with its "bow-arrow tang" the palate of him who wrote the history of the wild apple as only one who loved it could.

But one will find traces to lead him back far on the trail of time. Rocks as old as the world with the same kinds of mosses and lichens that grew on them centuries ago. The stump of an ancient pine, barkless, moss-covered and outwardly gray, but with the terebinthim odor and flavor of its prime well preserved in its hollow heart. When its tiny needles first pricked the daylight, perhaps no adventurer had sailed across seas to these shores. When it was in its lusty youth what a new old world was this! Did the great tree go where in colonial times all good pines were supposed to go, namely, "in the masting of his Majesty's navy?" Likelier it went to the first sawmill built on the nearest stream, and then to the boarding of the thrifty settler's barn, where the broad boards, now as gray as the parent stump, shelter to-day the grandson's herds and erops. Many generations of a departed race have trod this undisturbed soil, beneath whose surface the old roots lie just as they writhed their way so long ago, and they are sound yet though dead, good for kindling or a torch. No hunter can look at nor touch them without veneration when he remembers that they have outlived a race of hunters, for every hunter has fellowship with all peoples and generations of hunters. That is a "touch of nature that makes all the world akin."

The descendants of the old tree are growing all about here and the ground is covered thickly with their fallen leaves, a

carpet of rich color, soft and noiseless to the tread, and on this hillside so slippery that one may go down it nimbly as one can climb it. If one were hunting only for game that he might kill, he would likely enough overlook the rare pine drops that grow here, so like the tawny mat of needles out of which they rise.

Here are godly trees, yet they do not reach for the immitable sky as their ancestor did. Their topmost shoots scarcely overlook the surrounding growth, and they stretch their long limbs out into the twilight of the woods so low that the green leaves on the nether branches brush the fallen dead ones, and they all sing the old pine's old song of the far-away sea, and they brood such silence and solemnity of shades and sepulchral coolness, that one feels a kind of dread creeping over him. The atmosphere is pantherly. This quality is inherited, for just below where the last pine blotch the pasture with their dark shade, the Catanonut Spring bubbles out at the foot of a great rock, and there, eighty years ago, a girl bleaching her web of homespun linen, was beset by a panther, and only saved by her faithful dog.

Why should not a panther come here now? The woods are dark and wild enough, and not a sound of civilization to be heard. As the daylight dies the shadows creep up like panthers stealing on their prey, and no more silently than the great cat might tread this soft footing. A twig snaps mysteriously, the pines heave a mournful sigh, and as the shadows deepen, a bit of phosphorescent wood glares at you like eyes aflame with baleful light.

As now you almost hold your breath to hear a devilish yell tear the heavy stillness, if your hand could but feel the comfortable chill of the good brown barrels of your helpful gun, your back would not suffer that uncomfortable and unaccountable chill which reminds you that it is not always pleasant to go hunting without a gun. R. E. R.

The Sportsman's Tourist.

A SONNET.

SUGGESTED BY A DRIVE IN EARLY SPRING.

'TIS sweet to have a quiet mind,
Upon a genial April day,
To see the wood-paths emerald-limed—
Forerunners of the flowers of May.

To see the buds confidingly
Unfold their treasures to the sun,
And purring brooks unobtrusively
In their old channels run.

To watch the clouds sail far above
This waking earth, like peaceful drama
Of our lost youth, of youth's lost love,
Until our better being soars

Rising, like ether, from frosts of time
Into a life of summer prime. O. W. R.

HAUNTS OF THE SALMON

In Canada and New Brunswick.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

THE writer of this paper claims to have been the first citizen of the United States who ever visited Canada to take salmon with the fly. That event took place thirty-five years ago, and his experiences since then would fill an ample volume; but in the following paragraphs he proposes to give merely a running account of the favorite rivers of the Dominion, together with some of their personal associations.

With very few exceptions the haunts of the salmon are so far removed from the settled portions of the country that the sport of fly-fishing cannot be enjoyed without camping out or living in the rudest of cabins. Indeed, the only stream that I have visited where this was unnecessary was the Jacques Cartier. This stream empties into the St. Lawrence about thirty miles west of Quebec. In the score of mere beauty it is certainly unsurpassed. Forty years ago it abounded in salmon; then came a time when, because of noise and flau beau-fishing, it was a barren stream; but it subsequently reaped some benefit from the protective laws, and the best localities for sport having passed into the possession of private parties, it was again blessed with the presence of the royal salmon. Of late years the central locality for sport has been at a place called Dery's Bridge, about six miles from the mouth of the river. At this point, and within the space of two miles, I once took twenty sketches, and these were so entirely unlike each other in character that a stranger could hardly believe them to have been taken on one river. Here there were only two houses where anglers could be accommodated; they were owned by Frenchmen named Dery and Trepanier, the latter a farmer and a splendid fisherman, and the former the keeper of a regular little inn; very much such an affair as would have made Walton happy—so quiet, so picturesque, so comfortable, and frequented by such a charming brotherhood of men—English army officers and French gentlemen.

Dery's inn occupied a spot immediately on the bank of the stream, at the western end of the bridge, and while there was a splendid waterfall just above the bridge, there was a gorge below, and directly under the bridge a very large and deep pool, where hundreds of salmon could be often seen balancing themselves and resting in their nether element prior to resuming their journey from the St. Lawrence to their spawning pools, a hundred miles in the wilderness. At the foot of the gorge just mentioned there is a pool called the "Hospital," which was the very perfection of a spot for fly-fishing. An Englishman once caught ten salmon there, between the hours of four and eight in the morning; but he was not the individual who fought with a salmon at the same spot for nearly two hours, and then had to mourn over the untimely departure of his game. Although the landlady Dery was not herself very much of a fisherman, he had a son who excelled all of the tribe. When the

fish would not rise to his fly, the visiting anglers knew there was noise in trying; and when that was the case, and a fish was really needed for the pot, he was wont to descend a rope ladder, suspended over the pool under the bridge, and take out with his gull a few salmon bolder than himself. He was the only man, moreover, who had the hardihood or courage to throw the fly directly under Dery's bridge, for where he secured one after hooking him, he lost a dozen that rushed down the gorge to the Hospital pool, carrying all before them. That the excitement of salmon fishing—to quote from myself—is sometimes contagious, the following incident will prove: I had hooked a large salmon at a spot known as the Black Rock, when Trepanier gave me a second hooked shad, which I secured on the other side of the river to run down and witness the fun. After my salmon had made his third magnificent leap, and I was keeping him away from a dangerous rock, my spectator became quite frantic, and, to my astonishment, plunged into the stream, and, just as Trepanier had gaffed my fish, up came the stranger to my side out of the water—panting like a "spent swimmer," as he was. He had crossed the river—kicking a few fish under the chin, perhaps, as he passed along—simply for the purpose of having a look at my prize.

Although Trepanier's exploits were not as daring as those of young Dery, he used to kill quite as many fish in a season, and upon the whole was better acquainted with the river. I once saw him hook a salmon at a famous place called the Schute; he followed it to the foot of an island, played it half an hour in a pool below the island, when the fish started up stream again, soon seeming ready to give up the battle, when it broke away, and Trepanier, making a rush, caught the salmon in his arms.

At the present time the fishing pools on this river are owned and protected by gentlemen residing in Montreal and Quebec, from which places it is now reached by railway. Not so, however, when it was in its prime; for then it had to be reached by private conveyance, and the industrious anglers often took their servants as well as private stores.

But the most productive salmon rivers of Canada all lie eastward of Quebec, and on the northern shores of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence. Of these the total number of satisfactory streams is twelve, viz., the Musquaroc, Trinity, Nipmewar, Montreal, Saint Anne, Mingan, Comine, Nainshamun, St. Margare, Escoumieu, Godbout and Moisie; but in the present paper I shall speak only of the four last named. The starting place for visiting all these streams is Quebec, and the most approved method is to charter an appropriate three-masted French smack, supplying her with all the tent equipment and the good things of life, suitable for camping in the wilderness. The time for starting, after having arranged with the Dominion authorities for the necessary privileges, is in the early part of June. That storms will occasionally retard the impatient anglers and cause them to seek shelter at some of the ports on the great river is more than probable, but as these are generally charming *habitat* villages the detentions are not irksome.

There are many funny people to be seen in these French villages, hunters with red caps, colonies of Romish priests scandalizing along the streets, and the old and the old Harry as a flock of crows. But let the wind is now fair and we must continue down the Lower St. Lawrence.

Before us is a panorama of superb mountains, upon we reach the mouth of the Saguenay; we enter, and pass up that magnificent river, which this pen first described for American readers, in 1848; and reaching the St. Margare trinity, get our canoes and fly in a canoe, and starting upward soon begin to throw the fly. The fishing pools on this river are few in number, but the fish are large and the scenery very wild and interesting. But its fame has been especially enhanced by the fact that it was here the Prince of Wales caught his first salmon in Canadian waters in 1860, having been escorted to the river by Mr. David Price, of Quebec. My own success in the Saint Margare was never very good, but streets, and the foundation of a cable on this river, which I remember with rare pleasure. The guests were French Canadians and educated Indians; and while the solitary fiddle did not cease that of Ole Bull, the dancing of two or three of the French girls, while one of them was playing on a banjo, was simply rich and rare. As to the Saguenay, into which the Saint Margare enters, it is indeed a grand, gloomy and peculiar. It was seen this year by the late Sir John A. Macdonald, St. Lawrence the extract of Niagara, the great cave of Kentucky, the chasm of Talulah, and the Mississippi River, he has enjoyed the five great natural wonders of the Atlantic slope of North America.

And now for a glimpse of the Escoumieu, which empties into the St. Lawrence about twenty miles from the Saguenay. It is a smallish, but a fishy stream, and is the ancestral home of the muskies and black flies in the world. Its best pool for salmon is only about half a mile from its mouth, but this one is superb. It was here that the deponent captured his first salmon, and to which river he was introduced by Mr. David Price, twelve years before the latter threw the fly with the Prince of Wales at the St. Margare. Prior to that time the said deponent had chiefly devoted himself to the stream known as the Lower Saguenay from ten to fifteen pounds could not be jerked out of the water like half-pound trout. Turning aside to select a new fly his feet slipped and away went his hat upon the laughing waters.

Another east and there seemed a prospect of success; but when he fancied that his fish was on the opposite side of the river, great was his amazement to find the fisher standing on the air almost under his nose. He, however, the same made a plunge and started for the St. Lawrence, when common sense told the angler that he must follow on. In his first effort to pass a rock his coat was caught by the limb of a tree, and partly separated from his body. He was then compelled to cross a pool, and the moment his heavy boots were filled with water, one of them came off his foot and went floating down the stream. He, however, the fisher, was resting about two hundred feet from the fisherman, and probably wondering as to the meaning of all this commotion; but in process of time he was finally captured about five hundred yards from the spot where he had been deceived, and, although very happy, the angler presented the appearance of a man who had reached the end of a mispent life.

That particular salmon weighed thirteen pounds, and the thirty-five years which have since passed away have not been able to banish him from the angler's memory. Whatever it may be now, it is certain that in former years the Escoumieu was one of the most prolific salmon rivers in Canada, and it is a matter of record, but a doubtful one, that Sir John Macdonald once killed four hundred salmon there in a single week.

And now for the Godbout. According to the late Harrison Stephens of Montreal (of whom more anon) this is the finest river for salmon in Canada. It is sixty miles long, but the fly-fishing pools, of which there are fourteen, are scattered over a space of but five miles. For the most part, the anglers are obliged to fish in their canoes, although there are a few places where the fly can be cast from the shore or from big houlders. During the ten years preceding 1874, there were taken here with the fly alone not less than 3,687 salmon, weighing 42,000 pounds; and in that year the keeper of the river, one Nicholas Comeau, between the 8th and 17th of July, killed 365 fish, weighing 3,873 pounds, which is undoubtedly the most successful fishing ever recorded. This river belongs to the Hudson's Bay Company, and it is leased by them to the anglers, five of whom alone can be accommodated on the river. Those who visit it should supply themselves with everything that they may need, for during their sojourn on the river they must expect to be entirely excluded from the world until their return to Quebec.

But further removed from civilization than the Godbout is the much more extensive stream called the Moisie. Here there are only two good localities for fly-fishing, but these are both first-rate and within twelve miles of the mouth. It is at this point that the mountain lands begin, and where the river has a fall of about sixty feet within a space of five or six miles. These rapids cannot be ascended in canoes, and those who would travel up the river have to make a portage of one or two miles. There the river is supposed to have its rise more than two miles above the high water, but as the river has never been fully explored the knowledge of its character is limited. It has been, however, for several centuries a route of travel for the Labrador Indians residing in the interior, who annually visit the Gulf coast for the purpose of getting glimpses of civilization and such necessities as they can afford to purchase from the anglers. The Moisie is a fine stream, and killing salmon in the Moisie will have to travel about a thousand miles before reaching his home again, and there are not many who care to make that pilgrimage for any purpose more than once or twice in his day and generation. For the best account extant descriptive of this river and of other parts of this wild region the reader is referred to a very interesting work on "The Labrador Peninsula," by Henry Youle Lind, published in 1865. As to the man who has fished the Moisie most frequently and with the greatest success, his name is James Strachan, formerly of Toronto.

Passing by with reluctance the York and Dartmouth rivers, at the eastern extremity of Gaspé, we now come to the Caspé, which empties into the Bay of Chaleur. It rises in a small lake bearing the same name, which is about seventy-five miles from the mouth of the river, and is a tributary of the Chichee mountains. There are no falls of sufficient height to prevent the passage of birch canoes, by which alone it is navigated. Its shores are lined with forests of pine, cedar, tamarack, spruce and birch; it abounds also in beautiful fish; and the scenery is altogether very charming. Not only salmon, but large trout are found in this river, which promises to be, if not ruined by poachers, the best of the kind on the whole of the Dominion of the angler. The hamlet from which it is most easily visited is New Richmond. The fishing with the rod begins about fourteen miles from the sea, at the foot of a mountain called Picapaco, and so continues for about thirty miles to a tributary called the Salmon Branch. Among the visitors to this river in 1874 was Mr. Chester A. Arthur. While ascending the river in a party of three, he was visiting the Boston men encamped at the foot of the pool there, and in that camp the strangers were treated with great hospitality. In 1882, after the said Arthur had become President, the duty devolved upon him to appoint a new Justice on the Supreme Bench, and, remembering the pleasant days he had passed on the Caspé, he appointed to the vacancy the man in gray who had so kindly entertained both the parties concerned. Other people of note have since visited the Caspé, among them the Marquis of Lorne, who did well there as an angler, even as did his brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales, on the St. Margare. But this was not the origin of the well known saying that salmon fishing is a "royal sport."

Passing westward from the Caspé, and after traveling for a few miles in a vessel or on wheels along the magnificent Bay of Chaleur, we come to the lovely Restigouche. Four good rivers, all of them abounding in many attractions, conspire to make it worthy of its fame—for salmon, for beautiful scenery, and for the many worthy residents from Scotland residing in its valley. As with the river already mentioned, so with the Restigouche—a whole volume could not exhaust its many and varied attractions. In fishing with the fly, the particular haunts of the river, near the mouth of the Matapédia, but you have to fish from a canoe, and although I am no novice in the management of that craft, I do not fancy it for fly-fishing. At the spot designated I once had a fearful time with a drunken Indian; and when, a few years ago, a party of New York anglers purchased this portion of the river, I felt certain that they had bought a very bad bargain. The river is a very good one, although it was in that vicinity that I caught my biggest salmon, a twenty-six pounder. Prior to the building of the railroad which now connects Halifax with Quebec, and across the Restigouche, the leading man of this region was Adam Ferguson, whose home, called Athol House, always reminded me of Daniel Webster's Marshfield farm. His father lived on the river, and before him, and now, the best boat export about two thousand barrels of salmon, caught in front of his own domain, the latter was thankful if he could export three hundred barrels; and it is a well-known fact that in other days salmon have been taken here in nets which weighed sixty pounds.

But as fly-fishing stream, pure and simple, the Nepisquit bears the bell, so far as New Brunswick is concerned. About twenty miles from Bathurst, there is a very good lake, about which it is impossible for the salmon to go, and within that limit there are five or six noted places for fishing, where, when the season is at all favorable, the grandest sport is to be enjoyed. Formerly the river could only be ascended in canoes, but now there is a passable road along the river to the Grand Falls. So fascinating was the sport here in former years, that an Englishman named

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

cation that made such unity of purpose and such union of effort in the accomplishment? The position of the old beaver above the tree indicated leadership, but no order, by word or sign, was given; it seemed to know what to do, and just how and when to do it.

The falling of a tree across a stream and building a dam against it, is one thing; felling a tree so it should not vary a foot from a given line, the old dam, showed an engineering skill you may possess, but which I should hesitate to assume. We must define the instinct as directing a few things without forethought or previous knowledge; and repeating the same methods ever afterward. The beaver builds the same cells, of the same material forever. The first and the last nest of the bird are precisely alike, and animals who dig holes in the earth have each a fashion peculiar to itself, which does not vary; even the acquisitiveness of the ground squirrel is no thought for the morrow, since he hoards in the spring with all the industry of a man.

But the beaver goes far beyond this. Instinct is overlapped by reason until separation is impossible, and all division lines are obliterated. He selects with engineering skill the site for a dam, then builds of such material as is at hand and of such shape as the exigencies require, varying both as circumstances indicate; and conducting all with a degree of intelligence that trends closer upon the heels of humanity than that of any other creature living. Why, an animal so gentle, so large, should be left outside the pale of civilized life, deified human association by clumsy form and unseemly personal habits, is one of the mysteries in nature not yet solved, but such is the fact. To him the step of civilization is simply and inevitably annihilation.

What we need is more of this wild native life. An animal in captivity will, perhaps, every condition of free life violated; say a bear chained, or one with a halter about his neck and leaden collar, history will tell us how he suffers for the study of natural history to say the least; an ox drawing a plow would be better. And now that men of high intellectual taste and culture fly more and more to the wilds of nature for summer recreation, may we not hope and expect more of that inner life in nature found just in proportion as the tracks of men are less frequent.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

B. HOISFORD.

SNAKE NOTES.

I noticed in your recent issues, a letter on the breeding and habits of snakes. I can give some light on the subject from personal observation. One day last August my brother and I were fishing along the rocky bank of Big Flatrock Creek, the southeast fork of White River. We heard a little rustling in the leaves and weeds in front and at our right, and I got up to see what the matter was, and there we saw a large black snake doing his best to swallow a water snake half as long as himself, and had it half way down when we first saw him. My brother and I got some rocks, and before long he disgorged his prey in a rather dilapidated condition, but not dead. No doubt the latter was thankful to us for our timely interference, for he was going down a long black tunnel to another country. We measured the black male and found him to be seven feet in length and the water snake three feet six inches; and the latter was larger in the largest place than the black snake was around his neck or throat, and when first seen was swallowed down past the largest part of his body, head downward. On another occasion, earlier in the year, I killed a black snake, and, thinking it large, I opened it and found nine young snakes in it, some twelve or thirteen inches long and about as large as a penknife. They were alive, and I considered I did good work in killing ten snakes in a day.

HAMMELLESS.

GREENSBORO, Ind., March 12, 1888.

In your issue of March 1, under the heading, "Breeding of the Rattlesnake," etc., it says: "He keeps the breeding site as prepared from the egg." Another writer sets aside the egg theory by saying "That his brother and others saw a female rattlesnake delivered of nine small snakes—eight alive, one dead."

I have had some experience with rattlesnakes, or "eauary birds," as we call them, during some fifteen summer vacations in Pike county, Penn. Last August, in returning from a trip after berries, and nearing home, on the track of the Erie branch, I saw a snake in the "water" making an afternoon meal on the grease from the car axles. As his head was in fine position near the rail, a well-directed stone killed him. I carefully carried him home, having only to cross the Lackawanna, and as he was such a beauty, and wishing to preserve the skin as well as secure the oil, I carefully skinned it, after cutting off the head and consigning it to the fire, when, to my surprise, on opening the snake I found fifteen eggs, resembling a peean nut in size and shape. About two weeks previous to this a snake was opened at this same yard containing nine full-sized eggs. Now if snakes are not propagated from the egg, what were these fifteen eggs for? I have three fine skins and rattles from Pike county in my cabinet, and will take pleasure in showing them to any one interested in "rattles."

C. H. STYLES.

1,419 LEXINGTON AVE., N. Y.

[That snakes can swallow animals much larger through than they themselves are, is a well-known fact. As for the eggs of the rattlesnake, we would suggest to our correspondents that there is nothing necessarily inconsistent in the differing views expressed by them, for many snakes are known to be ovoviviparous, i. e., the eggs are hatched within the mother. Let them remember the ancient truth, Omnia vivunt ab ovo.]

NEW JERSEY WINTER BIRDS.—Noticing that this week's FOREST AND STREAM has observations on our winter birds, I will send you a list of those I have observed and procured (with a few exceptions) during the past three winter months: Red-shouldered hawk, marsh hawk, sparrow hawk, sharp-shinned hawk, barred owl, mottled red and gray owl, downy woodpecker, yellow-bellied woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, common crow, blue jay, "Bob" White, robin, meadow lark, bluebird, white-bellied nuthatch, tufted titmouse, black-capped chickadee, ruby-crowned kinglet, pine grosbeak, purple finch, song sparrow, snowbird, tree sparrow, goldfinch (yellow bird), English sparrow, white-throated sparrow, redpoll linnet. The robin made his first appearance during the last few days of February. Bluebirds are with us all winter. The pine grosbeaks were seen the latter part of December; barged two females.—OLD TURKEY, (Long Hill, N. J., March 15, 1888).

241. Great Scaup Duck—*Fuligula marila* Aud., Cs. 720; *Fuligula marila* Ridg. 614.—Common during migrations. Sometime abundant in autumn.

242. Little Scaup Duck—*Fuligula macroura* Aud.; *Fuligula affinis* Ridg. 613; *Fuligula affinis* Cs. 721.—Found here during migrations, but not very common.

243. Ring-necked Duck—*Fuligula rufifrons* Aud.; *Fuligula collaris* Ridg. 616; *Fuligula collaris* Cs. 722.—Uncommon. Mr. Boardman reports this species as having been known to breed near Princeton, Me., where "adults with young were seen, and eggs have taken near St. Stephen, New Brunswick." But these cases may have been exceptional ones. The species breeds in an irregular occurrence elsewhere throughout the State. There was one shot at Scarborough, Me., May 1, 1879. A number were shot in Cumberland county in the spring of 1882, an unusual occurrence. Of this number two males were shot at the mouth of the Presumpscot River, March 31, 1882. Three of this species were shot at Great Pond, Cape Elizabeth, in April; one was brought to Portland from Gray, April 14, and several others were shot near Portland in April.

244. Ruddy Duck—*Fuligula rubra* Aud.; *Eristomys rubra* Ridg. 634, Cs. 741.—Not uncommon during autumn migrations. This singular little duck, with its broad bill and large feet, seemingly out of proportion to a body scarcely larger than that of a teal duck, and a stiff tail which appears as if the feathers had been scraped with a knife, is of an exceedingly unassuming nature, and easily shot wherever found.

245. Redhead Duck—*Fuligula ferina* Aud.; *Althya americana* Ridg. 618; *Fuligula ferina americana* Cs. 723.—Uncommon; an irregular visitor.

246. Canvas-back Duck—*Fuligula calliserrana* Aud.; *Althya calliserrana* Ridg. 617; *Fuligula calliserrana* Cs. 724.—Uncommon; an irregular visitor. In October, 1874, there were procured two ducks by a shot into a flock of fowl in Casco Bay, near Portland. One of these proved to be a canvas-back duck, and the other a redhead. I have shot the latter species at Scarborough, and have seen at various times a number of canvas-back ducks which were shot in Maine. A pair, male and female, were shot at Great Pond, Cape Elizabeth, Nov. 1, 1880.

247. Golden-eyed Duck—*Fuligula clangula* Aud.; *Clangula glaucion americana* Ridg. 630; *Clangula glaucion* Cs. 725.—Abundant. A few breed in the interior and northern part of the State. Abundant in the estuaries and bays along the coast throughout the winter. Locally termed "whistler" on account of the loud whistling produced by the wings of this species when in rapid flight.

248. Iceland Golden-eyed Duck—*Clangula islandica* Ridg. 619, Cs. 726.—Uncommon, except on the eastern portion of the coast, where it is commonly found in winter, and is probably there a regular visitor. Adults may be easily distinguished from the preceding named species, by the form of the bill and the white patch on the sides of the uials differing from that of the common golden-eyed ducks or "whistlers."

249. Buffle-head Duck—*Fuligula albola* Aud.; *Clangula albola* Ridg. 621, Cs. 727.—Common. Arrives early in April. Autumn migrations in November and extending into December. Occasionally a few remain on the coast throughout the winter.

250. Long-tailed Duck—*Fuligula glacialis* Aud.; *Harelda glacialis* Ridg. 628, Cs. 728.—Very abundant along the coast. None breed here. Locally termed "old squaw." Its cry is well expressed by *Cuculus*, the name applied to the bird by the Micmac Indians of Canada. Many ducks of this species remain along our coast throughout the entire winter; but the greater portion of the vast numbers of migrants pass to the south. During the fall and early May thousands arrive at Casco Bay, where they are detained for the superior quality of an abundance of their favorite food, the little crustaceans, commonly known as "sand-fleas," which are easily obtained by the ducks in this broad shoal bay with its smooth sand bottom. Here the old squaws remain until the third week of May, when they have acquired the perfect plumage of spring, and have become very fat. Unlike others of our sea ducks they appear to be polygamous. At the time of their departure for their nesting places in the far northern region there occurs a great assembly of all the birds of the species in the bay, and during the latter part of each day, flock after flock will rise from the water and circle about, frequently ascending so high that a flock of a thousand or more is nearly lost to view, appearing to the unaided vision as a faint cloud of moving dust. These evolutions are sometimes prolonged for several days, as if the birds were training themselves for their intended long flight in the upper air. Occasionally a flock of many hundreds will make a trial trip inland of a half hour's duration, or even for a longer time, and return again to the bay. At such times the birds are especially active during the dusk of evening. It is then that a flock returning high in the air from an inland trip will set their wings upon approaching the shore, and descend at an angle of forty-five degrees with such velocity as to produce a roaring sound to be heard at a long distance, especially when the flock is a very large one, and the descent is commenced from an altitude of many hundred yards.

The final departure is almost invariably made late in the day, or after sunset, and the birds take a course nearly north over the land. But few are to be seen the third day after the departure of the foremost flocks of this great assembly, excepting the usual number of birds which are barren or incapable of the long journey. Such of these as are not captured by fish or seals remain here throughout the summer, and moult in July.

No other species of ducks mingle with the long-tailed ducks in their migration. Indeed none of their associates upon the bay would be capable of sustaining the speed of this species, the flight of which exceeds in rapidity that of any other duck known here. On account of their rapid flight, swiftness, and great tenacity of life, they are the most difficult to kill of all our ducks, and hence afford excellent sport to all who are fond of fowl shooting. They readily come to decoys in May, and no means of shooting in vogue will drive them away, except that of sailing to them on their feeding places; a method effectual in causing them to abandon the vicinity where practised.

251. Labrador Duck—*Fuligula labradorica* Aud.; *Compsolemus labradoricus* Ridg. 624, Cs. 729.—Extremely rare. Mr. Boardman has obtained several specimens in the course

of many years. The species was not uncommon on the New England coast in winter fifty years ago, and probably is not yet extinct. A single specimen, a female, was shot in Casco Bay, near Portland, near Grand Menan Island, in April, 1871, by Mr. S. C. Cherrill, who is well known to our bird collectors. Since that date, a specimen has been killed in Michigan, at Delhi Mill, April 17, 1872, and its skin preserved in the collection of Mr. A. B. Covert, of Ann Arbor, Mich., the fact having been reported in FOREST AND STREAM.

It is quite probable that a very few ducks of this species yet visit our coast in winter. Should any be shot here, they would be likely to fall into the hands of fishermen, and would be unrecognized and unreported. This species might be confounded with the "old squaws" by gunners who are not observant of the differences of the birds they shoot.

252. Harlequin Duck—*Fuligula histrionica* Aud.; *Histrionus histrionus* Ridg. 632, Cs. 736.—Not very common, but of regular occurrence along the coast in winter, frequenting the outermost islands and ledges. Loosely termed by the fishermen and others "lords and ladies," to designate the sexes, which are unlike in plumage. That of the male is rich and variegated, and the term "lord" is not inappropriate as regards the costume of this bird, but the female is a very plainly dressed "lady."

These ducks are very active, expert divers, and generally wary; and as their haunts are not easily accessible but few of the birds are secured.

253. Eider Duck—*Fuligula mellisima* Aud.; *Somateria mollissima dresseri* Ridg. 627a; Cs. 734.—Abundant throughout the winter along the coast. A few yet breed in Maine. Loosely termed "sea-ducks," or "sea-ducks and drakes" by gunners and fishermen. Although some of the closely allied species of scoters are frequently found on our lakes, the eider ducks confine themselves exclusively to the coast. These are the largest ducks known on the Atlantic coast of America, the adult males averaging a weight of more than five pounds each, the females weighing about a pound less. Their food here consists of shellfish, usually procured from ledges, and sometime in ten fathoms of water. They arrive from the North late in October and in November, and depart early in April for their breeding places. They are generally mated before this departure, and while migrating in the spring, and before flying in long lines, the drakes and ducks regularly alternate in a series of more than distinguished from the uniformly dark-colored females by their white backs and fore parts, conspicuous at a long distance.

In the autumn migration, however, the flocks present a different appearance, and the sexes are not then generally mixed in flocks composed of adult birds. When migrating they usually fly low over the water, and far enough from the shore to clear all headlands, without much altering their course. Vast numbers, however, fly across the land at the head of the Bay of Fundy. When thus passing over the land, if frightened by a great noise, they will swoop down close to the earth and sometime alight a near shot.

While snipe shooting on the Tantamar marshes I once brought a huge flock down by shouting and discharging one barrel of my gun, and when they were wooded, a shot came within the range of which was loaded with No. 9 shot. Their strong bones and dense plumage render them as difficult to kill as Canada geese. Occasionally, they come in contact with telegraph wires, and such an instance occurred near Monoton Junction in New Brunswick, whereby a dozen from one flock were left dead or crippled on the ground. The weather was thick, and the flock, frightened suddenly by shouts, swooped down at a place where there were many wires.

Although many eider ducks are annually shot on our coast by fishermen gunners, but few others trouble them. The sport is usually cool, rough, and oftentimes dangerous, except during the autumn migration. Yet there are sportsmen who are not deterred by the exposure and danger of winter shooting on this coast, and a knowledge of the habits of the birds is necessary to kill many of these ducks, although they are many and usually frequent the most inaccessible places.

The eider duck lays a complement of five pale green eggs which are deposited usually during the month of June and July. The nest is composed of down which the duck plucks from its lower parts for this purpose. Sometime the nest is placed upon the bare rocky shore, sometime on the turf of a grass grown island, and at other times on the ground which is covered with sphagnum moss. When the duck lays the nest voluntarily it covers the eggs entirely with the down composing the border of the nest. After the first egg has been laid, each succeeding one is deposited at an interval of a day or two, until the set is completed. Often each egg may be numbered in the order laid, by a comparison with the others in the same nest. The eggs quickly become soiled by contact with the body of the bird, and an egg two days in the nest appears darker than one just laid. Washing with water will not restore the shade, but it may be restored by scraping the eggs. More than five eggs are rarely found in a nest, and in the isolated instances of more than six having been found in one nest, it is probable that they were laid by two ducks, as ducks of this species breed in communities. The males do not assist in the incubation, but at this time associate together in flocks, and their plumage is in its best condition. That of the female is much soiled, and the hardy ducks would prove of great value if domesticated, and perhaps could be cross-bred with domestic ducks to advantage. Their feathers and down are valuable, and their flesh, naturally of good quality, could be much improved by a diet of grain. The eggs are of fine flavor, and very large.

For many years a great business was carried on by vessels sailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, and returning from the northern breeding places of snowfall with cargoes of fresh eggs. The eggs of the eider ducks were most sought, on account of their superior quality. The ordinary note of the eider duck is a genuine quack, not unlike that of the mallard, and quite different from any of the cries of the scoter ducks. Although rarely found on fresh waters, or even in the mouths of tidal rivers, salt water is not essential to their existence. They were raised in the district of the four counties of the omnivorous domestic duck will eat, although in a wild state the eider ducks subsist chiefly upon shellfish, such as mussels, etc. The readiness with which this species becomes domesticated may be illustrated by the incident below related, concerning an eider duck which undoubtedly had been raised or kept in captivity.

One summer evening, at dusk, an eider duck was observed on a pair of domestic ducks in the dooryard upon one of the inhabited islands of the Bay of Fundy. An attempt was made to decoy the ducks into a pen, but the eider duck flew to the shore, about a hundred yards distant from the house.

At daybreak the next morning I again observed the duck in the dooryard. A trail of corn was now laid extending into a pen, and the tame ducks fed along the line, followed by the stranger, until all three were within the inclosure and captivity.

The owner of the premises had at various times hatched and raised eider ducks, but none within two years, and he did not remember the loss of any at a previous time. After some days' confinement, during which it was well fed on corn, the eider duck was released. It continued to come to the house at night when the domestic ducks returned from the bay, where they spent each day, and became so tame as to suffer a near approach without immediately taking to flight. One day, while we were on an excursion in a small boat and three miles from home, this duck appeared and flew about us, coming to a familiar cack repeatedly within twenty yards of the boat.

This duck probably had been reared in captivity, and perhaps had that season suffered a destruction of its nest and eggs, and therefore sought the nearest mate in the barnyard drake, which passed each day about the shores, and returned home at night. An eider duck will not lay its eggs a second time in a nest once robbed, but seeks a new nesting place.

In the domestication of these eider ducks there is an open field for a poultry fancier, and one that might be filled to future profit by this improvement of our domestic varieties.

254. King Eider Duck—*Fuligula speculabilis* Aud.; *Somateria spectabilis* Ridg. 639, Cs. 736.—Not very common. Probably some visit our coast each winter, but never in abundance. The habits of this species are more northern than those of the common eider ducks. The king eider ducks appear to be much less wary than those of the other species. I once saw some king ducks in July, near a locality where the common eider ducks were breeding, but the plumage of these ducks was immature and I failed to find any breeding place of this species.

Quite a number of king ducks were shot in Casco Bay near Portland during the spring of 1875, and also of 1876, but all of these were immature birds, and I have not known of any adults in perfect plumage taken on our coast.

The females of this species much resemble in form and plumage the female of the common eider duck, except that they are of smaller size than the latter.

But the male king eider duck may be easily identified even before maturity, by the form of its bill, which has an abrupt rise on the upper mandible near the base, making the outline of the bill quite unlike the rather uniform slope of the upper mandible of the bill of the common eider duck.

The eyes of the king eider duck are yellow, those of this common species are brown. In size it is about one-fourth less than the more common species known here. Although a coast duck, the king eider sometimes strays inland. In the FOREST AND STREAM of March 8, 1877, the capture of a specimen near Syracuse, N. Y., was reported; and in the same journal was reported (December 25, 1879) the capture of eleven in Niagara River, Nov. 23, 1879. These latter probably were from the north, via the St. Lawrence River.

255. Velvet Scoter, White-winged Scoter—*Fuligula fusca* Aud.; *Melanotosia leucocoma* Ridg. 632; *Oidemia leucocoma*, Cs. 738.—Abundant during migrations, and some remain on our coast throughout the winter. This is the largest of our scoters, all of which are locally termed "coots." Many flocks of this species annually take their departure from Saco Bay, during the month of May, and fly northward in the air over the land. A few of the other two species of scoters known here likewise migrate home in the spring, and their breeding places are likewise inland in the far north. Unlike the eider ducks, the scoters do not breed on the coast, although a few remain here throughout the summer, and I have observed some here at that time which apparently were mated.

256. Surf Scoter, Patch-head Scoter—*Fuligula perspicillata* Aud.; *Pelecanus perspicillata* Ridg. 633; *Oidemia perspicillata* Cs. 739.—Abundant during migrations. Locally termed "patch-head coot." The immature birds of this and the next named species are locally known as "gray coots." 257. American Scoter, Black Scoter—*Fuligula americana* Aud.; *Oidemia americana* Ridg. 630, Cs. 737.—Abundant during migrations. Locally termed "butter-bill coot." This species is quite common on some of the Maine lakes during the October migration. It is the smallest and fastest flying of the three species of scoters known here.

258. Buff-breasted Merganser, Gosander—*Mergus merganser* Aud.; Cs. 742; *Mergus americanus* Ridg. 636.—Common during migrations; arrives from the South in March and April. Occasionally some remain on the coast throughout the winter. A few regularly breed in the interior and eastern portions of the State. Largest of the mergansers, and locally known as the gosander or greater sheldrake. Apparently its haunts are more northern than those of the next two species.

259. Red-breasted Merganser—*Mergus serrator* Aud.; Ridg. 637, Cs. 744.—Abundant during migrations. Arrives from the South in April and May. Breeds commonly throughout the State. Lays from twelve to eighteen eggs in June, and the young can fly well in August. Much the most abundant species of merganser in Maine. Locally known as the common sheldrake. 260. Hooded Merganser—*Mergus cucullatus* Aud., Cs. 745; *Lophyrus cucullatus* Ridg. 638.—Common, but never abundant during spring and autumn migrations. Arrives in March and April. Probably a few breed here. Locally known as the "little sheldrake" or "hooded sheldrake."

FAMILY SULAIDÆ: GANNETS. 261. Gannet—*Sula bassana* Aud.; Ridg. 650; Cs. 746.—Not very common, and now rarely taken on our coast. A few years since one was picked up on the land at Seaboard after a severe storm. The bird was shot here, and does not often come very near the shore, but few are captured. No other species of gannet is known on the coast of Maine.

FAMILY PELICANIDÆ: PELICANS. 262. Cormorant—*Phalacrocorax carbo* Aud., Ridg. 642, Cs. 750.—Abundant along the coast during migrations. 263. Double-crested Cormorant—*Phalacrocorax dilophus* Aud., Ridg. 643, Cs. 751.—Abundant during migrations along the coast. The two cormorants are locally termed "slugs" by fishermen. None breed on the coast of Maine, although some remain here throughout the summer. These are chiefly immature birds, which keep together in flocks and habitually resort to the same ledges each night to roost.

264. White Pelican—*Pelecanus americanus* Aud.; *Pelecanus erythrorhynchos* Ridg. 640; *Pelecanus trochyrhynchus* Cs. 745.—A rare straggler from the South. This species has been taken in the Bay of Fundy, and Mr. Boardman informs me that one frequented the St. Croix River one autumn,

and was seen there repeatedly by many persons, but was not captured.

265. Frigate Pelican—*Tachypetes aquilonis* Aud., Ridg. 639, Cs. 761.—A rare straggler from the South. Mr. Ruthven Deane has recorded (Bulletin N. O. C., Jan. 1879) the occurrence of this species on the coast of Nova Scotia. Mr. Andrew Dowses, of Halifax, N. S., procured the specimen, which was "shot outside of Halifax harbor, October 16, 1876." As this bird passed from the South along the coast to the east of Maine, it may perhaps be mentioned here quite as properly as other coast stragglers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MOCKING-BIRD IN MASSACHUSETTS.—While out with my gun to-day, I had the rare good fortune to secure a specimen of the mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus*). I was returning home, and as I had to pass very near a small snipe meadow, I thought I would look along the edge and see if I could not find a snipe. I had hunted it over thoroughly without success, and was starting for home, when I observed a bird fly over a river near by and alight on the other side. As the bird looked strange to me, I determined to get it if possible. I walked back nearly half a mile to a bridge, crossed the river, and walked back on the other side. Before I reached the place where the bird alighted, I saw it in company with some sparrows. It was hid and would not let approach near enough to shoot it with small shot. When I got within about thirty-five yards I fired, and had the satisfaction of seeing the bird drop into the water. I pulled it out, wet and dripping, but otherwise very good. Upon skinning I found it to be an adult female. Its crop was completely filled with bugs, flies, and other small insects. This is the first I ever knew to be seen or taken here. Mr. Samuels, in his "Birds of New England," says: "This bird is so exceedingly rare in New England, that it can scarcely be regarded otherwise than as an accidental visitor, and Massachusetts is certainly its northern limit." Dr. Elliott Coates, in his "New England Bird Life," says: "The mocking-bird is practically restricted to its northward extension to the Carolinian fauna, and has but once been observed beyond Massachusetts, where, as also in Connecticut and in Rhode Island, it is a rare summer resident—if, indeed it be of more than casual occurrence." He also says: "According to Allen, writing in 1864, it has been known to breed in Springfield, Mass., several times within five years, and two pairs nested there in 1860."—JOHN C. CATOON (Taunton, Mass., April 26.)

SNOW BUNTINGS AND MEADOW LARKS.—Hartford, Conn.—Editor Forest and Stream: "J. L. D." is rather surprised to learn that snow buntings will alight in trees. I have noticed them do this in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine very often. "Medicus" will find meadow larks during the winter months in Connecticut Valley as far north as Northampton, Mass., but not as numerous as in the fall of the year. Game has wintered well here (in the market), as we have quail, grouse, pigeon, venison. The game laws are not enforced here, as woodcock shooting began in July, the law not being off until October.—FLICK FLICK.

MEADOW LARK AS WINTER RESIDENT.—Philadelphia, March 31.—Noticing "Medicus's" interesting communication in your last week's issue relative to the wintering of the meadow lark in Pennsylvania, and noting his having killed one near Mead, Pa., recalls the time, not seven years ago, when the then open fields around West Philadelphia, to the writer's knowledge, were the resorts of a large flock of these birds, especially in very cold weather, and when snow lay on the ground. It has been known to breed every winter in the stump fields on the line of the Baltimore pike just beyond the county line. Both male and female birds quite often remain with us all winter, at least used to.—HOMO.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me"

OLD Bill Lauc, of Shinnecock Bay, is never at a loss for an answer. One night, after a cold day on the bay, when more whiskey had been slaughtered than ducks, we all sat around the camp fire, and when snow lay on the ground, personal experiences in field and "marsh." The yarn grew more and more improbable, till the climax came from Doctor M., of Brooklyn. The good Doctor is of an imaginative turn, but too much bad luck or bad rum had made him forgetful of the fact. At last he said: "I was out shooting one day and struck a bunch of quail. It was in the old muzzle-loader days. My dog had come to a point. I flushed the birds and when they were on my snappy A. What was my surprise when a bird fell. I walked up, picked it up and it was stone dead! Now how do you account for that, Mr. Lane?"

Bill looked at him with a sly twinkle in his blue eye, changed his foot, thrust his hands deeper into his pockets, and said: "Wal, now, I shouldn't like to account for that, Doctor M." There were no more stories told that night.

THE JUDGE.

Have you heard of the wedding of S., one of Long Island's best-known "sports"? Devoted from infancy to dog and gun. A good fellow, but a bit wild; untamed, perhaps. He was married the other day; and for the first time since childhood entered a church. He tells the story himself: "I'm friendly to the parson mentioning to me with his book, I couldn't understand it and began inquiring about him. Again he raised it to his chin and brought it down, 'Still I couldn't make it out. At last he whispered, 'Down charge, close?' Then I knelt; and that was what he wanted." THE JUDGE.

Scene—Caroline county, Maryland; sun two hours high. Yours truly out "squirrelin'" armed with a long rifle, passes through a cornfield in which are two "cuddled genin'" industriously engaged in husking corn. The usual "flovare-you" is exchanged and work suspended for a minute examination of the rifle. Darkey No. 1 takes it, aims at several cornstalks, says: "Yes, tolerbul good gun, mooses long es ole Uncle Ross'es do." "Why," said I, "is his any longer?" "Oh, bress yer, yes, child; why, he was out squirrelin' this mornin' on sun of squerel an' big gun." Uncle Ross puts up an bistis a cap on 'im, but she doan go; lays her down, looked in ther 'n' n' on seed ther charge comin', puts her up agin quick en killed ther squerel dead."

Darkey No. 2 now elimus in, and says: "Saved ole Uncle Ross er right smart er trouble do ef he'd pulled trigger fore hee lookin'." H. L. BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such notices?

FARMER VS. SPORTSMAN.

IF we are to continue to roam at will with dog and gun through the covers, or follow unmolested the trout brooks that course through the meadows of the farmer, it would be wise to stop and consider, and see if we cannot do something to remove the prejudice that exists toward our class. It is not pleasant to ride a dozen miles to a splendid cover that you enjoyed shooting in last year, and find posted the notice "No shooting on these premises," or to journey to a fine trout brook you have fished with good success for years, and while still sitting in your wagon read on a board posted where the brook crosses the road, "No fishing allowed."

I fear, however, that shooters and fishermen are very largely responsible for this state of things. Mark you, I do not say sportsmen, for to my mind a true sportsman must be a gentleman, not necessarily wealthy or highly educated, but a large-hearted, whole-souled fellow, who would scorn to do a mean act. If all who use the rod and gun were of this class there would be little trouble, and the grounds of the farmer would very rarely be found posted. But unfortunately there are some who belong to the shooting and fishing fraternity who conduct themselves as though they thought the farmers, on whose grounds they were trespassing, had no rights which they were bound to respect. I have seen a man deliberately tumble the top of a wall down because he was too lazy to climb over it, and I have repeatedly seen where a rod of wall had been literally torn down to take out a rabbit. I have also seen the tall grass that had been ruthlessly trampled down when it was about to cut, and because of these things the sportsman must suffer.

Farmers are a class not mean or stingy, quite the reverse, as many of us can testify. When I was about a dozen years old my father gave me a gun and fishing-rod to use, and for more than thirty years I have used them faithfully. Not the same old twenty-gauge muzzle-loader, or the same old twenty-foot rod; they have long been laid aside for others of improved pattern. But for more than thirty years I have used the rod and gun. I have indulged in this recreation in all the New England States, and during all this time I think I have never been ordered off from a farmer's domain but three times, and only twice in my own State. On these occasions I simply obeyed and indulged in no abuse. In one of the cases the owner was a New Yorker who spent his summers on his farm, and I was aware that shooters had been ordered off, but as the land was not "posted" and the cover a favorable one, I concluded to take my chances. The report of my gun soon brought the old man, who delivered his message, and I quietly left. Not long after I was out shooting with a friend, and toward night, after a very successful shoot, I arranged with my friend to look through a piece of cover, while I drove the horse around to the one where I had been ordered off, and where he should meet me. I found the owner at home and asked the privilege of looking through the cover. He met me pleasantly enough, but proceeded to state his grievance. He said that a brood of partridges had been hatched and reared there, and he had hoped to get one for his wife, who was very fond of them; but that as soon as the law was off the hunters from the city came there and killed them all, and he didn't get one; that he cared nothing for the woodcock, and had no objection to my hunting, but that if I killed a partridge he wished I would give it to him for his wife. I hunted out the cover, killed a partridge, gave it to him, and the pleasure he received was as great as mine.

I have hunted the cover the past ten years, and have killed lots of birds there, and have never thought that I had paid dearly for the privilege.

Another case happened last fall at one of our best covers for flight woodcock, which is situated about four miles from the city. Two members of our club had just commenced to shoot there one morning when the owner came out of his house and commenced to yell as soon as he was within hearing, and kept it up until he got up to my friends, whom he ordered off in language more forcible than elegant. Now, my friend S. is a gentleman, and nothing would have induced him to indulge in such language himself; beside he had just flushed a woodcock and had him marked down, and was, therefore, very anxious to remain. So he began to reason with the man, told him that he would do him no harm, that he only wished to hunt the cover for woodcock, and to "go off at half cock" when farmers approach. "I'm right behind that bunch of alders; you take my gun and shoot him while I go round and put him up." The fight was all out of the farmer, and he replied, "I can't shoot anything; let me sear him up for you." And so he did, and S. killed the woodcock, and it is needless to add that he and his friend hunted the cover as long as they pleased. The farmer's excuse for the attack was that somebody not long before had shot at his crows out of "unassessin'" and, therefore, was down on all hunters. Now my friend had replied to the man in like manner what would have been the result? If no blows, at least a disagreeable quarrel, and he would not have hunted the cover, beside the farmer would have retained the same opinion of hunters; whereas he learned that a hunter could be a gentleman, and he no doubt returned to his house heartily ashamed of himself. I firmly believe that if sportsmen would only learn not to "go off at half cock" when farmers approach them in a coarse, boisterous manner and order them off; but instead would show them that a sportsman is a gentleman, they could generally so arrange matters as to be allowed to remain, and in most cases would be invited to come again.

I am aware that there is another side to the question, and that there are mean men among farmers. Of course there are; and that is true of every class. There are farmers who hunt, or pretend to hunt, but are not sportsmen; they don't want it themselves, neither will they allow you to hunt on their premises; they think a sportsman is a loafer; they hate a dog, etc. Not much can be done for these men; nothing would induce them to think differently. They would be glad if they could induce their neighbors to think and act as they do in these matters, but they cannot; they haven't much influence anyway, and best of all, this class of men is not large. In any event, to do it we fall into the hands of the order of our class to go, and we had no need to tell them what you think of them. Such men are gener-

ally despised by all mankind, and they know it well enough.

That this class of farmers have very little influence I was thoroughly convinced while attending a meeting of the Worcester County Grange, a little more than a year ago. The meeting was held in one of the halls in this city, and the afternoon session was open to the public. It had been announced in the daily papers that the following subject would be discussed:

"Whereas, The sportsmen of this State have caused a law to be enacted that makes the shooting of game by farmers on their own premises at certain seasons, to wit, a criminal offense, and

"Whereas, Certain representative sportsmen in this vicinity have offered a reward for the detection of offenders, thereby constituting themselves keepers of game to which they have no title; and

"Whereas, The object in view is additional sport to the shooting generally and not the good of society in general; therefore

"Resolved, That the agricultural community and united legal action, especially the enforcement of the trespass act, cause its interests to be protected and maintained.

I was at that time president of the Worcester Sportsmen's Club, and I received an invitation to be present. Being a county meeting it was quite a large affair, the members of the sub-granges from the various towns being present with their wives and daughters. It was as honest and intelligent looking a body of people as one could wish to meet, and I had a great deal of curiosity to see how the subject would be handled. I am pretty thoroughly acquainted in the neighboring towns, and as I took my seat in the rear of the hall and looked about I saw many familiar faces. A large delegation was present from my native town and I found myself surrounded by men and women who were my boyhood friends and schoolmates. I cannot give a detailed report of that meeting; but as the discussion progressed I was very glad to see that a large majority of the farmers present recognized the fact that not all lovers of field sports were loafers and scoundrels. Some very pleasant things were said of our club, for which I felt deeply grateful.

The other gentlemen was, however, represented, and after several members had been named, was announced. He arose and walked slowly to the Speaker's desk and began to unroll his manuscript; and while doing so looked about him in a very confident way, as though he were entirely satisfied with the paper he was about to read. Now, this man was from my native town, and I have known him long and well. He has wealth, considerable ability, is well educated, the owner of one of the finest places in the town, and of course, an influential member of the grange. But the idea of his having prepared an elaborate paper on the subject under discussion struck me as being decidedly absurd. I should not have been more at sea endeavoring to deliver a lecture on astronomy than was this man with the subject he was trying to handle. He has not a rod of cover on his place where a game bird would be likely to live, and I doubt if he ever saw a man with dog and gun on his domain. I have no idea, not the slightest, that he could tell a shotgun from a rifle, a setter from a St. Bernard, or a woodcock from a quail, and yet this man read to us as though he thought he had the whole thing "down fine" and wanted us to understand that he couldn't tolerate a "so-called" sportsman. He quoted in a sarcastic way from the speeches made at the annual dinner of the sportsman's club as they appeared in the daily papers, also from the game laws "so selfishly framed by the shooting fraternity that a farmer's boy could not spare woodcock." He then proceeded to urge his claims as natural and only owners of the game, and urged his hearers to see to it that the trespass act was enforced. And how was this mastery effort received? Was he applauded? Very faintly. It was apparent that it was too rank for their tastes. After the reading of this paper the "worthy master" announced that "there was a representative sportsman in the hall and he thought the members would be glad to hear from him." Of course, I rose to that position. I must say something, and I did try to say a few words that should help to remove the prejudice that exists toward our fraternity. I shall not soon forget the many kind greetings I received from the members of the Worcester County Grange at the close of that meeting.

And now, brother sportsmen, let me say that I believe it is possible for us to so conduct ourselves toward the farmers that which we have so often covered or the trout brooks, in nine cases out of ten we shall be kindly received. K.

WORCESTER, MASS., March 27, 1888.

NOTES ON THE QUAIL OF TEXAS.

I SEND an account of some things I have noticed of quail in Texas. Arriving in December at Port Dnuean, on the Rio Grande, Texas, I was told that the old ordinance sergeant could not make more than fifty quail. He said, "Oh, no, plenty. Fifty quail a town is never on the bank, but you will never get more than two shots at a covey, for they go straight to Mexico." This seemed strange, for there is more than half a mile wide. Yet I found that he had told the truth. After losing a number of birds shot over the water and swept away by the rapid current, I always took my duck dog with me, and it was a novelty in quail shooting to have my birds retrieved from the river.

I could always find them in the morning or late in the afternoon, seldom in the middle of the day, and finally came to the conclusion that they were hatched in Mexico and roosted there, and came over to feed. Had they found out that Mexicans do not shoot quail? Did the old birds practice the young on long flights before they started over the river with them? The birds were the Texas variety of the common brown quail (*Callipepla squamata*). Back from the river they flew no further when flushed than Northern quail usually do. They do not tie to a dog as well as the Northern bird. Once, however, I was for weeks on a road little traveled except by Mexicans, and I found them so tame that they would not even squat when my dog pointed, but move slowly along not twenty yards from me. They probably had never been disturbed for years.

The blue or scaled quail (*Callipepla squamata*) worry a goodly dog. He must point going about half a mile, if he keeps anywhere near his bird. They seldom fly unless hard pushed, and are very fast runners. I prefer to tie my dog up, and if the weather is hot shoot from horseback. I never hesitate about shooting them on the ground, and it is no contemptible feat to knock them over as they dart from bush to bush. They seem to fully understand the necessity of keeping some obstacle in range between themselves and the man that is after them. They will squat, then, if they see a man, and will not fly until he is within ten feet. I have found a covey that I could not get with my gunshot on one

day, to be tame the next. There had been no change of weather, and I am unable to account for this difference. They are larger than the common quail, but I do not consider them as good on the table. I have repeatedly had one of each cooked to test this.

The Massena quail, called also black quail (*Cyrtonyx masena*) lie like stones. I once saw a pointer catch a full-grown unvounded one. They are trying on the nerves. Your dog points, perhaps, when there is no cover but short grass; you can see nothing and go slowly forward. All at once, with a peculiar chatter (that don't steady you a bit) they start up in front, behind, and to the right and left. I have seen good shots stand open-mouthed, not able to make up their minds which way to shoot. A full-grown cock Massena is such a beautiful bird that you smooth down his feathers carefully before you put him in the game pocket. To my taste they are better eating than any quail I have tried.

I believe that in Texas the quail have two broods. My journal says: "July 29, 1882, shot ten common quail, almost full grown." And again, "September 20, 1882, saw a covey of common quail barely able to fly." The belief that they raise more than one brood seems to be general in the Southwest Texas.

I think it is rare that quail in Texas are killed by snow or cold in winter. Cold rains and floods in the nesting season and when the birds are young affect the increase very seriously. Hawks rarely make great havoc among them. A hawk in a tree or hovering near one spot is a good sign that a covey of quail (probably scattered) is close by.

What quail do for water when the whole country is dried up and there are no dews, is a mystery. I believe they occasionally travel considerable distances for it. I accidentally learned that they do come to water at times. It was this way. I was shooting near Fort Clark, Texas, late in the afternoon, and found a covey in a small clump of bushes that grew by the edge of a small pool. I followed the scattered covey and killed several. Then went back to the pool to let my dog drink, and he pointed a second covey in the same spot I had found the first. I shot some of the last covey and found them to be younger and smaller than the first. I had been gone about twenty minutes, and they had come to the water during that time. They certainly were not there when I first got up, as the covey was scant and my dog went over it thoroughly. It was three miles from the pool to the nearest water.

The quantity of quail in the vicinity of Fort Clark, Texas, last fall, was something wonderful. As I heard a sportsman express it, "every egg must have hatched." I have frequently killed as many as I wanted before breakfast. Many hundreds were killed, but their number was so great that plenty must have been left to breed. On account of the heat, shooting there is hard on man and dog before the middle of October. T.

Fort Lyox, Colorado.

A NORTH CAROLINA MEDLEY.

ABOUT the 10th of the present month (March), having a bird desire, or taking it as my friend and kinsman, Teedel at my request, to go with me, I set out with dogs, for a short jaunt into the upper part of our county, to see if we could find some sport with quail shooting in that section and the contiguous part of the county of Montgomery. We expected to meet our hunting companion, whom I have hitherto, somewhat emphatically, called Bishop Crickett (but of whom I shall hereafter speak in reference to the wisdom of his name), and for an hour and with him, make an afternoon ramble among the birds in the lowlands, just above the confluence of Little River with the Pee Dee. But from some cause we failed to be greeted by his genial smile, and went to work by ourselves. We soon started a small covey, and succeeded in getting two birds, when we heard the welcome voice of our friend Tom, the son of the gentleman whose hospitality we proposed to enjoy during the approaching night, and for an hour and a half, we had a most successful day. So sending our buggy forward by one of the "newly enfranchised American freemen," we took to the fields lying along the river, and hunted in the direction of the residence of our host. Birds were not numerous, and we succeeded in getting only eight.

Just before night, we had reached a point in the lowlands, not more than a fourth of a mile from the dwelling, which was quite marshy, but destitute of cover.

As we approached the dwelling, a well-known sound which the snipe always emits as he rises from his feeding ground. We saw more than fifty of them, but as they were at long range, we could only get three or four. Soon after reaching the dwelling, our friend Crickett made his appearance, and after the "inner man" had been delightfully satisfied by the abundant contents of the harder and punty, which the wife and daughter of our host knew so well how to spread, we went into the parlor, and discussed all sorts of matters, from hunting and fishing, and dogs and guns, and rods and lines and hooks, down to questions of finance, and revenue and taxation, American and European, diplomacy and statesmanship, with an occasional allusion to Venor and Wiggins, and other sapient guessers at the coming state of the weather. Before retiring to my bed we had agreed to go down to the meadow in the morning at an early hour, and pay our respects to the snipe. After this agreement, my companions endeavored to keep me up, so that they might enjoy, for a longer time—so they said—"the feast of reason and the flow of soul," which I always contribute for the delectation of my associates. It is due to endeavor, however, that I should say, I believed then and believe now, their object was to gain by flattery what they feared they could not get in any other way—an escape from tedious breathing, which they have often told me was as unpleasant as the courtship of the well-to-do small fry, however, and the three were soon engaged in a fusillade at the birds, which had collected in large numbers. But, as before stated, they were too wild for much sport, and each one that we got cost us several shells. If there had been cover for the birds in the meadow, I have no doubt we could have bagged several dozen before breakfast. I have never seen them so numerous. And they were equally plentiful ten days after the first shot, and were still in the trap. Here, therefore, these birds have usually made their appearance in our section during the early part of April; but this year, being decided

by the weather prophets of Canada, or the balmy atmosphere of February, they started upon their summer tour.

After breakfast, being joined by Tom, who has an excellent gun, which he hangs well with "pussy" moral force, advise him that she has sprung from her "form" to the briars or sedge, but which is rarely held (when a part-ridge (quail) is whirring rapidly off, we set out for new fields, hoping to find game more abundant. We got up but few, however, in a walk of several miles, and when we stopped for lunch (we always call it "snack"), we had not exceeding thirty birds. In the afternoon we found quite a number of coveys, and some very large ones (to say the least of the coveys, and some very large ones) but owing to the fact that the thickets in which they took refuge were very dense, we were placed under great disadvantage, and our bags were less swollen than we could have wished. Our entire day's hunt only brought us about thirty birds, beside several rabbits which Tom's special art had brought down. We reached our resting place after night, and, as usual, highly enjoyed the reception which awaited us.

The next day, facing a cold north wind, we set out for what was once, no doubt, a "happy hunting ground" for the pre-historic race, if one may judge from the existence of a mound having a base of about fifty feet, and an altitude of twenty, which is situated near the margin of Little River, in Montgomery county, about two miles beyond the Rich Hill. When I was a boy I thought this relic was the work of the Red Lords of the Soil, "mound-builders" as they surveyed, but the researches of archaeologists seem to establish the fact that the people who did this unexplained work were of a rather higher type of civilization, and existed before the country was occupied by the "sons of Alknonook" or other chiefs of the Indian race. I confess I do not know what sort of people constructed this and similar "earthworks," and have not the slightest idea of the purposes which they had in view. In my mind, they had very little work to do or they would not have had time to pile up so much useless dirt.

And I am frank enough to admit that I am equally ignorant of the uses which this or some other people had for those elegant specimens of handicraft which are called discoids, several of which were found about seventy-five feet from the high lands in the immediate neighborhood of this mound. An award of the Soil, "mound-builders" as they were named, assert with great positiveness that they had exactly the same uses as the modern glass ball or clay pigeon, so called, except that the sportsman, instead of a two hundred dollar breech-loader used a spear, a javelin or an arrow, and shot at it as it was rolling. I trust I shall be considered as giving no unpardonable offense if I venture to suggest that if such was the fact, they who indulged in the practice had very poor ideas of economy, for even now, with all the modern labor-saving implements for working on stone, it would take an exceedingly skillful lapidary to make one of these discoids out of quartz in less time than a week. Then, when hatchets were of stone, "and other things according," it may be safely assumed that the manufacture would have required the labor of more than a man, and to apply all this to the "use" of "making a round stone, to be shattered at one cast of the javelin or flight of an arrow, would be evidence that the people who made them were entirely ignorant of physical economy, especially as a softer stone could be easily had, and out of which, even with rude tools, several could have been made in a day. Without further words upon the subject, I simply say that I regard the statement as entirely unworthy of belief.

After the day's sport, we passed within a hundred yards of it, and stopped our buggy for a moment. This day was to decide the long-pending contest between Teedel and Crickett for the champion belt. Like Balfour of Brerley and Bothwell, as described in "Old Mortality," these two worthies were so intent in their purpose to succeed in achieving a personal victory that they did not regard Tom and me as worthy of their notice. With firm step and flashing eye they entered the list, and Teedel, by a narrow margin, won the head, saying to him, "Be smart, master, and Teedel will give you good victuals to-night." At his suggestion I, as his subaltern only—his mere bird marker—talked puppy talk to Branch, and promised him, if he would stand up to Nip, I would give him a big pone of plain corn bread. Crickett successively fondled and flattered Jack, Jack and Jenny, and Tom only smiled his approval of the warlike preparations. And then the combats commenced, the meeting early in the afternoon. Teedel charged Crickett, and Crickett preferring Tom to me, because T. rarely hit, and had so little confidence in his skill that he never claimed a bird that anyone else said he shot at, while my disposition was to claim every bird that fell. Of course it was a slaughter. Sometimes I do hit one, when no one else is near.

We turned to the left, going along the margin of the hills, with the third sportsman, and Teedel, and Nip, and I. We had not journeyed far before Nip was in that attitude which sportsmen regard as "glorious," with Branch "seconding the motion" in gallant style. T. was on the bird side of a small brook which I was unable to cross. The covey was flushed and each got in both barrels. He missed with one barrel, while I was more fortunate, and both claimed to have shot at another bird which fell. Here the score stood at one and a half to one each. Pursuing, we flushed one covey, which both got, wounding but not getting. The others flew up wild fifty yards off, and made good their escape. Going down into the bottom Nip again stood, my dog backing, and T. got to my one. The other part of the covey we could not locate; so going on some distance, in a beautiful level field, Nip flushed a very large covey while going down the wind, and T. got a bird. The others settled along the side of a ditch near where we was, and waiting for my cousin to come up, he both approached the cover. All the birds but three fell on his side, and he got one with each barrel; I had the same luck. He and I each got two more birds and wounded three others between us. Just before this we heard and saw the other "team" having a high time with a covey scattered in the stubble, but when we started our covey in such splendid ground, "high beat our hearts with hope elite," for we confidently expected the Elysian pun we soon should win, by laughing our route in the direction of the ford where we left our buggy, we found several other coveys, but generally too close to covers.

It is sufficient to say that when our hunt ended and we counted our trophies, Teedel had seventeen and a half and I fifteen and a half—thirty-three in all. Two of them he killed before I joined him. He shot a 16 and a 13. Not long after ward C. and Tom walked up and shot a 15 and a 12. The bodies having been left with the wife of a gentleman, at whose house they got a table dinner. Of the twenty C. claimed sixteen and a half and Tom the others.



THE TYRO'S FIRST "PARTRIDGE."—"Great Heavens, Charley! What Was That?"

[DRAWN FOR THE "FOREST AND STREAM" BY W. H. McDUGALL.]

When it appeared that the contest was so close, C. tried hard to convince Tom that he was not entitled to one of the birds which he claimed, but he refused to make the concession. Cricket challenged to another trial, alleging as a reason that we found more birds than they, and had, of course, a better chance. To this "the Lieutenant-General to the Earl of Mar"—your correspondent—replied that if he had had Tom with him, his score, instead of being fifteen and a half, would have been fully twenty-two and a half. Nevertheless the two rivals met again not long afterwards, and at the end of the day T. had eighteen and C. twelve. Still he is not satisfied, and the gauntlet is down again.

Now, Messrs. Editors, and especially the presiding genius over the dog department of the FOREST AND STREAM, I beg to ask a question: My dog Branch, a thick-set, white and lemon setter,

"Whose parvies tail, wi' upward curl,
Hangs o'er his hurdles wi' a swirl,"

is one of the gamiest little fellows you ever saw. He is as active as an antelope—I never saw one, but am told they are "some" in the use of the legs—a splendid ranger, stanch as a dog ought to be, an excellent retriever, but he finds but few birds. He is lacking in self-reliance, and when hunting with another dog, seems to be content with acting the part of "second fiddler." His appetite is one of his distinguishing characteristics, and he has no special choice as to the quality of his food. Plain corn bread is his usual diet, and after having disposed of a large piece, he watches, with keen vision, to see if any of the others have left any of their rations. If so, he cleans it up, and then looks as if he was not half satisfied. Why does he not find the birds? Teedel says that his nose is hot, and that unless a dog has a cold nose, his olfactory organs are so insensitive that he is incapable of smelling well. His nose is hot, as a general thing. What must I do to reduce his temperature? Is he right in his assumption? Is a hot nose evidence of such physical disorder as impairs his sense of smell? Can the owner of "my dog Trim" answer this question of nosology?

With wind up of this mystery I shall cease to trespass, until the *aves scribendi* again seizes me with its deadly fangs. When it does, your readers may get ready for another indolition, and be prepared to read or skip some observations upon what I saw, heard and felt in other efforts to distinguish myself as a respectable disciple of Nimrod. WELLS.

ROCKINGHAM, N. C., March 27, 1888.

[A hot nose is generally to be accepted as evidence that the dog is out of condition. It is also the general rule that a dog with a poor-nose cannot have a sharp scent. We have known exceptions to this rule.]

OSWEGO, N. Y., March 28.—Several flocks of wild geese have recently been seen flying north high over our city.—M. B. R.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

IN offering some remarks on this fruitful theme, I wish to be understood as referring strictly to the hunting rifle; and if I refrain from offering any "hints to novices," it is because that when I see a first-class "theoretical" rifleman miss a 700-pound moose at eighty paces, standing broadside on, it has a remarkably depressing effect as to the utility of said "hints." And again, if I gave any, they would differ so radically from those in the excellent series of articles by Mr. Van Dyke, "The Rifle on Running Game," that the bewildered novice would either lay down his rifle in despair, or take it up with a firm determination to trust in his own capabilities alone, which last is the correct thing to do anyway.

In the course of my hunting experiences, I have shot a good many deer on the run with the rifle, but I certainly never aimed ahead of any one of them. Neither do I know of a hunter in these parts who claims to have ever killed one in that manner, and I doubt if such a one can be found. If the animal's flight was continuous, like a bird's, the system of aiming ahead might answer; but as it comes to a dead halt at the end of every leap, to aim just ahead of that point and pull, will result in a miss to a dead certainty.

I confess to a feeling of admiration for Major Merrill's courage, if not for his discretion, in taking up the endgels for the muzzle-loaders in preference to the breech-loader as a hunting rifle. The latter is so immeasurably superior in everything that makes up the conveniences of a hunting arm, that the battle is a hopeless one. Nineteen-twentieths of all my large game have been killed with a muzzle-loading rifle. So I speak from long experience; about the most bitter part of which was to shoulder my empty rifle and start for camp, through sheer inability to reload, with fingers frosted from contact with the blistering steel barrel, the game standing in full sight, and the thermometer—42°.

That the muzzle-loader is a little more accurate arm, I believe; but it is to be borne in mind that this superior accuracy depends on the proper use of the loading-muzzle, the guide starter, the swage and the balances; none of these are available in the hunting rifle, and so the superiority vanishes. When using the elongated bullet and loading the muzzle-loader in the woods with a common pocket starter, the chances of placing the axis of the bullet true with the line of flight, are decidedly in favor of the breech loader; the greater range and force of the muzzle-loader I believe to be wholly due to the greater amount of powder used, in proportion to the size of bore, and not at all owing to the mechanism. I believe our gun-makers make a grave mistake, when they enlarge the bore of our hunting rifles, instead of lengthening the bullet, and increasing the charge of powder in the shell. In regard to the two targets shown by Maj. Merrill, as the difference might easily have been in the marksmen instead of the guns, they prove nothing, and again, it is safe to say that if the owners of the muzzle-loader were to make half a dozen targets, with the same

gun, over the same range, the difference between any two of them would undoubtedly be greater than that between the breech and the muzzle-loader; so that from the hunter's point of view it is merely accidental.

For a hunting rifle the Winchester has, until quite recently, been in my estimation a long way ahead. Its many merits, and its one defect, are getting to be pretty well understood among practical hunters: of the former are its shapely outline, its nice balance, excellence of workmanship, rapidity of fire, ease of manipulation, the beautiful working of the carrier-block being unapproachable by any other arm, and great accuracy within its range. Its one defect is its very high trajectory, and consequent lack of force, caused presumably by shallow grooving, slow twist, and bullet short in proportion to its diameter. Some two years ago I wrote the company manufacturing the above arm, respectfully representing that if they would put a different form of their gun on the market, one say of 38 or 40-cal., using 60 gr. powder, and bullet elongated sufficiently to be somewhat heavier than the one now used in the 44-cal., it would meet the wants of the hunters in this section and would, I felt confident, meet with a large sale. I received an equally respectful reply, stating that they were already manufacturing a 60 cr. Winchester, which was meeting with ready sale, and that they thought it would fill the bill. Six months after I saw in your columns the advertisement of the Marlin rifle, "40-cal., 60 gr. powder, 360 lead," caught my attention instantly, and I prevailed upon a friend of mine, who was about to order a new rifle, to send for one. Its superiority over my model 73 Winchester was so great that I disposed of the latter forthwith and purchased one of the new Marlins. A faithful trial of it for the past year, including four weeks deer shooting, in which I brought down the game at considerably over 300 yards, has fully satisfied me that it is by far the best hunting rifle for forest shooting in the market, and as such I can confidently recommend it.

In sighting the hunting rifle, the front sight should be made as low as possible, by which I mean that the necessary elevation should be given by the block, and not by a high front sight. Therefore the ordinary knife blade sight is about the worst possible in forest shooting, because under certain conditions one always shoots "from the block," instead of the top of his sight, and if the former is far below the latter, the bullet goes clean over. What I mean is this: If the hunter, not dreaming that there is a deer within half a mile of him, on turning a corner, or a bush, comes instantaneously upon a deer in full view within twenty or thirty yards of him, he invariably sights from the top of his block instead of the point of his sight. Why this is so I will not even attempt to discuss. It requires years of practice, and great power of self-control, before one even becomes cognizant of the fact, and among those I have met who have discovered and acknowledged it, I never saw one who had overcome it. Bill Nye, a well-known hunter on the head waters of the Raquette, after, to use his own words, fighting against it for five years, knocked out his front sight, and in-

serted an ivory block with an inked groove down the center of the back edge, to guide his eye, and no sight at all on the top. As for myself, after losing a good many deer from an impulse which I tried in vain to control, I adopted a front sight, which I consider better adapted for cover shooting with the rifle than any I have ever seen. The following direction will enable anyone possessed of requisite skill in the use of tools to make one:

An iron or copper block should be fitted into the dovetailed slot in the front end of the rifle barrel, of sufficient height, so that when a fine sight is drawn over the top of it, the gun will not overshoot at any distance. The target should be simply a horizontal line half an inch wide drawn across a board or other material, say a foot in width. This should be placed at the distance of a semi-circular groove in the wishes his point blank to be—which for me is thirty paces. Then taking a careful rest and holding the top of the block even with the top of the line, and drawing a very fine sight, fire at the line. If the block is as high as it should be the rifle will shoot under. Now, without removing the sight, carefully file down the top, trying it occasionally till the gun shoots into the line. Now remove the block, and with a nail, or hatchet, make a semi-circular groove in the top of the block, say 3/4 inch in depth; in the bottom of this groove saw the slot for the insertion of the sight; after carefully entering the saw, by slanting it to the right and left, the slot can be cut dove-tailing. Each end should then be lightly reamed with a drill. A piece of coin silver should be used for the sight; this can be upset so as to fit the dovetailed slot, driven in from one end, and both ends riveted so that it is perfectly self-aligning, the intervention of heat or solder. This sight should then be filed down till the straightedge shows it to be just as high as the top of the block. Now insert the block, and drawing a vertical line across the horizontal one on the target, forming a cross, aim at that, and drive the block carefully home till the bullet cuts the intersection of the cross. This sight will be found satisfactory at all times, except when the bushes are covered with snow, and then it is rather difficult to keep clear.

MAINE.

THE GREAT DEER DESTROYER.

I notice the following paragraph upon the rounds of the sporting press: "When the far-famed Oxford Gun Club take down the little foxes and sort foxes with blood in their eye, the foxes turn pale in the woodlands, and the deer tremble upon a thousand hills."

I wanted to be a deer destroyer, and with the deer destroyers go, but they would not take me in. They said "I couldn't shoot a deer, any more than a hog could catch a clam."

When the great Gun Club came back from Rangeley, bringing home no pile of deer skins, no scalp of conning fox, my soul was filled with gladness as the waters fill the sea. A little bird from the north land has whispered in my ear this true story which I tell:

The dying leaves, like wounded birds, were fluttering down from off the autumn trees, when first the great Gun Club pitched their tents by Rangeley's famous waters. One morn as the first, faint flush of coming dawn tinted the eastern skies, a man, with the matchless form of a Hercules, rose softly from under his blanket, and with steps noiseless as an Indian's when he walks the trail of death, passed out into the darksome woods. In his hands he carried a rifle, in his belt a little black bottle could be seen. It was the Great Deer Destroyer going forth to slay all the deer in Rangeley before his comrades should awake. As he strode swiftly along the dim forest pathway he chuckled and talked unto himself.

"Now, his eye fell upon the surrounding hillsides, faintly seen in the early light. "Aha!" he cried, "ye hills eternal, your sides shall be dyed in deepest crimson with the life blood of the many deer my strong right arm shall slay." Now he stood upon the breeze-swept hilltops, looking down upon the early glory of the lake, stretching afar before him, lovely as an artist's dream of paradise. "Aha!" he cried again, "ye matchless inland ocean, your waters shall be dark, your waves shall be dyed with the blood of the deer, my never-failing rifle shall lay low in the throes of death. Aha! aha!" And he danced in wild joy upon the hilltop. "Aha! Behold me, great Sun! Look down upon me, ye god of the morning. 'Tis the Great Deer Destroyer, just come up from the city of Death!"

He came to a deep, dark, wood-crowned dell, through whose intermingling branches the sunlight never shone. As he stood in the level depths, in the shadow and in the gloom, a great rushing and crashing fell upon his startled ear, like the rushing and the crashing of some mighty beast or prey, bursting through the scattering underbrush as a whirlwind in her rage. "Nearer, yet nearer, that dread rushing and crashing came; it seemed to fill all the wide-extended forest, and the distant mountains caught and echoed back the direful sound. The Great Destroyer's face turned pale, his heart stood still with terror, his legs trembled and shook like trees in a gale of wind. "Nearer, yet nearer, louder, still louder, the rushing and crashing came. It burst upon the affrighted Destroyer's ear like the crack of coming doom.

What was it? What mean those direful sounds? Was it some terrible lion, snared on Africa's sands, who had broken its confining chains, rushed to the woods, and become the terror of the hills? Was it some still more terrible man-eating Bengal tiger, from India's jungle fall, which had burst asunder the mighty bars of iron which caged it, eaten up the circus of which it was the glory and the pride, and gone forth into the wilds of Rangeley to devour the sons of men?

Crash! crash! crash! It is almost on him now. The Great Destroyer became wild with terror. He ran to the east; he ran to the west; he ran to the north; he ran to the south; he ran in circles, in Bengal, there, everywhere, till he fell with terror he knew not where he hid. And ever as he ran he cried: "Help! Help! Save me! Save me! What shall I do! What shall I do! I'm killed! I'm killed!"

Crash! crash! crash! on the very hills above him now. With a wild, despairing shriek, like the awful cry of a lost soul, he flung down his rifle and fled as never mortal fled before. Over fallen trees he leaped, over oozy pools he bounded, down the forest path he flew swifter than ever he had fled before, before the following hounds.

Into the just-awakened camp the terror-struck Destroyer leaped. "Save me! Save me! Save me!" he shrieked; and then fell upon the ground and rolled over and over in an abandon of utter terror.

"What's up? What's the matter? Who's killed? Who

is it?" came from every side. "A—man—eating—tiger," he panted in gasps, "his—jaws—all—red—and—dripping—with—the—life—blood—of—victims—slain—is—hot—upon—my—trail. Save me—save me—what shall I do—o—deer—o—deer—what shall I do—m—m—"

They didn't stop to hear any more. They just dropped fishes, preparing breakfast, rifles, everything, and climbed the nearest trees, as never squirrel climbed them since first the world began.

Long they waited; long they listened, but no blood-dripping tiger came. All was still. Gathering courage from the silence they came down from the trees. Picking up their rifles they began to trace back again the late flying Destroyer's trail.

Their faces were pale; their hearts beat quick; they carried their rifles at full cock, but they saw nothing, heard nothing, save the song of the autumn birds, and the chirper of the happy squirrels as they leaped from tree to tree. Soon they came to the deep, dark dell, where, gleaming in the dim light, the rifle of the Destroyer lay. They must be close upon the man-eating tiger now. Down flat upon their bellies they crept like snakes up the hillside, keeping their eyes upon the best tree to climb. They reached the top; they crawled down the side.

They found the demon tiger's track. They rose to their feet and stood looking upon those dreadful tracks in a dazed and bewildered way. The Great Destroyer, his brain in a wild whirl, had followed in the rear, stumbling along over root and brier like one walking in a dream. He now came up. He looked upon those awful tracks, and if possible became paler than before. There, right before them, in the fall glare of the morning sun, lay the tracks of that dreadful beast that had almost scared their lives away.

The tracks were the tracks of deer. The dread tiger, the awful demon of the woods, was a herd of deer going down to the river to drink.

For about five minutes the Great Destroyer stood as motionless and speechless as any stick or stone. Then, stretching his brown hands toward the sun, he cried aloud, like a man in more than mortal anguish: "Rise ye great like and cover me; rise ye hills and crush me; open earth and hide me from the mortal eye!"

O, how I would like to be a great deer-destroyer and with the deer-destroyers stand, and have a pretty, harmless, darling little rifle, and hold it in my hand. A. WARD, JR., OXFORD, MAINE.

DUCK SHOOTING ON THE HUDSON.

LIVING as I do, on the banks of this beautiful river, I have an occasional chance to get a rap at the ducks on their flight north in the spring, of which I always take advantage; not that I make any particularly large bags, but there is something very charming to me to drift about among the cakes of floating ice on a crisp winter day, getting an occasional shot and an immense amount of enjoyment. Thinking it might interest some of your readers I give a description of a day's shooting I had in the vicinity of Croton Point on March 19.

The boat I used is something on the style of a Bamegat sneak, only longer and narrower, being sixteen feet in length by three feet four inches extreme beam. Every thing is painted white, including the canvas screen fitted on the forward deck and projecting about eight inches on each side to hide the short paddles which are used when after the birds. White jackets and caps, a fifteen-pound eight-horse hammerless Greener, and we are ready to start.

At six o'clock in the morning, on the day in question, I found my man and boat all ready. I had hoped to get off before anyone else, but was informed that two boats were already out. However, "better late than never," and soon we were among the drift ice. Unfortunately the wind began to blow, and we were obliged to keep under the lee of Croton Point. We made fast to a large cake of ice, and drifted along, keeping a sharp lookout. Finally comes a little grebe bobbing furtively within gunshot and I am tempted, but better thoughts prevail, and I spare the little beggar. I am soon rewarded, for here comes a flock of pintails, about a dozen, and as they are in the middle of the ice about five hundred yards away! I feared we could not get to them, as the ice was packed so closely, but we discover a lead, and are within one hundred and fifty yards, when bang! some one fires in the distance and up they all jump! Wicked words are uttered, but needlessly, for they alight again after flying but a short distance. Now we are getting very close, but so much do we resemble the neighboring cakes of ice, that they never catch our hands. "Here goes for a pot shot," but I can only get three together, kill two and am fortunate enough to get another pair when they jump.

In picking up our birds we find that one has evidently seen a hard winter, as a chip hat would certainly disgrace him for weight. However, the other three were in very fair condition. After poking about in the ice for some time, I discover to my regret a flock of thirty or forty. As they are in open water, it is doubtful whether we can get to them, but of course conclude to try. When within about three hundred yards, part of them fly and the rest appear to be very uneasy. Another hundred yards and more take their departure, leaving only the redheads and a few pintails. Up get the latter, but we are going so fast before the wind that we are within sixty yards of the redheads before they rise. They swing to the left, and—bang goes two ounces of ammunition shot, backed up with eight grams of powder. Down come four; bang again; burrah, three more! Now the fun begins. Some are crippled, but a few more shots and they are all mine—seven beauties!

I conclude after this, that we had better pull back to the point, as it was beginning to be pretty rough. My man Andrew was of the same opinion. We were almost ashore when what should I see but an old crane whistler coming straight for us. "Down!" whispered I, seizing my gun. Andrew drops his oars and we crouch in the boat; at a very lively rate he comes straight ahead. As soon as he is in range, I jump up—he sheers off and I put in ahead about four feet and make a colander of him. He falls beautifully. What nicer shot can a man have than a duck flying from right to left at an angle of forty-five degrees, providing said duck is within reasonable range. It gives one every chance to put his gun in the right spot.

"There is a pair of ducks over toward Cray-Buckey Point," says Andrew, "shall we go for them?" Well, I should say so; closer inspection shows us that they are wildgeese. We got up to them nicely, they jump, unless the first, by hokey! but settle the second.

After this we see nothing for a long time, conclude to

land, and I take a most delightful sun-bath under the lee of an old fish-house for at least an hour. Finally the wind dies away, we get in our boat and row for the channel. We see a flock of black ducks all asleep, and just as I am counting on a telling shot our veteran pokes up his head, sees us, and away they go. I let drive and cut down a pair, which is a sheer piece of luck, as they were too far away; but today is one of my lucky days.

This last of our ducks up, and we return home tired out, but with fifteen fine birds. I seldom have this success, but always have a thoroughly enjoyable day.

F. BRANDRETH.

SING SING, MARCH 29, 1888.

THE OTTAWA CONVENTION.

AS it was evident that such an important event as the dog show would call together large numbers of sportsmen from all parts of the Dominion, advantage was taken of the occasion to call a meeting to consider several of the very important questions arising out of the violation of the game law and prevalence of pothunting. The meeting was held in the City Council chamber, which was placed at the disposal of the sportsmen for the occasion. There was a large attendance, among those present being many who were regularly delegated to attend to represent either some sporting club or some section of country. The following were among those present: Mr. O'Brien, M.P., Muskoka, representing a meeting of sportsmen at Gravenhurst; W. F. Whitener, Commissioner of Fisheries; Robt. P. J. Pitt, Wolf Island; J. B. Walkem, Portmouth; Capt. Campbell, St. Hilaire, Quebec; Dr. Hurhuff, F. J. Buswell, J. D. Patterson, G. Goun, C. Goun, Ottawa, Sheriff Sweetland and A. W. Throppe acted as secretaries.

In opening the meeting the chairman called attention to the thinning out of game by pot-hunters, many of which lived outside of the Dominion, and explained that it was hoped to do some means of putting stop to this slaughter. He felt certain that the Government would give great weight to the opinions of such a large meeting of representative sportsmen. The next speaker was Wm. P. Lett, City Clerk of Ottawa, and a prominent sportsman of many years standing, who in the name of the sportsmen of Ottawa extended a hearty welcome to their friends from a distance. He gloried in being a sportsman, even though some might say sporting instinct was a relic of barbarism. His words of welcome were responded to by Herbert C. Jones, of Winnipeg, who thanked the sportsmen of Ottawa for their reception, and while on his feet took occasion to advocate the formation of a Dominion Sportsmen's Society to promote the protection of game.

Dr. J. T. D. Mackenzie illustrated the importance of systematic attempts to protect game by a reference to the sportsmen of own county, Addison, Ont. His words of welcome by stating that he had hunted in the county for a number of years, he stated that American "pot-hunters" were killing on the deer and partridge which used to abound in the county. In a single train last fall he had seen thirty-one deer carried out of Canada to be sold in the States. Four years ago he traversed the county on foot, and by the beaten road shot five partridge. Now traveling the same road no partridge were to be met, but boys armed with old guns were to be met at every turn, who would tell you that they were making men's wages in killing partridge, which eventually found their way to the New York markets. The remedy for all the destruction of game, he continued, was to prevent the exportation of game. He hoped that the meeting would confine its attention wholly to the point that night. Ontario had a fairly good game law. Let them now endeavor to get a short act passed by the Dominion Government to prevent the exportation of game. They should be able to do this, and such an act, if passed, would do a great deal toward saving the game of the country from "pot-hunters."

Judge Jillett advocated the stoppage of spring shooting, and a motion was carried to that effect as given below.

Mr. Lett submitted a motion urging the Dominion Government to pass an act stopping the exportation of game from Ontario.

Mr. O'Brien, M. P., spoke very emphatically in favor of such an act, and advocated the necessity of officers being appointed by the Sportsmen's Association to enforce the law. He stated that over 3,000 carcasses of deer were taken out of Muskoka by the Northern railway during the season just closed. However, he thought it might be going too far to stop exportation all through the season. He would suggest that the exportation should be made illegal only after some date in November, so that American sportsmen, who really come for sport, could kill deer and send home one occasionally. The comparative warmth of the season up to November would, he held, prevent "pot-hunters" taking advantage of such exception in the law to send deer to market in large quantities.

Dr. Hurhuff opposed making any such exception in an act such as that proposed. It would leave an opening through which a coach and four might be driven. Otherwise he would be heartily in favor of a preventive act.

Mr. Gill, of London, spoke of the work of the Fish and Game Protection Society of his district, and stated that they hoped shortly to effect something satisfactory, as they had arranged to co-operate with the societies of Hamilton and other places. He referred to the rapid decrease of game throughout Ontario, and hoped that such an act as that under discussion would be secured.

Mr. Shaw, of Perth, emphasized the destructive effect of pot-hunting in Lanark and indorsed heartily a Dominion act to stop the exportation of game. But the Ontario act rendering illegal the exportation of dead deer was a dead letter, because there were no officers to enforce it, and if a Dominion act were passed it, too, would be a dead letter, unless rangers were appointed by the Sportsmen's Association to enforce it.

Dr. McKenzie remarked that if the Dominion would pass the act desired it might also provide to intrust its enforcement to the customs revenue officers, which would settle the matter.

An amendment was here offered embodying the exception to the proposed act mentioned by Mr. O'Brien, but the

WALL-EYED PIKE OF THE GENESEE.

I READ with great interest the notes of correspondents on wall-eyed pike in FOREST AND STREAM of the 29th, and as the fish is well known and much sought by anglers in this vicinity, I make a slight contribution to the general fund of information on the subject.

I have been fishing for them with more or less persistency from schoolboy days until the present, or well nigh twenty years, and have had average success. Older anglers tell me that the fish were formerly more abundant than they have been of late years, and that long ago there was no difficulty in taking them by the dozen with hook and line, where it is not easy of late to get a "strike" at all. The only water near this city in which they are abundant is that part of the Genesee River between the lower falls and Lake Ontario, a distance of about five miles, and nearly all the fishing is done within a mile of the falls. The water is from six to fifteen feet deep, and has a rough, rocky bottom, on which there must be a ton of leaden sinkers and miles of fishing line lost by contact with the boulders.

I have never known any pike to be caught here except during the months of June and July. When the snow melts early and the water in the river becomes clear in April, some of the more enthusiastic anglers venture to try for pike in April and are occasionally rewarded by a large fish, for it is believed by the fishermen that three varieties of pike come up the Genesee. In April and May a large, dark-colored fish, denominated the "blue pike," is caught; their weight is as high as ten pounds. After they disappear it is the general belief that the yellow pike succeeds to the dominion of the water. This fish is generally from two to six pounds in weight, and some have been taken which the spring balance show to weigh ten pounds. I do not pretend to give the weight of the big fish which everyone loses just as it is about to be lifted in the boat, but some of my acquaintances have told me, and no one doubts a fisherman's word, that they have hooked and played pike near the island which is the general belief that the yellow pike succeeds to the dominion of the water. These big fish, I know of any kind to be taken with a hook later than June, but until July 1, if the season, including water, temperature, wind, etc., is favorable, one may chauce to catch a dozen or more in a few hours.

Seth Green used to fish here and could tell you, I presume, of good sport (Seth is just now recovering from a very severe attack of pneumonia, which prostrated him soon after his return from the South, where he was sporting for several weeks with Robert B. Roosevelt). Jacob A. Lockstar, city editor of the *Morning Herald*, has cast many a line in the pools and knows what it is to bring home a big string of pike. He and a friend from "sweet Corna Cork," T. W. A., were the first ones I ever knew to fish for pike with a spoon hook, and they caught half a bushel full one afternoon. They trolled deep and baited the hook with a strip of fat pork. I heard of their hook and line, and I had the plan which I custom prescribed, to use a single hook with a strip of crimson cloth tied a few inches above the hook, half a dozen common earth worms wiggling on the barbed steel, and a three-ounce sinker fifteen inches above the hook. I have since tried the spinning or spoon hook and prefer it. The current of the river runs from three to ten miles an hour where we look for pike, and one person must give his whole attention to keeping the boat in position, moving up and down or across the current of the stream where experience has shown that the pike most do congregate.

The best hours for fishing are from sunrise until about ten o'clock, and from three P. M. until sundown. The river is from thirty to fifty yards wide, and on a pleasant day during a good season ten to fifteen boats can be seen on the fishing ground at once. It is a rather romantic spot for angling, as the banks of the river ascend over a hundred feet and almost vertically, which circumstance allows the wicked "small boy" to stand on the bank above and endanger the angler's life by pelting him with stones. Prudent fishermen sometime carry a revolver for the purpose of intimidating the festive youth overhead, but apart from this source of danger the contemplative fisher meets with nothing to disturb him.

I presume that trained ichthyologists will smile at my classification of the pike, but they are welcome to do so, for I make no pretense of knowing anything, and I have scientifically and merely record what I have heard. None of our pike make a good fight. M. C. N. ROCHESTER, March 31.

WALL-EYED PIKE.

I HAVE read with considerable interest the views of several correspondents of the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the wall-eyed pike, or pike perch. As this is one of our most abundant fishes in this section of the country, what little I am able to say may interest some of your readers, and at this season of the year, just before the break up here, perhaps I can be a little more liberal to the wall-eye in my views, than I otherwise would be after having captured hundreds, and the longing and excitement had some what subsided.

The peculiar nature of the country here in the great park region of Minnesota furnishes splendid opportunities for fishing. The many beautiful lakes and swift running streams keeping the water clear and cool seem to just suit the wall-eyed pike, for they are found in great numbers, and large fat fellows they are. There seem to be several branches of the family, for some are very light colored, while others are equally dark. In the spring of the year, as soon as the water begins to flow into the lakes from the thawing of snow, the hickereel or grass-pike begin to run up the stream to spawn. In a couple of weeks, say about the first to the middle of May, the wall-eyes follow and then great numbers are speared. Everybody has a spear in this country, from the ten year old boy to old men. No mercy is shown the fish, but wagon-loads are carried away every day, and there is no law to protect them and bar this wholesale slaughter. No idea can possibly be given of the immense numbers that are found in these small streams from April to June.

The Pelican River lies just south of this village and drains many of the largest lakes in the park region. It is about

twenty feet wide at this point, and averages perhaps a foot or two in depth. The bottom is hard and gravelly and the water is clear as crystal. The fish run so thickly here that a boat descending the stream in spawning season drives the fish ahead in such numbers that a wave is raised by them often a foot in height. This is a common occurrence and can be seen at any time during the month mentioned above. After the spawning season is over the fish retire to the lakes again, and then the rod and reel come into active use. As

said before the pike is one of the most common fishes here, and in fact is probably the most taken by every other one of the different varieties. They are not good biters by any means, but whether it is from the good living they find or their natural disposition I am unable to judge, and would like to hear how they act elsewhere. Certain it is that in the opening of the season they bite much better and harder than later on. I have never seen them taken with the fly in these waters, but I think they could be very easily, for in fact I have seen spring entirely out of the water for insects, time and again. I have also drawn a baited hook swiftly over the surface and had them dart up at it, and have sometime secured them in this manner. The common mode of fishing for them here is with a heavy bait in the deep water. They take it very quietly, and you seldom feel them on the hook until you begin to pull up. The way you generally find that you have a fish is to see your line move off at an angle—pretty sure sign that the end of the hook is occupied. Occasionally you receive a good hard strike, but it is a rare occurrence with the pike.

The black bass are also very numerous here, and some of the finest specimens I have ever seen have been taken. Four-pounders are of common occurrence, and some run even as high as six and six and a half pounds. They strike very well, and it is always an easy matter to tell whether a pike or bass is tugging at your line. For my part, I like the flesh of the pike much better than the black bass in this locality. The meat is finer, harder and of a clearer color. Of course I all have their preference, but I think this is the popular opinion among the fish-eating community here.

I have fished considerably in different parts of the country, and I believe that in no part of the West are such fine catches made as are taken here. A prominent Indiana sportsman, here last summer, says he has fished in the waters of nearly all the States and Territories, but never saw anything that equalled our fishing here. He went out with a party of three, and after fishing till 1 P. M., but twenty fish were taken. They then moved along some distance to the inlet of a good sized lake. Right at this inlet there is a small bay, ten feet square, with the water quite deep and still. A strong wind was blowing directly in from the lake, and rolled the waves up well. The fish under these circumstances always congregate here in large quantities. In one hour they had increased their string from twenty-five to one hundred and thirty-seven. Nearly all were wall-eyed pike, with several bass, pickerel, etc. They stated that their hooks hardly touched the surface of the water before they were taken, and a fish or two were swinging in the air continually. It took the breath clear away from the gentleman from Indiana and he made the statement referred to above. I have seen still more than this. One party of seven was that of a party of three who spent a whole day at Detroit Lake without weighing anchor. They took over three hundred fish, two-thirds wall-eyes. The wall-eyes alone filled an apple barrel to overflowing, and a large box beside.

Of course all this fish slaughter is useless, but while the fish do bite the fishers will fish, at least until our Legislature passes laws to the contrary. I have heard of many Parties getting off for a day's fish are bound, ten to one, to give with each other to see who can make the greatest haul. Now I have told what I know about the wall-eye here and should like to see other readers of the FOREST AND STREAM come up and state what they know. One thing I can assure all sportsmen. If they want a pretty, quiet place to spend the heated season, where sufficient fish and game is found to insure good sport, they should be here. I am pleased to state that this season will witness ample accommodations for all, and I would be pleased to give detailed information to parties inquiring. Below I give you a synopsis of the game law passed by the late Legislature of Minnesota: Ducks from the 1st of September to the 15th of May, prairie chickens and grouse from the 15th of August to the 1st of October, partridges, pheasants, etc., from the 1st of October to the 1st of January. The season for stringing salmon has been extended from the 1st of November to the 1st of December. H. P. HAMILTON.

DETROIT, Minn., March 25.

PHILADELPHIA ANGLING NOTES.—March 31.—There is a poor outlook at present for our trout fishermen who resort to Pennsylvania State as soon as the condition of the streams after the opening season, April 1, permits. No one as I can find out will attempt a trip now, as the mountains are yet full of snow, and this will have to disappear and run off before fishing will be worth trying. The backwardness of the season has caused the coming of the shad up the Delaware late this year. Many gilling skills have started down the bay and are already fishing there. All that is wanted is a few days of warm, spring-like weather, and the shad will run. Big preparations for the season are being made at Gloucester and Howell's Cove fisheries.—Homo.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT SEASON.—FRANKLIN FALLS, N. H., April 2. *Editor Forest and Stream*: In your leading editorial of March 22 you have stated that the season for trout is commencing April 1 in this State. By referring to FOREST AND STREAM of December 7, 1892, and also to "Fish and Game Laws of the State of New Hampshire" I find that the close season is from September 30 to April 30. I direct your attention to the above as you may mislead some of our more ardent (or verdant) anglers. Trout fishing here, at present, could be neither pleasant nor profitable, owing to the great amount of snow which still remains, an average depth of about two feet.—H.

ROUTE TO THE NEPAGON.—Will some one of your readers who "knows the way" to Nepigon be so kind as to inform the writer through the FOREST AND STREAM of the shortest time route to Nepigon from Chicago, and what the time is? Also, how far must one ascend the river to obtain good trout fishing? By so doing he would much oblige one who would like to know.—ANGLER.

AS WE GO TO PRESS we learn of the death of Mr. William Mills, senior partner of the firm of William Mills & Son, dealers in fishing tackle, 7 Warren street, New York.

THE TROUT DISPLAY.

THE new Fulton Market was in gay attire on Monday and Tuesday last, and trout and roses were there in profusion. Mr. Blackford had a display that in some respects exceeded and in others fell behind his efforts of former years. It exceeded former displays in the matter of the number of large Western trout and the introduction of electric lights in the tanks of live fish, while it fell behind in the number of private exhibitors. Canada was well represented by a great quantity of wild trout, which were in good condition, much better than in former years. They were long shapely fish, very dark, and with bright red bellies. A pair of Canadian "sea trout" attracted much attention, and anglers disputed as to their being *fontinalis*, as the large specimens lose their crimson spots in salt water. Brook trout from many parts of New York State, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and Vermont graced the tables and nestled in the moss divisions which separated them. The South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island sent many live trout which showed well in the evening by the electric lights suspended in their tanks. They were startled by it at first, but gradually lost fear of the strange brightness.

RAINBOW TROUT.

The display of the rainbow trout (*S. irideus*) was the best ever made in the East. Six specimens, ranging from eight to sixteen pounds, stretched their lengths on the slabs and looked larger than they were. These specimens were taken in Paper Mill Creek, Marion county, Cal., and were not as bright as some smaller specimens sent by the U. S. Fish Commission from the salmon breeding ranch at Baird, Shasta county, Cal. The pair of live rainbows of two and a half and three pounds, raised from the egg by the South Side Sportsman's Club, attracted much attention; their delicately spotted sides, red central lines and brilliant opercles enabled the most careless observer to decide that they were of a different species.

THE MINNESOTA FISH COMMISSION.

The Minnesota Commission sent from their State hatchery specimens of California salmon, brook trout, land-locked salmon, lake trout and hybrids, wall-eyed pike and yellow perch. The specimens ranged from half a pound to two pounds, and were in good condition.

DOLLY VARDEN.

A single specimen of the Dolly Varden trout, *Stizostedion malma*, was sent by the U. S. F. C., and greatly interested fish culturists. The fish would weigh about six pounds and it was spotted with large crimson dots all over its sides and high up the back, and is no doubt a beautiful fish when fresh from the water. It is rare in its own country, and fish culturists have not yet succeeded in obtaining its eggs. No doubt it will be a valuable acquisition to our Eastern game fishes when once introduced.

EMBRYO FISH.

In the glass hatching jars on Mr. Blackford's tables were infantile specimens of brook trout, German trout, salmon and land-locked salmon from the Cold Spring hatchery of the N. Y. Fish Commission, and some eggs of the rainbow trout from the same place.

OTHER FEATURES.

Many large striped bass and other fishes were displayed, and the floral decorations were much admired by the gentlemen as well as by the ladies, of whom there were a great number present. C. M. Roberts and trout made from different flowers, made a bright picture, and proved a treat to thousands who never have so good an opportunity of seeing such an exhibition as that yearly set out by Mr. Blackford. At Middleton & Carman's there was a fine display of trout from near home, and a large earp which swam contentedly in a globe. Inside the market, all was new and bright with freshly painted stalls. The dealers in butter, meats, game, and fish were hurried to get their new stands in order and to move in for the benefit of the crowd which the trout were sure to attract. One curious feature was the pair of axolotls sent from France by Mr. Charbonnier to Mr. Blackford, and which had laid many of their large gelatinous eggs in the tank. These animals were albino, and their parents came originally from Mexico, where they are said to be eaten; in fact, the army of Cortez is reported to have fed largely upon them. They have four legs and external gills, and resemble the so-called protists or "tizard" of the great lakes.

VISITORS.

All day, from five in the morning until 9 at night, a constant stream of visitors passed through the part of the market next to Beekman street, and which is known as "Fish avenue." Ladies came in great numbers toward the middle of the day, and the restaurants were busy to get their fish all shapes to the hungry. In the crowd we noticed many anglers whom the recent cold storm had kept away from Long Island, and who, if they were deprived of catching trout, were determined to see them in all their various shapes and color. Among them we noticed Prof. E. L. Youmans, ex-Gov. Gibbs of Oregon; Fish Commissioner Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, John E. Devlin, George Shepard Page, President of the Piscicultural Association; Assistant United States Treasurer, H. Thomas C. Acton, Leonard Jerome, Jordan L. Mott, John Ford, and Earl Grosvenor, son of the Duke of Westminster, of England; Prof. Rice, of the Johns Hopkins University; Francis Endicott, President of the National Rod and Reel Association; Chas. M. Everts, of Vermont; Dr. E. Bradley, President of Blooming Grove Park; A. N. Cheney, of Glens Falls; Charles Hallock, H. C. Weston, Superintendent of the United States Fish Commission; H. Thompson, Secretary Bistby Club; William Mitchell, Charles E. Murphy, Dr. Geo. M. Eddy, Prof. A. M. Mayer, Bouten Wood, B. F. Nichols, Charles E. Peeks, Fred Malleon, Samuel J. Guthrie, and a host of others to whom we nodded as we passed through, but whose names have at present escaped us. Taking it all in all it was a great day for the worshippers of Saint Salvatours.

ANGLING BOOKS.—The collection of angling books belonging to the late Lorenzo Prouty is now offered for sale. Mr. Prouty was an angler well known to our readers as being for the past quarter of a century at the head of the fishing tackle department of the late firm of Bradford & Anthony, Boston. During this time he collected many books on angling, and no doubt many of his friends will be glad to obtain a memento of him in the shape of one of his books, especially when it is known that the sale is for the benefit of his widow and child. A short time before his death Mr. Prouty had decided to withdraw from the firm above named

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS. April 3, 4, and 5, 1888. Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society's Eleventh Annual Bench Show, Pittsburgh, Pa. Entries close March 19. Class, Lincoln, Superintendent. C. B. Eiben, Secretary.

FIELD TRIALS. November 19, 1887. Eastern Field Trial Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Hill Point, N. C. Entries close July 1 for 1888. Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatfish, Long Island, N. Y. December, 1887. National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. Dr. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose offices from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

As announced in our last issue, the Forest and Stream Publishing Company, at the request of many of their patrons, have undertaken the publication of a monthly register, The American Kennel Register is a record of all kennel events necessary for the information and guidance of breeders, exhibitors and owners of all breeds of dogs.

Its leading feature is the "Pedigree Register" of sporting and non-sporting dogs, which makes it the only complete Stud Book issued in America. A register number is given to each dog, and an index will be compiled at the close of the annual volume, thus making it a complete work of reference. The pedigree registration fee is twenty-five cents, payable in advance.

Departments are also provided for the registration of stud visits, dogs at stud, births, sales and transfers, dogs for sale, and deaths.

Prize lists of all the American shows will be given, with descriptions of the principal winners and dogs exhibited; also prize lists of important shows abroad. This department will include field trials.

Space will be devoted to all matters of importance to breeders and those interested in dogs, the object being to render the American Kennel Register a complete record of the topics of the day.

The Register will be published on the fifth day of each month. All matter intended for publication must be in the hands of its editor by the first day of the month.

The initial number, however, will be published April 10, and all entries must be received by to-morrow, April 6, at the latest.

Entry blanks will be sent on receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

The American Kennel Register will be sold by subscription only. The subscription price is one dollar per year.

Address American Kennel Register, P. O. Box 2,882, New York City. Make drafts and money orders payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company.

OTTAWA BENCH SHOW.

[Special Correspondent Forest and Stream.]

Our first show is now a thing of the past. Except for the absence of Mr. Charles Lincoln, we might say it was a perfect success. Our general superintendent was detained in Pittsburgh, and an additional party of work fell to the share of Messrs. Viers and Allen in consequence. The successful management of the show is largely due to these gentlemen. The benching and feeding of the dogs left nothing to be desired.

The task of judging was in first-rate hands, and there were no complaints of the judges, for hardly no one is better qualified than Major Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., to adjudicate upon the sporting classes, and Mr. J. F. Kirk's decisions in non-sporting classes, fox-terriers and spaniels appeared to give general satisfaction.

The quality of the dogs exhibited was remarkable and the classes were well filled.

Altogether we have very good reasons for being proud of our show, and it is to be hoped that it is only the forerunner of many good ones to come.

The Drill hall was singularly well suited for the purpose, being commodious and well ventilated. The judging rings were stationed at one end of the building, and great interest was taken in examining the judges at work.

His Excellency, the Marquis of Lorne, Governor-General of Canada, opened the show, and appeared to take a lively interest in the exhibition. He was a frequent visitor.

A special feature of the show was the collection of sportsmen's goods, which, though small, made up in quality what it lacked in quantity.

One of the attractions of the show was the celebrated Comet, the English setter belonging to the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club, and which gained such notoriety through the progress the English Kennel Club of his pedigree by Purcell-Llewellyn. He is a handsome blue belton dog with a grand head.

The display of English setters was a very excellent one, particularly those from the kennel of Mr. Bailey Harrison, of Tilsbury, who was singularly successful in carrying off the prizes. It is safe to say that there was not a bad one in all the classes of English setters.

In Irish setters the principal entries were from the kennel of W. N. Callender, of Albany, and Dr. Jarvis, of Claremont, and they were a lot of beauties. Such a collection of fine specimens is rarely seen even at the large shows. Old Rory O'More shows signs of age, but is still a hard one to beat on the bench. He was not entered for competition, however.

Major Taylor awarded the prizes in Gordon setters to the large, heavy type, ignoring those of smaller, lighter make; but there were some excellent specimens of the latter present, notably Brant, owned by Bradley & Donville, of Hamilton. He is perfect in coat and color, and he looks a rare workman. Brant will be heard of yet when the new standard of lighter-made dogs comes into fashion.

The pointer classes were not very well filled, but two or three good ones were shown. Chief Constable Draper's dog is a handsome dog of great quality, and looks fit for hard and stylish work in the field.

Champion Irish water spaniels brought out Mike, belonging to Mr. J. D. O'Leary, and he received many encomiums from sportsmen who are fond of duck-shooting. The judges expressed a high admiration for him and scored him 95 points out of 100.

The open class of water spaniels brought out some good ones; and first and second winners were very excellent. The second prize bitch, owned by Mr. Bailey Harrison, win in time

beat the other, as she is only a puppy yet, and her top-knot has not yet developed.

The clubber spaniels were represented by two, but neither of them has any great merit. There was a very fine show of spaniels, field and cocker, especially among the blacks. Dr. Niven's Lass o' Broda is a very good one. The Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ruby is a very handsome puppy and will develop into a clipper yet. Altogether the display of spaniels is the finest ever seen on this continent.

The show of foxhounds and beagles was very large, and some excellent specimens were shown. D. O'Shea, of London, as usual, was well to the fore.

Deschamps and Gray had some very fine entries. Fox-terriers were exceedingly good, the kennel of Messrs. L. & W. Rutherford, of New York, being a treat to see. It is a matter of regret that Mr. Richard Gibson, of Iderton, was unable to present with his dogs, as he owns some of the best in the country.

Mastiffs were only fair. The entries in St. Bernards were very numerous, and the judges asked that they be divided into two classes, dogs and bitches. This was lucky for the dogs, as Lady Abhoss, owned by Mr. F. W. Rothera, of Sincce, would have beaten the dogs.

Newfoundlands had some good entries, and the winner, belonging to Mr. Henry C. Bentham, was well. He is a huge dog, but active and well built.

The collie classes were very excellent, and the judge was lavish with his favors, which were all well merited. The show of bulldogs was extremely good, and of very high quality. The judge remarked that it was a splendid class, and showed the honors thickly.

Bull-terriers were very poor, and Mr. Kirk very properly withheld the first prize.

Scottish terriers were first-class. Not a bad specimen in it. Skyes were a rather mixed lot. A number of people enter half-bred Yorkshires for Skyes, but the judge made an excellent selection in the winner. He is a grand young dog, belonging to Mr. A. D. Gray, of Toronto.

The Bedlington terriers attracted much attention, although their beauty is somewhat dubious except to a fancier, who prizes their workman-like look.

The Yorkshires were not a good lot. Pugs were numerous, but with one or two exceptions were not of much account. Two English ladies sent out ten dogs and they had many admirers among the fair sex.

A very excellent spitz owned by Mrs. William Roger of Ottawa deservedly won first prize in the foreign breed class. As a matter of fact, the miscellaneous class contained a number of nondescript mongrels, but a very handsome white English terrier, belonging to Mr. Scholes of Toronto, carried off first prize, and a King Charles spaniel belonging to the same gentleman took second. A huge dog, belonging to Mr. Stewart of Montreal, and bred between a St. Bernard and mastiff, was very much admired, but only for his size and strength, as no points of breeding were apparent.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

- 1. Champion English Setter Dogs.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club's Comet, H. Bell's Harry's Duck-Lark.
2. Champion English Setter Bitches.—H. Bailey Harrison's Belle's Pride.
3. English Setter Dogs (except pure Liveracks).—Lindsay Russell's Bon A. G. Chisholm's Prince Royal, James Leslie's Spot, H. Bailey Harrison's Clifton, G. C. Conroy's Grip.
4. English Setter Bitches (except pure Liveracks).—Wm. Dangleford, Jr.'s Nona, Wm. Hudson's Bill, T. G. Davey's Grace Belle and Lodelandie, H. Bailey Harrison's Countess Adelaide, Grace B. and Countess Vic, and T. G. Davey's Blanche.
5. English Setter Dogs of pure Laverack pedigree.—T. G. Davey's Lava Rock.
6. English Setter Bitches (of pure Laverack pedigree).—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club's Carline, W. Peters Price's Pet Laverack.
7. English Setter Dogs, under 18 months and over 12 months.—No entries.
8. English Setter Bitches, under 18 months and over 12 months.—Thos. Hutcheson's Nellie Lee, H. Bailey Harrison's Countess Vic, D. O'Shea's Lilly, Forrest Kennel Club's Forest Dora and Forest Lily.
9. English Setter Dog Puppies.—Wm. Hudson's Pilot and Tim, H. Bailey Harrison's Alford, Wm. Hudson's Polo, R. W. Boyle's Dashing Boy.
10. English Setter Bitch Puppies.—T. G. Davey's Nellie, H. Bailey Harrison's Grace B., Genevieve, Lulu and Medie, A. A. Francis's Genevieve Belle.
11. Champion Irish Setter Dogs.—W. N. Callender's Rory O'More, Wm. Jarvis's Nimrod.
12. Irish Setter Bitches.—W. N. Callender's Lady Berkeley and Nora O'More, Wm. Jarvis's Noreen.
13. Irish Setter Dogs (except pure Laveracks).—Wm. O'More, Jr.'s Assheton Point, G. W. Joseph's Echo VII, John Ryan's Wild, H. W. Wells's Rover, Joseph Jarvis's Sall-a-Mor and Kerry, Miss Orange's King, Wm. B. Galloway's Rexford, Rory O'More, Jr.'s, and H. B. Galloway's, Jarvis's Echo, J. B. Barrow's Barney.
14. Irish Setter Bitches.—Alfred Geddes's Fannie, John Ryan's Dublin Boss, Thos. J. Egan's Nellie, Wm. Jarvis's Mox, John O'Connor's Drish Col, F. G. Woodhouse's Cora.
15. Irish Setter Puppies.—Wm. Simpson's Rex, Rufus, Nora, Cream and Eileen, W. N. Callender's (—) and (—), Wm. Jarvis's Fann.
16. Champion Gordon Setter Dogs.—Dr. J. S. Niven's Argus.
17. Champion Gordon Setter Bitches.—No entries.
18. Gordon Setter Dogs.—Robert Blackwood's Major, Messrs. Tomley & Donville's George, George Thomas's Frank, J. C. Campbell's Jack, J. F. Scholer's Major.
19. Gordon Setter Bitches.—Dominion of Canada Kennel Club's Molly (H. Robert Blackwood's Young Flora and Flattery, Messrs. Tinsley & Donville's Nellie, Hillside Kennel's Beauty, Charles A. Elliot's Uta.
20. Gordon Setter Puppies, under 12 months.—J. C. Campbell's Diana.
21. Champion Pointer Dogs, 55lbs. or over.—George L. Wilms's Kickerbocker.
22. Champion Pointer Bitches, 55lbs. or over.—Hillside Kennel's Daisy, J. C. A. R. Sharp's Cremorne.
23. Champion Pointer Dogs, under 50lbs.—No entries.
24. Champion Pointer Bitches, under 50lbs.—No entries.
25. Pointer Dogs, 50lbs. or over.—V. DeBocherelle's Nellie.
26. Pointer Bitches, 50lbs. or over.—V. DeBocherelle's Nellie.
27. Pointer Dogs, under 50lbs.—John H. Sparger's V. DeBocherelle's Ship, Richard Gibson's John J. B. Sparger's Dash, Chief Constable Draper's Don.
28. Pointer Puppies, under 60lbs.—W. West's Spy.
29. Pointer Puppies, under 12 months.—Hillside Kennel's Bramble, J. M. Simpson's Fan.
30. Champion Irish Water Spaniels.—John D. O'Leary's Mike.
31. Irish Water Spaniels.—G. H. Hargrave's Dush, Thos. Murphy's Juno, Jack and Belle, H. Bailey Harrison's Mollie Laver, Archer's Duke and Queen.
32. Clumber Spaniels.—Lindsay Russell's Ben, Mrs. F. H. D. Veitch's John, Thos. J. Egan's Judy.
33. Field Spaniel Dogs (except Clumbers and Black Spaniels), 28lbs. and over.—W. Clayton Bossey's Spot, Marshall & Luckwell's Tot, Jr.'s, Lieut. Col. Geo. Mansfield's Tot, and Col. Stuart Taylor's Benedict.
34. Field Spaniel Bitches, 28lbs. and over.—Col. Stuart Taylor's Benedict.
35. Black Field Spaniel Dogs.—Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Bob, H. Bailey Harrison's Doctor.
36. Black Field Spaniel Bitches, 28lbs. and over.—No entries.
37. Champion Cocker Spaniels (any color), under 28lbs.—Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ruby, Dr. J. S. Niven's Patsy.
38. Black Cocker Spaniel Dogs, under 28lbs.—Tinsley & Donville's Raven, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Lady, Dr. J. S. Niven's Patsy.
39. Black Cocker Spaniel Bitches, under 28lbs.—Dr. J. S. Niven's Lass of Broda.
40. Cocker Spaniel Dogs (other than Black).—Alonzo Wright's Rex, Duncan Campbell's Frank, J. C. A. R. Sharp's Tomboy.
41. Cocker Spaniel Bitches (other than black), under 28lbs.—Alonzo Wright's Midge, Ed. O. Hale's Bessie, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell

Ruby, George Schofield's Lana, H. H. Gray's Juno, J. C. A. R. Sharp's Olga, J. D. Paterson's Clip, Richard Nettles's Flora.
34. Field or Cocker Spaniel Puppies (any color), under 12 months.—Alonzo Wright's Midge, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ruby, Wm. Philot's Spot and Daisy, George Schofield's Lana, H. H. Gray's Juno.
35. Black Spaniel Puppies, under 12 months.—Marshall & Luckwell's Woodstock Queen, Dr. J. S. Niven's Tot IV.
41. Foxhounds.—John Dalrymple's Brouse, D. O'Shea's Forester II, Wm. E. G. Hale's Cretica, Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Ruby, Wm. Philot's Spot and Daisy, George Schofield's Lana, H. H. Gray's Juno.
42. Foxhound Puppies, under 12 months.—No entries.
43. Foxhound Puppies, under 12 months.—No entries.
44. Harriers.—W. H. Hall's Ranter, D. O'Shea's Gypsy.
45. Foxhound Puppies, under 12 months.—George Featherstone's Lady Peter, H. H. Gray's Juno, Wm. Philot's Spot and Daisy, George Schofield's Lana, H. H. Gray's Juno, and Missie II, S. Miller's Jessie and Gypsy.
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FAN. DANNY DEMENT and BEDILOTON—1st and 2d, J. E. Scholes (Dart and Terry). **HAIR**—Dr. J. S. Niven (North and Joe Jr.). **YORKSHIRE BRED DOGS**—1st, H. H. Brockle (Frouse and Chaudry). **Britz**—1st, Willhoit; 2d, Martin Ball (Spot). **Scotch**—1st, Mrs. Skrod (Penny); 2d, O'Shea (Major). **BLACK AND TAY**—1st, J. C. Heasley (Tassie); 2d, O'Shea (Topsy). **Tow**—1st, J. F. Scholes (Topsy); 2d, Mrs. McChau (Dob).

PUGS—1st, D. O'Shea (Topsy); 2d, Mrs. E. Lee (Zhu).

FOREIGN BRED DOGS—1st, W. R. Rogers (Pomeranian, Fred); 2d, T. Cuddie (Fornation, Tom).

MISCELLANEOUS—1st, J. F. Scholes (Horse); 2d, same owner (Toby).

FOXHOUNDS—1st, D. O'Shea (Erester); 1st, 2d, J. H. Ellison (Burd). **HAIRES**—1st, D. O'Shea (Foster); 2d, W. H. Hill (dancer).

BEAGLES—1st, D. O'Shea (Music); 2d, D. O'Shea (Rattler). **Pap**—1st, H. C. W. (W. W.).

DEERHOUNDS—1st, Hilda Kennel (Lance).

FOXHOUNDS—1st, E. H. Dawson (Spring). **Open Class**—1st, C. W. (Fly); 2d, F. W. (Bore) (Ken).

COCKER-SPANIELS—**Champion**—1st, L. & W. Rutherford (Champion Royal). **Hitches**—1st, L. & W. Rutherford (Tussle). **Open Class**—1st, L. & W. Rutherford (Sailer); 2d, J. C. (Sue) (Silver). **Hitches**—1st, L. & W. Rutherford (Diana); 2d, L. & W. Rutherford (Vale). **Puppies**—1st, L. & W. Rutherford (Warren Wakeluf).

COCKER-SPANIELS—1st, C. E. Lewis (Quintan); 2d, Cameron & Campbell (Olar).

ST. BERNARDS—1st, divided, F. W. Rothorn (Prism and Lady Annes); 2d, divided, Mrs. Hammond (Noble) and A. Wright (Bruno).

NEWFOUNDLANDS—1st, A. M. F. Giannelli (Prize); 2d, W. Hewlett (Roland).

THE PITTSBURGH BENCH SHOW.
(Special Dispatch to Forest and Stream.)

PITTSBURGH, April 3.
The show is a success. Quality of first-class. Building well adapted for purpose. Mr. Kirk telegraphed that he was sick and could not come. Mr. James Mortimer, New York, will fill his place. Following are the awards:

Class 1—Absent.
Class 2—1st, Petrel II.
Class 4—1st, Spunk.
Class 4—1st, Plarke.
Class 5—1st, Goodsell's Prince; 2d, Royal Sultan; 3d, Royal Ranger; 4th, Spot. **Vhc.**, Fairy Prince and Don Juan. **Ho.**, Wood's Don. **C.**, Tom and Palermo.
Class 6—1st, Dido II. 2d, Lass of Gowrie; 3d, Petrel II. 4th, Fairy II. **Vhc.**, Queen Petrel, Crook, Daisy Queen and Pearl. **Ho.**, Gertrude, Kelpie and Trinket. **C.**, Daisy, Floy and Luna May.
Class 7—1st, Count, Jr. 2d, Napoleon. **Vhc.**, Royal Blue, Jr. **Ho.**, Fairfax, C., Samuel Moore's two puppies.
Class 8—1st, Queen Petrel; 2d, Vixen III. **Vhc.**, Fairy III., owned by Mr. Goodsell. She is eight months old by Prince out of Fairy II. **Ho.**, Lady Thanner. **C.**, Sallie H.
Class 9—1st, Berkley.
Class 10—No entries.
Class 11—1st, Biz.
Class 12—1st, Biz.
Class 13—1st, Glencho; 2d, Fred. **Vhc.**, Raleigh. **C.**, Killarney.
Class 14—1st, Lady Clara; 2d, Juno. **C.**, Nora II.
Class 15—1st, Gral; 2d, Clav.
Class 16—No entries.
Class 17 and Class 18—Prizes withheld.
This closes the judging to-day.

PITTSBURGH, April 4.
The attendance yesterday was the best that the Society has ever known on the first day. The Bench Show Derby brought out a grand lot of youngsters and was a decided success. There were forty-one nominations. Eight of them faced the judge, who thought well enough of them to give each a ribbon. First prize went to Count, Jr.; second to Fairy III., and third to Lady Thander; *viz.*, Novelty; *hic.*, Fortia; *c.*, Sallie H., Fairfax and Premier.

PITTSBURGH, April 4.—P. M.

Class 19—1st, King Bow.
Class 20—1st, Lady Romp.
Class 21—1st, Bravo; 2d, Perth. **Ho.**, Shot. **C.**, Christians Bill.
Class 22—1st, Countess Bang; 2d, Lill II. **Vhc.**, Luck and Chess. **Ho.**, Cremorne. **C.**, Dolly.
Class 23—1st, Rene; 2d, Young Sleaford. **Vhc.**, Primrose. **Ho.**, Rex. **C.**, Belle of Cleveland and Daisy.
Class 24—1st, Mike.
Class 25—1st, Pollywoog.
Class 26—1st, Benedict.
Class 27—1st, Hornell Bonanza.
Class 29—1st, Hornell Dandy.
Class 32—1st, Keyser; 2d, Rover.
Class 34—1st, Bush; 2d, Boxer II. **Ho.**, Major T.
Class 35—1st, Major. **Secund.**, Countess.
Class 36—1st, Lill II. (transferred from Class 34). **Vhc.**, Tug. **Ho.**, Ringwood II. **C.**, Music.
Class 37—1st, Waldman; 2d, Walty.
Class 38—1st, Royal.
Class 39—1st, Tussle.
Class 40—1st, Jockey; 2d, Lathelot. **Vhc.**, Nailer.
Class 41—1st, Diana; 2d, Viola. **Vhc.**, Moua.
Class 42—1st, Warren Wakeluf.
Class 43—1st, Countess Fleet II. 2d, Fritz.
Class 44—1st, Nevison; 2d, Turk. **Vhc.**, Thny. **Ho.**, Duke. **C.**, Hector.
Class 45—1st, Creole; 2d, Cleopatra. **Vhc.**, Boadicea. **Ho.**, Dinah II. and Jess.
Class 46—1st, Bonivard.

LIST OF ENTRIES.

- Extra Champion English Setter Dogs.—A. H. Moore's Thander, 1st; 2d, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 3d, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 4th; 5th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 6th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 7th; 8th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 9th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 10th; 11th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 12th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 13th; 14th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 15th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 16th; 17th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 18th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 19th; 20th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 21st, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 22nd; 23rd, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 24th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 25th; 26th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 27th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 28th; 29th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 30th, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 31st; 32nd, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 33rd, J. H. Goodsell's Plantingent, 34th; 35th, J. C. Heasley's Black Leverette; 36th, J. H. 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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

DEATH OF B. H. G. VICARS.—The many hundreds of our readers who came into contact with the secretary of the Ottawa Benevolent Society, lately held, will be inexpressibly shocked and grieved to hear of his untimely death, at his home in Ottawa, Wednesday, April 5. To his energy and labors in the cause of the Dominion of Canada Kennel Club may be, in the greatest measure, ascribed the singular success of their inaugural bench show, and to his indefatigable exertions in this direction, while suffering from a severe cold on his chest, the fatal termination of his illness is mainly due. He was thirty-three years of age, and had many friends. Holding a public position as Paymaster of the Indian Department, he was universally beloved and respected. Of quiet unassuming manners, the energy and indomitable perseverance that characterized the man, were not apparent on the surface, but all who were fortunate enough to own his friendship, knew how steadfast and true he was. The Dominion of Canada Kennel Club has sustained a severe loss in his death, and will find it impossible to replace him. Without him it would never have arrived at its present solid proportions, and he spared no effort, at whatever cost to himself, to further its interests. His sad and premature end is mourned by thousands.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY.—We have heard it intimated that the Game Protective Society of this city, once a power in the land, is gradually becoming "fired," and has ceased to give its important work the attention absolutely necessary if the organization is to retain its prestige and usefulness. It is said that beyond holding its monthly dinners the society has of late shown no signs of existence. This is exceedingly unfortunate. The New York Society for the Protection of Game has a large membership and a generous bank account. It appears to lack only one thing, that is enthusiasm, and we believe that there is plenty of this left, if it could only be utilized and properly directed. As the society is at present constituted, there is very evidently something radically wrong. What is it?

ROD AND POLE.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "It has been agreed to refer a technical dispute for your decision. What is the correct expression for a grown stick used for fishing, or let the stick be jointed. Is it a fishing pole or a fishing rod? One side of the question is that a long stick, or say a pole, becomes a 'fishing rod' when used for fishing; other side is that 'fish pole' is a perfectly correct expression. Which is which?"

The exact period when a pole arrives at the dignity of being a rod is as obscure as the day on which a boy ceases to be such and is invested with the proud title of man. There are poles which are unmistakable poles, as there are fine rods which no angler would insult by designating them poles. But there are also all the intermediate gradations, non-descript things whose true name and character are involved in doubt. We own a fine rod, one of the most elegant and excellent tools that ever filled an angler's hand and eye, and on producing it to the eyes of a gaping rustic have seen a chill extend each way from its forules until the shrinkage spoiled the varnish when the yokel called it "a nice pole."

Frank Endicott draws the line at bark. In his vocabulary a pole is a stick with bark on it, and he splits it as fine as this: "If the alder pole cut at the brookside is fished with in its natural state it remains a pole. If it is peeled from the butt for two-thirds of its length, and the bark left on the tip, as we properly did in boyhood days, it at once is elevated to be a rod." Who can dispute the authority of the President of the National Rod and Reel Association?

A question of this kind should be calmly discussed, and presented in a fair manner. We have not the slightest wish to force our opinions upon the dissenting but our correspondent, nor upon other anglers. That a man is entitled to his opinions, is too true an axiom to be quoted, and as we wished to get at the sentiment of the best anglers on this subject, we telegraphed the question to President Arthur, now fishing in Florida. He promptly replied: "I know nothing of fish poles, except that there are snad poles in the Hudson River.—Arthur." We never heard that General Arthur belonged to the hand-line committee, and we are in doubt if the telegraph rendered our question intelligently. We next sent a message to the Hon. James Geddes, Assembly Chamber, Albany. He replied, "I know what hop-poles are and hoop-poles; have heard of bean-poles, but fish-poles are something that I never heard of." Now, Mr. Geddes is an angler who handles a rod in good style, and don't even know what a pole is—in connection with fish.

From this we draw the conclusion that the two last-named anglers do not know as much of poles as we do, for we have seen darkey boys down South using a pole so heavy, that they could not hold it, but with which they "shung" the odious catfish from his native lair high into the blue empyrean. We confess that we don't know much more about this subject, and will be glad to learn something concerning poles, if they have an occasional connection with fish.

WILLIAM MILLS.—We regretfully announced the death of Mr. William Mills as our last issue went to press, too late to give the particulars. Mr. Mills was the senior partner in the fishing tackle house of William Mills & Son, 7 Warren street, New York. He was born in England in 1822, and would have been sixty-one years old next September. His early life was spent in a manufactory of fish-hooks and needles, and for many years he was engaged in their manufacture for the American house of T. & T. H. Bate, 7 Warren street. He came to this country in 1853, and in 1857 became a partner in the firm of T. H. Bate & Co., at the same place. He had entire charge of the business of the firm, and with his son succeeded to it, under the new firm name. About nine years ago he gave up active business to his son, Thomas B. Mills. He had an extensive acquaintance and was highly esteemed for his probity and thorough business qualities. He died quite suddenly from the effects of a severe cold, which at first seemed to have little effect upon his vigorous constitution. He leaves three children, and will be missed by a large circle of friends.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The initial number of the Register has been mailed to its subscribers, and with the paper in their hands, owners and breeders of canine stock may judge for themselves of its merits. We are much pleased to acknowledge the hearty welcome already accorded to the undertaking. All persons desiring to avail themselves of the privileges of the Register, are reminded that entries for the May number should be in hand at once.

POACHERS AND PROVIDENCE.—The man who fell through the bridge on Sunday and broke his leg was consoled by the assurance that his calamity was a dispensation of Providence; that he had no business to be crossing the bridge on Sunday, and that the broken bone was a direct and just punishment. This is comforting philosophy; and we commend it to Mr. H. Babcock, of Bradley, Me., who was out deer hunting in the close season last month. One Neddo was also out hounding deer; and when he shot a deer, the bullet went on and wounded Babcock, almost fatally. Another gentleman who may profitably study this subject is the Somerset county hunter, in the same State, who, while deer hunting last month, shot himself in the arm. Both of these unfortunates may come to the conclusion that their misfortunes are the direct visitations of Providence; but the Maine Commissioners appear to think differently, or, at all events, they do not consider the providential punishment sufficient, and are only waiting for the deer shooters to recover before collecting the fines. This is most assuredly "rubbing it in" with a vengeance.

MASSACHUSETTS ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association was held April 6. The treasurer's report, which was accepted, shows the expense of the year to be \$404.00, with a balance on hand of \$267.93. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John Fottler, Jr.; Vice-Presidents, Hon. Thomas Talbot, Hon. Daniel Needham, Walter M. Brackett, Charles W. Stevens, II. T. Rockwell, C. T. Jenkins, T. T. Sawyer, Jr.; Treasurer, James R. Reed; Recording and Corresponding Secretary, E. S. Toby, Jr.; Librarian, John Fottler, Jr.; Executive Committee, Ivers W. Adams, Warren Haggood, Dr. J. T. Stetson, F. R. Shattuck, William S. Hills; Committee on Membership, W. M. Brackett, Walton C. Taft, George Mixer. Two new members were elected into the association. Colonel Samuel Webber, one of the Board of Commissioners of Fishing of New Hampshire, was present and made a few remarks on black bass fishing in that State.

THE PILOT'S BRIDE.—In our last Christmas and New Year's numbers Mr. John Easmond gave an account of the wreck of the bark Trinity, on Heard's Island, in the Atlantic. The crew, it will be remembered, expected to be succeeded by Capt. Fuller, of the Pilot's Bride, and when the months passed by and the Bride did not come, the Crusoes of Heard's Island concluded that Capt. Fuller had broken faith with them. It has just transpired that the latter was himself cast away on Desolation, where his crew underwent an experience very like that of the Heard's Island party. They saw the Marion when she took off the Trinity's crew, but they were unable to attract her attention, and she, unconscious of their misfortune, passed by. They were finally rescued by a New London ship, sent out to their relief, and arrived home last week. What a volume of romance might be written about these barren isles of the Southern Hemisphere. This is the brief outline of one more chapter in the dismal history of Desolation.

AN INCREDIBLE STORY.—The New York Herald of April 6, in the course of an account of President Arthur's preparation for his fishing trip to Florida, reports the following: "During the afternoon one of his Cabinet officers called and discussed affairs of State while the President was examining the joints of his favorite rod. 'What do you expect to catch?' asked the head of the department. 'So long as I do not catch cold, which is the easiest thing to do here in Washington at this season of the year I shall not regret the trouble the trip costs me,' was the reply." Now, we utterly refuse to credit the Herald's statement that the President said any such thing. The "catching cold" joke is a great deal more ancient than the Pyramids. It has been repeated with damnable iteration several million times, in all languages; and we are certain that Mr. Arthur, on the occasion referred to, did not make use of it.

SEVERAL COMMUNICATIONS have been received too late for insertion in this issue. Correspondents are particularly requested to favor us with their contributions as early as possible previous to the issue in which they wish them to appear.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

HUNTING IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

"By hunting one avoids the sin of indolence, from which springs all mortal sins; and, according to our faith, he who avoids the seven mortal sins will be saved; therefore, the good sportsman will be saved."
—Gaston Phoebus.

THE good people of the Middle Ages were so fond of hunting as we are to-day. Kings, ecclesiastics and peasants took part in the sport, and game being plenty and hammerless breech-loaders lacking, the "gentlemen sportsmen" of those days probably never had any occasion to write caustic letters to their sportsman's journal anent the depredations of pot-hunters. Hunting, as it was then followed, was divided into three branches. Venery, one branch of the sport, as defined by M. Elzgar Blaze, was "the science of snaring, taking or killing one particular animal from amongst a herd." Hawking or falconry was the training and using of birds of prey to hunt feathered game; and fowling (*Pouilleries*) was the destroying, in a sort of go-as-you-please way, of all the birds which made havoc on crops and fruits.

Charmagne was the greatest hunter of his time. With a troop of knights and "ladies fair," accompanied by hounds and a gang of beaters, he would ride at the head of his company into the forest, attacking with spears such animals as came in his way. The beaters and dogs first scurried through the woods, blowing horns and making a great hub-baloo, driving the wild bores, bears, wolves, stags and what-not into a inclosure of cloths or nets, where the poor things couldn't get out without running the gauntlet of the emperor and his knights. Sometimes an irate porker would rip up a horse or two with his tusks, or a demonstrative bear would hug the life out of half a dozen beaters, and then there was fun, you can be sure. The knights would boldly attack with their lances, while the ladies, at a safe distance, would cry, "Ain't it awful!" (in French, of course), or giggle behind their fans when some smartey who wanted to show off got the seam of his hose and smallethoes ripped up by a stag's horn.

Falconry or hawking was the gilt-edged sport of the Middle Ages, as only the nobility could afford this costly pastime. The birds used were the gyrfalcon, saker hawk, lanner, merlin and sparrow-hawk, the last being the smallest, and used only in the pursuit of pigeons, quail and small birds. The birds were imported at great cost from Sweden, Iceland, Turkey and Morocco, and enormous sums were spent in their training and equipment. They were considered the noblest of birds, as far superior to an eagle as we would deem a grackle superior to a mad-hen. The leather boots worn on their heads were embroidered with gew-gaws made of gold and pearls, their perches were gold-mounted, and the glove on which they were carried by their owner was made of richest stuff adorned with costly jewels. History doesn't state whether they were fed on Dresden or Sévres china, but it does say that no other birds were permitted to eat from the dishes used by the falcons.

Their training was undertaken by the head falconer whose rank was the highest of any of the servants of the nobility. That his position wasn't exactly what a politician would call a "soft snap" we can imagine from the amount of learning necessary to the complete education of a falcon. The young bird was first made familiar with men, horses and dogs. When his fear of these was overcome, a checkcord was attached to him, he was allowed to fly a short distance and was then drawn back to be fed. Afterward he was permitted to catch a wounded bird or hare, near his preceptor, and his prey was taken away from him before he had an opportunity to tear it in pieces. On his returning to his perch on the hunter's thumb he was invariably fed, so that, his dietic sentiments being worked upon, the bird was never anxious to put too great a distance between himself and the source of his nourishment, especially as he was hunted on an empty stomach. After being taught to obey the whistle, the voice and the signs of the falconer, two silver bells were attached to the bird's legs, and the falconer reported to his noble lord that his pupil's education was complete. If, however, the sweet bird-graduate refused to come back to the lordly thumb on his first trial, or couldn't be lured by an imitation bird of cloth with a favorite piece of flesh as bait—presto! off comes his trainer's head, and his lordship advertises for a new falconer, with references. What painstaking pedagogues we would have if that rule were law in these dark ages!

They had sportsmen's clubs in the Middle Ages, too, with Free Mason tendencies, having signs, passwords and grips, lucky numbers and emblematic colors. Gérard, Duke of Cleves, created in 1455 the order of Knights of St. Hubert, into which only those of noble blood were admitted. As a badge they wore a gold or silver chain formed of miniature hunting horns, from which was suspended a small likeness of the patron saint. Perhaps it was this club which made the first attempt on record to stock a country with foreign game. Anyhow, we are told that in the time of Charles VIII, rindcer were imported into France from Lapland, and pheasants from Tartary. The latter thrived, and our French friends are shooting their descendants to this day; but the men who took the job of bringing over the reindeer forgot to fetch along enough icebergs to last through the dog days, and the result was that the warm climate enervated the once hardy reindeer. They acquired habits of indolence, became corpulent, and instead of running away

when hunted, they would lie down quietly, chew their cud, and pass themselves off on the dogs for new milk cows, so that the noble lord would experience much the same soul-stirring excitement in the sport as he would by going out in his barnyard and killing his best Jersey heifer with a meat axe.

In the National Library at Paris is an illustrated manuscript treating of the art of hunting, written by Gaston Phoebus, whose simple and sound views on the future salvation of sportsmen will be found at the head of this article. The author lived in the earlier portion of the Middle Ages, and his writings and sketches may be accepted as accurately representing modes of hunting in those days. He has drawn pictures of dogs that are perfect representations of modern greyhounds, and several that would pass for pointers if it were not for their heads, which are contracted like the head of a bulldog. The only rough-coated dogs represented are two, which resemble the setter in all but the head, that appendage having the appearance of a "cutting" from a bulldog grafted on a setter's body.

The "shooting-iron" of Phoebus's time was a cross-bow, the arrows used having long, sharp metal points for penetrating the thick fur and tough hides of bears and wild boars, while those used for hares and such small game had a conical-shaped terminus like a potato-masher, probably of lead, to stun the quarry. Leopards imported from Africa, our author tells us, were used for hunting animals the same as falcons for hunting birds, and he gives us an illustration of a huntsman seated on a horse, with a leopard ensconced on the crump behind him. The sardonic smile on the leopard's face seems to intimate that, in default of other game, he would have no scruples about gobbling up the huntsman and his horse.

Some of our modern hunting stratagems are shown by Gaston Phoebus to be nothing new, after all. Out on the Western prairie geese are often approached within gunshot by a sportsman driving an ox-cart, or concealed behind a grazing horse. In this ancient manuscript is an illustration of a hunter approaching his prey in a cart, with a "blind" of twigs and leaves built around him; and another represents a hunter stealing toward a body of wildfowl, holding in position a piece of cloth cut after the pattern of a horse. They must be geese indeed that would take this bandy-legged hunter and his cloth for a grazing horse. It is interesting to note that "tolling" was practiced in those days—not on ducks, but on woodcock. There can be no mistake about it, for the drawing of the woodcock is perfect. The hunter was completely covered, except his eyes, in cloth of a dead grass color (in autumn), and on spring the woodcock would lie at full length, waving a scarlet cloth back and forth. The foolish woodcock, impelled by curiosity, would approach nearer and nearer, until the hunter, able to slip a noose over the bird's head, would yank him to kingdom come. An amusing way of trapping birds was to distribute small mirrors around the forest. When a he-pheasant, in his post-prandial saunter, caught sight in the glass of what he probably supposed was another he-pheasant mimicking his motions, he would haul off to "knock him out," and at the first crack down would come a rock, and there would be no more post-prandial saunters for Mr. Pheasant. Sometime a number of stool-birds were set loose from their cage, and cords covered with bird-line attached to them. Then divers other birds that might seek their acquaintance would become so firmly attached to them that they couldn't tear themselves away when they had finished their call, and were forced to stay to dinner, which they attended in address uniform, sometimes reclining on pieces of toast, with drawn butter poured over them.

Old German legends are notorious for telling some pretty tough stories, and they have given us some on hunting, which, although we repeat them, had better be taken *en grano salis*, as we cannot vouch for their strict up and down truth. In one of them it is stated that, when beasts were being pursued, if they ran into the arms of a saint or into a sanctuary, their lives were always spared. This fact getting noised around among the animals, they wouldn't skip for their dens when alarmed, but would cut cross lots for the nearest church or abode of a saint. One day a huge bear, finding the chase growing too hot to be comfortable, burst into the cell of a saintly monk while the latter was piously engaged in deepening the color of his nose with a bottle of Veuve Cliequot. It seems that this particular saint wasn't aware of the arrangement between animals and those in religious orders, and while the bear, in his untutored, bearish way, was trying to explain that it was necessary for him to repose in the monk's arms in order to save his life, the monk fired the bottle at the bear and took a back-somersault out of the window, the bear following. But the more the latter insisted on seeking his embrace the harder ran the saint, counting his beads wrong end foremost in his haste, and you could have played checkers on the tail of the holy man's casock until the hunters caught up with the bear and killed him.

Another legend relates that a hunter sold his soul for an enchanted arrow that never missed its aim, and another swapped his soul for an arrow that would carry an enormous distance. What a haul of souls the devil could have made if he'd had a few choke-bore breech-loaders and thread-wound cartridges to dicker with!

In the Middle Ages hunters died about the quantity of game they killed just as they do now.

The Sportsman Tourist.

HUNTING THE MOUNTAIN GOAT.

"Here's a health to the FOREST AND STREAM."

FOR ten long hours we have been toiling up the side of this rugged mountain, and when at last, by the overhanging roots and branches, we pull ourselves up the last steep pitch, and catch the cool breeze from the surrounding snow peaks, and know that for the present our climbing is at an end, we feel like embracing somebody. And when later W. W. shoves a cup of hot punch under our nose, and asks us, "very much obliged to say something as a toast, and why not the one that heads this article. And so here, some three thousand miles away from you, and four thousand feet above the sea level, we reach out our hand to the FOREST AND STREAM as an old friend.

My party consisted of Mr. H., Mr. W. and Mr. K., gentlemen who, having a few days' respite from poring over pay lists and balance sheets of this end of the Canadian Pacific Railway, very wisely elected to spend it with rod and gun, beneath the shade of Douglass firs, by the side of the noisy stream, or

"Up where the canyon's dizzy trail
Leads to the snow divide."

Our camp was pitched on one of the numerous ridges which make up the summit of this portion of the coast range. To the south this ridge rose with an easy grade till its crest was reached some two hundred feet above the level of our camp ground, at which point it was intersected by others running at different angles.

Along the crests of these ridges one may travel for miles, having in many places only a few yards on either side between a man and a fall of five or six hundred feet. A few yards north of our camp the ridge terminated, or rather broke off abruptly, forming a pretty sheer precipice, at the foot of which, five hundred feet below, nestled in a setting of green and gold, was a beautiful little lake some four or five hundred yards in extent.

Although at our feet the heather bloomed with the freshness of summer, everywhere on the wooded slopes the varied tints of the dying year met the eye, and a step higher up the sight was lost in a confusion of snow peaks and storm-wet enclaves.

If I had laid down his rifle and was busy with his pencil and sketch book when Leammux, who appeared to be more concerned about the welfare of his four dusky companions than with mountain scenery, came up, and pointing up the ridge, asked if it was our intention to feed his Indians on white man's muck-a-muck, or the flesh of the mountain goat, which he much preferred, if I would be kind enough to lend him my rifle he would see that their first supper on the top of the mountain would be made from the juicy ribs of that animal. We turned and looked in the direction pointed out by the Indian, and sure enough three goats were in sight, two on the left slope of the ridge, and one on the right. H. at once started in pursuit of the two, while Leammux and I stole away toward the single one.

I did not understand until some time after our return home, why it was that Leammux was so concerned about my success, and put on such a terrible scowling look every time I made a failure. The reason was this: He had made a wager with his companions that I would kill more game than anyone of the party, and to this day he believes I sold him; and it has already cost me a cast-off coat, a pair of old gun boots, and a worn-out hat to get him to recognize me when we meet. As we left H. no sooner was the latter out of sight, than the old fellow started on the run, urging me forward, in hopes that I would get in my shot first. But I took my time. It was H.'s first sight of these animals, and I was anxious that he should make a success of his first shot at them.

At length we reached the point where the goat was first noticed, when Leammux suddenly ducked down behind a block of granite and commenced jerking his long bow arm in the direction of the top of the ridge, while every feature of his greasy face, every contour of his huge mouth, said as plainly as if he had shouted through a trumpet, "Why in thunder don't you shoot?" I looked but could see nothing on the heather-covered slope but a few blocks of gray granite and here and there a patch of snow. I was about to take a glance toward the Indian, when quick as a flash one of the patches of snow threw up its head and disappeared over the crest of the ridge. The Indian stood up, and just then two shots were heard in the direction of H. Leammux stuck up two fingers, uttered the word "*moa*" (two) and stepping past me with the air of an offended Sitting Bull, strode off to camp without once looking behind him. H. had better luck and had knocked over two goats; and long after we had retired to rest, our dusky guides squatted round the camp-fire, and with pieces of moose-horn goat-horn blowing between them, spun out yarns of deeds done by mighty goat-hunters of their tribe who were now defunct.

The next morning we had our breakfast over by daylight. The Indians were just finishing theirs. My companions were in the tent fixing up for the day's hunt, while I, with my back to the fire, was leaning over a rock enjoying a quiet smoke. Suddenly the tread of some animal, coming along the face of the cliff, brought my ears to my ears. Now, as before stated, the ridge, a few rods north of our camp, broke off almost perpendicularly, leaving a face some 500 yards wide. Still, on a previous visit here, I had noticed a trail along which goats had made their way across this face from one slope of the ridge to the other.

This trail came out upon the more level ground, directly in front and about twenty yards from me. So I kept my eyes on that point, rather carelessly, though, because I could not imagine that any wild animal of such size would be so near to our camp with all the bustle of the morning meal going on. I had not long to wait. Presently the head, then the shoulders appeared, and finally the whole body of a monster wild goat stood before me. I suppose the animal was surprised, for it stood stock still, and subsequent events proved that I was not only surprised, but completely dumbfounded. I fired, my rifle, cocked it, but in bringing back my hand in some unaccountable don't-know-how-it-was-done way the piece was discharged in the air. The goat wheeled and disappeared under the cliff. A hop, step and a jump brought me to the edge of the cliff just beyond our tent, where I again came in sight of the goat making his way along; and this time he was over two hundred yards away, and at what distance I fired three shots at him, which

scarcely had the effect of quickening his pace; and were it not for the fact that my companions noticed that every shot struck about a foot over the goat's back, I would have pronounced him bullet proof.*

I suppose I looked ridiculous, and from Leammux's standpoint, probably so, when I, with a man, with the reputation of being the best shot in the neighborhood, shoots three times at an animal nearly as big as a mule and misses it, I dare say he ought either to blame his rifle or apologize. But I did neither. I simply threw my gun over my shoulder and gave the order to disperse over the ridges.

We had scarcely gone half a mile from the camp, when a shout from the Indian we had left in charge brought one of our number back, to find that a large goat—probably the same—had been shot, and was about to charge on the left flank of the tent. Two or three shots from a rifle, however, had the effect of making his goatship raise the siege and go away, if nothing more.

Now it is a curious fact that, with the exception of H., every shot fired during the hunt missed its mark. And this, too, with men having a fair record with the gun, and an experience of twenty years in the mountains, during which time they have had a number of opportunities to shoot larger kinds of game peculiar to the province. During the day a black bear ran the gauntlet of W. and K.'s rifles, and the brute got away, leaving no crimson stain on the bank of snow over which he scampered. The last act of the hunt was performed in the following manner:

While on the top of one of the ridges, H., myself and Leammux discovered a goat lying in a shady nook on the side of a cliff about a thousand yards away; a discussion arose as to the best means of getting within shot, and we finally decided to go straight down the slope and take our chances of getting into the bushes, some half way down, unobserved. So down we started, the old Indian taking the lead, his supple body twisting around the corners of granite blocks and morning along the depressions in the ground, while H. and myself followed, "each stepping where his leader stepped."

There are many interesting moments in the life of a hunter. The catching of the first deep notes of the approaching hound, the bending over the prostrate form of his first deer, and the quiet smoke by the night camp-fire, are all enjoyments worthy the best of nature; but the act of approaching within shot of some coveted quarry, the matching of human experience and cunning against the keen senses of an alert and wary animal, is to my mind the cream of a hunter's experience. The breaking of a twig, a false step, the rustling of a fern, the chirping of a bird, may cost you a deer, or draw sigh for hopes departed with the fleeing game. Or perhaps at the last moment, when a few more steps would bring you within a possible chance, a fitful puff of wind carries forward the scent of your presence, and then with blood trickling from half a dozen wounds from pointed rocks and thorny brambles, you come to a halt and watch the coveted prize recede in the distance. The odds are, in my opinion, always with the game, but nerve and patience can often bring victory to the side of the hunter, and win or lose, I always find the excitement worthy the effort.

An hour's creeping and worming down the long slope brought us to the verge of a deep cañon, across which we had to shoot, at least it was as near as we could approach and be in sight of the game. However, we were satisfied with the distance, and also felt sure of the goat, because, if he attempted to escape, he would have to go one hundred yards before he could get within range of our rifles. It was more than double that distance to reach the top of the cliff, so we took it cool; and a difference of opinion arose as to the distance across. I asserting that it was between two hundred and fifty and three hundred yards, while H. thought it much less. At this point Leammux, who was standing just behind me, thinking to give me one more chance to redeem my character, bent forward, and pretending to brush some ferns from my eyes, suddenly whispered that distance was about the same as that at which I had shot the bear, referring to an occurrence which took place about a month previous. Now the distance referred to was only about one hundred yards, and the idea that my judgment should be thought so far astray, simply irritated me; so I shoved the old fellow away, telling H., impatiently, that I was going to shoot at two hundred and fifty, the latter replying good-naturedly, "You are right, and I will go."

Just then the goat discovered us, started up the cliff, but changing his mind, wheeled, and was making for the timber below, when two streams of sparks and smoke shot out from a clump of bushes and two leaden messengers sped away across the cañon to find a resting place in some of the crevices in the cliff, and the goat kept on unhurt. Again the deep echoes echoed back the reports of our rifles and still the goat kept on toward the timber. This time, however, the goat was a little behind me with his shot, and watching his effect I saw the dust scatter from a point on the cliff about a foot above the goat's back. I shouted to H., to "fire lower," that we were shooting a foot too high, when the latter, throwing forward his rifle, and muttering something that sounded like "I told you so," pulled the trigger, and the poor goat, just as he was making his last leap toward the cover, was pierced through the shoulders and fell a distance of a hundred feet down. This broke the link in the line of friendship between myself and Leammux, and when I reached out my hand and congratulated H. on his good luck, the old fellow muttered something in the guttural language of his tribe, which if interpreted no doubt would be, "Well, that lets me out on you," and started out in search of an easy place to go down the cañon after the dead goat.

A few goats were found on the summit, while a hundred yards below in the timber, through which it was simply impossible to follow them, the ground was everywhere cut up with their hoofs, a circumstance which even the Indians could not account for, as during the summer and fall months and until driven below by the deep snows the summit is their home.

Nowwithstanding our bad luck we had a most enjoyable trip and glorious weather throughout, and my companions learned something of the habits of an animal with which they had never before seen. They also shot three, and as the skins at that time were of little value, and the three carcasses were really all that we required in the way of a change in our muck-a-muck department, why, we hadn't much to grieve about. When a hunter shoots merely for the sake of adding to his bag, when he continues to take life with no

thought as to whether his victims shall be turned to some benefit or rot where they fall, he ceases to be either a gentleman sportsman or a pot-hunter, and becomes a rapacious brute, whose ignorance and shrink-like propensities ought to render him, from a place round the camp-fire,

During one of our rambles on the summit we crossed over a place of several hundred yards in extent filled up with broken rock which had toppled away from an adjoining cliff. This place had every appearance of being the abode of a colony of marmots or rock-whistlers, but as it turned out was now entirely deserted, the cause of which Leammux told in the following story, which, perhaps, it will be as well to take *cum grano salis*:

"Many very fine Douglas Indians came to shoot sheep (mountain goat) and finding this place, and wishing to kill some of the squ-uks (marmots), without encroaching on their seat stock of powder and shot, be thought themselves of the following plan. Some of their number went down in the timber and gathered a large quantity of gum from the fir and pine trees. This they melted and poured on the different sentinel rocks, that is the high pinnacle rock which is generally found directly over the entrance to the squ-uk's house, and upon the top of which the little fellow sits down to take his regular watch and give warning at the approach of danger by sending forth his long half human whistle. Well, the pitch was poured on, and when the squ-uks came out and took their accustomed stations, they soon found themselves lost to the rocks, when the Indians came up and knocked them over with clubs. This was repeated many times until the squ-uks discovered the trick, and being thoroughly disgusted at this mode of warfare, and not wishing to be exterminated by such a veritable set of pot-hunters as the Douglas Indians were, they picked up their household goods, their young and feeble ones, and in the stillness of the night, beneath the silent stars, they stole away, crossed Scamour Creek, and made themselves a new home among the snow peaks where the Douglas Indians dare not follow them."

A few straggling members of the Bohemian waxwing (*Amphispiza bilineata*) were noticed here this winter, once in January and once in March, only about a dozen altogether. Robins (*Turdus migratorius*) arrived Feb. 20. Western bluebirds (*Sialia mexicana*), March 1. Black brant (*var. alpestris*) March 4, but our weather for many weeks back has been so extremely mild that the great army of our northward migrants and summer residents may be upon us any time now. Magpies (*Pica hudsonica*) left for their breeding grounds, beyond the Cascades, nearly a month ago.

Deer have not been so abundant on this (south) side of the inlet, but are apparently as numerous as ever on the north side; and considering that the conditions in the matter of food and cover are equal, and that six years ago deer were plentiful all along the south shore, it is a question worthy of debate as to what has brought about this change. My own conclusions are already formed, and if the readers of FOREST AND STREAM will forgive me for opening a question which for the last year has been thoroughly discussed in its columns, will give them, remarking, however, that they come from one having a very strong prejudice against hounding deer, at least to that extent with which it has been practiced for the last ten years at Burrard Inlet.

My experience with hunting on Burrard Inlet extends back ten years, and during that period the south side has been the great hounding ground for all parties living in the neighborhood, and consequently the sport. Deer were just as plentiful on the north side, but owing to a number of streams putting in, on the mountains, the practice of hounding on that side proved a failure from the first, and during the years above mentioned no hounds have been used there to my knowledge. On the other hand, that side has always been, and is still, a successful ground for the still hunter, both white and Indian.

Now here are two stretches of country some twelve miles long, separated by a sheet of water from a half to two and a half miles wide. At a certain period deer were fairly plentiful on both stretches. The conditions of feed and cover have kept about the same, and, until the last year, when the building of the terminus of the Canadian Pacific was commenced on the south side, the encroachments of civilization were about equal, and yet to-day there is little or no use for the hounds, while the still-hunter continues to shoot his game whenever he wants to. JOHN PANXIN.

SUMMIT OF MOUNT ROY, NORTH ARM BURRARD INLET, BRITISH COLUMBIA.

ROUTE TO THE NEPICON.

"ANGLER'S" inquiry as to the shortest line route to the Nepigon in the POSTER AND STEAMER of 5th Inst. may be answered in several ways. The absolute shortest line route would be by rail to Marquette, and thence across the lake to Red Rock by steam tug, which can always be procured at Marquette. But this is expensive.

Or "Angler" may take one of the Lake Superior steamers at Chicago for Sault Ste. Marie, and thence by Canadian steamer to Red Rock. If close connection is made at Sault Ste. Marie, he may reach the Nepigon on the fourth or fifth day after leaving Chicago. This is the cheapest route. But only a few of the steamers touch at Red Rock, and much time may be lost at Sault Ste. Marie. If the party is large, say eight or ten, a tug can be had ordinarily at Sault Ste. Marie at from \$100 to \$150, making the cost little more than by steamer. The cost of tug from Marquette will ordinarily be about the same.

Or, if the Canadian land does not touch at Red Rock, passage may be taken for Sault Ste. Marie or Prince Arthur's Landing, and boats or tug secured to the Nepigon. The distance is seventy-five miles from the former and about ninety or ninety-five from the latter place. If sailboat is employed a camping outfit will be necessary, as the trip may take from two to four days, depending upon wind or oars. But I suppose no one will go to Nepigon without camping outfit, including a good mosquito bar.

In returning, one can ordinarily get boat or canoe to Red Rock, or time his return by the call of a steamer. With a party of ten or more arrangements can be made with a Canadian scumner from Sault Ste. Marie to Red Rock ordinarily, and for return at about a given time.

I have more frequently taken voyagers and Mackinaw boat from Sault Ste. Marie on steamer. By so doing one has the means of coasting back to Sault Ste. Marie or to Sibley Inlet to reach the Nepigon.

But one visiting the Nepigon must not be too limited as to time, for adverse winds and fogs are apt to foil havoc with the best laid plans. I have been ten days from home before casting a fly, and I believe six days was the shortest time.

A few trout—occasionally a fine one—can be taken at Red Rock. Twelve miles above, however, they begin to be plenty. In fact, it is seldom any are taken between Red Rock and Camp Alexander. The rapids above Camp Alexander and Cameron's Pool about forty miles from Red Rock, have good fishing. But Cameron's Pool is a very hard place to reach, and is seldom visited. There are numerous rapids and pools above, clear up to Virgin Falls, where the lake becomes the river, thirty-seven miles from Red Rock. Cakes and provisions can always be had at Red Rock, and excellent Indian guides.

I omitted to state that a day can probably be saved by taking the Grand Rapids and Indiana Railroad to Mackinaw (on the Straits) and meeting the Lake Superior steamer at Mackinaw. FISHMAN.

April 7, 1883.

Natural History.

THE PANTHER OF THE McCLLOUD RIVER.

Panther concolor.

THE panther of the McCloud River, Cal., although known in different parts of the country under the various names of panther, cougar, painter, puma, and California lion, is nevertheless the common panther of North America, the scientific name of which is *Panther concolor*.

In color, weight and general appearance the McCloud River animal differs less from the panther of the Atlantic Coast than might be expected. The panther skins that I have collected in Northern California look much in color and quality of fur like the skins of Eastern panthers that anyone seeing them would suppose that the two creatures had lived side by side, instead of 3,000 miles apart and in totally different climates. As to size, the panthers of the Pacific Coast do not seem to differ much from those of the Atlantic coast, and all the skins of the McCloud panther that I have measured do not vary four inches in length from what I have supposed to be a fair average measurement of the Atlantic Coast animal, viz: seven feet six inches from the tip of the nose to the tip of the tail, after the skin has been tanned.

It should be mentioned, however, that a skin taken freshly from the animal will measure, without stretching it very hard, twelve or eighteen inches in length more than the tanned skin, and consequently the statement of a hunter that he has killed a panther whose skin measured six feet does not necessarily imply that the creature was much, if any, above the average in size. As to their weight, I cannot speak positively from my own experience, as I have never had the opportunity to weigh one, but judging from the apparent weight of the animal when fitted with the arms, I should say that a panther whose skin when tanned measured seven feet six inches would weigh about 25 pounds.

There is only a bear track on our side of the river anywhere near the house is very rarely, if ever, seen, and the hunts of the bears seem to have fallen several miles further back into the mountains than when we first came. It is the same with the deer. During the first years of our residence on the McCloud we had to go but a short distance from the house for deer, and almost any forenoon an Indian could go out and get one and return before dinner. Now, as a rule, we expect to go several miles from the house to get a deer on our side of the river, though on the other side the deer keep much nearer, as do also the bears. The panthers, on the other hand, were scarce when we came, but have increased and come nearer ever since we have been there. Such a strange statement as this would naturally be received with some incredulity, but the fact is easily accounted for.

Before white men came into this region panthers had to depend entirely upon wild meat for their subsistence, and the meat of some of the animals in this place as another. When white men came they brought domestic animals with them—sheep, horses, cattle and hogs. This changed the face of affairs for the panthers entirely. They found that there was not only other food to be had beside what they hunted in the mountains and forests, but that this new food was obtained with far less difficulty than their former food was, and that it occurred in the most abundance around the huts of men.

It was no trick at all for a panther that had spent his life hunting and watching for the wary and fleet-footed deer, to come down off the mountain bank at night and steal a calf or a pig from the neighborhood of a human habitation. He always knew where to find them. He was always sure of obtaining one, and was also sure of never falling to secure a easy victim. One can readily see that with white men's farms offering these inducements, the panther would gradually abandon his long and laborious hunts in the mountains for deer and other wild game, and when hungry would come down the mountain side and seek his meal in the rich quarry of domestic animals, waiting for him on the settler's ranch in the valley, and it is easy to see also that panthers, in seeking a suitable dwelling spot for themselves and their young, would not be guided so much by its convenience to places that deer frequent, as by its nearness to easy access to the live stock of the ranchman.

The cat family, as is well known, are a curious mixture of boldness and cowardice. They are the most cowardly of all animals by day, when they can be seen. Panthers share this peculiarity with the rest of their family, and trusting probably to their agility, quickness and stealthy softness of their step, they venture at night, when they cannot be seen, into dangerous places that a bear or deer would never think of going into.

It is undoubtedly this trait of cowardly boldness at night which has kept the McCloud panthers about the river, and caused them to increase in the vicinity of human dwellings. Bears and deer will not come around human habitations, knowingly, by night or day, but panthers and lynxes and wildcats as well, although as shy and wary by day as any animal that inhabits the woods, seem not to be afraid at night of taking any risk of danger from men. Consequently, they will often venture down to a hunter's back, into the wild, uninhabited regions on the approach of man, because they do not dare to come near enough to steal his domestic

*Several months ago I received the skin of a mountain goat to tan, and in cutting it across the butt I found it to be, at that place, one men and a quarter thick. Leammux told me he once shot a goat which had been killed by another's horn entangled in the snaw, the skin having closed over it.

animals, and prefer the greater safety of remote regions, the panthers have not only not been frightened off, but have apparently become more numerous. This is the present condition of things on the McCloud River to-day. The panthers are nearer, more abundant and bolder than ever. The settler who lives on the ranch just across the south line of the reservation which we occupy, said last fall that the panthers came down to his house almost every night, and the ranchman just above the reservation also had a visit from them at least three times a week.

One night when Mr. Loren Green was returning from the fishery to the trout ponds four miles above, an animal which he supposed to be a panther sprang from a tree to the ground just behind him, and wounded his dog which was following him.

Summer before last a panther came to the house of our next door neighbor on the west side of the river, and was shot in a tree close to his house.

One day when Mr. Loren Green was going from his house at the trout pond, to his boat to fish, a panther followed him for several rods through the adjoining bushes. Mr. Green thinking it was a large dog. When Mr. Green, after examining his lines in the river, came ashore, the panther met him at the boat-landing and was soon after joined by another panther near by. Mr. Green barely escaping from them by shoving his boat quickly back into the river, and evading the panther which then followed him for about ten or fifteen minutes, during which time he was joined by his mate. Not very long ago, as our stage was coming down the road, the driver saw three panthers trotting in front of him. Having stopped the frightened horses, several of the passengers, who were returning from a hunting trip, got out and fired at the panthers with their rifles.

At Upper Soos Springs, which, although forty miles from the fishery, is, in respect to the surrounding country, in similar conditions, a child of the hotel proprietor was seized by a panther a very few yards from the house, and was shot as it was in the act of carrying the child off.

A few seasons ago, some stockmen drove a band of horses and colts into the McCloud River cañon, for the purpose of pasturing them there through the summer. The panthers first killed colts, then the smaller horses, and finally one spring upon the panther which then sprang upon his back. The rider barely escaped with his life, and the next day the stockmen drove their horses out of the valley to safe quarters.

These instances show how the panthers must have increased in our neighborhood, for when we first came there we did not hear anything in particular about them, and were not molested by them. Now they are destroying considerable numbers of dogs, pigs, calves and colts. They are most destructive to the dogs, so much so that those having hog ranges in the vicinity, when computing the expected increase of their band, allow 20 per cent. for the annual loss by panthers.

It is difficult to acquire much knowledge of the habits of panthers in their wild state. There are some peculiarities about the McCloud River panthers, however, which have been noticed. They will always run from a dog, no matter how small he is. An undressed trapper is as good to chase a panther with as the largest hound. When the panther finds that the dog is closing upon him, he will always jump up into a tree. He will not climb the tree like a bear, but will jump up to one of the branches, and I have heard old hunters say that they had seen panthers jump over twenty feet perpendicular into a tree, and that when the panther's paw would kill the dog, perhaps, but the panther never stops to give the blow. It is quite possible that the panther jumps into the tree so as to be in a position to pounce upon the dog when he comes up, but whether this is their reason for resorting to a tree, or whether it is simply because it is the cat's nature to run, as it is the nature of the dog to chase, it is left to either case that the panther always runs from the dog, no matter how small he is, and never trusts to face him.

The behavior of the panther is no less peculiar after he has jumped into the tree, for when there, he watches the dog constantly, no matter how near the hunter comes up to him. This makes it a comparatively safe and easy thing for the hunter to shoot a treed panther if the hunter has a dog with him, for while the panther's eyes are fixed on the hunting and excited dog, the hunter can go up near as he pleases, and take as slow and deliberate aim as he pleases. As long as the dog remains barking under the tree and absorbing the panther's attention, the hunter is perfectly safe. All he has to guard against is wounding the panther without actually killing or wholly disabling him, in which case the victim might in his dying struggle encounter the hunter and do him a serious injury.

Panthers are usually loafing about by day. It is believed that they are in the habit of hiding in trees in the daytime, partly perhaps for safety, and partly for the purpose of watching for food. On the McCloud River, however, I believe they spend the day for the most part in the inaccessible parts of the limestone cliffs which cap the mountain summits across the river from the fishery. These limestone cliffs and pinnacles are high, steep and very difficult of access. They are usually followed a panther's trail far up the side of Mt. Persphone. The panthers' tracks grew thicker and plainer as the mountain side grew steeper, and the limestone cliffs came nearer. When about three thousand feet up the mountain became very steep and precipitous and ended in a blank, smooth, vertical wall of rock about twenty feet high. The panthers' tracks continued up to the very base of this rock, which of course having reached, they generally believe that the panthers' tracks were safe for everything. No Indians could follow them there, no dogs could track them there, no white hunter with his rifle could reach their inaccessible retreat. In these cliffs they were safe.

It is my impression that the panther, finding so safe a retreat here, and one that is, at the same time, so near their food, make these limestone cliffs their home, and rear their young there. The panthers' tracks and the tracks that lead to our houses, come from these cliffs, and the tracks that lead from our houses return to the cliffs.

It would seem that a panther's life when he does not voluntarily risk it by excessive boldness must be extremely free from danger. No denizen of the mountains or forests is his equal. In California he is called a lion and he is well named, for like the lion, he is master of the forest. It is generally believed that the grizzly bear is the most powerful of the wild animals of America, but the McCloud River Indians say that the panther always kills the grizzly when they have a fight. They say that the grizzly bears are afraid of the panthers, and that the panthers spring on their shoulders and eat their throats with their teeth. I imagine,

however, that a panther never attacks a grizzly bear face to face. I myself have seen places in the mountains where the ground has been torn up by what must have been a desperate conflict between the grizzly and the bear, and the Indians have found dead bears that panthers have killed, but they say they have never found dead panthers that bears have killed. The Indians say that there seems to be the same natural antipathy between panthers and bears that there is between cats and dogs, and that the panthers are always trying to kill the young cubs of the bears, and the bears are always trying to kill the panthers' kittens.

Panthers are seldom killed on the McCloud River, I have heard of only one or two that Indians have killed with their arrows.

It is difficult to poison or trap them, as they are so suspicious of the bait. I have heard, however, of many panthers being killed by poison in other places, and I suppose if the McCloud panthers got hungry enough they could be poisoned, but while food is as plentiful for them as it is now, it is difficult to poison them. One exception to this should be mentioned. They are in the habit of burying anything that they capture and do not eat up at the first meal. For instance, if a panther gets a deer or a hog he eats what he wants, and then digs a hole in the earth with his claws and buries the remainder. If now anyone should find this buried meat and should poison it, the panther would be killed for he will eat the meat that he has buried himself. I will merely add in conclusion, that in consequence of the difficulty of killing the panthers, they are likely to maintain their hold for many years yet in the limestone cliffs bordering the McCloud River, for although settlers are now beginning to come into this region, the chief effect of these settlements upon the panthers will be to furnish them with a larger supply of domestic food, and to drive off the hereditary enemy of the panther, the bear, while the rocky retreats where the panther makes his home will remain as inaccessible as ever. LIVINGSTON STONE.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY LARIDÆ: GULLS, TERNS, ETC.

266. Pomatorhinus Lestrinæ—*Lestrinæ pomatorhinus* Aud.; *Stercorarius pomatorhinus* Ridg. 697. Cs. 765. Mr. Boardman mentions this species as "rather common" in autumn and winter in the Bay of Fundy. This species is probably of regular winter occurrence off the coast of Maine.

267. Richardson's Lestrinæ—*Lestrinæ richardsoni* Aud.; *Stercorarius crepidulus* Ridg. 698; *Stercorarius parasiticus* Cs. 766. Not common. September 23, 1874 an immature lestrin of this species was brought to me for identification. It was shot at Scarborough, and the specimen was preserved by a taxidermist of Portland.

268. Bulfinch's Lestrinæ, Longtailed Lestrinæ—*Lestrinæ parasiticus* Aud.; *Stercorarius parasiticus* Ridg. 699; *Stercorarius bulfinchi* Cs. 767.—Apparently the most common of the three species of lestrin known on our coast. The lestrin is locally known to fishermen as "marlinpike" or "gull-clasnet," being so termed on account of its long pointed tail and its habit of chasing the gulls, and compelling them through fear to disgorge the recently captured food, upon which the victorious bird makes off the coast of Maine. The German word of "Jäger," meaning hunter, is commonly used by ornithologists, and our best American authorities use this noun to designate a bird of any of the various species known to this continent.

GULLS.

269. Glaucous Gull—*Larus glaucus* Aud., Ridg. 660. Cs. 768.—Occurs along the coast in winter, chiefly offshore. Not very common, and adult birds in perfect plumage of maturity are rarely seen here. This is one of the largest gulls, being nearly or quite equal in size to the great black-tailed gull. The glaucous gull never has black markings upon the wing tips, and the plumage of the young or immature birds is light brownish gray.

270. White-tailed Gull—*Larus leucopterus* Aud., Ridg. 671. Cs. 669.—More common than the preceding named species, and not infrequently abundant. Gulls of this species are seen in flocks during migrations, associating with other gulls in winter, and sometime frequenting the harbors. The gray immature or young bird resembles the "herring" or silvery gull of similar age, but is much lighter colored, especially on the wings. Both immature and adult birds of this species are usually distinguished from the herring gull, by a familiar observer, even at quite a distance with the aid of a field-glass, by the absence of black upon the wing tips. But there is a phase of plumage, immediately preceding that of perfect maturity, in which this gull has the outer surface of the first four or five wing-feathers (primaries) marked with a dusky or ash-gray color, more or less obscure, but sometimes quite prominent and resembling pure black as on that species, yet so dark as to be in marked contrast with the pale pearl-blue of the greater portion of the wing. I presume this to be the form to which Dr. Elliott Cones alludes in his "Birds of the Northwest," (page 624), as *Larus "chaleopterus"*, described as "exactly like *leucopterus*, except on the primaries, which are ashy-tinted, this is the prevailing character of *glaucens*," or glaucous-winged gull ascribed to the Pacific coast of North America.

271. Black-backed Gull—*Larus marinus* Aud., Ridg. 663. Cs. 771.—Common along the coast, except during the summer. None bred here. This is the largest of all the gulls known in this country. It frequents the outer islands and rarely, if ever, is found inland.

272. Silver-backed Gull—*Larus argentatus* Aud.; *Larus argentatus smithsonianus* Ridg. 664a; Cs. 778.—Abundant. Some remain along the coast throughout the winter. Gulls of this species regularly breed here, but not in large numbers. Although usually breeding in communities, isolated pairs are occasionally found nesting. A few breed about the inland lakes of Maine. The complement of three birds is laid down in June or July in a nest. The eggs vary greatly in color, proportions and size. Some are much blotched or spotted, others nearly immaculate. The colors vary from light blue, ashy gray and green to various shades of brown, green and brown being the prevailing colors. The eggs equal in size those of the domestic turkey, and form a staple article of food in some localities. They are considered of superior flavor to the domestic hen's eggs,

and command a higher market price. Many thousands of these gull's eggs are annually taken upon the islands of the Bay of Fundy and coast of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and are in some instances the price of taking the eggs leased by the owner of an island, the terms requiring that no eggs shall be taken after a certain date, usually June 25, thus allowing time for the birds to lay more eggs the same season and rear their young, and no birds are killed during the nesting time. When boiled the yolks of their eggs are a reddish hue. The "white" portion has a bluish tinge, and is opaque than the "white" of a hen's egg. The custom of collecting the gull's eggs after June 25 is both wise and humane, for at that date nearly all of the nests have been twice robbed, but the birds will lay more eggs, although often less than the complement of three, and the season is yet long enough for the successful hatching and rearing of the young. The strict observance of this custom prevents the birds deserting such localities, and they will return to the same nesting places, year after year. Upon one island that I have visited, a valuable eggging privilege has been developed by careful protection. While large numbers of gulls and eider ducks were deserting neighboring islands where they were indiscriminately robbed and killed, their numbers rapidly increased upon the island referred to, until an annual yield of several thousand eggs was attained and kept up. Audubon related this visit to the Bay of Fundy and Labrador in 1833, that he found the herring gulls so wary that even at their breeding places but few could be obtained, not more than a dozen having been shot by six men in a single day. I have found them thus wary at breeding places, which had been indiscriminately devastated, and where the birds had been habitually shot at. But upon one of the same islands visited by Audubon, I have walked in open view within a dozen yards of gulls upon the nests without any disturbance, while others were circling about within easy gunshot range. This change was brought about solely by judicious protection of the birds. After the breeding season, and when the young birds have become well-grown and fully fledged, they are frequently killed and eaten by the fishermen and others.

The size, material, and location of the nests vary greatly. Some that I have seen in trees were equal to a bushel basket or more. Others were built upon the ground, and some were built at the tops of spruce trees thirty feet or more from the ground, some upon the ends of the branches and some upon fallen trees. Such as are placed upon trees are generally composed of twigs, moss, and dry grass, and are frequently used and improved by additions for several years in succession. Many nests are placed upon or under logs or upon the ground in the open woods, or in the swamps, and are sheltered by fallen drift-wood, and the rocks. The nests are usually well hollowed, with an inside diameter of six or eight inches. The average size of the eggs is about two and three-fourth inches in length by two inches breadth. Many nests are smoothly lined with grass, but none with feathers. I once found a nest upon a ledge and in the shadow of an overhanging rock, composed entirely of grass, wet seaweed, and containing a freshly laid egg. Unlike many seabirds, the gulls do not pluck themselves so that the hard body may rest on the eggs during incubation.

Formerly great numbers of silver gulls were accustomed to breed upon the island of Grand Menan, in the Bay of Fundy, but they have been driven away, excepting comparatively few that breed upon inaccessible places about the cliffs at the southern end of the island. The island is supposed to have never been cleared chiefly by foxes. About eight or ten years ago several foxes were liberated upon this island. A person who had been accustomed to take eggs whenever he could find them, was forbidden by the owner of the land most resorted to by the gulls for nesting. In a spirit of revenge this poacher of eggs deliberately procured some live foxes and liberated them upon the island, and has hitherto been known there. These foxes multiplied, and the gulls, as also the thrushes and other small birds, decreased in a marked manner in consequence. The foxes destroyed the eggs and young birds, and the adults whenever possible. Nor were these depredations confined to this one island, but extended to such of the adjoining islands as were accessible to the foxes, by way of the flats at low tide, and on ice in winter.

The spite of an individual possessed of the spirit of the notorious "dog in the manger" was thus gratified at the expense of all the inhabitants of these islands, to whom nature had supplied an annual harvest of wholesome food, and the destruction of the insectivorous birds by the foxes is a serious matter to the farmers. A year or two after the introduction of the foxes to Grand Menan, one of the neighbors of the island, and the person who had brought this curse to the locality actually had the effrontery to claim remuneration for the loss of "his fox."

Gulls of this and other species are locally known as "gray gulls" along the coast of Maine. The eggs of the silvery or herring gull are hatched early in June, when the nest has not been robbed. The young are covered with dark gray down that forms a thick warm covering for the birds until they are able to get on the ground or rocks the young birds can leave it and actively run about, catching insects expertly when very young. They grow very rapidly, and are fed by the parents until fully fledged, when the plumage is of the same general dark gray color as the down he nests it. This gray suit is worn for a year, but it gradually becomes a lighter shade.

While wearing this subordinate color of the first year, the gull has hazel eyes, bill nearly black, and the feet are of yellowish lead color. When the second spring arrives the breast and belly have become white, the head nearly white, the bill yellow, the mantle bluish. The tail is now nearly white, but has a broad brown bar across its tip, by which one can readily distinguish the comparative age of the bird. A change of full size at two years of age. The mature plumage of the gull is all mature and bright until the following spring, when the plumage, including head and tail, is pure white, except the "mantle" of light pearl blue color that extends across the back, and the wing tips, which are black, with white subapical spots. The bill is then of a clear, bright yellow color, with a carmine spot on the lower mandible. The eyes are pale straw color, eyelids yellow, and feet a rich color.

No gulls of immature plumage are common. Such bills usually appear in communities during the breeding season, however, and when their haunts are visited by man they will often manifest as much apparent alarm as if nests had been made, and I have seen them show great concern about the nests of other gulls, darting down and circling about with repeated cries even after the real owners of the eggs or fledglings had ceased to do so.

The most ordinary cry of the gull consists of their short notes, "ac-a-cac," repeated at frequent intervals. But gulls,

as well as other birds, have a varied and expressive language. When suddenly alarmed their cries are very discordant, but when undisturbed upon their nests a soft, cooling cry, not at all unpleasant to the ear, is sometimes uttered, especially at the approach of a gale. On an early November day, when the air is clouded and chilly, and the earth brown and cheerless, the cries of the gulls have a dismal sound, yet I have often been assured of fair weather by such cries; and I have felt oppressed by their ominous silence before an approaching storm. But how exasperating are their cries of warning when one is attempting to approach a flock of geese or ducks for a shot. Not content with balking themselves out of danger, the gulls when once fully alarmed will circle about in utter confusion, and cry out between danger, and as such are recognized by fowl other than of their own species. The ducks and geese that frequent the same haunts as the gulls so well understand the language of the latter that no attention will be paid to any cries except those of warning.

The silvery gulls, but no other species of gulls, are to be found on the coast of Maine throughout the entire year. Great numbers migrate hence in autumn, but the places of their wintering are not the same as those of the northern breeding places. At times, when extremely cold weather covers the shores and flocks with ice, the gulls all leave, but return so soon as the ice is gone and an abundance of food can again be obtained. Although the gulls are the scavengers of the sea and not fastidious about their food, they subsist chiefly upon shellfish and small fishes, and fish weirs are sometimes frequented by them for the young herrings, etc., that are to be found. I have seen these gulls perched upon the stakes of a fish weir, but never upon trees, except during the summer at their breeding places, where the woods will be white with them. But at no other time, even in the same localities, are they accustomed to alight upon trees.

During the summer the shellfish known as "sea urchin" forms a staple article of food for them, and the gulls excavate this fish without breaking its shell. Not so with clams and mussels, however. These are taken up in the air by the gulls and dropped upon the beach or rocks for the purpose of breaking the shells. Although these shellfish are the common food of the birds, the gulls never swallow them with the shells whole, as do ducks of various species.

There is a popular fallacy that gulls and vultures are gifted with the sense of smell to a wonderful degree, and can scent their food far away. It is a fact, however, that the sense of smell is barely developed at all with birds. But the gulls have very keen vision, and when one espies food at a distance in the air over the sea, the motion of that bird betrays the fact to either of its species far away. These hasten on wing to the spot, and by their movements show to gulls still more remote that some prey has been discovered. A lot of offal thrown from a vessel at sea will immediately attract the gulls near by, and perhaps but one or two birds will at first be seen. Yet soon others will make their appearance, one after another, coming from all directions, until a host is assembled.

Gulls may often be decoyed by various methods. One of the most simple and successful that I have tried, is by means of a pair of gull's wings. These should be cut from the bird close to the body, and placed with their upper edges together. Then grasping them about the joints with one hand, they can be made to extend and close by alternately clenching the hand and partially relaxing the grasp. The operator should be well hid from view and only the wings exposed. The motion will attract the attention of that bird, and at a distance, and by its resemblance to a gull hovering over its prey, frequently decoy the bird sufficiently near for a killing shot.

273. Ring-billed Gull—*Larus zonorythecus* Aud.; *Larus delawarensis* Ridg. 669, Cs. 778.—Common during migrations. None bred here.

274. Kittiwake Gull—*Larus trilatrytes* Aud.; *Rissa tridactyla* Ridg. 658, Cs. 732.—Common along the coast during migrations and in winter. None bred here.

275. Laughing Gull—*Larus atrifila* Aud., Ridg. 683; *Chroicocephalus atrifila* Cs. 786.—Not common. Occasionally a small community is found breeding on the coast of Maine, and apparently this has occurred with some regularity within the last few years. The species occurs here as a summer visitant from the South. It has occasionally been seen in Casco Bay, and as far east as the Bay of Fundy. Mr. Boardman reports there as "very plenty" in the summer of 1879 in the latter region.

276. Bonaparte's Gull—*Larus bonapartei* Aud.; *Larus philadelphia* Ridg. 675; *Chroicocephalus philadelphia* Cs. 788.—Abundant during migrations, and a few immature birds remain along our eastern coast in summer. None of this species breed here. They arrive from the South late in May, and sometimes acquire the perfect plumage of the breeding season on passing farther north. I have seen mature birds of this species in Casco Bay as late as June 11, and observed adult birds on the eastern coast of Maine upon August 8 of the same year. Yet none are known to breed here, nor upon any of the Grand Menan group of islands in the Bay of Fundy. The southward migration extends throughout the autumn, and small flocks of these gulls tarry not uncommonly on our coast until December.

The first arrivals from the breeding places in August usually consist of a few male birds, which remain here and pass through the summer moult. The species becomes more abundant here in October and November.

These small gulls are quite unvarying, and may be easily approached upon the water by a boat, or decoyed by waving a white handkerchief. They are gregarious at all seasons, and small flocks are to be seen about our harbors and estuaries industriously fishing sand during November. The fish are procured by the birds flying over the water at a slight elevation, and suddenly pouncing upon their prey. They do not plunge into the water, however, in the manner of the terns.

277. Sabine's Gull—*Larus sabini* Aud.; *Xema sabini* Ridg. 677, Cs. 790.—Very rare. While watching some Bonaparte's gulls near Bluff Island, Scarborough, Me., May 31, 1877, I observed a gull of similar size and mode of flight to those of the latter, but with the black cap of the former, succeeded in decoying this bird near enough to my boat for a shot, and secured the rare specimen. It was an adult female Sabine's gull, having the perfect plumage of the breeding season.

In May, 1878, my friend, George A. Boardman, Esq., procured a fine specimen from Indian Island, near Eastport, Me., an adult very nearly to perfect plumage. It was the only one of the kind to be seen in the far North, and the capture of but a very few specimens within the limits of the United States has been publicly recorded. Sabine's gull may be distinguished from other small gulls, even when

flying, by the black outer edge of the wing. Otherwise it resembles the common Bonaparte's gull when on the wing.

STERNAE. TERNS.

278. Gull-billed Tern—*Sterna anglica* Aud., Ridg. 679, Cs. 792.—Not common. Of irregular occurrence along the coast. I have shot terns of this species at various times in Maine, where it appears to be of rather rare occurrence, and the species is nowhere abundant upon the Atlantic coast of America. A flock numbering several dozens visited the marshes at Scarborough in September, 1868. I shot three specimens from this flock and could have easily killed many more. Mr. Boardman reports a single specimen taken on Grand Menan Island in August, 1879. I procured an adult specimen at Scarborough, Me., May 21, 1881, but saw none other of the species at that time.

279. Caspian Tern—*Sterna caspia* Ridg. 680, Cs. 793.—Rare. This tern is here named upon the authority of Mr. Boardman, who reports its occurrence upon our coast. Specimens have been procured by him at the mouth of the St. Croix river so recently as the autumn of 1877.

280. Wilson's Tern, formerly taken at Terns, *Sterna hirundo* Aud., Cs. 797; *Sterna fuscicollis* Ridg. 686.—Abundant in summer. Breeds commonly along the coast. All the terns are locally known in Maine as "nackered gulls."

281. Arctic Tern—*Sterna arctica* Aud.; *Sterna macrura* Ridg. 687, Cs. 799.—Abundant in summer. Breeds commonly along the coast. Although associating freely with the Wilson's tern, these two species do not intermingle their nests, although sometime communities of each are found breeding upon one small island. In such instances each species shows as much apparent concern about an intrusion upon the domains of their neighbors as upon their own. For a perfect identification of the eggs the collector should observe the birds upon them. The "variety *Portlandica*," which has black bill and feet, is of not uncommon occurrence here.

282. Dongall's Tern, Roseate Tern—*Sterna dongalli* Aud.; Ridg. 688; Cs. 800.—Not common. Although abundant along the coast of New England further south, but few terns of this species visit Maine, and none are known to breed here.

283. Least Tern—*Sterna minima* Aud.; *Sterna antillarum* Ridg. 690; *Sterna superciliosa antillarum* Cs. 801. A rare straggler from the south. Of irregular occurrence only.

284. Sooty Tern—*Sterna fuliginosa* Aud., Ridg. 691, Cs. 804.—Accidental; a single specimen reported by Mr. Bathen Deane Bull, Nat. Hist. Club, Jan. 1, 1880, as obtained by Mr. George L. Fernald in the town of Parkman, Piscataquis county, Maine, October 5, 1878. This bird was "picked up in the road and died next day."

285. Black Tern—*Sterna nigra* Aud.; *Hydrochelidon lariformis surinamensis* Ridg. 698; *Hydrochelidon lariformis* Cs. 806.—Rare. Of irregular occurrence along the coast, usually in autumn. I shot a specimen at Scarborough, Aug. 18, 1865. Other specimens have been shot there at various times. The species occurs also at Scarborough, in June, 1878, and in September of the same year. In the autumn of 1879, Mr. Boardman obtained three adults from the Bay of Fundy, from Grand Menan Island. In Bull. N. O. Club, July, 1882, two specimens are recorded [by Nathan Clifford Brown] for Maine, taken in the autumn of 1881, one at Scarborough, and one at Well's Beach.

286. Black Skimmer—*Rhyacionia nigra* Aud., Ridg. 656, Cs. 809.—Rare. Of occasional occurrence only, and no record of its appearance so far north as Maine previous to 1879. In the early autumn of that year a number were shot on our coast. Mr. Ira S. Shalis, of Wells, shot one of two seen at a creek of Well's Bay, Aug. 28, 1879. Mr. Boardman reports seven specimens shot in the Bay of Fundy, where many were seen during the autumn of the same year. Mr. Harry Merrill informs me of one that was shot by a fisherman near Martinus Island, Me., in the summer of 1881, and the specimen was sent to Bangor.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

SNAKE NOTES.

I AM reminded by your notes in FOREST AND STREAM, for April 5, of a large black snake which I killed near Farmington, Conn. I was driving with a lady and saw his snakeship cross the road just in front of us, his head nearly reaching one side of the narrow mountain roadway before his tail reached the other. The horse was a quiet one, so, my companion assenting, I armed myself with a stone and followed the snake into the bushes, where I was fortunate enough to give him a mortal hurt. I had no means of measuring him but with my whip, which was not so long as he was, but on one end of the whip, and on the other end, and on reaching home, made him seven feet and eight inches long. I think he must have been fully eight feet, as the contraction of his muscles prevented him from lying perfectly straight when I measured him. He was the largest native New England snake I ever saw, and as a constrictor would have been a formidable antagonist.

This reminds me of the speed of the black snake. I was once passing through some open woods in the same vicinity when I came upon a large and beautiful specimen. I should say that it was some six feet long and of a glistening blue-black. He at once took to flight and I after him. I was a fairly good runner then, but he went at least twice as fast as I could, and soon disappeared. There is a tradition in that region of a snake called a "racer." I know it is laughed at by naturalists, but I have never been able to rid myself of the idea that this was something more than the ordinary black snake of the Northern States.

CHARLES LEDYARD NORTON.

PHILADELPHIA, April 6.

SPRING IN MASSACHUSETTS.—NEWTON, MASS., March 29.—Spring at last seems to be near us, for already we have noticed the return of our feathered friends from the South. On Sunday, February 18, while driving along beside a meadow, we saw the first robin, and the poor fellow seemed to be badly used up with thence and snow on the ground, and the raw, cutting wind. Since then I have seen more, and bluebirds also. The first flock of the season was noticed on Tuesday, the 27th inst. It has been a very hard winter, and we fear that the quail have suffered, as we have not heard of any being seen since December.—TOM ALLY.

SNOW BENTINGS.—FERRISBURGH, Vt., March 31.—Tell "J. L. D." that it is neither uncommon nor common to see snowy buntings alight in trees here. I have often seen them so perched.—AWAHOOSE.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

DEER HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

By Jos. W. SOUTER.

CHAPTER I.—ROUTES.

ONE prominent trait of the true sportsman is the habit of "fighting his battles over again." This habit is acquired not from a love of boasting or desire for notoriety, but from a generous desire that all mankind may be sharers in the pleasures which are so dear to him.

This desire, coupled with a wish to oblige my sportsmen friends who have asked for a history of our two last sporting trips, lends me to again attempt to picture the sport of "deer hunting" in the Adirondacks. As these hunts are necessarily very much alike, I prefer to avoid the risk of wearying the reader with repetitions and simply give such data of our trips as in my judgment may prove of interest, supplemented by a description of the methods commonly employed in hunting this noble game which may interest those who contemplate enjoying the sport at some time in the future.

Our party for the fall of '81 consisted of Perry Ross and Edward Gray, of Gausseport; George Edmonds, of Battle Creek, Mich., and myself, with "Mincey" Sprott as our *chef de cuisine*, royal, god follows all. We camped three weeks at Indian Clearing on Moose River, Hamilton county, N. Y. During this time we killed twelve deer, beside a quantity of other game, among which I would mention several specimens of the genuine spruce grouse or "Canada partridge," a *rare avis* in this latitude. A short time before we retraced our party was reinforced by the arrival of Messrs. Herbert and Wesley Sprott and John Washburn, of Fortville.

The personnel of our party last fall was Samuel Hewitt and Benajah Allen, of Stillwater; John Chase, of Wilton; George Edmonds, of Battle Creek, Mich., and myself. The scene of our operations was located on Cedar River, our "old hunting ground." Although deer are not as plenty here as "farther in" on Moose River, still there are enough for good sport. Our party secured, by the way, three of which were magnificent specimens. We were very kindly taken in and cared for by "Rich" Potter, whose place is located on the Cedar five miles above Cedar River Hotel. I would say in passing to those who desire to hunt this locality, or Moose River, you cannot do better than to place yourself under the guidance of Mr. Potter. He is not only an expert hunter, but is also an old hotel keeper and knows the wants of his patrons, and can both the ability and desire to supply them at reasonable prices. His house is comfortable, and his outfit of dogs, canoes and other impedimenta will be complete for next season's sport. And lastly, but not least, his wife is not only an intelligent lady, but is also an excellent cook, a fact to be appreciated after starving at some of the resorts for sportsmen in that vicinity.

Moose River, the paradise of the deer-slayer, is reached via Adirondack Railroad to North Creek, thence by stage to Cedar River, thence by private conveyance eighteen miles up the Cedar, three miles across the divide to Moose Lake, and nine miles down Moose River to the "Indian clearing," which is fifty miles distant from North Creek. The road, I presume it is called a road through courtesy, for the last fifteen miles of the route is formed by simply cutting the trees and hauling the logs from the line of travel. Rocks, roots of trees, and mud holes, alternate with distressing frequency. "Variety of the species of life" is a correct saying, but what it consists in being benched about upon the "sooty" side of the axle of a lumber wagon that is continually thumping over "pebbles," slightly larger than the one with which David slew Goliath, or climbing over huge rocks, veritable boulders, only to be soured in a mud hole beyond, one gets to thinking that that sort of "snice" is not the most desirable thing in the world. But *nil desperandum*, it leads to the "happy hunting grounds."

"Indian Clearing" is about three miles in extent by one mile in breadth. It is almost entirely covered with buckeherry brush, which yield large quantities of berries in their season. It possesses an interest from the fact that there is a legend respecting it to the fact that it was made by the Iroquois Indians prior to the French and Indian war. The most probable theory of its existence is that it resulted from one of the tremendous forest fires which occasionally sweep over such wilderness regions. Whatever the cause may have been the cause of its existence, it certainly requires but little effort of the imagination, as one floats over the murky depths of the "upper" or "lower stillwater" and listens to the wretched hooting of the owl, the croak of the raven or the splashing of trout, to picture this as once one of the favorite stamping-grounds of the scalp-hunters, or in fancy to see the traditional hire-brand canoe and painted warrior, plumed with eagles' feathers, "gliding down the winter river" from Moose River, or rather the south branch of Moose River, of which I am writing, is the outlet of Moose Lake, a beautiful sheet of water embosomed in the primeval forest and surrounded by mountains, which stand like grim sentinels jealously guarding the gem which mirrors their rugged grandeur. The river flows westward in a succession of rapids and stillwater. The most important of the latter are termed the "upper" and the "lower," each being about one and one-half miles in extent. The upper stillwater, which is opposite of Indian Clearing, has at its lower extremity an artificial dam, built by William Wakely to facilitate lumbering operations. The lower stillwater is about one mile below the upper, and is pronounced by those whose opinions are entitled to respect "the most beautiful stretch of running water in the Adirondacks," and in this opinion I fully concur. At its lower extremity is a natural dam of rocks, and one Rock Dam. The precipitous tributaries of Moose River from Moose Lake, to this point are: From the north, Silver Run, five miles below Moose Lake; Summer stream at Indian Clearing, and Red River, at Rock Dam. From the south, Otter Creek, opposite Indian Clearing and Indian River, at the upper end of lower stillwater.

There are as yet but limited facilities for enjoying sport at this point on the Moose. The well-known guide "Lige" Camp is proprietor of a well-appointed house for the accommodation of sportsmen, which is pleasantly located at Moose Lake.

After testing his hospitality, I can say his house is neat

ably stands the best chance of surviving the murderous rain of lead. At last the magazine of the Winchester is empty, and the fortunes of the day depend upon the single cartridge in the gun.

"Hold on, stranger, don't shoot any more or you'll fill this lake with bullets and that deer'll run or swim or lead. Now wait till I get him by the tail; don't fire yet! Put the muzzle closer his ear; hold on; the gun boys round so you'll miss him now. Stiddy there; now give it to 'im."

"There, you've done it at last, and there is 175 lbs. of meat and a pair of antlers for you. The former we will take to your hotel, and you can point with pride to it while you brag of your exploit to your admiring friends. The latter will do more imperishable fame for you; for mounted over the top of your rifle, your powder city residence, they will be voiceless witnesses to unborn generations of your nightly achievement to-day. *Uta trawii Florida nativi.*

"I am conscious of the fact which has been noticed no doubt by the reader, that the scenes described in this article have had their commencement in the early morning. Well now I am going to treat you to a change.

It is night in the balmy month of June. No light from any stars penetrates the blackness of darkness which rests like a shroud over the head of a wood-creeper, a woodcock, a woodcock, and which is a fit companion for the dastardly deed about to be consummated upon its tranquil bosom by two individuals who are just pushing off from shore in a canoe. On the bow of the canoe stands the "jack," its powerful light reflected far ahead by a bright sheet of tin placed just back of it and which renders invisible the canoe and its occupants. In the stern sits the guide silently and swiftly propelling the light craft by an almost imperceptible movement of the paddle. In the center sits the sportsman (?) armed with—Heaven defend us—a shotgun—a double-barreled breech-loading shotgun. He is evidently determined to slake his thirst for revenge with gore. Last season he tried to shoot a deer ahead of the hounds, and although getting several fair shots, failed. Later he tried still-hunting, and it is almost useless to add, failed again. But now—

"Keep still, oh ye heavens!"—the glory which *impulsively* has shined so many times, is about to be won. They have not proceeded far before the watchful guide discovers the gleaming orb of a deer directly ahead and as they approach he is soon plainly revealed in the light of the "jack," breast deep in water, and looking wonderingly at the strange apparition approaching him. Nearer, and still nearer, comes the bewildering light, until its glare is scarcely a rod from the stupefied animal. Our "zore" swifly propelling the light craft by an almost imperceptible motion he seizes his gun, but in attempting to raise it, both barrels are discharged, luckily without injury to anything. There is a terrible snort and rushing through the water, and that deer, let us hope, is spared for a more glorious taking off. "Buck fever" is the only comment indulged in by the tactful guide.

On they go skirting the shore of the lake, and four times within as many half hours is the silence broken by the thunder of the shot, the 10-gauge and distributor, each time sending a deer scampering out of the water and up the hillside, two of which are badly wounded. And now as they are passing a little cove, the splash—dip, splash—plash, of water plainly indicates some animal moving about among the water lilies with which the cove is thickly studded. A single sweep of the paddle heads the canoe toward the cove, and sure enough there stands a doe peacefully grazing. Our "zore" is about to raise his gun, but is somewhat recovered from his attack of "fever" and as the deer stands broadside about twenty feet distant, he succeeds by a grand coup de main in riddling the poor animal with thirty-two large buckshot, and at last he is a hero. With what pride does he survey the victim of his deadly aim. "With what rapture does he exclaim, "At last I have killed a deer!" The modesty of the fellow is astounding. Instead of killing one deer he has slaughtered just five. Two of his victims are now struggling in the sports of death on yonder hillside, and soon carnivorous birds and beasts will be tearing the putrifying flesh from their bones. Two little helpless fawns will wait and bleat in vain for the mother he has so foully murdered, until they die of starvation, or become an easy prey to some rapacious animal. We insist that he shall have all the glory to which he is entitled. To secure one deer he has destroyed five.

The above is a truthful picture of "floating" for deer as practiced by the average summer tourist, and by which method more deer are destroyed than by all other methods combined.

Reader, if you are ever tempted to "float" for deer, I beg you will heed the advice I am about to give you. Take the money you would have to spend during your trip and with it buy a good fat cow, tie her to a tree, then choose your dinner anywhere from five to twenty feet will answer, then if you are not sure of your aim, rest your gun or screw it in a vice, and then—shoot her. Use a Gatling gun if you are anxious to see blood flow freely. By adopting this plan you will be entitled to fully as much credit for skill, be subjected to less discomfort, and secure more meat than you would, were you to "float" for deer. If you have unbounded confidence in your skill and desire to do something particularly brilliant, give the cow the run of the barnyard when you can your battery upon her. Killed at the first fire under these conditions, the exploit will win more fame for you than you can ever secure behind the "jack."

I shall say but little about "watching at tickles" and "erusting," for the reason that the former is not a very destructive method, and the latter, although at one time deer in certain sections were literally annihilated by it, is now nearly obsolete.

The above state of affairs has been brought about by earnest effort on the part of sportsmen, aided latterly by the guides, who at last have been brought to see that "crusting" was "killing the goose that laid the golden egg," and who have done much by word and act to bring the reprehensible practice into disrepute.

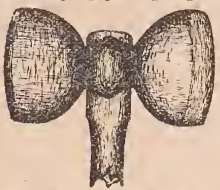
In conclusion I would say, if this short article, on a subject about which so much might be written, shall lead deer-hunters to renounce objectionable methods, and pursue the sport in a sportsmanlike manner, its main object will have been accomplished.

MAINE GAME LAW.—Dixfield, Me., April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream:—I would in your issue of March 29 a mistake in the Maine fish and game laws, and in your "New Maine Laws," you say close time from January 1 to September 1 for moose, deer and caribou. It should read January 1 to October 1. September is a close month.—HENRY O. STANLEY.

HOW TO HANG UP A DEER.

IN my rambles over the country I have often been struck with the number of quite experienced hunters who did not in the least understand how to hang up a full grown deer unassisted. I herewith send directions, so that any person of ordinary strength can hang up the largest buck.

After inserting a gambel in the hind legs of the animal in the usual manner, cut a couple of crochets about eight feet long, then bend down a spring sapling and insert the top under the gambel. Now place your crochets, but outward, at right angles to the sapling, hook one of them into the sapling, just below the gambel, and place its butt so it will not slide; now, with the top of the other crochets in your hand, lift up on the sapling, pressing it against the crochets



at the same time. When as high as you can get it, insert the other crochets above the gambel. If the sapling is not strong enough to hold the weight of the deer, carry the foot of this crochets toward the other end of the thing is done. If the deer is very large, or your muscular energy small, you can start with crochets three or four feet long and then use longer ones. A good hatchet is very essential; the double-edged hatchet of "Nessmuk's," a cut of which you published some time ago, was shown to me by my old friend, H. L. Leouard, then just from Pennsylvania, in 1853. I had one made in Bangor, and after using it for two years discarded it for a much better pattern, which Leonard himself originated, a diagram of which I enclose. One edge should be ground very thick for cutting bones.

PENOBSCOT.

CHEESEQUAKE CREEK.

THERE is probably no locality in these United States, of less than Cheesequake Creek, in New Jersey. Standing, as it does, first on the list of the famous (?) River and Harbor appropriations, it has attracted universal attention and comment of a not over enviable nature. But though its name has come to be familiar in our mouths as household words, not two persons in a thousand have ever seen it, save in print or on the map.

Cheesequake Creek (a corruption of its Indian name *Chesiquaque*) has been so often made the subject of newspaper reports that a description of it at this late date would be as flat, stale and unprofitable as the snipe-deserted marsh and meadow, through which it winds. Its history is in no wise different from that of many other places, whose charms lie mainly in their rural retirement and secluded quiet, added to the natural beauty of their situation.

For a century and a half it has been a famous spot for hunting and trapping, and a great resort for followers of fur, fin and feather. But alas! its glory has departed, and another must be added to the fast-increasing list of "have-beens." The whistles of Bob White and Will Willet are not heard now-a-days as often as the whistle of the locomotive; and railroad tracks have supplanted those of foxes, hares, minks, "coons and 'possums, which once were plentiful.

Time was when a dozen or more woodcock might reward a search along the meadow's edge, where now the noisy trains rush by, and from the porch of the "Old Tavern" you might plainly see the yellow-legs approach the blinds where unexpected death awaited them. At night the sail-hoes were alive with black ducks, and by day the teal and spigails dabbled in the creek. To be sure the "Old Tavern" still remains, a curious relic of antiquity which has outlived many storms and generations. But that is about all. Everything else has changed. As you step off the cars you will hardly know the place, with its prim station, iron drawbridge, and telegraph poles. Its very name is in danger of oblivion, and one is reminded of the Israelite who met a stranger whom he thought he recognized: "Vy, Moses, how you vas changed! So help me, my tear boy, I would never haf known you!" "Excuse me, sir, but my name is not Moses." "Vat? Goot heffens! Your name changed, too?" Yes, it is called Morgan now on the time-table, and thousands of others to and from the New Jersey seaside pass it daily unaware of its identity.

But let me not give the impression that "Cheesequakes" as a hunting ground, has passed wholly into history. Good bags may still be made there now and then. A storm will bring wild ducks into the creek quite often, and in August or September one may strike a very decent flight of bay-birds. Porch and striped bass are still fairly abundant at the falls, and even a crab-eater may be seen as ever. Moreover Charley Applegate, late David Webster, "still lives," and as long as his conversation continues to be adorned with the wealth of expletive and simile which enriches his vocabulary, Cheesequakes will never lose its hold upon the interest and affection of the brotherhood. Never, never!

But aside from this attention, "The Creek," as we call it, enjoys another most distinct distinction of which neither time nor railroads can rob it. It is the best place for hawk shooting in the State, and may be in the whole country. Every spring, along in April, there will be three or four days during which a strong westerly wind, with bright, warm sunshine, will prevail. This is the kind of weather that the hawks love to migrate in, and on these days I am always on the spot before the birds begin to arrive by seven o'clock, and the cream of the shooting is in the forenoon.

A glance at the map will show you that New Jersey lies directly in the path of the spring migration from the Middle Atlantic States. You will also see that it is cut nearly half way in two in the middle by Raritan Bay, which extends some fifteen miles westward from Sandy Hook, and varies from two to six miles in width. Now, hawks do not like to cross broad water, and when, having sagged off toward the coast by reason of the strong west wind, they reach the bay near Sandy Hook instead of crossing it to Long Island or Staten Island they turn to the left and follow the south shore until they come to South Amboy at the head of the bay. This course carries them across Cheesequake Creek, near its mouth, just where the railroad and county bridges span it,

and at that spot, within a space of two hundred yards between the tavern and the bay shore, as many as 800 hawks of all sizes have been shot in one day.

A singular fact in connection with these migrating birds is their apparent boldness and indifference to man. They are so oblivious of our unwelcome suspicions of danger, and the sight of a man with a gun running at top speed to intercept them, as is often done, seldom alarms them or causes them to change their course at all, a procedure which is so utterly foreign to their nature at other times as to seem very remarkable.

As for the propriety of this annual slaughter of the hawks, I presume it is open to question, there being much to be said on both sides. But concerning the spot itself there can hardly be two opinions among those who have enjoyed it. When there is a good flight on there may be five or six birds in sight and coming toward you at the same time. You can see them for half a mile or more, and there is no little excitement in the prospect. The shooters are strung out from ten to thirty miles apart, and when even a single hawk is coming there is always a delightful uncertainty as to who will get the shot. Sometimes half a dozen gaus will be sniped in succession at one end, and he may escape unhurt after all, or come down only at the last moment.

Of late years the hawk shooting at Cheesequakes has fallen off considerably, owing, we think, to the increase of those who are on the lookout for them along the coast, whereby many are killed before they reach the creek, or even the bay at Sandy Hook. But even now a strong west or northwest wind, if warm, will bring hawks, in varying numbers, all through the month of April and even as late as May.

PENOBSCOT, N. J., April, 1883.

SYRACUSE SHOOTING GROUNDS.

I TAKE much pleasure in adding to the general stock of good places two more, which I consider most excellent for both fishing and shooting. The first, Otisco Lake, situated in the town of Otisco, Onondaga county, N. Y., distant from Syracuse twelve miles south; accessible by rail and stage; expense from Syracuse, one dollar. At the village of Amber, situated at the foot of this lake, will be found a first-rate country hotel, kept by one Samuel Boutwell, who would most cheerfully answer any correspondence and give such information as might be desired either as to spring or fall fishing. I have no hesitation in saying to the boys that this is a good place to hunt or fish. The first and last are at the present time quite plenty. Shooting especially must be good there for the next two weeks. Hotel fare, one dollar per day.

The second place I would mention is Big Sandy Creek Pond, situated north from Syracuse forty-five miles. Here I am confident may be found the finest feeding ground for ducks and snipe in the State of New York. A marsh covers a thousand acres with a most luxuriant growth of wild rice, cedar, etc., attracting large and numerous flocks of ducks and snipe, both spring and fall. A first-class sportsman's hotel is here, kept by Mr. George Wood, and at the moderate price of \$1.50 per day. Mr. Wood is himself a thorough sportsman, and a most excellent shot. Guides can be secured at very moderate rates, if desired; good boats, and plenty of them, to accommodate all of our readers at all times, and free of charge. Should any of your readers wish to give me a visit, and find they will find in Mr. Wood a competent and obliging man, and true to the interests of all who may give him a call.

The route from here, is via Northern Railroad to Pierpont Manor, and from there eight miles by stage; railroad fare from here \$1.50, and stage fare \$1. By writing to Mr. Wood or telegraphing he will meet parties with his own team and transport them safely from the railroad station for the regular stage of three dollars. As for Mr. Wood's table, from personal experience I announce it good. Mr. Wood telegraphs me that game is more plenty, especially ducks, snipe, and wild geese. These grounds are less than twenty-five rods from Lake Ontario, nothing intervenes save a high bank of sand washed up from the lake. The marsh is well sheltered and very beautiful to the eye of a sportsman. A fine place for point shooting or decoying.

Mr. Wood's address is George Wood, Lake Erie Point, Woodville, Jefferson county, N. Y. Mr. S. E. Kingsley, Amber, Onondaga county, Boutwell can be reached by mail; Wood either mail or telegraph. S. E. KINGSLEY.

FREEDMAN AND QUAIL.

THE recent discussion in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM relative to the destruction of the game by the freedmen has interested us very much, and being situated in a country where both Sable and the quail flourish, I feel qualified to express an opinion on the matter. I must say, in defense of the darkey, that I have never known of a dozen quail being killed by him with a gun, and I have never known of more than a few dozen having been trapped. In proof of the assertion that the negro is not a quail hunter (though he will shoot one if he sees it sitting perfectly still, and he has his gun), I cite the fact that I find on almost every outcrop where I find the bird, the bits of the coverts and those of the finest and fullest coverts, in the immediate vicinity of the darkey cabins. Since no birds have been taken from the coverts, it follows that the darkeys have not troubled them, and this with the full knowledge that the quail are there, for the negroes can at any time direct you to a covey or two within a few rods of their humble doors. Almost every darkey in Eastern North Carolina and Eastern Virginia thinks that he must plant a pea patch. The pea is a staple article of food for the family. Some are always left on the vines and become dry in the field. The quail is as fond of peas as is the freedman, and naturally seeks the pea patch, can there be found in all his glory, feeding at times up to the very door of the cabin.

On a recent hunt, not far from the village, in company with another gentleman, we found three full coverts in a little five-acre "open ground," which had been "cut down" and the brush left on the ground by the family of negroes living in the cabin hard by. Now, so near were these fine coverts of birds to this cabin, that we had to withhold fire many times after scattering the birds, for the whole family of darkeys were about the door to see us shoot, and were in the line of fire. These birds, three fine coverts, had been rarely within 100 yards of that cabin, in which a large family were living. The head of the family owned a gun, and we did not find time to hunt. The darkey, however, did not hunt quail, because he didn't feel sure of killing on the wing, and didn't look for them on the ground. Nor is this any isolated instance. I can do today, with my setter, find

least a dozen coveys of quail within 100 rods of negro cabins.

The freedman here is a hunter, but not a quail hunter. He delights in shooting squirrels, coons and some kinds of birds, but they must sit still. He has of late years become an inveterate fox hunter. He keeps his own hounds and follows them well, and not infrequently does he bring sly reward to grief. He does it fairly, too, for the dogs must catch the fox, as Sambo cannot hit him on the run. I timed a hunt one moonlight night some weeks ago from my front stoop, and in just ninety minutes their hounds picked up the first fox. Returning the hounds struck another trail, and in a little more than three hours they had the second fox by the brush—two full grown foxes in four and a half hours' running.

The freedman here as a class work, but there are exceptions to the rule; some prefer to loaf, but are too lazy and worthless to hunt for a living. We have lots of negroes and plenty of quail, showing that the supply of quail is not cut off in this section by the freedman. If any of our Virginia friends doubt this statement let him or them visit me after the first of November next, and I will give him some as fine shooting as this country affords. Although my dogs are not "prize winners," my gun is not a \$300 hammerless, and I do not belong to a "gun club," I "won" take a back seat unless some of your "gentleman sportsmen" prove that their dogs find more birds and stand stancher and retrieve better than mine, and that they can bag more birds right and left than I can, I believe in "Nesnik's" "sereed."

A. F. R.
BELVIDERE, N. C., April 4, 1888.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—April 7.—The last few pleasant days have brought snipe into market. Nearly all of the birds came from within a radius of fifty miles of Philadelphia, but few, however, had been killed on the Philadelphia grounds. Yesterday four or five were bagged on the Darby Creek meadows near Kilbuck's, and I have heard of two having been shot on the Broad street grounds. It is reported that the meadows on the New Jersey shore opposite Chester, on both sides of Raccoon Creek, are in good condition for birds, and that the Chester (Pa.) and Bridgeport gunners killed some last week. If the grounds on Raccoon Creek between Bridgeport and Swedesboro, six miles distant and especially the Broad street grounds, were bagged on a favorable day next week, I am sure a number of snipe could be found. A skiff could be used and both sides worked, starting from Bridgeport in the morning and the night spent at Swedesboro; but take a license along.—HOMO.

THE "BLACK HEARTS" MIGRATION.—Detroit, April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: Years ago, when quite a young man, living in Ontario on the shore of the lake of same name, we were visited regularly every year by flocks of a species of small plover, called by our local sportsmen "black hearts." The peculiarity of their coming was in the fact that they came only on a certain day, the 24th of May, and remained no longer. The following day an occasional one might be seen, but the "flocks" had disappeared as mysteriously as they had appeared on the previous day. Before the day mentioned I have frequently hunted over the same ground, or rather, marsh, and in no instance did I ever see a flock of these birds. As we have had some discussion about the matter, would ask attention to the above from sportsmen in the neighborhood of Port Hope and Cobourg, as to why they know of the strangeness of their appearance.—HIND SIGHT.

HAWKS IN VERMONT.—Harford, Conn., April 6.—In a brief tour to Vermont a few days since, in talking gun and dog, I understand that there is a fine for shooting over a dog in that State. In shooting there last season I found in my State more hawks than game, averaging two or three hawks every day. If every shooter would pay his respects to hawks the grouse supply would be on an increase. The hawks are so thick the farmers put bottles and red rags on long poles to keep them away from poultry. There should be a bounty of such a sum as to induce the "boys" to get out the old queen's arm and pepper the hawks. One pair of working hounds are more desirable than more any other shooters in the country. And where hawks are plenty I do not wish to try any shooting on game birds.—FLICK FLICK.

WEIGHT OF GAME BIRDS.—Scranton Pa.—A correspondent to one of your December issues asks if six and a half ounces is a heavy weight for quail. I had a nice bunch, killed over my pointer, and thinking them very fine weighed them. They weighed the same as your correspondents', viz., six and a half ounces; one weighed seven ounces. I also had a nice young hen grouse weighing up at the time; it weighed one pound and five ounces. One pound and a half is a good average with us; have killed one and three-quarter pound birds. A friend who has bagged many a one during the past twenty-five years says two pounds was his heaviest, although he saw one said to weigh three pounds. The Western quail for sale in our markets last fall would not weigh over five ounces, I think.—B.

MINNESOTA NOTES.—Mantorville, Minn., April 8.—Quail have fared badly, more having frozen to death this winter than at first supposed. As the snow melts off, their bodies appear in sight frozen as hard as iron. A woodman says that he saw at the very best fifty quail and a few partridges, within a week, frozen in the snow-drifts; they seemed to have been snowed under, and were unable to get out. Deer are very scarce in this part of the State, and bunting them out of season ought to be punished. Wild geese, ducks and song birds have appeared in limited numbers this spring. The geese and ducks seem to have business farther north, and do not stop here.—DELL WELLS.

WATSONTOWN, Pa., April 9.—Quite a number of snipe have made their appearance in this section. We have a number of quail wintered over, and our prospect for this coming winter's quail shooting is better than it has been for a number of years. The hawks have proven the great destroyer of quail in this section of country. Our game laws have been amended by offering a bounty for hawks, minks, foxes and skunks, the enemies of our game birds.—J. R. H.

DEER IN ALABAMA.—Hale County, Ala.—Deer are on the increase here; good many hunters, but little nick lagged. We find that hounding the deer does not run them off. We could not still hunt them, as they stay in the swamps. No pot hunters here.—MARK IVEL.

ONTARIO NON-EXPORT LAW.—London, Ont., April 7.—Editor Forest and Stream: The deputation appointed at the meeting of sportsmen in Ottawa, on the 20th inst., have been successful in obtaining their request. The Honorable the Minister of Finance, in his budget speech, on the 30th ult., in the House of Commons at Ottawa, recommended the absolute prohibition of the export of quail, deer and turkeys from the Dominion, so that for the future we shall be free from the annual invasion of market shooters.—W. C. D. GILL.

ALABAMA.—Birkville, April 4.—We have had perfectly magnificent sport among the quail the past season, and although the killing was unusually large, I am surprised to see more birds left over than I have ever known before. The annual snipe visit to this section was a disappointment to the expectant gunner. Birds few and wild. Plover plentiful now, but quite poor, hardly fit to eat.—C.

CHARLESTON, Ill., April 5.—This has been the poorest spring for waterfowl shooting in ten or fifteen years. One of our best week Benjamin Tracy, Jr., of Lafayette township, in this (Coles) county, shot an albino crane that was six feet and seven inches in height, and measured seven feet and eight inches from tip to tip of its wings. It is going to have this large bird mounted.—FOX SQUIREL.

WILDEAT HERBIVOROUS.—New Hampton, N. Y., April 2.—In the stomach of a very large wildcat, recently mounted by my brother, was found the partly decomposed body of a gray squirrel and a quantity of "browse," showing that either from necessity or choice they sometimes subsist on buds and twigs.—C. B.

CAMP CHEST.—Can any of our readers furnish us with specifications (and a drawing) of a camp mess-table suitable for an army officer to take into the field with him?

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

PIKE-PERCH.

THE pike-perch, one of our native fishes, is called salmon, and while it ranks rather low as a fighter, is deservedly popular with epicures, nor does the angler disdain the sport of its capture. Native residents assure me that it attains a weight of twenty and twenty-five pounds, but I have never killed one larger than eleven—but that one one which got away, etc. There is certainly no handsomer fish in our rivers, and the assertion that a salmon well served is unequalled by any rival taken from the same stream rarely provokes controversy. The deliciousness of croppies and rock-bass as pan-fish is unchallenged, and the snappers have among the guild whispering advocates of their superior flavor, but the pike-perch is a universal favorite, and needs protection, as do all other fishes, for in open violation of law the employes engaged upon the improvements of Big South Fork of Cumberland River, the most noted pike-perch stream in the State, now have traps erected near their camp, and are taking the fish in large quantities, when the stage of water is propitious—which has been its condition nearly all through March, the best month for their capture in Kentucky. It is a natural inference that the engineer in charge is cognizant of the law and its flagrant infraction, for he is a Kentuckian, and it behooves the legal functionaries to thoroughly investigate the violations and mercilessly punish violators. Raftsmen who lately passed the scene of present operations told me that two traps have been put in, and a large catch was made the night before their passage. Traps at other points mark the improvements (?) of our favorite stream up to now. Shame! Shame!!

KENTUCKIAN.

SOUTHERN KY., April 2, 1888.

The pike-perch or glass-eyed pike is called in Ohio "salmon," and in Canada "pickeral" or "dore."

This species was abundant in Lake Michigan and the Northwest, forty years ago, and was highly esteemed as the best fish in those waters except the whitefish. In the spring, when the pike-perch were running into the rivers to spawn, large numbers were taken in seines and brought to the Chicago market. I have seen specimens there, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, the average being perhaps four.

In those days I have taken this pike with rod and reel from the Chicago pier; at the mouth of the Calumet River, and at the junction of the Fox and Illinois rivers, always in deep water with live bait. I have never seen it taken with fly or spoon. I have found it a strong and hard fighting fish, not so active as the black bass, which was our principal object of pursuit, and which was more abundant, more generally distributed, and more willing to take a bait. I think it more gony than the Northern pike, and superior to it or the bass as a food fish, being fine, flaky, of excellent flavor, and with few small bones.

I have also taken this species at Alexandria Bay, River St. Lawrence, while fishing in deep water for bass, with live bait. My average weight with the rod has been about two pounds.

The pike-perch world, I believe, be a valuable fish for introduction into the deep lakes and rivers of the Northern Atlantic States, being, as I think, superior in quality to any of the fresh water species, except some of the Salmonidae. In the large and deep lakes of Sweden and Norway, the pike-perch is said to reach a weight of thirty pounds.

S. C. C.

Since writing the last letter, I have read the articles of several correspondents in the FOREST AND STREAM, and it is plain to be seen that many of them have confounded the grass pike or pickeral with the pike-perch or walleyed pike. The wall-eye is much shorter and thicker set than the pickeral, and a fish of six or seven pounds is an exception. They average about three pounds. At least that is my experience with them in the West. It is very easily distinguished from

other fish by the peculiarity of the eye, which is not clear and bright as in other fish. The pickeral resembles the muscalonge, while the wall-eye is very much like the trout of the great lakes. I do not think the wall-eye is very "gamy" in any locality. Occasionally, however, you find them so, as I have found them here. I do not think the name by any means. The pickeral, or as they are sometime termed, the "long snouts," are very different. There is, perhaps no gamier fish, for they will fight as long as breath lasts, and I have seen them snap at stray fingers after being landed in the boat.

I. P. II.

Our correspondents will bear in mind that the "wall-eye" is a true perch and has spiny rays in its dorsal and anal fins, while the pike, or "pickeral" of the States, *Esox*, is a soft-rayed fish, they will not get them mixed as to names. They should also bear in mind that what is variously called the pike-perch, wall-eyed pike, and even salmon in different parts of the United States, is termed "pickeral" and "dore," in Canada, where the fish called "pickeral" in the States bears the old English name of pike. The pike-perch is not a true pike, but was so-called because it appeared to be a perch with the savage habit of the pike.]

In your issue of December 28, 1882, I noticed an editorial on "Wall-eyed Pike," asking why some one has not written up this beautiful fish. In a later issue I noticed an article on the same fish, claiming they could hardly be classed with the game fish, etc. I had intended answering you on this point, and this last stirred me up. If your correspondent was right with me last June and had seen one break the second joint of my rod, he would have thought them game enough. I admit that the breaking was due partially to my striking too hard, but I had just missed a beauty and was bound to have this one, and did, after a "nip and tuck" tussle, though with a broken rod. The scene of this day's fishing was on Minnehaha Creek, about 200 feet from its entrance into the Mississippi River.

They are about the first fish to bite in the spring in this section, and, to my thinking, the handsomest fish we have here. You rightly call him the "king of the perches." I use a nine-foot bass rod, and the most killing bait I have found for them is the "phantom minnow," rigged with a white fish, and swung and put about three "BB's" shot on the same fish, claiming they could hardly be classed with the game fish, etc. I had intended answering you on this point, and this last stirred me up. If your correspondent was right with me last June and had seen one break the second joint of my rod, he would have thought them game enough. I admit that the breaking was due partially to my striking too hard, but I had just missed a beauty and was bound to have this one, and did, after a "nip and tuck" tussle, though with a broken rod. The scene of this day's fishing was on Minnehaha Creek, about 200 feet from its entrance into the Mississippi River.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., April 2, 1888.

ON MAXINCUCKEE.

MAXINCUCKEE is a lovely little lake in Northern Indiana, of crystal clearness, margined with rolling shores and beautiful woods, pebbly beaches, picturesque outlines of grass and trees, and vistas of delightful perspective. It is the eye of nature, gleaming bright at times, and again suffused with tears; now closed in the icy slumber of winter, now twinkling with the mirth of spring, and again flicking and blinking with April showers, or flashing with fierce energy in response to the loud overtures of aggressive storm.

Beautiful in repose, it is capable of grand displays, when aroused by the blasts of Boreas. Clear as a mirror, a glass for Narcissus in gentle mood, it gets awfully dark and sullen on occasions, and carries its threats into dire execution. But it is always beautiful, even in its turmoil, when crested wave ride swiftly to shore, and seems to disappear like wreaths into the woods and fields. In spring and summer, when the odors of the flowers, and the songs of birds, furnish the essentials of paradise, then Maxincuckee surpasses the "vale of Cashmere," and is an alluring Mecca for those who do homage at the shrine of nature.

Once, when coming from a three-hours' excursion, with at least twenty pounds of black bass and wall-eyed pike in the bottom of the boat, which my attendant was rowing at a lively rate abreast of a rapidly-gathering storm, one of my lines attached to rod and reel, and which I was trolling, suddenly tightened and came near jerking the rod into the lake.

"Jewillkins, Charles! put the boat about. Got a ten-pound bass on. Julius Cesar, how he pulls!"

It was no easy task to stop and come round against the wind and make headway backward, so to speak, or hold the boat so that the game could be properly handled. At least a hundred feet of line ran out before the maneuver could be executed. In the meantime the line was pulled tight and the monster tugged and jerked, and the boat was hard to manage, the wind increased every moment, and the now angry waves rose and showed their white teeth until it seemed that the elements and all the accidents and incidents possible were conspiring to prevent the capture of the "boss" fish of Maxincuckee.

But he was on, well hooked, in fact, as was quickly shown, and unless we were enticed, or I was pulled overboard and towed around the lake, it would take a give up. Charles was hard on all his strength, now on the right, now on the left, according to orders, while I, braided in the boat, took advantage of every turn to keep the line taut, and hold the quarry to his work.

Soon the rain came and the wind grew furious, and the waves leaped into our skiff like pirates. Still the contest was kept up for twenty minutes, when we got the customer under control, and Charles, dropping his oars, seized the landing-net and deftly thrust it—out in a slender, tenacious branch—a sunken tree! That was all.

I jerked the hook off with an impatient slam bang, exclaimed *Se transit gloria mundi!* and added feebly, "we'll go in to supper."
JEROME BURNETT.

SEA BASS AND BLACKFISH.—A good place for sea bass and blackfish is at Pelham Bridge, on the N. H. R. R., at the station called Bartow-on-the-Sound. The best place I know of for blackfish is Bridgeport, Conn., out to Black Rock by stage from the station.—M. L.

SOME EXPIRED REEL PATENTS.

THE first patent ever granted by the United States for a fishing-rod reel was issued to John A. Bailey, of New Jersey, Aug. 5, 1856.

This invention consists in having the crank-shaft work laterally in a socket attached to the end plate of the reel, and having a bevel wheel attached to the crank-shaft, acted upon by a spring, so that when not pressed inward by the person holding the reel, it will be kept out of gear with the reel.

In the cut (Fig. 1.) A represents the reel frame, of the usual form and construction. B is the reel pivotally fitted in the frame A. To one end of the axis or shaft, C, of the reel, a bevel pinion, D, is attached, and E is a spring which is attached to the end plate, A, of the frame. This spring has a circular aperture, F, made through it, so that it may yield without interfering with the pinion, D, the spring being a flat metal plate. An aperture, G, is also made through the outer part of the spring, and a pin, C, attached to the plate, A, passes through the aperture, G. The crank-shaft, F, is hollow and has a beveled wheel, G, on its inner end. The shaft is allowed to slide laterally in a collar, H, attached to the end plate, C, of the frame. The spring, E, bears against the bevel-wheel, G, and keeps it out of gear with the pinion, D. The pin, C, fits into the end of the shaft, F. It represents the operating crank.

By this arrangement the reel, B, when the crank-shaft, F, is not pressed inward, is free therefrom, and the line may consequently be thrown outward a greater distance than when the usual reels are employed, because there is no friction to overcome except that occasioned by the rotation of its own shaft or journals.

Before the date of this invention the reels generally used were permanently connected by gear wheels with the operating handle, and consequently the friction therefrom offered considerable resistance to the line as it was thrown out.

The next invention, granted Feb. 10, 1857, to Edward Deacon, was for effecting the same purpose as that above described.

Referring to the cut (Fig. II., a) A is the reel fitted within a frame formed of two plates, A, A, connected by rods, B, B. The frame has the usual box, B, B, one side to inclose the gearing, C, D. A sleeve, G, is placed on the crank-shaft, F, within a socket, C, on the outer side of the box, B. In the sleeve, G, a slot, A, is made, having side notches, C, C, as shown (in Fig. II., b). The pin, F, of the socket, C, fits in the slot, A.

The crank, H, is secured by a nut, G. The crank-shaft is shovd in or out, so that its wheel, D, may be in or out of gear with the pinion of the reel-shaft by merely shoving the sleeve inward or drawing it outward. The notches, C, C, serve to lock the wheel, D, in either position. Deacon varies that the pressure upon the crank in the Bailey reel, above mentioned, renders the winding up of the line a difficult operation, and that a person is liable to forget that pressure upon the crank is requisite in order to connect the crank with the reel-shaft. He says the spring also is liable to lose its elasticity, and the parts may thus be rendered inoperative.

August 9, 1859, William Binghamurst, of New York, devised a fishing reel so constructed that when the line is wound up it shall form a ring instead of a cylinder, thus providing efficiently for its drying without the necessity of unwinding the line and spreading it out, while at the same time the weight and cost of the reel are reduced.

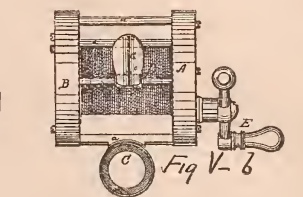
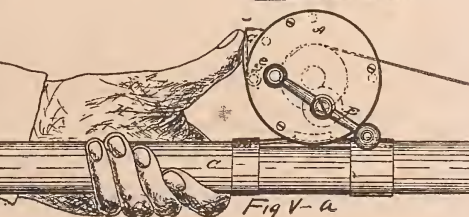
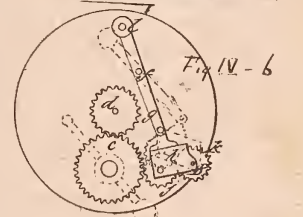
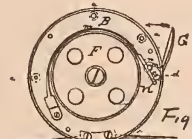
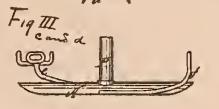
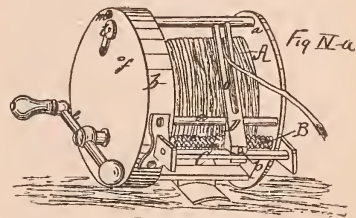
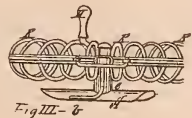
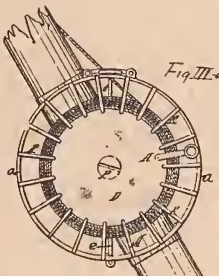
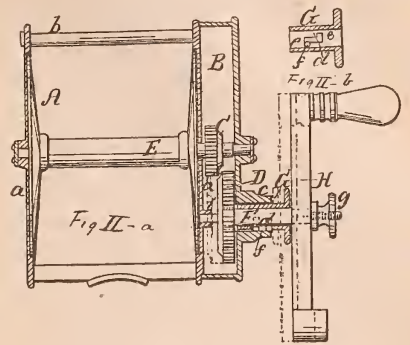
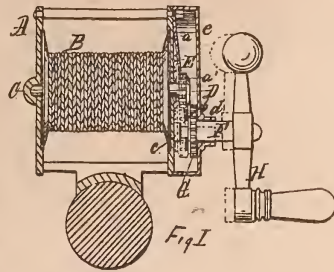
From the plate, A (Fig. III., a), attached to the reel in the usual manner, projects the pin, P. The disk, D, rotates thereon and carries the divided rings, B, B (shown by the drawing in Fig. III., b and c). These rings form the skeleton of a tubular ring, in the inside of which the line is very easily coiled through the openings. To guide the line in its winding and unwinding, and prevent the escape of any loose coil, if such should exist, the opening formed by dividing the rings is filled, in all but a small portion of its extent, by means of the ring, A. This ring is kept from rotating by means of the braces, C, F, which are attached to the plate, A (see in Fig. III., b).

One of these braces is forked, and has attached a loop or guide through which the line passes. Aside from the great reduction in weight and cost over a reel constructed in the ordinary manner, the general form is much more convenient for carriage in the pocket, as the whole thing, line and all, forms a flat disk of no very great dimensions; but the great advantage consists in the complete exposure of the line, whereby it is enabled to dry rapidly and thoroughly, and is prevented from decaying. In the common form, with the line on the reel becomes wet, either from a wetter submersion or from winding over portions of the line over it, it is difficult for the central portions of the line to dry, covered, as they are, by the outer layers. In this reel there is but a small portion of the line covered, and the whole surface is fully exposed to the air. It would seem that the line can be wound with rapidity, thus dispensing with the complicated and expensive gearing for that purpose. The inventor asserts that one turn of the handle takes up more than seven inches of line.

The "Palmer reel" (1860) employs a traveling or reciprocating line-guide attached to the reel, and operating automatically in such a way as to cause the line as it is wound up to be adjusted evenly on the shaft of the reel. Figs. IV., a and b.

The reel, A, is of ordinary construction, A being the frame and B the box which contains the multiplying gear, C, D, through which the reel-shaft is rotated. The operation of the line-guide is as follows: In order to wind up the line evenly on the reel, A, the upper end of the lever, G, is shoved upward and retained in that position by the nut, M, being screwed up against the outer side of the box, B. In this position of lever, G, the pinion, J, is in gear with the wheel, C, and as the crank, E, is rotated a rotary motion is communicated to the shaft, B, and which, through the medium of a half-nut attached to guide, B, gives a reciprocating movement to the line-guide, D. By moving the whole length of bar, C, on which it is allowed to slide freely. The screw, A, at each end of the shaft, B, unite with each other and the half-nut in consequence of being attached to the pivot, P, of the line-guide, D, is allowed to incline itself in either position to conform to the pitch of the screw-threads of shaft, B, and thereby permit the change of movement of the guide at each end of the shaft. This reciprocating movement of the guide causes the line to be wound evenly on the reel-shaft. When the line-guide is not required—as, for instance, in casting out the line—the upper end of lever, G, is shoved down to the inner end of socket, H, thereby elevated, and the pinion, J, consequently thrown out of gear with the wheel, C. The line-guide, D, is forked at O for the passage of the line between.

The object of Dougherty's invention is to provide an efficient means for controlling the delivery of the line, so ar-



ranged that it does not interfere with the winding-up mechanism, and so that also the angler may operate the device for controlling the delivery by the same hand which controls the rod.

The frame of this reel has two shallow heads (Fig. V.), A, B, connected by crossbars, C, one of which forms the base by which the reel is connected to the fishing-rod, C. The spool, D, on which the line is wound, is of the usual form. One of these heads, A, contains the winding mechanism, consisting of a cog-pinion secured to the spool arbor, and a cog-wheel attached to a counter shaft which extends through the head, and is fitted with the hand-crank, E, for winding the line. The other head, B, of the frame contains the friction brake, consisting of a spring, M, partially encircling a smooth-rimmed wheel, F, secured to the arbor of the spool, D. One end of this spring brake is fastened to the reel-frame, and the other to the outer end of an arm, N, secured to one end of a brock-shaft, G. This rock-shaft extends from one head of the reel to the other, and is fitted at its center with an upright thumb-plate, G, so that the thumb-plate, rock-shaft, and arm, N, constitute a lever by means of which the spring, M, may be made to engage the wheel, F, to control the unwinding of the line. The device is so arranged that the angler can apply his thumb to the brake without removing his hand from the rod. This thumb-plate has a set-screw, C, so arranged as to vary and limit the distance to which the former can be moved, whereby the brake power and degree of strain upon the line can be adjusted to the strength of the line.

With a reel thus constructed the angler may hold the rod with his hand in such a position that the thumb of that hand can be applied to the thumb-plate of the controlling mechanism, so that he can control the running out of the line the instant he ceases to wind it up by the application of his other hand to the crank-handle.

F. B. BROOK.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEAKFISH COMING.—Phila., Pa.—The hard crab is showing himself in numbers; this is a sure sign of the near coming of the weakfish to the waters of Delaware Bay.—HOMO.

THE ADIRONDACKS.

IN reading your editorial in last week's issue in relation to the trout fishing to commence on Long Island to-day, I could not help noticing, residing as I do on the northern borders of the Adirondacks, the great contrast that there is between the two localities in regard to the forwardness of the season. There, you say, the ice has been out of the streams for a month; while here the streams and ponds are no free of ice that they were in January, and the snow in the woods is from four and a half to five feet deep. The thermometer here yesterday morning, April 1, stood only 6° above zero at 7 A. M. Slighting has been good here up to within a day or two, and has been since December 1. The past winter has been the coldest for many years, and the month of March was the coldest and most stormy of any. The only signs of spring here yet are a robin or two that have made their appearance during the last week, and the crows, which have been back a week or two. They have always remained here all winter heretofore, but this winter was too much for them, and they left sometime near January 1 for a warmer clime. The English sparrows that for several winters previous to this have been here in large flocks in the streets and dooryards, have all disappeared this last winter. Whether they have gone south, where it is warmer, or have perished with the severe cold, I cannot say. As none have yet returned I think very likely that they all perished. In place of sparrows and crows we have a new kind of bird, which I never saw before this winter. It is a brown bird, somewhat smaller than a robin. They come in flocks of from ten to twenty. Some of them have a reddish head, which I take to be the cock bird. They do not seem to care for the cold, for they will sit on the trees in the dooryard and sing or whistle a plaintive note when the cold is below zero.

I do not hear that the ruffed grouse have been injured or have perished by the cold weather to any extent. The snow has been very deep in the woods all winter, and the ruffed grouse has a way of burrowing under it in cold weather, where they keep from the cold.

While there has been a great complaint of the scarcity of the ruffed grouse in most all other parts of the country for the last few years back, they have been very plenty here in

Franklin county, both in the Adirondacks and in the strips of forests that are scattered over the county. In the months of September and October you can hardly pass through a pile of woods of any extent without being accosted by a hawk or two. I think the cause of their remaining so plenty here is that they are never snared. I have never known or heard of a partridge or ruffed grouse being snared in Franklin county, and I have been in most all parts of it where snares would be likely to be found. I wrote you some time ago that a lumber company was about purchasing a large portion of the Adirondack wilderness that is known as the St. Regis Falls, and that it was about to be constructed a railroad from some point in the district to connect with the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain road at Moira. They have purchased upward of 100,000 acres and have it surveyed, and have obtained a charter for the road, and have the timbers for building the bridges on the ground, and expect to have the road in running order by another fall. It is called the Northern Adirondack Railroad in their charter. For the present its southern terminus will be at a point on the Middle St. Regis, known as the Five Mile Level, about three miles east of St. Regis Falls, where they are building a large mill for sawing their lumber. The past winter they have had three gangs of choppers cutting timber on the land. The land they have purchased comprises all of the territory about the headwaters of the three branches of the St. Regis River. It takes in all or but a few small lots of townships No. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17 and the south half of No. 10 and 11. By taking a look at Stoddard's map of the Adirondacks, where the numbers of the townships are given, you can see what a large tract of territory this company has purchased. It extends to within a short distance of Meacham Lake and Paul Smith's, on the St. Regis Lake, on the east, and to St. Lawrence county on the west; and is, I claim, one of the best, if not the best, portion of the Adirondacks for deer and other game, as well as for trout fishing, that is now to be found in that region. As to the effect that the lumbering business will have on the hunting and fishing in that territory, my opinion is that for three or four years to come it will not be greatly injured by it. But a railroad running into the heart of a good hunting and fishing country will make it so easy of access that it will, I believe, in a few years, be so overrun by sportsmen and others that, as in all other places that are much frequented, the deer and trout will get scarce as the number of hunters and anglers increases.

The lumbering itself does not, I think, injure the hunting or fishing to any great extent; deer are always found plenty around clearings where the underbrush is left, and in the woods that are partially open, as those are that have been lumbered in. Trout fishing will continue good until the streams and ponds are over-fished, or until saw mills are built on the headwaters of the streams and the dust from the mills kills off the trout, as is the case in many streams in the older settled parts of the country. For hunting or fishing I believe that at the present time there are but very few, if any, localities of near the same extent that will equal the tract of territory purchased by this company. Until within a year or two it has been but very little frequented by sportsmen residing outside of this or St. Lawrence counties. There are at present three hotels, or houses, within it that keep accommodations for sportsmen. One is at St. Regis Falls, on the northern shore of the tract, and there is a post office, Daniel McNeil, proprietor. The other two are at Blue Mountain, eleven miles further south and near the center of the tract, and within a short distance of the Sixteen Mile Level of the Middle St. Regis, which runs through the center of the St. Regis district. From south to north. One is called the Blue Mountain House, Henry Phelps, proprietor; the other the Forest, home, Merrill & Co., proprietors. Post-office address of both St. Regis Falls, N. Y., April 2, 1888. ADRIAN OXBACK.

A TESTIMONIAL TO REUBEN WOOD.

BEFORE Mr. Wood sailed for the London Fisheries Exhibition, he was in the office of Forest and Stream. In the course of conversation we noticed a portion of a badge peeping from under the lapel of his coat, and inquiring about it, Reuben, with his characteristic modesty, replied: "It's only a little badge the boys gave me before leaving Syracuse." We found it a large and elegant one. From a scroll there are two bars dependent, to which a bundle of fishing rods is hung; a miniature reel is placed in the center, a twining fishing line hangs below which is crossed by other rods. A large gold medal is engraved on these, on which the portly figure of Uncle Reuben is engraved in the act of wading a stream. The likeness is good, and by the angle at which his ever present cigar is tilted, we see that he has just struck a four-pounder.

From the Syracuse *Sunday Times* we learn that the presentation was made in the presence of about thirty friends, and was accompanied by the following remarks by Mr. Damon Coats:

Mr. Wood—I have been requested by the members of the Onondaga Fishing Club and others of your friends in Syracuse, to say a few parting words before you leave us to attend the International Fisheries Exhibition. We wish to express to you our appreciation of your valuable services to the club, our admiration of your wonderful skill as an angler and your enthusiastic love of the sport—you never failing fund of good humor, good nature and good fellowship at all times; but more than all, we appreciate by your associates while in camp and following the trout stream—our personal regard which has grown stronger day by day through a long series of fondly remembered years—our gratification at your appointment on the duties of which you are about to enter, and our congratulations to you, and no less to those who have so kindly and so wisely selected you for a position for which you are so well qualified and admirably fitted. They have been a pleasure to address you for several special reasons, I presume, except that I have known you long and intimately, and have, if possible, of all your friends, the strongest attachment for you. I have witnessed a great many wonderful displays of your skill, both in the tournament and upon the stream. I have seen you take trout where there was "no fishing"—at least it was so placarded on a board nailed up hard by. I have seen you lure and land two-pounders from ponds where I had supposed only the smallest fry could find room to lurk. I saw you take seven trout, weighing ten pounds, from a pond where you mistakenly supposed you had permission to angle, with such celerity that the wrathful proprietor discovered the capture of the last and smallest one only. Oh! how handsomely you did apologize for taking that one—forgetting all about the six other victims of your skill then swaying in

your capacious pockets. I saw you at the inlet of Ox-bow Lake—from one position and without a single miss—sit in the bow of a boat and take thirty-six hennies in less than a half hour, and then, without leaving the boat, but with sixty feet cast and reeled in through fifty feet of fly rods. I am here and now publicly forgive you for the torture you then inflicted on me—compelled, as I was, to crouch in the stern of that boat for a mortal hour and a half, while you serenely smoked and angled.

But I may not dwell on these incidents of our piscatory life. I must pass to the business of this meeting. Your friends and those of your honor of claiming you as one of us. Our attachment for you is very sincere. We wish you, on a prosperous voyage, a delightful sojourn abroad, a faithful, successful and agreeable accomplishment of your share of the objects of the mission, and a safe return to us and to your home. And we hope you may, while in Her Majesty's dominions, have an opportunity to give an exhibition of your skill in fly-casting by killing a few of the trout and salmon in those foreign streams—using, perchance, some of the tackle with which your skill has won prizes in tournaments in your native land.

And now, "Reub Wood," I have to say to you, in behalf of these your Syracuse friends, that they claim a property in you. We spare you for a time to "Uncle Sam" for this occasion, but we claim to have you back again. And we mean there shall be no mistake about it. We mean to secure your return to us as far as in our power, beyond all mistakes and against all hazards. And so we are going to put our mark on you for more certain identification, should you at any time unfortunately get lost in the mazes of London, bewildered in its fogs, mingled with the smoke-clouds of your own inevitable, everlasting cigar.

Please, then, except and wear this badge, "Reub," presented to you as a slight token of our great esteem and love. We mean by the gift to do you honor. We know you will do honor to the gift.

OUR ANGLING PRESIDENT.

NO matter what the judgment of the future may be upon the administration of President Arthur, his fame as an angler is established for all time on the strength of that fifty-pound salmon. It is now in Florida seeking his favorite element, and he will have the success with which he took the black bass that he has had with the salmon, and capture the biggest one on record. The New York *Sun* has been interviewing Mr. Francis Endicott, the bright and genial president of the National Rod and Reel Association, who has fished with President Arthur on many occasions, before the latter fished so deeply in political streams. Mr. Endicott said:

Gen. Arthur is a good salmon fisher and has the highest record of any man in this country. But it is not alone as a salmon fisher that he excels. He casts a salmon fly beautifully, he casts a trout fly superbly, and he casts a bass bait equal to anybody. Those three things require entirely different styles of casting, and excellence in either depends so greatly upon the temperament of the angler and his practice, that it is an exceedingly rare thing to find a person who is capable of doing all three very well. It is because Gen. Arthur does these things that rare combination of capacities in so marked a degree that I unhesitatingly pronounce him not only the first magistrate, but the first angler in the land."

Mr. Endicott said this in a manner that implied his regard for the latter title as a prouder one than the former. Drifting into the grateful current of reminiscences, he continued:

"Some years ago, when Gen. Arthur was Collector of the Port, we went down together to work Munsell's Pond, on Long Island, and he received a kind invitation from that genial gentleman, Mr. William Floyd-Jones, to fish in Massapequa Lake, which is pronounced by Mr. Spencer F. Baird, United States Fish Commissioner, the finest preserve in this country. It has been made by damming a large brook, and that stream, before pouring into it, winds through five miles of woodland belonging to Mr. Floyd-Jones. The trout are very large in size, and I suppose we caught a hundred of them that day. Of course, we caught the largest. The others we replaced in the water. The General cast a beautiful fly; yes, beautiful. He throws to such a distance and with so much precision that I think he is the finest amateur caster that I have ever seen. I took the trouble to measure one of the President's casts, and it was seventy-eight feet. He makes the regular overhead cast, not the Wye cast, that Pritchard uses. We had a strange old oysterman named Hugh Montgomery to row us on the lake, and, by the way, he is the only man I ever saw who could manœuvre a boat with two men in it so as to give both an equally good chance to fish. I gave the General what is ordinarily deemed the best place in the boat, the stern, myself taking the bow, and as Hugh rowed us along the old head of the stream, in the middle of the lake, two or three times I raised a fish and failed to hook him. But each time, Gen. Arthur, casting where I had missed the fish, hooked him. The inevitable result of my raising a fish was his taking it, and, of course, he got the laugh on me. I told him I had got tired of that. "Never mind, Endicott," said he, "you have the spasms of raising them. I know nothing like the excitement an angler feels in raising a fish, seeing it come to his fly."

"As we were going down there on that occasion an incident occurred that was characteristic of the General. We were crossing South street, just to the James slip ferry, when our attention was called by a loud shouting and, looking up, I saw a big, trident-looking fellow, driving a pair of horses attached to a large truck, dashing furiously toward us, while he shouted for us to get out of his way. I did so, skipped across the street as quickly as I could, and turned to look back. There stood Gen. Arthur just where he was when the truckman's yells were first heard by us. The pole of the truck was raised high, and the driver, who stood on a firm and plaid, looking steadily between the horses' heads into the eyes of their driver, who was exerting his utmost strength to rein in the animals. When they had come to a full stop, the General calmly continued on his way, without a word to the driver, but when he reached my side he said to me: "I'd give twenty-five dollars if I were not collector of the Port for about five minutes. I have no doubt that even if that truck had been driven by the collector of the Port, Gen. Arthur is, I think, one of the coolest, most courageous, self-contained, and plaid men that I know. He very seldom loses a fish, but when he does, even then he shows no excitement or disappointment."

"Yes, I have gone fishing with him very frequently, but the incidents of one trouting excursion are much like those of another. I have not been salmon fishing with him, but

have been told by those who have how beautifully he casts his fly and how adroitly he manages his fish, and have every reason to believe that he is quite as expert an angler for salmon as I know him to be for trout. He does not seem to care much for weak fishing, has some on it sometimes, but did not seem to take much interest in it. He is very fond, however, of taking the big bass that they get off West Island—out from Newport—and from the stands of the Squib-nocket Club on Martha's Vineyard. They catch bass there running all the way from 10 to 65 pounds weight, and that, you will readily understand, is a very different sort of fishing from trouting, yet President Arthur is equally at home in it.

"Yes, Commissioner French has been off fishing with Gen. Arthur, but French doesn't know much about angling. He means well, no doubt, but is too busy a man to give to the gentle sport that calm contemplation and practical experience and study that make the perfect angler. Really he would not be able to tell a trout from a shiner if you were to paint some spots on the shiner."

Police Commissioner French did not seem to have a consciousness of his real position as an angler when interviewed by a reporter on the subject, but he spoke of President Arthur's abilities as a fisherman in the tone of an authoritative expert. President Arthur, he said, is pre-eminently the best salmon fisher in this country. Others may rival him in catching bass and trout, but when they come to salmon, there he is justified of all. Mr. French did not feel that he would be greatest in narrating any reminiscences of his concerning the recreations of the President of the United States.

Mr. L. W. Winchester, president of the National Express Company and treasurer of the National Rod and Reel Association, said: "I have been salmon fishing with General Arthur, and he is unquestionably a very expert angler. He has taken the largest salmon ever caught with a fly in this country. It was this year, in the month of June, on the Canadian rivers, I forgot which one, but not the famous Resigouche, I think. That salmon weighed fifty pounds after its arrival in New York. I don't know of any man who can throw a better fly or kill a salmon quicker or in better style than President Arthur can. He used to be a member, and is yet, I believe, of the Resigouche Salmon Club, of which I was formerly president. It is a pity that Mr. R. G. Dim is not here, as he would be the best authority on the subject of fishing, for they have gone together, camping out and fishing, for years, in many places, and he knows more about the subject than anybody else."

NORTHERN MICHIGAN.

WHOEVER would have thought an angler, and such I took "Prairie Dog" to be, would take offense at my letter to "Prairie Dog." It is because the FOREST AND STREAM allows the little doggies to bark, as well as the big dogs, that I had my little say. I spoke of Michigan as a fine fish country. Other folks' experience does not satisfy me, and as for giving offense, I was farthest from my thoughts. I wanted "Prairie Dog" to try again and again, and he will conclude after all Michigan is not so bad a place as his fancy paints it.

A few words in answer to his queries: We have tramped twenty miles for a string of trout many times. We have waded the feeders of the Boardman River for four or five miles, and then walked nine miles to camp, and was dark when we were stumbled out, the woodpile like "G. H. W." We strike into the woods, miles away from the railroad and always find trout.

Did we ever fish in a country where mosquitoes and fly-pests are unknown? Aye! I'm there! The first fly we ever cast was in a stream running through a grand old park where trout were trout, and not fingerlings; where three or four of them were all an angler cared to kill; but "Prairie Dog" is a real angler, and he would not be satisfied with Pennsylvania, Michigan and Wisconsin. I care not for the mosquito's nibble; we are not dainty dandies afraid of sun- or copper-colored skies; we prefer to push into the forest primeval to find the wild trout that lurks under the gnarled and knotted roots of the sunken trees.

"Prairie Dog," my best friends have blamed me because I have given away the location of some of the best streams that an angler ever cast bait into, and now they pounce on me honorably not to write to the "ceased papers," as they call them, telling them of a new stream we have found. I am growing conservative, as I find one stream after another depleted by dear old "Nesmith's" trout-hogs, as he so aptly describes them, and think the advice of my friends worth following when they say "let the hogs find their own streams."

In conclusion, "It is not so bristly as you imagine, and would have been glad to have given you pointers of some good streams, but cannot promise freedom from 'skeeters,' we 'grin and bear them.'"
W. D. T.
CHICAGO, April 6.

FALLISH OR BLACK BASS?—Nearly ten years ago the writer was one of a party of four who subscribed an amount sufficient to stock the mill pond at Swedesboro, known as Black's Pond, with black bass. Two of the party, not having ever seen a black bass, went to Hagerstown, Md., where the fish were to be delivered to them, and had them put upon the cars, expecting what they dimly saw swimming at the bottom of the cask to be black bass. They were safely taken to Swedesboro, where they arrived late in the afternoon, and were at once taken to the millpond and deposited there. No sign of black bass has since been noticed in this body of water, which is well suited for the growth of this fish, but there has appeared within ten years thousands of chub, or fallfish, which had never been noticed before in Black's Pond, and which could not have found a way there unless they had been deposited. It may be that my two friends who were entrusted with the fish, were not so particular, and were at once taken to the millpond and deposited there. No sign of black bass has since been noticed in this body of water, which is well suited for the growth of this fish, but there has appeared within ten years thousands of chub, or fallfish, which had never been noticed before in Black's Pond, and which could not have found a way there unless they had been deposited. It may be that my two friends who were entrusted with the fish, were not so particular, and were at once taken to the millpond and deposited there. No sign of black bass has since been noticed in this body of water, which is well suited for the growth of this fish, but there has appeared within ten years thousands of chub, or fallfish, which had never been noticed before in Black's Pond, and which could not have found a way there unless they had been deposited. 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THE LATE DR. GEORGE M. BEARD.—The few words I send to you must not be regarded as an adequate expression of my regard for the man and his untold influence. I have no words to make the attempt. His example as it pertains to future sportsmen, from a guide's memoranda, can only be referred to. Not to be forgotten are the days in his company in the Adirondacks and at Second Connecticut Lake. His departure from "Uncle Tom's" was like the coming of a storm, and the morning sun after it not more genial than his countenance as it appeared unexpectedly at the east window. His home in your city will tell the story of his love. Nature's studies suspended above those of science. Here he had been out with laugh and returning to camp he held up for inspection one of the trout taken in several years. Some one of the party volunteered to weigh it. "Stop; let me think of estimating my enjoyment by the number of pounds of fish taken from nature's preserve. Ned, go there to-morrow with my friend and let him see what remains." His generous nature had reserved the trout for a friend. You that love the gentle art, when your larder is supplied with trout from the waters he loved, do you can see the ripples on the shady pools in advance of the boat, lay down your rod and look in the clear water, and if you are tempted, while gliding past those waving fins, to take one more, recall the last words of a brother sportsman and look "Higher, higher."—**NED NORRIS**, Second Connecticut Lake, New Hampshire.

BLACK BASS FISHING NEAR DETROIT.—Buffalo, N. Y., April 7.—In reply to your inquiry I send the following as worthy of mention: Take the banner at the foot of Shelby avenue, Detroit, Mich., at 9 A. M. A little over two hours' pleasant ride up Detroit River and across Lake St. Clair will land you at the Star Island House, kept by Jas. Sleuam, Esq. The accommodations there are good, the table well supplied with all the delicacies of the season, the charges are moderate, a good billiard table and piano on the premises, and every attention paid to visitors. The black bass are plenty from the first of August to the first of November. The fish are large and very game, averaging three and a half pounds, with now and then a six or seven pounder. I think the fish run larger than those at Put-in-Bay, or any place I have visited, and it is a noted fact they are unequaled in flavor. I always found plenty of bait, such as chub, minnows and crawfish, and good boats with experienced boatmen to place you on the fishing grounds, where, if you have any knowledge of fishing and good tackle, I can see no reason why you cannot take a large share of sport. There is a large ice-house well stocked with ice, making it easy to slip your friends a share of what you catch, per American Express; no charge for ice or box. Take it all in all, I know of no place where I have had so much sport with so many of the comforts of home. In my next I will say something about the fishing in Niagara River.—**DEEP TROLLER.**

MAINE POACHERS.—The following extracts from a letter just received from Hon. Henry O. Stanley, Commissioner of Fisheries and Game for the State of Maine, will doubtless be of interest to many of our readers: "We are making life a burden to the poachers in Maine, having done more the last year than ever before. Take the share of sport, in Massachusetts, deer and caribou out of season. The larger part of the poachers were from out of the State. Mr. Stillwell is aggra on the commission with me, and we are doing our duty, and mean to protect the fish and game in Maine, and shall go for all violators, be they whom they may, whether gentlemen if there are any worthy that name, countrymen, loafers, or what not. The game laws has given us the means and good laws, and the people are generally with us. Maine is going to be the banner State for sportsmen and tourists. We see the benefits accruing. It is a source of wealth worth cultivating, and money used in protecting her fish and game will reap an abundant harvest every season, and repay manifold to the industrious, fortunate inhabitants of Maine. I love the dear old State! God bless her grand old forests, mountains, hills, lakes and streams!"—**GEO. SHEPARD PAGE.**

ALLOTTOUR GAR SHOOTING.—Galveston, Texas, March.—Some days ago while wading along the edge of an open slough, my attention was attracted by a commotion in the water. Closely watching for five or six minutes, I came to the conclusion that it was caused by some large fish. Having a shotgun heavily charged, I aimed at what I thought to be about two inches under the spot, and "let drive," distance 10ft. It caused a commotion at any rate; if a torpedo had suddenly exploded I don't think the water could have cut up more. After it had subsided I cautiously advanced to see the result of my shot. Judge of my surprise when upon approaching the spot I found I had killed three fish known here as alligator gars. I picked up the smallest (about two feet long), and carried it ashore, where, after the closest examination, I failed to discover a single gunshot wound. Please tell me if you think concussion killed them. I am sorry now that I did not examine the others.—**NEMO.** [Fish are often killed by concussion, and this may have been an instance of it.]

INFORMATION WANTED CONCERNING WHITEFISH.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The fish and game commissioners of New Hampshire will plant a large number of whitefish fry in our waters this spring, and having only a little knowledge of the habits of this fish, and that little was obtained from the last seven volumes of *FOREST AND STREAM*, my desire for information and the extent also to which this variety of fish is distributed, prompt me to ask the *FOREST AND STREAM* for such facts relating to it as will be of interest and profit to whitefish anglers and culturists.—**DRAKE.** [We do not know that the whitefish is angled for; still as it must feed it might take a hook. It is a toothless fish and feeds largely upon small crustacea at the bottom of deep lakes, where it remains at all times, except when in the streams to spawn. Its own habits are unknown. We will be glad of any accounts of its taking the hook. We believe that an occasional one has been taken, but do not know that it is regularly angled for anywhere.]

One of the twenty shares of the Willamette Club, par \$250 (lake, club-house, land, etc., in Catskills) for sale for \$225. George W. Van Sichten, 90 Nassau street, N. Y.—*Adv.*

FISHING IN IOWA.—Cedar Rapids, Iowa, April 5.—In a recent issue "L. K. M." wished information as to fishing at Spirit Lake or Lake Okoboji. I have made inquiries from a person well acquainted with them. He says go to Rock Point, about three miles out of, and on Spirit Lake, east side. Good fishing for pike, perch, pickerel, croppies and silver bass; some black bass, but not many. Best time, May and June. Tackle such as is generally used for black bass. A good many pike-perch are caught here, but black bass are more abundant. Thirty years ago pike-perch were plenty here. Live minnows are the best bait, but we used to catch them with pork; sometime red flannel and pork for bait. They are generally found in the corners of a swift current. Some of them are eight and ten pounds, average about two pounds; gamy fish.—**W.**

Fishculture.

THE MILWAUKEE HATCHERY.

A REPORTER of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* has visited the new hatchery of the Wisconsin Commission at that place, and gives the following account: "They are just beginning to hatch," said Martin E. O'Brien, Superintendent of the State Fish Hatchery branch at the Exposition Building, to a reporter yesterday afternoon. Mr. O'Brien was attentively watching the jars of the hatchery in the basement at the northeast corner of the great structure, as the reporter went down the stairs from the office floor and asked how they looked. To those who have never visited the Milwaukee branch of the hatchery, and even to those who have dropped in occasionally, the spectacle is one of absorbing interest, and it is not surprising that they stop to reply a call. The hatchery was not under way during the last summer's exposition, and the whitefish eggs received shortly after are just beginning to hatch. The eggs are distributed in some seventy large glass jars, arranged in a substantial rack in the center of the room, but their appearance cannot be described. They must be seen. The jars are about fifteen inches high and six in diameter. They are filled to within a few inches of the top with semi-transparent drops just about the size of No. 2 shot.

"These are whitefish eggs," explained Mr. O'Brien. "There are 16,000,000 of them altogether—about 200,000 in each jar. They came from Green Bay last November, and as this is the only hatchery in the State that grows the fish, the great variety of the changes possible than can be had anywhere else. When the eggs were first put in there was nothing to be seen about them, but in four weeks or so the eyes began to show. The black curling line of the body does not show for three months. At the hatchery in the Northwest corner of the city, more than a hundred hatchlings were seen. One whitefish will spawn in the neighborhood of 25,000 eggs, but in the late or river a great many fail to impregnate, or are eaten by other fish, and lost in various ways. These will all be hatched by April 15, when the jars will be filled with the eggs of the wall-eyed pike. The pike spawn comes from Saganaw Bay, and one pike gives about 50,000. They hatch in thirty days, as the water is warmer."

"What is done with them when hatched?"

"Shipped away to stock different waters through the State. Some orders have been received lately for these, subject, of course, to the approval of the commission."

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

TWO gentlemen owning fish ponds in the limits of Philadelphia county, unknowingly stocked them with German carp imported on the 15th of August, and now are confronting goldfish. The consequence now is, they have a most plentiful crop of cross breeds, inferior to the carp as a food fish, and not so ornamental as the goldfish.

Philadelphia anglers are still overhauling their tackle, trout flies are being looked over, and the fish are venturing on the mountains; next week will see many away, your correspondent among the number. Rock fish (striped bass) are being taken in the Brandywine, at Wilmington, with sturgeon roe; the bait is a filthy one, but very taken at this season of the year, when it is the natural food of the rock fish in the Delaware River and tributaries.

We hope the attempt to stock the Perkiomen Creek which flows into the Schuylkill above Philadelphia, with rainbow trout will not be abandoned. The fry will only furnish food for the black bass, with which the lower portion of the stream abounds. Why can't the rock bass be introduced into the creeks of Philadelphia and Delaware counties? He would require take the fry of the rock fish, and a few more amusement than the smelt and catfish, their new sea occupants.

FISHWAYS IN OREGON.—Corvallis, Ore., March 27.—We have no regular fish commission in Oregon, our law makers have not woken up to the importance of such an office. The great abundance of the finest fish in the world in all our streams free for everybody, seeming to them, no doubt, a never failing source of pleasure and profit to all, but as times are coming, we trust, as a few genuine lovers of fish and fishing are making the importance of guarding our resources in the line felt more and more each year. The act, providing for the erection of the fishway at the falls of the Willamette, so provides for the appointment of a commission to superintend the construction of same, in fact placing the whole matter under such commissioners' control, and Mr. Wallace Baldwin has been selected by the governor for such commissioner. He is preparing to erect a McDonald fishway at the falls. Our Legislature also passed a game law at its last session, protecting mountain trout during spawning time, but, as we have so many streams emptying directly into the ocean, in which there are no trout, or brook trout, salmon trout and sea trout, that the question must arise every time whether the violator of the law has taken a genuine brook trout or a salmon trout, and as not one in a dozen of our administrators of justice knows the difference, it can but only lead to a law that is a mere mockery. However, there is a pretty general disposition to obey the law and I think it will have good results. Our salmon fishing interests are the second commercial interests of the State, the export value of salmon only being exceeded by the value of the lumber, and the people are slowly waking up to its importance.—**OREGON.**

THE MINNESOTA COMMISSION.—The seventh and eighth reports of the Minnesota Commission on the Land and Fishery mention is made of Dr. William Moulton Sweeney, who died Aug. 14, 1882. His son, Dr. William Montgomery Sweeney, succeeds him. A detailed report of valuable plantings is made, which looks up to 1,685,000 fry of different species in the two years. Of these there are salmon, land-locked salmon, Lake Superior trout, brook trout, wall-eyed pike, perch, carp, and rainbow trout. An act for the construction of fishways, approved March 11, 1878, follows, and the appendix contains "Carp and Carp Culture," by Milton D. Peirce.

THE MICHIGAN COMMISSION.—This commission, as at present organized, consists of: 1883, Andrew J. Kellogg, Detroit, 1884, Dr. J. C. Gray, Grand Rapids, 1885, J. H. Bissell, Detroit, commission. Oren M. Chase, Detroit, Superintendent; Herschel Whitaker, Detroit, Secretary. Applications for fish, and the examination of waters, should be made to the commission, Grand Rapids, Michigan. The business of the commission should be addressed to the secretary.

SALMON IN AUSTRALIA.—Australians now lately received the results of a very interesting experimental pisciculture. In Sir Samuel Wilson's fish-rearing establishment at Ereidoune, Victoria, a number of young salmon were hatched from eggs forming part of a shipment sent from England to New Zealand four years ago. A number of these young salmon were placed in a narrow stream, in which a stream of water was allowed to flow, and prevented from getting away to the sea by gratings at the outlet. These fish are now about seventeen inches in length, and this season one pair of them were taken from their own stream, and sent to France to the pond. These eggs have been hatched successfully, and 350 healthy young salmon have been reared, of which 300 have been liberated in one of the most suitable rivers in Australia for this fish, being one of the streams falling from the Australian Alps in Gippsland. The remainder of the young salmon are retained for observation. This experiment, having resulted successfully, leads to the hope that the efforts which have been made during the last eighteen years by the governments of the Australian colonies, and the energy, enterprise and large expenditure of Sir Samuel Wilson, Mr. J. A. Youl, C. M. G., and other gentlemen, may before long be crowned with complete success, and that the introduction of the salmon may be as certain as is now that of the salmon trout and brown trout in Australian rivers.

NORTH CAROLINA COMMISSION.—We have the report of the Board of Agriculture of North Carolina, which contains the report of Mr. S. G. South, Superintendent of Fisheries, for the year 1882, being his second biennial report. By co-operation with the U. S. Commission, much good work has been done. Extensive additions have been made to the hatchery at Ayova, Bertie county, and it is now complete and capable of turning out one million shad per week during the season. Near Raleigh eight carp ponds have been built and others at Morgantown. A pond in Oakwood Cemetery has also been leased for the same purpose. Dr. Campbell has granted the Commission many privileges at his laboratory, where the hatchery is located. This hatchery has an eight-horse power boiler, steam pump, and 100 hatching vessels through which the water flows. A telephone connects with the fishery, and the water of every hand are moved in this to attend to it. The hatching is done in iron tubs with great success. The rainbow trout is believed to be adapted to the waters of this State, and is growing in favor.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—The date which we gave in a former issue for the next meeting of the association has been changed. It was not possible to obtain the room at the time named. The meeting will be held at the Hotel Hamilton, 110 Broadway, New York City, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 6 and 7.

THE CALIFORNIA COMMISSION.—Mr. S. R. Throckmorton, having resigned the position of Fish Commissioner, Mr. J. Redding has been appointed in his place.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.
May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Avenue, New York City.
London, New York City.
Entries close April 12. Chas. Lincoln, Supt.

FIELD TRIALS.
November 10, 1882.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at the residence of Mrs. Derby close July for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17, for the All-England Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.
December 10, 1882.—National Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the *Forest and Stream Publishing Co.*, and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

THE initial number of the *American Kennel Register*, published last Tuesday, contains the pedigrees of dogs of various breeds; the Washington and Ottawa prize lists; New York premium list; and National American Kennel Club Derby entries; also editorial articles, "The Use and Abuse of Specials," and "Champion Titles."
Entries for the May number of the *Register* should be in hand as soon as practicable; no entries for that issue will be received later than May 1.
For terms of subscription, etc., see our advertising pages.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB.

THERE was a meeting of the board of governors of the Eastern Field Trials Club Tuesday evening. Letters were read from Mr. Lullier Adams, of Boston, Mass., and Mr. D. C. Bergenthal, of Indianapolis, Ind., accepting the invitation of the club to act as judges of the Field Trials at High Point, next November. It was also announced that the club had great satisfaction by all those present. The club and the gentlemen who intend running their dogs, as well as the public, are to be heartily congratulated on securing the services of gentlemen so eminently capable of deciding upon the merits and demerits of the performances of the dogs in the field. The third judge has not yet been announced; we hope to be able to give the list complete next week.
Letters were received from the secretary of the New Orleans Gun Club, stating that Mr. H. M. Short, of Middleton, Tenn., who was debarred from participating in the trials of the club, had been reinstated. It was voted that Mr. Short be also reinstated in this club. Upon a reconsideration of the vote of the club, it was decided to accept the resignation of Mr. Short, and the Members' Stake, it was unanimously decided to rescind the vote. We stated in our issue of March 15, that we believed that the club, after carefully considering the matter, would rescind its vote, and we are pleased to announce that our confidence in their good judgment was not misplaced.
It was voted that four general meetings of the club instead of one be held each year, and that these meetings be held for the purpose of discussing matters of interest to the welfare of the club and for the promotion of the welfare of the members. These meetings will be held on the first Tuesday of January, April, September and November, except that this year the first meeting will be held on Tuesday evening, May 8, when the club will send the diameter to Longwood, Messrs. J. O. Donner, A. E. Godfrey and H. E. Hamilton were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the dinner, which is ample assurance that "it will be good to be there." It was voted that members leaving the country for a lengthened period should not be excused from paying their dues. A few resignations were received and some new members proposed.

After adjournment there was a very agreeable social reunion and many of the brilliant future prospects of the club were exchanged. Everything promises well for the most successful meeting at High Point next November that has yet been held. Assurance is given by many prominent members of the club, and all agree that they will be present with their dogs to enjoy the pleasure of the meeting, and to compete for the honors of victory.

THE PITTSBURGH DOG SHOW.

THE seventh annual Bench Show of the Western Pennsylvania Poultry Society, held at Allegheny City, Pa., last week, was one of the best that the association has given. The show was held in the Coliseum building, just across the river from Pittsburgh. The place is easy of access and well adapted for the purpose, and the arrangements were excellent. From the opening to the close there was a constant throng of visitors who all appeared delighted with the exhibition.

The extra champion class for English and Irish setters was better than to be won. The best interests of breeder and exhibitor will not be advanced by cheapening the highest honor to be achieved upon the bench. Let us leave but one champion in each class until a better one shall fairly earn the title. The rule requiring a dog to win two firsts in the same class shows before he is eligible to compete in the champion class is one that should be adopted by every bench show association in the country.

Major J. M. Taylor, of Lexington, Ky., judged the setters, and the spaniels and foxhounds. Mr. James Mortimer, of New York, judged the remaining classes. The judging was not satisfactory, as usual, in the classes assigned to Major Taylor. We know him to be an excellent judge, and for this reason we were greatly surprised at his decision. He undoubtedly had his reasons for placing his dogs as he did. These reasons we failed to comprehend; nor did we succeed in obtaining from him any satisfactory explanation of the matter.

Mr. Mortimer handled most of his classes in a manner that showed him to be a capital judge. His decisions, with few exceptions, were heartily indorsed by both exhibitors and the public. The society are under great obligations to Mr. Mortimer for so acceptably filling the place made vacant by the illness of Mr. Kirk, who telegraphed at the last moment his inability to be present. On Thursday evening Gen. J. B. Sweitzer, in behalf of the association, in well chosen words presented Major Taylor and Mr. Mortimer with magnificent gold-mounted cameras beautifully engraved. Following are our comments upon the dogs.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Class 1, extra champion English setter dogs. Thunder, the only entry, was absent. In class 2, for bitches, Petrel II. was the only one entered. He was entered in this class, was transferred to the open class. Petrel II. was looking well, although not quite at her best. Class 3, champion English setter dogs, was won by Plantagenet, who was in good form, although not quite so well as usual. A Washington Sparrow-hawk bitch in Class 4 was looking well, although heavy in whip. Class 5, for English setter dogs, brought out some very good ones. Prince, who won first, was fairly entitled to the place. Royal Sultan, who was given second, had in general a fair condition, but his eyes are very bad. His coat and feather are capital, and this is about all that can be said in his favor. He is flat-ribbed, with an ordinary back and loin and rugged hips. His forelegs are good, but the pasterns, who they are very poor; the hind feet are merely legs continued. There were five or six in tiering that should have been placed over him. Royal Ranger, who won third, is a capital dog and was very well shown. He is a fine, large dog, with good body, legs and feet. His quality and condition fairly entitled him to second place. Spout, who was placed fourth, was also in capital condition. Fairy Prince, who got vhc., although not in prime condition, we thought should have been placed third, and Dun Juan, although not in good condition, we thought should have been placed fourth. There was not much to choose between Fairy II., who won fourth, and Daisy Queen, who was vhc., although we rather preferred Daisy Queen. She is a capital animal, of good form and a beautiful mover. She was at her best, but not enough to lose her to the place. Fairy I. was looking well, although not at her best. The commendations were best bestowed. We should have given another letter to Gertrude, who was looking better than we ever saw her. We also thought of Roy and his mother, but they were not in the class. Laverack should have had an h.c., as she is a nice one in the dog puppy class. Connt T. was first. He is a grand young dog, and if nothing befalls him he will be heard from again. Napoleon got second, a capital animal, but not so good as the one he was given. Royal Joe, Jr., who was given vhc., is quite a good one. We also thought well of Premier, who was unnoticed, and considered him entitled to at least an h.c. The bitch puppies were better than the dog puppies. They were well placed, except that Sallie H. should have been vhc. She is rather small, but a rattling good one, built for a flyer and a stayer. Take them altogether, the English setters were a grand lot, and would be well worth study with those of any show. The bitches were especially fine.

IRISH SETTERS.

The Irish setters were also very good, although there were not half so many present as last year. In the extra champion class Berkeley was the only entry. He was in capital form. There were no entries in the champion class. It was looking like a bad year for the Irish setter. He was looking like his best. Flora, the only entry in the bitch class, was not in good form, as she has just weaned a litter of puppies. The open dog class brought out in Glenchoe, who won first, one of the best youngsters that we have seen. He is a grand dog of the best type, and he makes it exceedingly warm for the best of them. He is a large, well-proportioned dog of the true type and proper color. Fred, who won second, is also a very promising animal, and will undoubtedly be a grand mover. Some from age up to the bitch class, only Gladys won first. As we said of her a year ago, she is a very hard one to beat. She was very well shown. Juno, who won second, is also a capital animal. She was in good condition except her coat. There were two good puppies, but not much to choose between them.

GORDON SETTERS.

The Gordon setter classes were a failure, only three in the open class and one puppy patting in an appearance. Rupert II., the best one, is a good dog, but he was shown in such bad condition that it was difficult to make any awards in the class. There were eight entries from Baltimore, but none of them were present. We heard many comments upon the absence of these dogs, and in view of the fact that they were representatives of the best of the breed, we thought it very singular that they should fail to appear. Mr. Malcolm informed us that his dog Malcolm was very sick and that he did not dare to leave him more than one day to attend the show, and that if his dog were to come from home he would be glad to send their dogs unless he could take care of them during the show.

POINTERS.

The pointers were not quite up to the average of last year. There was no doubt owing to the classification which placed the large and small in one class. This we believe to be a mis-

take that the society cannot afford to repeat. In the champion dog class King Bow, who won in this class here last year, was given the prize. He was looking well, but should have given place to Le Gity, who was less faulted. Don was in capital form and as usual well shown. He was also in good condition, but something was wrong with his hind legs and he could scarcely move. We examined him the next day and found him nearly over it. In the bitch class Lady Romp II. was the only one entered. She was well shown. In the open dog class was entitled to his first and Perth to the second he received. In the bitch class Countess Bang was given first. She was very well shown and is quite a nice animal, but not so good as Lillie II., who won second. Although just off her puppies and not in the best condition, she should have beaten Countess Bang easily. Luck was in splendid condition and well deserved her vhc. We also liked Creomore, who was given h.c., better than Chess, who was vhc. The puppies were very good, we thought them right placed. Princess, who got vhc., is a little one of great promise. She will be heard from again.

IRISH WATER SPANIELS.

There were only two present. Mike, in the champion class, was a very good one. Polly Wog, in the open class, is a fair specimen, only he has too small a body for his legs.

SPANIELS.

Benedict was done in the champion class, over 28lbs. He was in capital form and well deserved his ribbon. In the open class for black field spaniels, over 28lbs., Hornell Bonanza had it all his own way; he was well shown. There were no entries in the puppy class, and only one dog showed up in the black under 28lbs. This was Hornell Dandy, a very good one. In the cocker spaniel class, other than black, Hornell Ruby won first; she is a capital animal, although shown a trifle heavy. Princess Ogla, who won second, is also quite a good one. In the puppy class Hornell Ruby again won first.

FOXHOUNDS.

There was but one foxhound among the three shows, and he was placed second.

BEAGLES.

There were three good ones in this class; we thought them well placed.

BENCH-LEGGED BEAGLES.

Major, who was given first, is a capital specimen. Countess, who was given second, was the only other entry in the class. She was clearly more than a show dog, and should have been better than Major. The puppy was also good and well placed. We thought Music, who received c., a very promising one, and think that she will be as good as any of the class next year, although the others are ahead of her now. Clipper, unnoticed, we also think well of, and is a toy to compete with the others.

DACHSHUNDE.

There were only two shown. They were rather pretty, but too small. They were properly placed.

FOX-TERRIERS.

The fox-terriers were a grand lot. They were few in number, but their quality was excellent. Champion Royal, the only entry, was shown in a very good way. Lancelot, who won second, is also a nice dog. He is a little off in ear, which we imagine beat him. The bitch class brought out the best one we have seen in this country. Diana is a fox-terrier of the best of her sort to the tip of her tail. She was in first-class condition, but easily won first. Viola, who won second, is a very fair animal. Mona, who won vhc., we did not like so well as Nellie, who was unnoticed. Warren Kacker, who got c., was not in the class. She is a nice one, looking quite so well as when at Washington. We hope that she will come out all right, as she is a wonder, but we fear that she will not mature well.

DREYHOUNDS.

There were no good class. They were rightly placed.

MASTIFFS.

The display of mastiffs was very fine, and in quality much to be desired. In the champion class, Nemo, who won first in the dog class, is a grand specimen of this noble breed. He stands nearly thirty-two inches at the shoulder, and is well put together. He was very well shown, considering that he has just arrived from England. Turk, who won second, excels in size, weight and quality. He is a grand specimen. He is a very fine, symmetrical dog, with more quality than any animal shown, and with fifteen pounds more flesh his chances for first would have been very good. Ting, who won vhc., is also a capital animal, but not so good as the others. He has a powerful chest and good skull, legs, feet and tail. He is one of the most solid and compact dogs that we ever saw. His ears are carried back too far, and he is a bit too long in muzzle for a first-class show dog. He is a big dog. He does not show so well as he did at Boston last year. He is in much better condition, but appears to have grown coarse, especially in head. Hector, who got c., we thought should have changed places with Duke. He has an excellent body, legs and feet, although he is rather weak in head and carries his tail badly. Bob, unnoticed, was a rank impostor without a single mastiff characteristic. Creole won first in the bitch class, although she is nearly a wreck on account of her age. She has a wonderful head and has been a grand bitch but her day is over and she should retire, before she is beaten by an inferior animal. Cleopatra, who won second, is a grand animal, with the finest mastiff head in the show. She is a bit leggy and a trifle light in bone, but she is a grand animal. She is a grand animal, as she is a capital animal, a trifle show in body perhaps, but with the best of legs and feet, and nearly perfect all over. Dinah II., who won h.c., is also a very good specimen, although under-sized; she is of the proper type and full of mastiff character, and over the top she has and muscle and is a capital mover. Dolly Varden was not brought before the judge. We liked her exceedingly; she is a real good one, and without doubt will make a capital brood bitch. Jess, who was also h.c., is good in body, legs and feet, but rather weak in head. She will show better next year.

ST. BERNARDS.

Bonivard (rough-coated) was the only St. Bernard shown. He is simply grand, and one of the best we have seen.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Mayor of Bingley of course captured first. Duke, who was second, is a Newfoundland and a very promising one, too. Matt, who was vhc., is too small. He is of good type and exceedingly well built; his coat is of the best. Leo, who was given h.c., is a very fair animal, but not so good as the others. They were not a good lot, Lion who was given first, being the best.

COLLIES.

The collies were a capital lot. Rex was the only one to appear in the champion class. He was in good condition. In the open dog class Robin Adair won first. He has rather a poor eye and was lacking in top coat, but otherwise he is a capital animal, very well put together, and one of the best

movers we ever saw. Sandy, who won second, we did not like for the place; his wonderful coat undoubtedly pulled him through. Guido, who was vhc., should have been second. He is a capital dog and well shown. Had his carriage been anything like that of Robin Adair he would certainly have captured first. Talsina, who was also vhc., we thought well of. He is quite a good one, although not shown in good condition. Lado O'Kyle, who was h.c., was looking well and fully deserved his ribbon. Fulu Princess, in the bitch class, carried all before her. She is a capital bitch, as good as any we have seen. Jean, who won second, and Iona, vhc., were both very good, with not much to choose between them. Playaway was in capital condition, but was not of condition, but well deserved the place. There were three very good puppies shown. Donald, who won first, has a wonderful coat for his age, which undoubtedly carried him through. Kitty Mack, who won second, also has a good coat and carries herself well, but like Donald, she is off in head. Fly, vhc., has nearly as good a coat as the others, and a much better face. She also moves well, and we fancied her the best of the lot. The others were too young to compete with these.

BULLDOGS.

Romulus was the only bulldog shown worthy of mention. He is a remarkably powerful, well-made animal throughout, with good bone and well muscled. Sir Archer, who was given second, should not have been noticed. He was, perhaps, better than Jack S., who was not in the class. Judge, who was third, should not compete, was in fine condition.

BULL-TERRIERS.

Young Bill, who won first, was the best in the class. He begins to show his age, and is losing his muscle. White Silk, who won second, is an elegant looking dog, showing a little more of the terrier than of the bull, and with a little too much slight under the jaw. Little Bennett, who was vhc., is a fair animal, with rather a coarse tail.

SCOTCH OR HARD-HAIRED TERRIERS.

There were several varieties in this class, the best of which was the Irish terrier Garry Owen, who won first. He is a grand dog, and was greatly admired by all. Our old favorite King, the little Duke, who was second, well deserved her second. The others we did not fancy.

SKYE TERRIERS.

Mack, the only one in the champion class, was looking better than when we saw him last, although he still lacks in coat. Pepper, who won first in the open class, is a fair dog, but not so good as when we saw him last. Judge, who won second, was looking well. We thought him fully the equal of Pepper. Flirt, who was vhc., was all out of condition.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.

This was a fair class, and we thought them properly placed.

FUGS.

In the champion class, George again defeated his old rival, Roderick, but he had not much to spare, as Roderick was in very good condition and showed up the best that we ever saw. George paid a graceful compliment to his worth by presenting him with a magnificent basket of flowers. The open class was divided into a dog and bitch class. Sambo, who won first, we do not like for the place so well as Joe, who was placed second. Joe has much the best head, but was not shown in good condition. Ellie, who won first in the bitch class, was looking her best. She is a capital animal. Vixen, who won second, is also very nice. We also liked Diana, who was vhc. Nearly all of the others were not in good condition.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.

Vertigum, who won first, had not much the best of it, as Reveller, who got second, is very close to him; but they are very good dogs.

TOY TERRIERS UNDER 5 LBS.

Flora, who won first, is a tau of no particular breed; she is a very pretty toy, but was much preferred for first Pip, a nice black and tan, who got vhc.

KING CHARLES SPANIELS.

There were no entries in this class.

ITALIAN GRUYHOUNDS.

First went to Verona, a nice little fawn. Beanty, who was given a special medal, would have shown much better had he been in good condition. He is the idol of his little mistress, and it was the unanimous verdict that the medal was well bestowed.

POODLES.

There was but one in the large class, Morio. He was bred by the Czar, and is a very good specimen of the Russian. In the class under 25lbs. there were four nice little whites shown. Bess, who won first, is a grand dog, with close curls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

There were only two shown in this class, both borzoians. Captain, who won first, was a grand dog, and we recommend him to the public. He is not well formed and stands badly on his legs. Elsa, we thought, should have been first; she is very well formed although too small.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Some dissatisfaction was expressed at the manner in which the specials were awarded. The chief cause of complaint was that the system adopted was not fair, and that the prize is liable to go to an inferior animal, owing to the neglect, through ignorance or carelessness, of the exhibitors to enter for it. The result is that the public, who do not understand the matter, are deceived regarding the merits of the animals shown. While every laudable to advocate anything that would cut off a source of income, generally very much needed by the association holding shows to insure them against loss, we can but believe that in most cases the special prizes should be awarded to the best animal exhibited should receive them. Take, for instance, special E, for the best English setter, dog or bitch, entered in the open classes. There were only four dogs eligible to compete: Prince first in the dog class; Duke II. second; and Daisy Queen and Gladys in the bitch class. Neither of these were entered and the prize was given to Petrel III., a capital animal, it is true, but she was only third in her class and consequently the prize did not go where it properly belonged. There were several similar cases. We only give this to illustrate the matter, and trust that all associations holding bench shows will give the subject careful consideration. The first special was the Bench Show puppy. This was a grand dog, and it was a great credit to the society. There were forty-one nominations, eight of whom put in an appearance. There was not a bad one in the lot. Many of the decisions in the specials of course followed the awards in the regular classes. In these cases we will make no further comment. In class E, for the best cocker or field spaniel, Hornell Ruby was given the prize. This was a wrong decision. Benedict was clearly entitled to the cup, as he is nearer perfection as a field spaniel than Ruby is as a cocker. In class C, for the second best mastiff, we thought rightly placed over Creole. In class E, for the best collie, dog or bitch, Princess was an easy winner. The same may be said of Diana, in class A, for the best dog, and of the other specials. In class G, for the best brack, Mr. A. H. Moore's Lady Romp II. and Countess Bang, and Mr. G. N. Appoll's Brown and White, and the other brack, and the other specials, which would have gone to the other brack, W. W., a solid silver water pitcher, by Messrs. Bailey, Bank-

planting the cane some four inches below the waterline, "is your meta centre. Now, heel the cutter and see where it will go." A boy pulled to the upper end, finally intersected the waterline, and the old man with much satisfaction, said: "Now, you see, in the first instance your meta centre was lowered as you careened your vessel, and in the other it was raised, and you can't get it to a point in the cutter where she will capsize, and that's the difference. Now, you understand it, don't you?"

The reporter replied, doubtfully and politely, that he did. The conclusion FOREST AND STREAM draws is, that those who wish to run down the cutter form of model, should be allowed to go on with their tall talk and rapid nonsense, but steer clear of facts, such as the old scientist quoted has made plain to them; for they evidently know little of their meaning.

We think at the same time, if lives are lost by taking the flat-iron type of boat to sea, that such composers of trash as appeared in the *New York World*, should be held to answer for the impression made on the otherwise ingulged minds of the many who are about to build for themselves sea-going boats.

MEASUREMENT OF KEELS AND CENTER-BOARDS.

Editor Forest and Stream.
The difficulty of classing centerboards and keels in a club in which the former are not numerous enough to be formed into a class by themselves, has given rise to a discussion on the fairest means of measuring the boards. The rule of measurement adopted by the club in question, is somewhat crude, as it leaves deep metal keels untaxed, and tends to cut down freeboard, the yachts being built with freeboard also deep keeled, with very low freeboard, especially an idships, where the depth is taken, and with decks arched from covering board to center. It is simply a three dimensions rule—length x breadth x depth, and the product divided by 150 to give racing tons. It is faulty, also, in giving depth a greater value than breadth or length, as may be seen from the following examples:

	Length	L.W.L. Breadth.	Depth.	Tons.
	ft.	ft. in.	ft.	
Marquitta, centerboard.....	30	6	2 1/2	1 89-150
Masco, centerboard.....	30	1	2 1/2	1 11-150
Miranda, centerboard.....	32	7 1/2	2 3/4	2 143-150
Lily, keel.....	33	2 1/2	8	3 14-150
Veleur, keel.....	39	2	9	3 79-150

The difference is most apparent in the case of Lily and Veleur. Lily's 8ft. greater length and 1ft. greater beam, being actually made inferior to the 1ft. 3/8in. greater depth of Veleur. Again, Miranda's 1ft. 10 greater length, and 1 1/2in. greater beam, count less than Veleur's 1ft. 3/8in. greater depth. She has about 3ft. of board. All the above, with the exception of Veleur, which shows a high side, have very low freeboard.

It is now proposed that during the ensuing season centerboards shall be kept down during a race, as all the boards being of iron, for the sake of giving weight low down when on a wind, as well as lateral resistance, the raising and lowering them is a violation of the rule, which strictly prohibits shifting ballast in any shape whatever. A recommendation is added to alter the rule of measurement to length, L. W. L. extreme heavy mean draft, product divided by 150. This is a step toward the adoption of a length x sail area rule, which finds favor with many who have given it consideration. The present Y. R. A. rule is inadmissible for evident reasons. Mr. Dixon Kemp's rule, rejected by the Y. R. A. in favor of their present imperfect one, would be used best to the length x sail area, as under it the yachts named above are much more equitably measured, as may be seen by a comparison:

	L x B.	L x B. x Depth.
	Tons.	Tons.
Marquitta.....	1.300	150
Masco.....	1.00	1.09
Miranda.....	1.00	1.76
Lily.....	3.19	2.95
Veleur.....	2.37	3.69

Kemp's rule measures them more fairly, I think. ROCOE-CROIX. HADAM, N. S.

We quite agree with R. C. Movable keels must be recognized as of a fixed quantity. The rule of measurement adopted by the Scandinavian Y. C. of New York.
Length in L. W. L. x sail area.
4,000—tons.
Tacking but slightly the stern or overhauling stern, and limiting all flying kites to a proportionate area of the lower sails, we are persuaded will yet be the prevailing rule of adjustment. The Yacht Race Association of England are gradually approaching the adoption of this rule, and will do so after founding about a mile longer trying to see how, what is termed sea-going, cruisers can be classed with real sea-going racing yachts.]

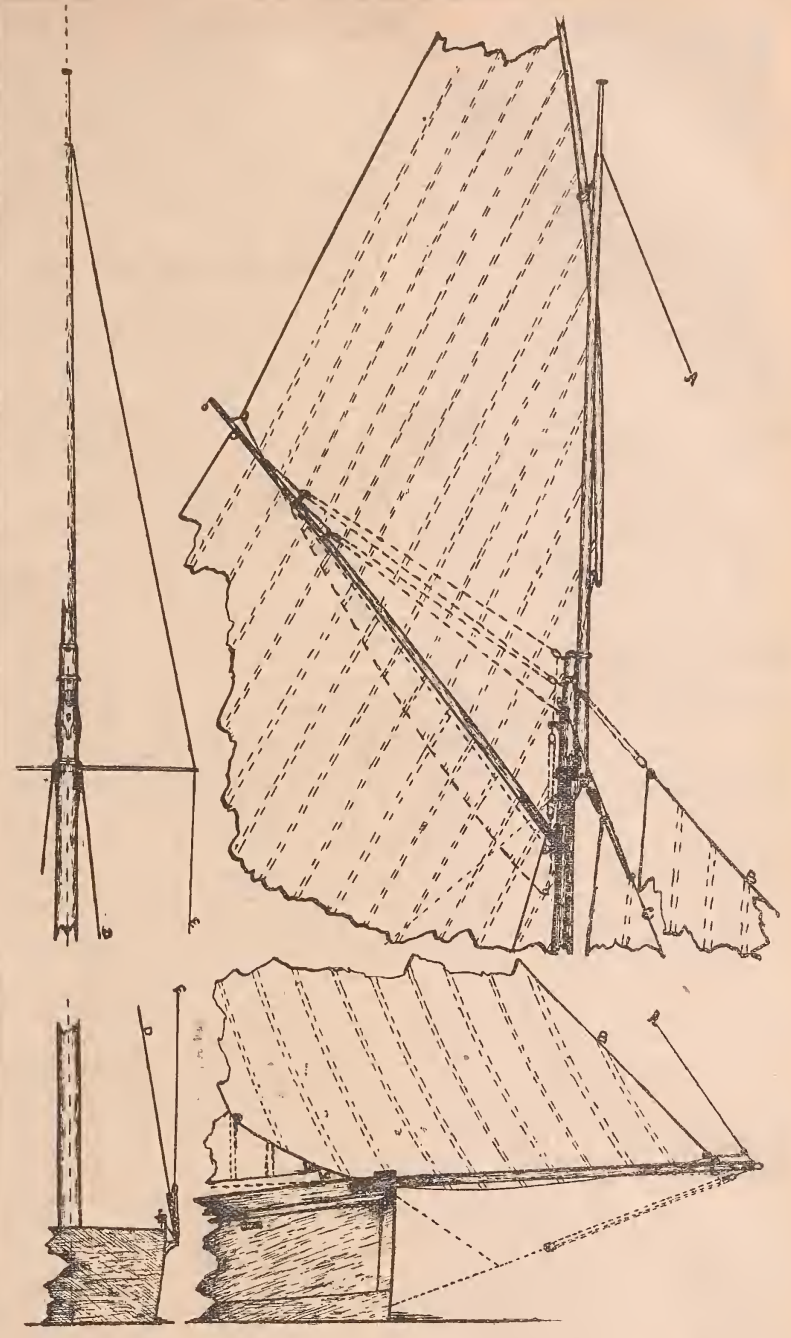
AMERICAN STEAM YACHTS.

MESSERS. WILLIAM CRAMP & SON, of Philadelphia, have added another powerful steam yacht to our fast increasing number of large ocean steam yachts. All the work turned out by this firm is now on our coast built by them, that is the Levantia yacht, named Atlanta, and owned by Mr. Jay Gould, of New York City, forms but a résumé of their usual sound and well-finished work. In the Atlanta the spar and rig, has a life imparted into her which is sadly wanted in the steam yachts of this country. We will evidence a march in the right direction of our native talent in naval architecture. Our contemporary, the *Iron Age*, writing on the subject of our American steam yachts a few days since, says:

"Steam yachts in America during the past few years have been vastly increased in size and fitted with materially improved machinery. Speed has been the objective point in the construction of these boats, and builders of hulls, as well as engineers, have taxed their ingenuity severely to that end. The *Star* and *Corsair*, of the New York Club, followed by other large vessels of similar type, marked the beginning of the improved steam yacht in this country. True, many boats, unobtrusive in appearance, and of a type which were to be found on the lists of some yacht clubs for years before, but they were of indifferent account and only fit for inland waters. Specialists are now desisting this type of pleasure craft, and size, power, rig, and accommodations are being looked after with a nicety of detail which means that in the near future the fleet of American steam yachts may be pointed to with pride. The cruising steam yacht, containing all the conveniences of a home, and able to make a voyage of any reasonable length, with marked economy in the consumption of coal, is not now in the undeveloped state it was a few years ago, and the number of new boats of an improved type which will be seen during the coming season justifies the belief that the days of worthless steam toys have passed, and the illustrious launches of a few years ago are being replaced by productions by naval architects of established reputation, fit for any service."
The construction of yacht boats of steel by American builders shows that the improvements made in this important particular in England have not passed unnoticed in this country. Again, though the list of our large steam yachts are from this country, a complete discussion in engineering circles regarding the use of steel for yacht building. The construction of steel yachts in Europe has demonstrated the nature and uses of this material for the purpose, more well understood. Many advantages are claimed for steel in its adaptation for plates and frames of yachts, and it is not unlikely that the results of this construction in this country may think it best to build a steel steam yacht at no distant day."

BOSTON, April 6.—The annual meeting and election of officers for 1893-94 of the South Boston Y. C. was held on Wednesday evening, April 4, and in point of numbers was the largest ever held by the club. The officers elected are as follows: President, H. M. Clark; Vice-Rugles; Vice-Commodore, Henry Hussey; Fleet Captain, James Donovan; Treasurer, Thomas Christian; Secretary, John Whinniet; Race Officer, James Bennett; Stewards, H. M. Clark, Charles W. W. Morris. It is to be regretted that the Commodore-elect does not at the present time own a yacht. The annual reports showed the affairs of the club to be in a flourishing condition, and the members were admitted and several others proposed. The club gave the last masquerade of the season on Thursday evening.—*DEADWEAT.*

NEW CUTTERS.—Our Detroit correspondent writes us to say that Wad is building a 25-footer, which is over a foot deeper than any yacht on our river of 25 feet or less. The length is 25 feet, 4 in., 4 ft. deep clear of the beams, and will draw over 8 ft. of water. She is to be ballasted with 2 1/2 tons of boiler plate punchings. Wad will carry a mainmast and a foremast. The cutter is to be a gaff ketch, with staysail and jib to match. Dean & Co. are also busy with another little cutter, which will be ready in about three weeks for trial.



SMALL CUTTERS.

THE LEAD OF THE STAYS TO THE TOPMAST, ETC.
[THE illustration showing the lead of the stays to the topmast, is especially for those who have made inquiry about the hoisting and securing of the topmast for small cutters. We illustrated our issue of March 22 the masthead of a ten-tonner, which shows the topmast when in position and fitted. The athwartship view in the illustration of this week shows the spread given to the topmast backstays by the cross-tree, the head and pole of the topmast with the (topmast) stay leading to the bowsprit end, and the bowsprit end, and from thence on board the boat, will make the mode of securing the topmast of many cutters quite plain. If A is put in line with A, B with B, etc.—all athwartship stays, and those which led aft when running before the wind, are called backstays. We have shown but one of these backstays as being all that is required for small cutters.

post. The advantage of a boat being thus fitted with two backstays on either side is, that, scudding before a hard blow at sea, it is always best to haul down at least one reef in the mainsail, it gives better play to all the halliards, and with reefs hauled down, it sometimes happens that a jockey topsail can be carried. It is on such occasions, that a double athwartship backstay becomes useful, as, with the extra athwartship stay led aft, the jockey topsail may be kept on a boat when, to carry the whole mainsail, would be ruining the sail and chafing and straining all the blocks and ropes holding it in place.

In fitting the topmast rigging—the backstay and topmast stay are called the topmast rigging—some people make what is called a splice, so that one depth of the rope only is round the pole of the topmast. We have witnessed several accidents when this mode is adopted, by the splice drawing slightly, when too much strain comes upon the seizing, or serving, around the splice. It is better for each athwartship stay to have a separate eye from the starboard shroud.

The above remarks about the eyes for the topmast rigging are also applicable to the main shrouds, and particularly so as applied to the pendant of the main runners. The practice of trusting to the main runners being secured, by being put in position before the main shrouds are placed, with the notion that the shrouds will slip them sufficiently when assisted by a seizing to the after shroud and to each other at the after part of the mast, is pondering too much to accuracy, as the seizing soon gives way, and the pendants have been known to draw away allowed to be fitted in this way. The pendants should be fitted in this way. The pendants should be fitted with separate eyes, and put on to the masthead after the shrouds are in place, thereby giving more room for the horns of the gaff working round the mast than if put into position before the main shrouds are in place.

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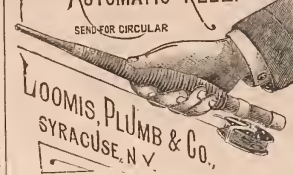
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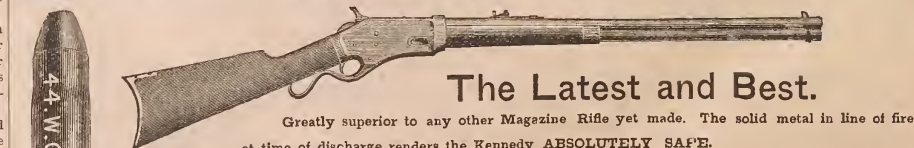
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THE PATENT COFFEE MILL.

THERE is a certain ingenious little contrivance sometime employed in grocery stores which is known to the initiated as the patent coffee mill. The machine is fastened to a partition of the wall, and into it is poured for grinding, the coffee just purchased by the customer. The clerk turns the crank and the buyer sees, or thinks he sees, his pure Old Government Java or Mocha coming out of the mill again. The product which he beholds is, however, only one-half or one-third pure coffee. The rest is browned beans, parched peas, burnt bread crusts, or whatever else the economical merchant may have put into the concealed compartment of the mill, on the other side of the wall. The genius who devised this mill is said to have reaped a rich reward as the fruit of his ingenuity, and is reputed to be worth as much as the Connecticut quarry owner who ships his stone to manufacturers of granulated sugar.

Unfortunately the principle of the patent coffee mill is not confined to the humble cross-roads grocery. Its workings on a more magnificent scale may be studied at the respective capitals of the several States, when the wise heads there assembled come to the annual grinding of the game laws. That which ostensibly goes into the mill as pure and honest game protection is when ground out again only one-sixteenth protection and the rest destruction.

The mill under the big dome at Boston some years ago gave out such an adulterated product; and Boston markets have since then been receivers of what is equivalent to stolen goods, namely, Maine game illegally killed and shipped out of season. The process of grinding is now in active operation at Harrisburg, where the Philadelphia marketmen are attempting to open their stalls for the same ill-gotten merchandise. At Springfield, Ill., the crank has of late been vigorously turned by the Chicago game dealers, chief among them a professed sportsman game dealer, whom we recently showed knowingly to be a receiver of contraband goods in the form of Minnesota game illegally killed and shipped out of season. Neither at Albany do "the grinders cease because they are few;" nor yet is "the sound of the grinding low." Quite the contrary; the grinders are many, and the grinding is loud.

Among the bills, amendatory of the present statute, introduced this year at Albany, is one known as the O'Connor bill. This provides for summer shooting and (by opening the game market) for winter shooting up to February first. In other words, the public is given to understand that the result of the passage of this bill will be game protection, whereas in truth it will be game destruction. Mr. O'Connor, we understand, does not occupy a position corresponding to the proprietor of the grocery store; he simply acts the part of the clerk, and turns the crank of the mill "by request." He doubtless means well enough. The public, however, will not consent to be duped by such a shoveling in of burnt crusts from the other side of the wall as this is.

Another piece of legislation on the patent coffee mill principle bears the name of Mr. Grady. Whether he is the responsible party, or, like Mr. O'Connor, merely the clerk, we are at present uninformed. Neither position is an enviable one, for in this Grady bill, which was introduced into the Senate week before last, is embodied a heterogeneous combination of preposterous abominations. The responsibility for this would be a grievous burden to be borne by one pair of shoulders. The Grady bill, like the O'Connor bill, permits summer shooting, and by extending the selling season to February 1, insures the destruction of game in this State and at the West for two months after the legal killing season has expired.

But the bill goes much further than this in absurdity. It seeks to graft on to American game legislation the most obnoxious and ridiculous principle of private ownership of wild game. Section 20 permits the creation of private parks by advertising a description of the property, and provides that all the birds, fish and game of, in, or upon such territory shall be the private property of the owner or lessee of the premises, and further that to effect such a result but one signboard shall be necessary on every 500 acres in excess of 10,000. This section, in short, gives the right of appropriating all the game in a given part of land by proclamation only, and when it does this it affords proof positive of either the stupidity or the inordinate monopolistic greed of its framer. By its provisions individuals and clubs would be empowered to proclaim themselves proprietors of all the game on a given tract; and could let out the slaughter of it when and how their caprice might suggest.

If Mr. Grady knows anything whatever about the principles underlying game legislation—and having introduced a bill on the subject, he probably does, *jeu nature*, is public property until it shall have been reduced to possession by capture. And even an idiot might comprehend that signboard proclamation is not capture, for can in any conceivable way reduce the game to the lawful possession of the parties erecting the board. The Senate committee who reported this bill, if they were at all competent to decide upon the merits of a proposed game law amendment, should have understood that this Section 20 of the Grady bill is just so much meaningless bosh. Even should it become a law, this section could not stand a minute when brought to the test of the courts. But we cannot believe that the bill will fail to be defeated, as it richly deserves to be.

The radical trouble with much of the attenuated game legislation of the country is that those who dabble in it are, like the framers of the Grady bill, either so lamentably selfish or so blissfully ignorant that it would be far better for the public did they let the matter entirely alone. It is an unfortunate fact that ninety-nine men out of every one hundred in the community care little or nothing about the game law, and the hundredth man is apt to be imbued with the overpowering conviction that the first, last and only thing needful to protect the game is to amend the law so far as it concerns his own particular little duck pond. Selfishness all too often rules the day; game protection means the bringing of the game lawfully within reach of one special gu just when the owner of the gun wants it there.

The mills are grinding on; and the grinding is said, in a small way, to be profitable to some one.

Hon. E. D. POTTER.—We rejoice to learn that the veteran angler and fishcultivist, Hon. Emory D. Potter, of Toledo, who has been lying at the point of death from pneumonia, is now convalescent. Mr. Potter's age is somewhat against him in a struggle with the reaper, but he has passed the turning point and is now out of immediate danger. His hosts of friends, both in and out of the Currier Club, will read this note with satisfaction. Mr. Potter is one of those men who should always be with us; we have too few of them.

MATCH CHANCES AND DANGERS.

THE preparations thus far made by officials of the National Rifle Association bid fair to produce good results in the International match, provided only that they be well backed up by individual effort. And just here should be the answer to much of the very unreasoning criticism which has already begun to pour itself over the work in hand. The programme to be followed in getting together the team has been published, and under it there need be no fear on the part of any really capable competitor that he will not be taken in as a member of the team—should his merits entitle him to that honor. The committee entrusted with the making up of the American squad may fairly be trusted to use their best endeavors to select from the not over large field, such a dozen men as will leave no better man at home when the sailing day comes. There may be prejudices, but they can be fought down, and under the sharp eye of a vigilant press, it is pretty certain that the team, when made up, will be a really representative one in merit as in other qualifications.

The field of selection is a narrow one, and more's the pity. It is a disgrace that, out of nearly fifty States in the Union, about one-tenth of the number only should have anything worthy, the name of a National Guard out of which a choice can be made. This is one of the most significant lessons of the entire contest, and one which thus far has been so entirely overlooked. It does not appear that the defeat of last year has roused the executive of a single one of the States, so delinquent in this matter, into anything like a sense of its shame. Had the defeat been one more of men than of rifles, this fact would have been brought into holder prominence; but, compared with the situation in Great Britain, that in America appears the more disgraceful. There every section of the kingdom is able to send forward men fit to compete for places on a representative team. Here a few dozen letters would reach about every available candidate. Still the battle is confined to the dozen before the butts, and so, with a well-drilled and thoroughly competent squad to send over, our directors need not fear the great army of very competent shots throughout Her Majesty's realm, but whose skill cannot avail the dozen chosen to meet the Americans. This makes the situation the more hopeful, and renders the outlook a more encouraging one.

One of the real stumbling blocks in the way of making up of an harmonious team is that of the captaincy. It is perhaps the most advisable way to permit the selection of the leader by the shooting men, not merely the sanctioning of a nomination made by a board of directors who are themselves non-shooting men. The captain should be a marksman, and he should be thoroughly aware of what every man under him is doing. A man with certain set notions as to rifle or ammunition is not fit for the post. Such a one soon becomes a nuisance and a hindrance by insisting upon the adoption of his pet hobbies. The idea that since there is some money to be spent, the directors should put their own man in the supreme control of the team, is not a valid reason for taking the power of choice out of the hands of the team. The amount at best is but trifling, and under proper rules this could be accounted for exactly without handicapping the efforts of the team by placing over it a man who may not command the confidence of the men who do the shooting. The captain can more readily mar than make a victory.

The great point to be borne in mind is to put the shooting men in such a frame of mind, and consequently condition of body, as shall enable them to do their very best in the match. After having stood the heat and effort of the preliminary competitions for places on the team, it is fair to assume that, as individuals, the men are competent, and the effort of the captain is to be directed toward making the men a compact, single-willed whole, rather than a collection of disjointed, though, perhaps, earnest workers for victory.

This result is the more likely to come under the direction of a captain chosen by the men, than under the rule of an outsider, who comes as the mouthpiece and the agent of a set of managers. If there is to be such a manager, create a new office and let him be styled captain, if the title is a tickling one; but then let there be a shooting-master or something of that sort, who shall be a man able to help the men technically, while his interest is as great toward one as another and his entire allegiance to the team in its work before the targets. With such a directing spirit, success may be looked for; without him it may only be prayed for.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE.—We publish to-day a charming bit of Indian folk-lore from Hudson's Bay.

Natural History.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH

FAMILY PROCELLARIIDÆ: PETRELS.

287. Ice Petrel—Falmarus glacialis Aud.; Ridg. 705, Cs. 314.—This great petrel of the northern seas and ordinarily occurs off the Maine coast, although as yet I have failed to obtain a specimen, either through my own efforts or others'. The species has been taken near the coast of Massachusetts, as well as at Nova Scotia. Dr. T. M. Brewer recorded the capture of a specimen which was caught alive "on a cockpit, on the eastern part of George's Bank," off the coast of Massachusetts, October 28, 1878. (Bull. N. O. C. Jan., 1879.)

288. Leach's Petrel—Thalassidroma leachi Aud.; Cycnocheilus leachii Ridg. 723, Cs. 823.—Abundant along the coast. Breeds commonly upon the islands along the entire coast of Maine. Nests in holes, excavated by itself in the ground, and deposits its single egg in June. The egg is white with faint ring of pink spots about one end. The two ends are nearly equally rounded. This is the only species of petrel known to breed in Maine. The birds are very active at night about their breeding places, but remain fairly quiet usually throughout the day. Their cry is not very often heard during the day, but in the evening it is uttered rapidly and incessantly, while the birds are on the wing. This cry may be expressed by the following syllables: "aeet-taitee-aeet-aeet-aeet-lra-aeet," the first notes uttered very rapidly, but the last three with a perceptible pause between them.

289. Wilson's Petrel—Thalassidroma wilsoni Aud.; Onychoprion wilsoni Ridg. 722, Cs. 828.—This species is of not uncommon occurrence off the coast, but rarely comes to the shore, and none breed here.

290. Greater Shearwater or "Hagden"—Puffinus cinereus Aud.; Puffinus major Ridg. 709, Cs. 832.—Common at the offshore fishing reefs; generally known as the common "hagden."

291. Sooty Shearwater, "Black Hagden"—Puffinus fuliginosus Ridg. 714, Cs. 837.—Common at the offshore fishing reefs; generally known by fishermen as the "black hagden." Probably every species of Puffinus of occurrence along the New England coast might properly be named for Maine, but I have included only the species whose capture here I can vouch for.

FAMILY COLYMBIDÆ: DIVERS.

292. Great Northern Diver or Loon—Colymbus glauciatus Aud.; Colymbus torquatus Ridg. 736, Cs. 840.—Abundant, breeds about the lakes throughout the State. Nests upon the ground near the water, and in June lays two or three dark olive-brown eggs, with as yet irregularly marked with a number of blotches or spots. A few loons of this species are found on the coast throughout the winter. The spring migration occurs in April and May. This largest of our divers is locally well known as the common "loon."

293. Black-throated Diver or Loon—Colymbus arcticus Aud., Ridg. 738, Cs. 843.—An arctic species and not known to occur here in the black-throated plumage of perfect maturity. Audubon writes (Birds of America) that young birds extended their wanderings southward beyond the limits of the United States. This loon is a little larger than the species next named, and smaller than the great northern loon or loon, which it most resembles in form. This resemblance is very close in immature birds, but the adults are easily distinguished apart. An immature male black-throated loon was shot on the coast of Washington county, Maine, December 6, 1881, and its skin was preserved by Mr. A. Eddy, who kindly sent the specimen to me for examination. Skins of this species are so rare in collections, that but little material is available upon which to base a diagnosis of the characteristic features of immature birds. Audubon names the number of tail feathers as sixteen for this species, and eighteen for the great northern loon, although twenty is a more common number for the latter. But this feature (number of rectrices) of waterfowl is so variable as to be, by itself, of little if any value for diagnosis of species.

In maturity the coloration of plumage is sufficient to distinguish either of the two species named, but not so with young birds. Nor is a comparison of the general size of immature birds of especial value in this case, as individual loons vary greatly in size.

The bill of black-throated loon is relatively as well as actually somewhat shorter than that of the great northern loon, especially as regards depth, and this appears to be the prime diagnostic feature of the species, taken in connection with the wing measurement. It is upon these two features, bill and wing, that I base the identification of Mr. Eddy's specimen, which I am constrained to regard as a black-throated loon (C. arcticus) killed in its second year at about seventeen months of age.

In the original collection of the Boston Natural History Society at Boston, Mass., there are five immature specimens labeled C. arcticus, and one specimen without a label that appears to be one of the same species. I have examined these five specimens, and here give some measurements of them in comparison with the corresponding measurements of Mr. Eddy's specimen. The latter was freshly mounted when I examined it. The others have been mounted many years, and the contours of their bills may have become slightly changed by long drying.

I do not give the "length of bill along the ridge," which may be differently measured by collectors, and which is a measurement that varies in dried specimens from the same taken from freshly killed ones. My measurement to the nostril is less open to variations. The term "nostril," as thus used, refers to the anterior limit of the nasal aperture, and not the nasal opening.

This is a well-defined point upon all specimens, whether fresh or dried, and hence I measure the "width" and "depth" of the bill at this point, which is a constant one. The ordinary measurements of the depth and width "at base of bill" are subject to great variations for the same specimens in the hands of different persons, since the exact point defined as the "base" is likely to be variously determined, and a slight longitudinal difference in making such measurements causes very appreciable discrepancies. The "wing" measurements below given were taken by means of a tape line passed under the wing and drawn taut from the "head" to the "tip" of the wing. This method of measuring the wing

is objectionable, but sufficient for comparisons in this connection, as all the specimens were thus measured. My usual method is to measure the wing of a large bird on its curve or outside edge, and not its chord below. The measurement from "bill tip to eye" is to the anterior angle of the eyelids. Following are measurements of the black-throated diver or loon (Colymbus arcticus), given in inches and decimals of inches. The specimens Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 are those named above as being in the Boston Natural History Society's collection. Nos. 1 (labeled 8148), 2 (labeled 8149), and 3 (labeled 8150), being in the Fresnaye collection; No. 4 in the Theodore Lyman collection; and No. 5 without a label. No. 6 is the specimen in the collection of Mr. N. A. Eddy, Bangor, Me.; No. 1 from the "North Seas," is in my collection in perfect summer plumage; No. 2, "N. Europe," is immature; No. 3, "N. America," is immature; No. 4, adult; No. 5, immature; No. 6, Maine, an immature male:

Table with 6 columns (Bill, Tip to eye, Tip to nostril, Width at nostril, Depth at nostril, Gonyx) and 6 rows (No. 1, No. 2, No. 3, No. 4, No. 5, No. 6).

Edge of upper mandible: No. 1, decurved; No. 2, slightly decurved; No. 3, decurved; No. 4, straight, except tip; No. 6, recurved. Edge of lower mandible: No. 1, decurved; No. 2, slightly decurved; No. 3, decurved; No. 4, slightly recurved; No. 6, recurved.

294. Red-throated Diver, or Loon—Colymbus septentrionalis Aud., Ridg. 740, Cs. 844.—Abundant during migrations, passing north late in April and early in May, when the species is abundant, and often flying in small flocks of a dozen or more. This is the smallest of the three loons known to occur here, and is locally termed "cape racer" by gunners and fishermen. Occasionally adult specimens in the perfect plumage of the breeding season are shot here in May, yet it is uncommon to procure them with the rest of the throat perfectly developed. The greater number killed along this coast have the throat white without any trace of red.

FAMILY PODICIPIDÆ: GREBES.

295. Red-necked Grebe—Podiceps rubricollis Aud.; Podiceps albicollis Ridg. 731, Podiceps hyperboreus bolleoides Cs. 847.—Common on the coast during migrations, and a few remain here in winter. Spring migration occurs in April. Specimens in the plumage of the breeding season are obtained here in spring. This large grebe is sometimes mistaken for the red-throated loon or "cape racer" when on the wing. It appears to be a marine bird almost exclusively, and is not found on the lakes here, although occasionally frequenting the mouths of rivers as well as estuaries.

296. Horned Grebe—Podiceps cornutus Aud., Cs. 848; Dytas arcticus Ridg. 732.—Abundant during migrations. The most common grebe known here. The spring migration occurs early in April, and during this month I have shot specimens of this species and of the red-necked grebe in the perfect plumage of the breeding season. At such times there were considerable quantities of fine feathers in the stomachs of the birds of both these species, which apparently had been plucked by the birds from themselves during the moult just completed. Possibly a few horned grebes breed in Maine, at least occasionally, as specimens are sometimes found in the lakes during the summer.

297. Pied-billed Grebe, Dobeckie—Podiceps carolinensis Aud.; Podilymbus podiceps Ridg. 735; Podilymbus podiceps Cs. 852. Not uncommon in summer about the lakes and streams, and probably it breeds here regularly.

FAMILY ALCIDÆ: AUKS, GUILLEMOTS.

298. Razor-billed Auk—Alca torva Aud.; Utemania torva Ridg. 742, Cs. 877.—Common along the coast in winter. A few breed off the coast of Eastern Maine. A single egg, white, with reddish brown blotches, is laid early in June. The spring migration occurs here in March and early in April. The food of this species consists of marine algae, crustacea, etc., and the flesh, as compared to that of other seafoal, is of fine texture and palatable.

The flight of the razor-billed auk is usually swift and straight, the wings beating rapidly; but occasionally the bird performs a succession of singularly long beats with their wings, without diminishing the speed of flight however.

299. Puffin—Mormon arcticus Aud.; Fratercula arctica Ridg. 743, Cs. 854.—Common along the coast in winter, locally known to fishermen as "sea parrot." A few breed here. A single white egg is laid in June, in holes in the ground or under the rocks. The food of this species consists chiefly of small shrimps and other crustaceans.

300. Little Guillemot, Dovekie—Mergulus alle Aud., Alle nigricans Ridg. 152, Cs. 863.—Abundant on the coast in winter. Not bred here, nor is the plumage of the breeding season acquired before departure for the north in early spring. This diminutive guillemot is locally termed "ice bird" by the fishermen. It is entirely marine in its habits, but occasionally is driven upon land by severe storms. I have the skin of a little guillemot picked up alive from the ground in Gorham, Cumberland county, Me., immediately after a great ice, in September, 1893. This was unusually early in the autumn for the species to arrive on the Maine coast. The bird was shot by Henry Merrill in the harbor of Pushaw Lake, near Bangor, Me., in November, 1879. I have known of the occurrence of this species in abundance in the harbor at Portland, Me., during a severe winter.

301. Black Guillemot—Uria grylle Aud., Ridg. 760, Cs. 871.—Abundant. Locally termed "sea pigeon" by fishermen. The most common species of guillemot on the Maine coast. Breeds commonly eastward of the Kennebec River. Two white eggs, blotched with dark brown, are laid in June, usually in crevices of the cliffs, but also various other places are selected. I once found a bird sitting upon its two eggs far within a hollow log that was lying upon a rocky beach where it had been washed up by waves during some great storm. This bird I captured and kept alive for some time, feeding it upon "rock eels," etc. It had become very tame when finally liberated. Mr. Harry Merrill informs me that the first guillemot of this species was shot at Sebec Lake in 1878. The black guillemots and their eggs, both in the greenish-black summer plumage and the more attractive plumage of winter, and would form an attractive addition to a zoological garden.

The change in coloration of plumage occurs very early in the spring. Mr. Boardman informs me that he has obtained a specimen "in the middle of February, changed to black, and one the last of January two-thirds changed." But usually the change does not acquire its summer appearance before April. In the month of March the black guillemots are

After dark the Waterhen crept ashore and went to his grandmother's wigwam, where he procured two gun flints, which he tied to his webbed feet; then went to the edge of the lake and waited for morning. At daybreak the hunters came to settle the Waterhen, and, waiting until all hands were well out into the bosom of the lake, trod sharply on the fungi (which were lying full of water around the lake) with his flint-shod feet, and let the water free and drowned all his pursuers. (The flints cut the webs of the bird's feet, which can be seen still.) The lake soon filled with water up to its old level, but no living thing floated up, and nothing was alive near it excepting only the Waterhen himself, who was swimming about on its calm surface, and the widows of the waterhen, walling and kicking up a racket on the edge of the lake.

After only a short while, however, first a Bear, then a Beaver, came out of the water and ran ashore. These beasts and also many others who had been turned into waterfowl and remained swimming about in the lake, were the revived bodies of those whom the Waterhen had flooded, transformed now into the shapes and sizes of the different beasts and birds of the present time.

Near by was a smaller lake filled with grease, into which some beasts, as the Bear and Beaver, dived; others, as the Deer, only dipped their backs, some more some less, as the Rabbit, who contented himself with dipping in a pav and oiling under his forelegs and between his shoulders. This accounts for the greater or less amount of fat on the different animals. The last animal who came to the lake of grease was the Squirrel, who was so grieved to see most of the others so large compared with himself, that he cried so hard as to make the striped appearance round his eyes we yet ead notice.

While they were standing in a row after the process of bathing or greasing was over, confused with all they had undergone and not knowing what to do with themselves, the Great Spirit appeared to them and told them that they would have to serve as food for the human race, by whom they had been hunted and ever since. NISTASKESI.

MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY, BRITISH AMERICA. [TO BE CONTINUED.]

BAIE DES CHALEURS.

HEALTH and pleasure seekers will be glad to learn that excellent accommodation is now being prepared to receive a number of visitors who may wish to enjoy the fine scenery and beautiful spots in the Province of Quebec.

Carleton, as I found it last summer, is a remarkably pretty sea-shore village, with good stores, good roads, daily mail, telegraph communication, and connected with Campbellton (a station of the Intercolonial Railroad about thirty miles off) by steamer three times a week, or can be reached daily by the road, and is, therefore, easy of access. The majestic Frigidiferous Mountains completely shelter it from northern winds so disagreeable at other watering places. Opposite the village is Carleton Point, projecting one and a half miles out, on each side of which is a beautiful sandy-bottomed bay, also sheltered from winds from either one or other direction, and consequently affording safe and pleasant bathing and boating.

The Baie des Chaleurs, or in English, "Warm Bay," is not remarkable for the heat of its English, but is sufficiently warm to be enjoyable, and not so cold as many other localities where one shivers in July; the climate during the summer months is simply delightful. This grand bay divides the Province of Quebec from that of New Brunswick; it is said to be about twenty-five miles wide at its entrance, and 100 miles long, and gradually narrows till it reaches its end, where the celebrated Restigouche River meets it. On both sides there are over sixty rivers running into the bay, nearly all of which abound in salmon and trout; it has always been noted for its large-sized salmon, ten or twelve often filling a barrel with 200lbs. of cleaned fish.

Among the specimens prepared by me for the London exhibition are the salmon from the Cascaopia River, near Carleton, weighing respectively 47, 44 and 41 pounds; the sea trout are large in proportion and in immense numbers. The bay is also the resort of codfish, mackerel, herring, and the shells, lobsters, and the numerous waters of the adjacent mountains are renowned for caribou, moose and bear hunting, especially the caribou, which are very numerous. Along the shores and rivers may often be found thousands of wild geese, brant, ducks and plovers. Experienced guides and boats or canoes are to be procured at very reasonable rates and there are few places can boast of so many attractions for the sportsman as Carleton. The great drawback here is the want of accommodation; this disadvantage will now be furnished by our respected townsman, Mr. Joseph R. Michaud, passenger agent of the Paspungic Railroad at Quebec, who has secured the necessary property to do so to a limited extent this season, and will probably build a large hotel for future wants, and I am sure the visitor will be treated in such a manner as to greatly enhance the pleasure of the trip.

Being frequently asked, where can one go for sea air and bathing or fishing and shooting below Quebec, from what I saw on my visit last summer, I would say try Carleton. J. T. GREGORY.

QUEBEC, April 2, 1883.

A GROUSE IN TOWN.—NEWTON, MASS., April 10.—Robins and song birds are quite plentiful with us now. On Thursday, 5th inst., on Fast Day, the writer saw a large flock of geese and heard of another flock, as well as a few stray ducks being seen. Something happened yesterday entirely out of the usual course. Quite a large bird was reported as being seen sitting on the ridge-pole of a newly built house in a highly settled part of our ward. Curious to know what the bird was, I went out to write my paper, and to my surprise I found the bird to be a full-sized partridge. On inquiry I learned he had been there about half an hour, and as he was not disturbed, seemed to be quite contented with his perch. He remained in all about three hours on his elevated place, before taking wing. Is this not something very unusual? and how do you account for the occurrence?—TOM ALLEY.

ILLINOIS DUCK SHOOTING.—April 10.—Fowling has not been near so good on the Illinois River as usual. The night has not been heavy and of short duration, so far as I can judge our quail are pretty well used up—at least I have never seen them so scarce at this time of year. Jack snipe are now here with a rush, but I am happy to say that but very few shoot them here in the spring.—BYRKE.

commonly found moulting, and then present a mottled black and white appearance of the lower parts. The spring moulting appears to include the plumage of the entire head, neck and body; the summer dress being chiefly formed by a new growth of feathers, instead of merely a change in coloration of the old plumage.

302. Foolish Guillemot, Long-billed Murre—*Uria troile* Aud.; *Lousia troile* Ridg. 763, Cs. 874.—Not common. This is the "foolish" or "common" murre or guillemot of authors, but it is not very common at any time on the coast of Maine, where it occurs, however, during the autumn, winter and early spring. There appears to be some confusion among writers concerning the two species of murre found on this coast. For the Atlantic Coast of the United States the term "common" is inappropriate to this species. The published descriptions of the two species are at best meagre, and as unsatisfactory to ordinary students as are the names applied. This species may readily be identified by the length of bill, which measures one and a quarter inches or more from tip to nostril. In full maturity the long-billed murre may be easily distinguished, but for immature winter specimens the bill forms the most characteristic feature for identification, as will be seen by the comparisons given in the notes of the next named species.

303. Brünnich's Guillemot, Short-billed Murre—*Uria brunnicchi* Aud.; *Lousia arva* Ridg. 764; *Lousia arva* 876. Common off shore along the entire coast in winter, and sometime abundant. Usually arrives from the north late in the autumn or early in the winter, and returns in April. This species is the "Brünnich's," "large-billed," or "thick-billed" murre of writers, and may be distinguished from the preceding named species by its comparatively short bill, of one and an eighth inches or less in length from tip to nostril.

The readers for whom these lines are written may thus identify, by measurement of the bill, any murre obtained on the Atlantic coast of North America, without reference to technical ornithological descriptions of other specific characteristics.

But little has been published about our murre since the time of Audubon, who gave, in his Birds of America, some account of their habits as observed in summer at Labrador, as also full descriptions of these birds. But various discrepancies may be noted that suggest the possibility of not only concerning the two species having been mixed. Audubon mentions the long-billed species (*troile*) as "more or less abundant during winter on the coast of Massachusetts and Maine," and the short-billed species (*brunnicchi*) as "occasionally procured in Maine." In fact the reverse is true.

But if an one inquires of our coast gunners or fishermen concerning the "large-billed" murre, and the "common" murre, he will be told just what Audubon has told us. The explanation is simple. In the published writings of ornithologists the name "large-billed" and "thick-billed" have hitherto been applied to the murre that has the smallest bill, and is common every winter on our coast, while the name "common" has been applied by the same authors to the species of murre that comparatively is not common on our coast at any time. Audubon's measurements are also confusing, and a reversal of the files of species to which he applied them will be necessary to approximate them to my own notes, and I therefore quote the following from "Birds of America."

Table with 2 columns: Uria troile, Uria brunnicchi. Rows: Length to end of tail, Length to end of claws, Extent of wings, Wing from flexure.

These measurements indicate U. brunnicchi as the largest of the two species, but such is not the fact. From my own notes I select for comparisons the following measurements:

Table with 2 columns: Long-billed Murre, Short-billed Murre. Rows: Length to end of tail.

The measurements of wing and extent intergrade, as do also the measurements of tail. The species brunnicchi of the species troile exceeds that of the species brunnicchi. The weight of the latter in lean condition is from one and a quarter to two pounds each.

The following table of measurements taken from my own notes will afford a convenient comparison of the most important dimensions of these two species. All measurements are given in inches and decimal fractions thereof:

Table with 4 columns: Foolish Guillemot or Long-billed Murre, Brünnich's Guillemot or Short-billed Murre, Adult, Young, Winter, Winter. Rows: Tip to apparent angle of feathers, Bill (tip to nostril), Depth at nostril, Width at nostril, Gonyx, Tarsus, Wing-Chord, Wing-along edge, Length to tip of tail/about.

The references to "nostril" mean the anterior border of the nasal aperture. Wing measurements are made with a tape line from bend to tip over the edge, and not the chord of the curve. It will be observed that the most characteristic measurements of the two species are lengths of bills, and are almost the sole measurements that never intergrade. Each species may also be distinguished by the following general comparison of characteristics:

Long-billed Murre (troile or arva).—Bill, tip to nostril, about three times its depth. Tip to angle of gonyx about two-thirds of tarsus. Tonia of upper mandible bare at base, dilated, yellowish.

Short-billed Murre (brunnicchi or arva).—Bill, tip to nostril about twice its depth. Tip to angle of gonyx about one-half of tarsus. Tonia of upper mandible feathered at base.

ADDENDA.

Willow Ptarmigan or Grouse—Lagopus albus Aud., Ridg. 474, Cs. 563.—There appears to be no reliable evidence that this species ever existed in Maine. In "Birds of America," Mr. Audubon has stated that he "felt assured it exists in Maine, as well as in the northern districts bordering on the great lakes." And further states that "Theodore Lincoln, Esq., of Dennyville, in Maine, shot seven one day, and mentions, Mr. Lincoln has informed me that he could not remember ever finding the ptarmigan in Maine, and that "probably Mr. Audubon referred to those shot further North."

Mr. Lincoln speaks of the Canada grouse (Tetrao canadensis Aud.) as "spotted grouse," and it is my belief that the

incident of the seven birds shot in one day near Dennyville, Me., related by Mr. Audubon, was properly referable to the "spotted" or Canada grouse. Mr. Manly Hardy, of Brewer, Me., writes me as follows: "Besides my own chances for observations in Maine, New Brunswick and Canada East, I have taken great pains to inquire of all my fur collectors and hunters about ptarmigan, but I can find no instance of its capture in the region of the coast. A hunter who resided for twenty years near Gaspe, has extensive dealings in the Restigouche and Metapedia region, and knows the whole of that country, assures me that this bird is never found south of the St. Lawrence River, below Quebec."

I have fished in summer through various parts of Maine and New Brunswick, and hunted on the "south shore" of the St. Lawrence River in winter, and all my own observations and inquiries have resulted in repeated failure to find any evidence of the existence of the ptarmigan south of the St. Lawrence River. This species (L. albus) is a common resident on the island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, however, and abundant in Newfoundland.

Prairie Owl—Scotia emiclararia Aud.; Spizella emiclararia hypogaea Ridg. 408, Cs. 487.—In 1879 an owl of this species was left in Portland, Maine, for a taxidermist (Mr. Arden Nelson, Jr.). No person ever called for the bird, which was alive with Mr. Nelson, although it was winged, broken, and no further news of this specimen can be learned. It may have been a straggler from the plains in the West, but more probably was brought East in a cage.

Trumpet Swan—Cyanus buccinator Aud., Cs. 688; Swan buccinator Ridg. 589.—Some years ago (prior to 1868) a swan was seen at Scarborough, Maine, during several consecutive days. The late Caleb G. Loring, Jr., to whom the common swan (C. americanus Aud.) was well known, observed this bird repeatedly fly from the bay and circle about over the marsh high in the air, uttering cries which led Mr. Loring to believe the bird to be a trumpet swan.

Tufted Puffin—Moronotus cirrhatus Aud.; Landa cirrhata Ridg. 745; Fratercula cirrhata Cs. 556.—The following record of this species is given in "Birds of America" by Audubon: "The specimen from which I drew the figure of this singular-looking bird was procured at the mouth of the Kennebec River in Maine. It was shot by a fisherman, a man well standing in some floating nets in the winter of 1831-32. For one individual was seen." As fifty years have elapsed since this occurrence without a similar record for the coast, the species is only mentioned in this connection.

Great Auk—Alca impennis (Linn.), Ridg. 741, Cs. 878.—Although this species is now generally supposed to be utterly extinct, it undoubtedly once existed upon the coast of Maine. Bones found at various places in Maine have been referred to this species. (See the "American Naturalist," v. p. 578.)

[The notes already printed close the body of Mr. Smith's history of Maine birds, which has contained much that is of interest to our ornithological readers. The author has, however, expressed his intention of making some supplementary remarks, which will appear next week. The value to ornithologists of such lists, when they are carefully and judiciously compiled, is very great, and we feel sure that the present one has been highly appreciated by those interested in the subject with which it deals.]

MASSACHUSETTS WINTER NOTES.

Birds wintering at Taunton, Mass., and vicinity during the winter of 1892-3.

BY JOHN C. CARROON.

THE following brief notes of the past winter, and of the birds at Taunton and vicinity, I take from my notebook:

December, 1892, came in with snow on the ground, and during the month there were sixteen days of sleighing. The lowest point reached by the mercury was on the 4th, 3° above zero. During the month there were eight days of rain, and on eight days twelve days perfectly fair. The month as a whole, averaged 10° colder than December, 1891.

A few robins (Turdus migratorius), and bluebirds (Sialia sialis) were seen and heard at various times during the month. Saw golden-crested kinglets (Regulus satrapa) in company with chickadees (Parus atricapillus) every few days. A number of brown creepers (Certhia familiaris) remained here during the month. Yellow-rumped warblers (Dendroica coronata) were quite abundant, found them in swamps and near a river. Saw flocks of goldfinches (Astragalinus tristis) from time to time, and song sparrows (Melospiza fasciata) remained with us throughout the month. Snowbirds (Junco hyemalis) and tree sparrows (Spizella monticola) were quite common; crows (Corvus frugilegus) common; blue jays (Cyanocitta cristata) very common, saw them every day that I went out. A small number of hairy and downy woodpeckers (Picus villosus and P. pubescens) were seen during the month. Golden-winged woodpeckers (Colaptes auratus) were quite plentiful. Great horned owls (Bubo virginianus) were seen several times. Several barred owls (Strix nebulosa) were seen once. One of them was observed in a small swamp near the city. On the 24th a handsome adult saw-whet owl (Nyctala neotoma) was brought to me that was shot at this place.

This is the first to my knowledge that has been taken here in the winter. Several years ago I saw red-tailed hawk (Buteo borealis), eagle (Haliaeetus leucocephalus), and osprey (Pandion haliaeetus) on the coast of Maine. The latter was taken from a hole in a decayed tree. There were three of them, and two were so tame that they alighted on my hand, but the other one was savage, and if I put my hand near him he would fly and peck at it as hard as he could. Their favorite food was small fresh fish cut up fine. They were the handsomest young owls that I ever saw, but they all died before they reached their full growth. Saw red-tailed hawk (Buteo borealis), eagle (Haliaeetus leucocephalus), and osprey (Pandion haliaeetus) on the coast of Maine. The latter was taken from a hole in a decayed tree. There were three of them, and two were so tame that they alighted on my hand, but the other one was savage, and if I put my hand near him he would fly and peck at it as hard as he could. Their favorite food was small fresh fish cut up fine. They were the handsomest young owls that I ever saw, but they all died before they reached their full growth. Saw red-tailed hawk (Buteo borealis), eagle (Haliaeetus leucocephalus), and osprey (Pandion haliaeetus) on the coast of Maine. The latter was taken from a hole in a decayed tree. There were three of them, and two were so tame that they alighted on my hand, but the other one was savage, and if I put my hand near him he would fly and peck at it as hard as he could. Their favorite food was small fresh fish cut up fine. They were the handsomest young owls that I ever saw, but they all died before they reached their full growth.

January followed December without any great change in the temperature. Ten days of sleighing. The lowest point reached by the mercury was on the 13th, 10° below zero; the highest on the 21st and 30th, 50°. During the month it snowed on nine days and rained on five. The coldest day was on the 13th, when the thermometer stood at 3° colder than January, 1892. The morning of the 13th had the honor of showing up as the coldest of the season. Mercury dropped all night, and at 7 A. M. it reached its lowest point, 10° below zero. At 12 M. the mercury had climbed up to 40° above zero. A change of 50° in five hours is a little peculiarity of New England. The snow storm, which reached us on the night of the 9th, proved to be the most severe of the season. The wind blew hard from the north, and large drifts

were piled up, and travel to some extent delayed. At noon the mercury had not risen beyond 11° above zero, and the few people that had to be encountered a first-class blizzard.

Bluebirds (Sialia sialis) were heard singing at various times, and a pair of them were seen in a meadow once during the month. Golden-crested kinglets (Regulus satrapa) and chickadees (Parus atricapillus) were common, and on the 23d I shot quite a number of the former, nearly all of them being adults. On the 24th I shot one of a pair of yellow-rumped warblers (Dendroica coronata) the only ones I saw during the month. Although I did not see any pine grosbeaks (Pinicola enucleator), several flocks were seen, and a few were taken. Saw a large flock of redpoll linnets (Egithus hiemalis) once during the month. Goldfinches (Astragalinus tristis) were seen often in large and small flocks. A pair of song sparrows (Melospiza fasciata) was found by me wintering in a little sheltered valley. Snowbirds (Junco hyemalis) were common. Tree sparrows (Spizella monticola) were abundant from the beginning to the end of the month. Crows (Corvus frugilegus) were seen occasionally, but were not as common as in December. Blue jays (Cyanocitta cristata) were common. Hairy and downy woodpeckers (Picus villosus and P. pubescens) were noticed at different times, the hairy being more common than the downy woodpecker. Golden-winged woodpecker (Colaptes auratus) were quite plentiful, a flock of them wintering in an old barn, where I saw them flying in and out of some holes near the top. Great horned owls (Bubo virginianus) were seen a few times, and on the 4th, a handsome adult was brought to me. A barred owl (Strix nebulosa) was seen once. A hawk was seen a number of times, which from the description must have been a red-tailed hawk (Buteo borealis). Saw ruffed grouse (Bonasa umbellus) quite a number of times, and found quails (Ortyx virginiana) from time to time in an old corn field feeding on the weeds and corn that had been left there.

February has been remarkable as a month of ice and snow. Nearly every snowstorm turned into rain, which froze, making one successive sheet of ice. There was excellent sleighing nearly all of the month. The mercury fell during the month to 6° above zero. During the month it has snowed on eleven days and rained on nine; eleven days perfect fair.

A flock of robins (Turdus migratorius) and bluebirds (Sialia sialis) were found in the early part of the month wintering in a pine swamp on the outskirts of the city. Golden-crested kinglets (Regulus satrapa) were seen quite often. Chickadees (Parus atricapillus) very common. I saw brown creepers (Certhia familiaris) a few times. On the 5th I shot a yellow-rumped warbler (Dendroica coronata), the only one that I saw during the month. I saw a flock of pine grosbeaks (Pinicola enucleator) once. They were on some willow trees over a river. Redpoll linnets (Egithus hiemalis) became common about the 15th, and during the month I secured some good specimens. Goldfinches (Astragalinus tristis) were abundant. A few song sparrows (Melospiza fasciata) began to appear on the 27th and 28th. Snowbirds (Junco hyemalis) were seen every few days. Tree sparrows (Spizella monticola) were particularly abundant. Crows (Corvus frugilegus) were more common than in January. Blue jays (Cyanocitta cristata) were plentiful all the month. Golden-winged woodpeckers (Colaptes auratus) were seen occasionally. Hairy woodpeckers (Picus villosus) were seen now and then, and I shot several from the trees in my back yard. Saw downy woodpecker (Picus pubescens) once. A few screech owls (Scops asio) began to show themselves in the latter part of the month. I saw ruffed grouse (Bonasa umbellus), and quails (Ortyx virginiana) often, and from what I have seen they have wintered well.

The first two days of March were warm and springlike, but this soon gave way to very cold and blustering weather, which, with the exception of a few days, remained so throughout the month. We had some of our coldest weather in March, the thermometer falling to 10° below the zero in the morning of the 8th, and 6° below on the 9th. We had a few snow storms in March, the most that fell at one time was three inches.

A flock of goldfinches (Astragalinus tristis), redpoll linnets (Egithus hiemalis), and pine linnets (Chrysomitris pinus) remained near our house nearly the whole of the month. A screech owl (Scops asio) was brought to me on the 1st. The morning of the 2d was very pleasant. When I awoke in the morning I heard song sparrows (Melospiza fasciata) singing, and soon after breakfast a flock of six robins (Turdus migratorius) alighted on a tree near the house. During the day a few bluebirds (Sialia sialis) made their appearance. The first bird to arrive from the South was a fox sparrow (Passerella iliaca), which I saw on the 4th. On the 10th I secured two shore larks (Eremophila alpestris) out of a flock flying on a field. March 11, I saw a cooper's hawk (Accipiter cooperii), and a small flock of yellow-rumped warblers (Dendroica coronata). I saw a chipping sparrow (Spizella domesticus) on the 13th. I observed on the 16th a flock of ten male redbird blackbirds (Agelaius phoeniceus), and a flock of wild geese (Branta canadensis) were seen flying over. While walking near a spring-brook on the 19th I flushed a large woodcock (Philohela minor), out of some low bushes near by. A flock of purple grackles (Quiscalus purpuraceus) was seen on the 24th. A pair of pine grosbeaks (Pinicola enucleator) stopped here on the 25th. I saw a single white-bellied swallow (Iridoprocne bicolor), and shot a mockingbird (Mimus polyglottus) on the 26th. On the 28th I shot a cowbird (Molothrus ater).

Although I did not see a single shrike (Lanius borealis) during the winter, yet the local press contains an account of the killing out of the English sparrow, caused by this bird being introduced. On the 2d of March I found a pine linnet (Chrysomitris pinus) in the crotch of a bush with its head and neck eaten off. I have no doubt but that it was done by a hater bird, as it was near the house and I had not seen any hawk about. I find the birds that have wintered at Taunton and vicinity are:

- Robin (Turdus migratorius). Bluebird (Sialia sialis). Golden-crested kinglet (Regulus satrapa). Chickadee (Parus atricapillus). Brown creeper (Certhia familiaris). Yellow-rumped warbler (Dendroica coronata). Great northern shrike (Lanius borealis). Pine grosbeak (Pinicola enucleator). Redpoll linnet (Egithus hiemalis). American goldfinch (Astragalinus tristis). Hairy woodpecker (Picus villosus). Hairy woodpecker (Picus pubescens). Song sparrow (Melospiza fasciata). Black snowbird (Junco hyemalis).

Tree sparrow (*Spizella monticola*).
Common crow (*Corvus brachyrhynchos*).
Blue jay (*Cyanocitta cristata*).
Hairy woodpecker (*Picus villosus*).
Downy woodpecker (*P. pubescens*).
Golden-winged woodpecker (*Colaptes auratus*).
Great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*).
Screech owl (*Scops asio*).
Barred owl (*Strix nebulosa*).
Saw-whet owl (*Aegolius acadicus*).
Red-tailed hawk (*Bubo borealis*).
Ruffed grouse (*Bonasa umbellus*).
Quail (*Oryzopsis virginiana*).

THE SOCIETY OF TAXIDERMISTS.

THE third annual exhibition of the National Society of Taxidermists, which opens in Lyric Hall, 723 Sixth avenue, on May 1, to continue five days, will be of great interest to all lovers of birds and beasts. Sportsmen will be especially interested in the groups of game birds, medallions and panels, and above all, the groups of painters and setters "at work." Mr. Hornaday's striking group of an English setter and covey of quail, entitled, "Coming to the Point," which attracted so much admiring attention at the Boston exhibition, and later in the National Museum at Washington, will be seen here, and there are several other fine "bird dogs" entered to compete against it.

The first exhibition of the society was held in Rochester in 1850, and the second a year later in Boston. Both were very highly praised by the press of their respective cities, and visited by admiring crowds. The display in this city will be larger than both the former one together, and the variety of objects will also be much greater. The objects of the society are to develop and improve the art of taxidermy until it shall rival those of painting and sculpture, and also acquaint the public with taxidermy as a fine art. Once a year the members meet to hold a competitive exhibition to compare work and exchange ideas. Those who know affirm that a vast improvement is already noticeable in the work of the members. The society contains over seventy active members and stands high in the estimation of artists, scientific men and sportsmen.

A very interesting feature of the coming exhibition will be a taxidermist's workroom, complete in all its appointments, with the taxidermist himself at work.

The opening reception will be held on the evening of April 30, to which admission will be by invitation only, but from May 1 to 5 the display will be open to the public, and it will be several years before another will be held here.

SOME SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA BIRDS.

THE mocking-bird (*Mimus polyglottus* Linn.) of this vicinity is a bird somewhat larger than the Eastern bird, having a tail much more graduated, and differing somewhat in color. Its habits are similar to those of the Eastern mocking-bird, and it is very fond of staying around houses if unmolested. They remain here all the year, but are not so plentiful in winter as in the summer. They are generally found in the vicinity of brush or cactus, and seem to prefer valleys. The fruit of the cactus furnishes them the major part of their food. The nest is generally built in a thick bush or cactus not far from the ground, and is composed of twigs, leaves and grass, and is lined with hair when this can be obtained, and root fibres. The eggs are four to six, pale green, with blotches of brown scattered over them, mostly at the large end. This bird is unequalled as a singer, and its melodious powers are very great. While singing it will often leap from the bush into the air, and then descend to the ground, and then rise again into the air, imitating all the while numerous birds and some animals. The mocking-bird is 10 1/2 inches in length, and 14 inches in alar extent, wings, 4 1/2 and tail 5 1/2. Its color above is ashy brown, the center of the feathers being slightly darkened, the under parts are white with a faint brownish tinge, and the tail has a tinge of ash across the breast. The wings and tail on the upper side are black. The bill and legs are black.

The sickle-billed thrush, which is a very good singer, is a much larger bird than the mocking-bird and does not imitate near so many birds, but many of its notes are much sweeter than those of the mocking-bird. The sickle-bill, however, lacks the life that the mocking-bird has. The mocking-bird during nesting season sings very frequently at night; it usually sings near the nest during the day. In winter it is very shy.

The shyest bird that we have here, especially during nesting season, is the California cactus wren (*Campephilus vociferans* Linn.). The male I have never been able to see during the nesting season, and the female only twice. The male is a very peevish little bird, and seems always to be quarrelling. This species usually builds as high up as it can get on the branch of the cactus. The nest is large, from nine to twelve inches in length and four to six inches wide. Most of them have thick walls, but in some the walls are so thin that the thorns pass through them. The habits resemble those of most wrens, and it subsists chiefly on insects, but eats some berries. It passes much of the time on the ground.

The most common little bird that we have here is the blue-winged lark (*Eremophila alpestris* Wilson), known also by the name of grass lark, and sky lark. During the nesting season in May and June the male rises into the air, sometime out of sight, in a zig-zag circle, singing a sweet and varied song. The voice will gradually die away, and then as the bird commences to descend will gradually grow louder; the bird alights in nearly the same place that it started from. The nest is made in a small depression of the ground under a bunch of grass or a small bush, composed of twigs and grass. The eggs are a pale white, with darker spots sprinkled over them. They may be four or six. In the fall they gather in large flocks. Their food consists of small berries and insects. I have seen one on a tree or bush.

The most brightly-colored bird that is found here is the western oriole (*Icterus bullocki*, Sw.). The upper part of the head and neck is shiny black, and a black line runs from the base of the bill down onto the throat, the under parts being an orange-yellow, and a broad band on the wings is white. They arrive here about the first of March and resort to the orchards, where they eat considerable fruit, but pay for that by destroying insects and singing their sweet melody. Their nest is very pretty, usually built in a tall tree and out at the end of a branch. It is composed of twigs, straw, horsehair, twine and wool. If horsehair or twine can be procured they are sure to use a liberal quantity and make it very strong. It is built in the form of a purse

and is suspended near the forks of a branch. The eggs, numbering from four to eight, are a bluish white, with winding streaks of black around the larger end.

Another very common bird is the Cassin's flycatcher or Cassin's kingbird (*Tyrannus vociferans* Sw.). This is a bird worthy of examination. The head and neck above and on the side is rather dark bluish-ash; but if we stop and examine the top of the head more closely, we find, by ruffling the feathers, a spot of brilliant yellowish red. The bird has the power to throw open these colored feathers, and when on the crest looks almost like a small flower, and during the day you will see this sly creature sitting on a post near bee hives with its head down, as if asleep; but when a bee goes to light on this flower the bird is not asleep, for it gives a sudden snap and almost invariably captures a bee. The rest of the upper parts are olive green, tinged with gray; the upper tail coverts nearly black, and under part, in general, bright sulphur yellow; the bill is black and the feet grayish. During the nesting season, the bird, for the space of four months, this bird might serve as an alarm clock for those who desire to rise at daylight. It generally sings from the tree top, its notes being much more musical and louder than those of the other flycatchers. This nest of this species is very firmly built, being 5.00x2.50 inches externally and 3.25 across the cavity. The eggs are white, with large scattered amber blotches, thickest at the larger end. This bird is destructive to all insects.

JAMES C. WADSWORTH,
Vice-President San Diego Historical Society.

FOOD OF THE WATER MOCCASIN.—New York, April 9.—While floating down the Oklawaha River, in Florida, one day during the week of 1881, I hunted water turkeys, and noticed numbers of moccasins lying on the logs and branches of trees lining the shores and overhanging the water. When approached they had an ugly habit of lying very still until our boat was almost directly under them, when, with a great commotion and a splash into the water (uncomfortably close to us), they would disappear—the first notice we had of our proximity to them. After a while, being on the lookout, I secured three or four of their glossy brown skins, with the assistance of my choko-bore generally taking their heads off, being at close quarters. One, however, not having been badly hit, soon showed signs of returning life by moving around and cutting up antics, in anything but a pleasing manner, in the bow of the boat, which caused much uneasiness on the part of my sable attendant, who assured me repeatedly while dodging around and jumping from seat to seat in the boat: "Dey's pisin, saah, boss! fo' de Lord dey's pisin, saah!" However, we soon gave him the quietus with an oar. "Was then I noticed that this particular snake's case demanded an unusual share of my attention, as his "breadth of beam" was something astonishing. I resolved to investigate his "bread basket," and upon returning to the landing did so, when I found it contained a black bass (trout, South) of about ten ounces weight, intact. Whether his snakeship took the fish alive or whether he found him dead, floating on the surface of the river, I am unable to say, though I incline to the latter belief. The bass was larger in circumference by about two inches than the snake (when removed from its stomach) and nearly a third as long.—BLACK PRINCE.

COLORADO BIRD ARRIVALS.—Pueblo, Col., April 7, 1883.—*Editor Forest and Stream.* The spring is unusually back here, and I incline to the latter belief. The bass was larger in circumference by about two inches than the snake (when removed from its stomach) and nearly a third as long.—BLACK PRINCE.

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Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

JOHN is a rival of Andy's in the competition of catching the biggest bass. Several years ago Andy caught a three-pounder, and John grew correspondingly green with envy, and since that time he has been endeavoring to beat the season was over.

One day John, Andy and Jake were hard at it on the banks of the beautiful Swatara, when John observed a big bass jump from the water some distance from shore. Several times the fish emerged, and then John resolved to go for him. Taking a boat he rowed out and threw a live bait to the bass. He wouldn't strike, but continued to flop in a singular fashion, and John cautiously rowed up to him, placed both hands under him, and threw him into the boat not only a seventeen-inch bass but also a ten-inch catfish.

John was exultant, and at once declared that Andy's insignificant three-pounder was cast into the shade by this double haul. On examination, however, it was discovered that the bass in endeavoring to swallow the catfish had been perforated as to his head by the spines of the catfish, one of which protruded through his right eye. Andy and Jake at once claimed a fourth share, and John, taking the advantage of the bass by approaching him on the blind side, and refused to allow the cigars, though the double catch may have slightly exceeded in weight Andy's bass. However, John's claim was for length, and the case is still in *satis quo*.

Here's another: Joe McC. was fishing at the above place with a live frog for bait. For more than an hour he waited in vain for a bite. Pulling up to examine his bait he found on the shore, who to his extreme surprise and pleasure (?) he found Mr. Frog sitting calmly on the rock by his side enjoying his *atium crug*. Joe declares that the batrachian winked at him with the most consummate impudence.

Some time I'll give you my snapper story. JUVENIS.
LEBANON, Pa.

While out West I heard the following version of the famous crow and turkey story. My friend said: I was South a few years ago, and two of my friends, named Charlie and Henry —, brothers, went out camping with a darkey. I saw the darkey afterward and asked him what

success he had had, and he said: "Yer see, Mars Henry sud we'se 'go in cahoot.' Well, we got fo' coons." "How did you divide?" "Well, Mars Henry he takes two, and Mars Charlie he takes two, an —" "What did you get?" "Well, I don't know," scratching his head; then brightening up, "I reckons I gets the 'cahoot.'"—OSI01.10.

Nick Bareo, of Crystal River, Florida, well known throughout Hernando and Levy counties of that State as a general fellow, tells this one of himself. One afternoon, taking his double-barrel on his shoulder, he started through a piece of pine woods surrounding a small hamak to look for a yoke of oxen, and as he turned the point of the hamak, he saw a white side, two feet out and scattered off through the pines not twenty yards in front of him. He stopped a little and watched them, saying to himself, "What a shot; if I had my gun I could get them both." As they disappeared over the ridge, he remembered that he had his gun on his shoulder, and then ran after them; but too late, of course.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

MY LAST DEER HUNT IN OHIO.

BY D. W. C.

IN a few years there will be no more stories to tell of the capture of this noble game in the Middle States. Here and there, in the inaccessible swamps and mountains a few scattering deer may yet linger, but most of them have fled before the ax of civilization, or have fallen at the crack of the hunter's rifle.

Forty-seven years ago, in company with Oliver H. Perry, a cunning hunter and a generous friend, occurred "My First Deer Hunt in Ohio," an account of which was published in FOREST AND STREAM. Then, in Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Illinois, Indiana and Michigan the "woods were full of them," and the sport of the still-hunter unbounded, but now, except in the North Woods of New York, and in the wilds of Michigan, the "sport" has become excessive labor and their capture a lucky scratch.

As an evidence and a record of what has been, for the entire past half-century, of the deer in the FOREST AND STREAM and fire his heart or compose him to slumber, I will recount, in truthful language, my last deer hunt in Ohio, twenty years after my first:

A light snow was falling on one Friday in the latter part of December, 1856, when meeting an old hunter he said:

"There are two or three deer in Parma, near Lake Abram, and if it were not for a confounded lawsuit my official duties oblige me to try to-morrow, I would go for them. This snow will make good tracks of 'you go'."

"Can't you adjourn your case, or get a substitute to try it, and go along with me? If we start early and strike a trail while they are feeding in the morning and undisturbed, we may see them first and get one."

But nothing I could urge seemed to swerve him from what he conceived to be his duty to the State as prosecuting attorney, deeply as he seemed to regret the chance to try his double-barrel revolving rifle of his own invention.

Parma township, in Cuyahoga county, and Lake Abram are about twelve miles from the city of Cleveland, and at that time the Columbus Railroad was running a construction train through the west part of the town, and within two or three miles of the lake, starting at the foot of Superior street at 5 o'clock A. M.

Having got my traps together, or ready for a start at the drop of the net, I concluded to take the 5 o'clock construction train and get off at Everett's Mills, but as there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. When I got down there I could see, in the thick gloom, the tail end of the construction train crossing the Cuyahoga bridge. There was nothing left but to go back home or go afoot. It was about seven miles to Everett's Mills, the snow moist and the tracking splendid; by smart walking on the track of the railroad I could turn into the woods a little after daylight—certainly before sunrise.

A way I went at a lively pace, and with a little running where the ties were gravelled I was able to turn to the left into the thick woods north-west of Lake Abram when it was just light enough to see a track. Scarcely had I penetrated the thick undergrowth along the margin of an old "slashing," when I struck the trail of a deer whose tracks, meandering and close together and leading from bush to bush, indicated, as every old hunter knows, that the deer was feeding and unalarmed. Here was my chance, if properly taken, to steal along cautiously and still, peering into every thicket, every old tree-top, among every jumble of old logs, see him before he could see me, and get one shot before starting. Should I fail in this, a long chase before I could tire him out would be inevitable. When the trailing is good, and the deer started early in the morning, a good traveler can run a deer down so as to keep him in sight and get within shooting distance by four o'clock, provided no rest is given him, but you run when he runs, and only walk when he walks.

Following this plan of approach, I stealthily crawled along, crouching behind logs and bushes, keeping behind trees, and looking sharply everywhere.

Presently, in the top of a beech tree which had been felled when the leaves were on and the main body carried away for wood, I saw a slight motion. Instantly, but so slowly that no movement could be detected, I flattened out and crawled to a tree for better and more deliberate observation. Bringing the tree-top in view again, I could plainly see the horns of a deer and the outlines of his body, but the distance, about twenty rods or one hundred yards, and the thick leaves and intervening trees and bushes, prevented me from seeing just where to hit him fatally. To get over this appeared next to impossible; nothing remained but to shoot at what I could see, or await his next approach of the cover and take the chance of his going out the other side and be hidden from my sight. I waited awhile and began to tremble with the "back fever." That decided it. My rifle was slowly run along the side of the tree, my teeth set and my nerves braced up to repel the tendency to shake, and sighting at what was visible the sharp crack of my rifle resounded through the forest. I was not much surprised to

see him scamper off, for there was no certainty as to what part I had aimed, but I was rejoiced to see his leaps short and erratic and his tail down.

Hastily reloading, I lost no time in trailing him up on a brisk Indian lope. Soon I came to where he had lain down, and discovered by the bleeding in his head that I had hit him in the upper part of the right hip. There was plenty of blood along the trail as I moved rapidly on, but I could not get a glimpse of the buck, so warily did he watch his buck track from every knoll and cover. I must run him down, grinding up my loins, the question, not of speed but endurance, began in earnest.

It was but little after sunrise when the race began, and although unrelentingly kept up, I did not get sight of that deer until after three o'clock. I chased him over to the east branch of the river, then northeast around the southerly end of Lake Abram; thence over to the Columbus road nearly; then northwest to near the place where I started him; thence again up the southwest side of the lake and down on the other side, until near the road, where the track showed the deer was walking and steering toward a large patch of recently felled timber, called a "chopping." There was a high fence between the chopping and the clearing. Now is my time to close the race. He will lie down in that chopping, and if I leave the track and come up on the leeward side of him he cannot escape.

Leaving the track, I made a circuit to the left, and was about to turn into the slashing when I heard a dog barking furiously and evidently coming toward me. I guessed the cause instantly, and my heart sunk to zero. I feared he would chase my deer out beyond rifle shot, and, as it was getting late, the trail would be lost and the deer, too, in the darkness. I stood still and watched what would be the upshot of this new complication, when I saw two deer, one about fifty yards ahead of the other, running at great speed, and a large black dog about one hundred yards from the hindmost deer, coming diagonally toward me. Kneeling down I brought my rifle on a level, with a view of taking one or the other as they ran by, having chosen a clear open space along the bed of a dry creek where they must cross at nearly right angles. I soon saw that the hindmost deer was coming much nearer to me, so I let the foremost one pass and waited until I sighted on a level with his body and the tip of his nose and fired. He braced his forefeet out and stopped instantly. The dog came up while I was reloading, and the buck wheeled around and stamped at him. I walked along a few steps to get a tree, when the dog saw me, curled his head between his legs and ran back out of sight. Believing I had hit the deer fatally, I held my gun on him and walked slowly toward where he stood, panting and apparently troubled for breath. When within about four rods, thinking, as he stood up boldly a perfect picture of strength and beauty, that he might run, I aimed at his head and was just pressing the trigger when the noble fellow sank on his knees and rolled over on his side stone dead. The race was up, and I was the victor. I wanted to sit down and look at him for an hour, but there was no time to be lost; he must be dragged to the road before dark, and it was then four o'clock.

In removing the entrails to lighten the dragging weight, I discovered that he was the same deer I had wounded in the morning, my first shot hitting him endwise through the upper part of the right hip, and disabling but not breaking the bone; my second had struck through about half an inch of the lower part of the right leg.

I dragged him to the road, and hearky, within twenty rods of what was then called the "Stone Tavern," about twelve miles from Cleveland. While watching and waiting for a chance to ride to the city, I ate a hearty supper, and arranged with a Dutchman, who was going to town to market, to deliver my buck at my house the next morning.

After smoking my pipe and to learn going toward the city appearing, I shouldered my gun and trudge along, hoping to be able to catch a ride. But no—all were going the other way. I had already walked and run over fifty miles since I left my home in the morning before five o'clock, so you may easily guess that the twelve miles before me looked long and wearisome. Well, it was two o'clock at night before my head was on my pillow in my own home. The deer came the next morning before I was up, the venison was duly divided, and amid thanks and congratulations, my hardest and last deer hunt was ended.

CLEVELAND, O., April 1893.

MINNESOTA GAME NOTES.

NOT WITHSTANDING the unusual length and severity of the winter, small game seems to have suffered very little. No crust has formed on the snow to imprison the ruffed grouse, and the dozen or so that I have seen within the past week looked as plump and healthy as though they had passed the winter in Florida. This immediate locality, being largely timbered, has never produced a large crop of pinnated grouse, but several large coveys are now in the neighborhood, and they, too, look to be in excellent condition. "Bob White" has never, to my knowledge, taken up a claim in this county. Deer are unusually scarce, and a claim has been found hard and slept cold during the past four months. Occasionally I come across a trail in my rambles, and last week a fine large buck came out and looked our little village over; but unless the killing of deer is prohibited for a term of years, the glory of that sport has largely departed from Minnesota. Ducks and geese are beginning to arrive, and doubtless the supply will soon equal the demand. Gray and black squirrels are found in abundance, and in prime condition for the table. I have had some nice sport with them frosty mornings this spring.

Wildcats are sufficiently numerous to cause sad havoc in poultry yards and among young lambs. I think at least a dozen of the bob-tailed nuisances have been killed in town this winter.

Occasionally wolves treat us to one of their infernal concerts, but rarely do the detestable brutes meet their just deserts.

One of my neighbors went out for a recon hunt last week, and, without gun or dog, captured five.

I recently had a bloodless encounter with a huge panther, the only one seen in this locality for years.

I understand that arrangements are being made to provide entertainment for a brief period of the winter on many of our lakes, to visit our beautiful lakes. Certainly no more healthful or promising fish and game locality can easily be found.

J. FRANK LOCKE

FILLSBURY, MINN

A TRIP AFTER QUAIL.

DURING the month of February last, Teceel, Mnd, Wells, Jr., the odontist, and your correspondent, got everything in readiness for a sporting tour around the Cleveland Springs. The Springs are situated in a beautiful spot, well fixed with a view especially of suiting the convenience of two of our friends, who reside in what was once called "the city of magnificent distances," one a banker, and the other an attorney; and another who lives, and, I trust, flourishes, in that smoky location at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela. It so turned out, however, much to the regret, no doubt, of all these gentlemen, and certainly to ours, that business engagements prevented their participation in the sport which we had reason to believe lay in store for us. The very pleasant and generous gentleman who is the proprietor of the springs, had given us assurance that birds were quite as numerous in the section around him as they were on a former visit of ours and with this we held out the promise to our metropolitan friends, and to him who lives at the confluence aforesaid, that a reasonable quantity of shooting could be had; and besides, they could drink, to repletion, of the waters of as fine a sulphur spring as flows from the bosom of earth. And, all this at such a charge as would demonstrate that the proprietor had no idea of making a fortune out of his sporting guests. The table, we knew from past experience, would be supplied with "the best the market affords," and perfect freedom allowed to those who found shelter under the roof trees. If they could have joined us I knew them well enough to believe they would have had an exceedingly enjoyable time, even though they may not have distinguished themselves very much by their successful achievements in the field. It is certain that we could have killed as many birds as we could have consumed, and when night came, and before retiring to rest, they could not only have entertained us but been themselves entertained by the comicalities, and eccentricities, and weaknesses, and unavailability of one of our companions. We all hope that, at some future date, nothing will intervene to prevent our meeting where birds are abundant, weather propitious, and dogs well trained to the business in hand; and we will endeavor to demonstrate to them that this good old State is destitute neither of respectable gentlemen nor enticing amusements. If this should meet the eye of either of them he will understand the invitation is sincere and comes from one whose "tongue knows no flattery."

According to agreement, our friend who was to entertain us met us at Shelby with the necessary teams for our transportation; and our dogs, Nip, Branch, Argo, Lena and Jack, the last named a pointer, without education, got an opportunity of stretching their limbs, somewhat cramped by railroad transportation. They "skipped on, through dirt and mire," at a lively rate for two miles, the condition of the roads in that section, so we contented ourselves with remaining on the exercise of a due quantity of patience on account of the slowness of locomotion. Then the welcome sight of the main building and the white cottages around the springs betokened that a place of rest and refreshment had been reached. Dinner was soon announced, and hunters and dogs were abundantly supplied. Inasmuch as the afternoon was lowering, with rain enough to make walking quite uncomfortable, we contented ourselves with remaining under shelter, trusting to have plenty of time during our stay to indulge all our shooting propensities. This pleasant anticipation was doomed, as many others have been and many others will be, to great disappointment.

On our way from home, our companion, whom I have hitherto in several communications called Mud, but whose name is something made out of mud, and after being finished after being molded into rectangular blocks, dried and burned, constitutes a very essential part of all edifices, to whatever purposes they may be applied—a gentleman of education and high social worth—flattered himself that he would have the good fortune to have Mac, our host, as his hunting companion, whom he knew he could beat in the use of a gun. His "first sweet draught of glory" he took in contemplating his daily triumphs in the surety that he would never doubt his own superiority of opinion that with his little 16-bore he could "lick out" his competitor and be emphatically the "Big Ike" of every day's tramp. Soon after getting to the springs we duly advised Mac of the anticipated joys of Mud, and urged him to do his utmost to deprive his antagonist of all his expected joys. The next day we separated, Teceel and I going together, while Mud and Mac, with the odontist as a member, took another hunting ground. Our party had long tramp, our dogs hunted well, and we did some gentle shooting, but only succeeded in getting sixteen birds, each bagging the same number. Being generally within hearing, we were aware of the fact that the other party were doing no little shooting, and expected that on their arrival at the house they would report a corresponding quantity of booty. We were looking forward, too, to beholding the face of Mud, radiant with smiles, and his tongue glib on the excellence of his sclopette performances. If I am not sure there is any such word as the last adjective I have used, and if there is, that I have given it its proper signification. But, like many other persons who write for the press, I use it for the purpose of impressing my readers with the conviction that a man who uses sesquipedalian words of recondite signification is possessed of unusual attainments. But when the glooming had come and the trio made their appearance, the vision of Mud plainly indicated that his anticipations had been mere "castles in the air," "baseless fabric of a vision." He had a melancholy and dissatisfied look—the very personification of disappointed ambition.

"What luck, Mud?" anxiously inquired Teceel of the disconsolate Nimrod.

"Oh, let Mac tell it. I am disgusted with the whole business, and feel like pulling him out once." Mud plainly indicated that his anticipations had been mere "castles in the air," "baseless fabric of a vision." He had a melancholy and dissatisfied look—the very personification of disappointed ambition.

"Thirteen I believe," modestly answered our host.

"How many did Mud get?"

"I think he claimed to have killed three, but I am not sure that he got more than two of them."

"How many did you kill?"

"Eight."

"Did Mud shoot much?"

"Oh, yes; he shot over twenty times."

"Now, Mud, you are a pretty fellow; coming all the way up here with your prouder little Scott, that an unappreciative Chatham darkey thought "mout" have cost you nearly fifty dollars, bringing that you were going to beat Mac any way; and yet, on the first trial, got sadly used up. I

reckon you will hardly call out to John Tole from behind the enonymus hedge, and ask him if he has heard the score of the Cleveland hunt. Now will you?"

"Hardly," meekly answered the great disappointed.

After much more hot/door logicomely we retired to our beds, slept soundly, and were ready for breakfast the following morning, our friend with the clay name, as usual, bringing in the bear. At home he fills the important position of a justice of the peace, and has contested the habit of doing everything with judicial deliberation. Indeed, he is a living exemplification of "Curia vult advisors." In this, and many other respects, he differs, very widely, from a certain magisterial official, who derived his civil authority from a military strap who ruled over us some years ago. This fellow, who might have not fully disagreed a pickaxe or dungfork, was certainly ignorant of his duty, not longer after he wrapped the emtic around him was engaged in a conversation with some gentlemen, who were forced to tolerate him, and in the progress of it expressed great surprise at the hesitancy of our real judges in pronouncing an opinion or a judgment upon matters at issue in their courts. "Why," said he, "I find no difficulty in deciding all questions which come before me. Just as fast as a lawyer raises a 'pin' I crush it away and dispatch business! The law—why it ain't nothing to learn."

The weather was exceedingly unpropitious during most of our stay at the springs, and in consequence, we did comparatively little hunting and with poor success. The last day came, and though the sky was gloomy, and light showers occasionally fell, Mnd, Mac and I had the hardihood during the afternoon to venture out to Buffalo Creek, a distance of about four miles, and six miles from King's Mountain station on the Atlantic and Charlotte. We got out there we heard repeatedly what we supposed to be the gun of Capt. W. B. R. Tell, who has a flourishing school at the station named, and who, on Saturdays, indulges his fondness for shooting to relieve himself from the weekly moil of "teaching the young idea how to shoot." We found several coveys, and Mnd and I did some fair work. Just before seven, after we had started for home, one of our dogs set birds in the mid of the road. We got out of the vehicle, and each one of us got a shot; I only getting a bird. Pursuing Mud got seven shots, and no meat. I was else observed to hear, not only the report of his gun, but his observations, as Boh White whirled away to some other retreat from disturbance. Though ordinarily very slow in his movements, I know no one who can shoot with more rapidity or so well as my friend, getting the second barrel after each discharge he would catch a despatching look toward his comrade, and lugubriously ask, "Mac, didn't I hit that bird?" Now, Mac is a truthful man; but, being full of the "milk of human kindness," is soaverse to saying anything to wound the feelings, that when he is put upon his "overdiv," he manages, while sticking to principle, to make his utterings as soft and soothing as possible. His answer early in the evening was, "Well, I thought I shot him." I saw something white near by, and I reckon it could hardly have been the wad." Whatever it was, it is certain that no birds went into his pocket. Just as we were about to enter the carriage, we met with a man who lived in a house near by, who, in a conversation told us that an old lady was sick at the house with "new money."

We had gone on about a half mile, facing a keen north wind which made us wring our blankets closely around us and inspired us with no temptations to indulge in conversation, when Mud suddenly removed the covering from his face, and with slow, measured voice disturbed my reverie by saying:

"I'll—tell—you—how—I—happened—to—do—such—a—bad—shooting—this—evening. The—old—lady's—sickness—bothered—me."

"Then, whether it did," said I. "You didn't know it until after you had got through."

"Oh, yes I did. Didn't we see the doctor's horse there as we went on?"

"Certainly, and the doctor, too; but it does not follow—or, as you judicial gentlemen sometime say, non constat—somebody is sick whenever you see a doctor."

He subsided into silence, which he maintained until the birds which made us wring our blankets closely around us and inspired us with no temptations to indulge in conversation, when Mud suddenly removed the covering from his face, and with slow, measured voice disturbed my reverie by saying:

"Nothing, except sympathy. He heard that a good lady was in the neighborhood, and did some bad missing in consequence of the information."

At this he "smiled a smoky smile," and inquired how long it was before supper. To his great satisfaction this was soon announced, and at the table he wreaked his vengeance on the birds which had escaped by devouring quite a quantity of those which had been put in the frying-pan.

Then we sought the fire again, and talked over the incidents of the day, until your correspondent, who is a "Jack at all trades," suggested that he would proceed to sketch Mud's picture, just after one of those misses, occasioned by sympathy for a woman's bodily sufferings. Paper was handed him, and very soon he had several pictures of the unfortunate sportsman ready for inspection. Mac was so highly pleased with them, that he begged the limner to give them to him, so that he might have them framed to adorn his walls, or make one wall adorn another. He has then, now, and visitors to this health resort, during the coming summer, who are fond of the fine arts, can amuse themselves by looking at them, if they will ask the proprietor for the privilege. Teceel wanted me to sketch Mud's appearance at a store in Montgomery county, while he was giving admiring glances at the proud father of female triplets, weighing 31, 32 and 33 pounds, and, no doubt, sincerely wishing that such a pair of honorary visitors should be his. He has then, now, and visitors to this health resort, during the coming summer, who are fond of the fine arts, can amuse themselves by looking at them, if they will ask the proprietor for the privilege. Teceel wanted me to sketch Mud's appearance at a store in Montgomery county, while he was giving admiring glances at the proud father of female triplets, weighing 31, 32 and 33 pounds, and, no doubt, sincerely wishing that such a pair of honorary visitors should be his. He has then, now, and visitors to this health resort, during the coming summer, who are fond of the fine arts, can amuse themselves by looking at them, if they will ask the proprietor for the privilege. 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invariably: "Hardly, I can't go." Change the subject, talk a half hour on other matters, get up to leave, and you hear the inquiry: "What is that you said about a hunt?" "Oh nothing, you can't go. I mentioned it only out of politeness and have nearly made other arrangements." Just as you are ready to leave for the field, in stalks Mud, fully accoutred, with his fat legs stuck in his boots, ready for a match which would fag out a Blackfoot Indian brave. "Do you need any shells and wads for the coming season?" "Hardly. Got plenty." Scan for them and after they come tell him that they cost so much, and he must pay. Out comes the money, and he gets the articles. "We are going to shoot at balls in the meadow this afternoon; will you go there?" "Hardly. I have no loaded shells." After you have reached the grounds, his tall form is seen coming down the hill, belted with well-loaded 16s, ready to try his twenty ball. And at these he shows well—when there is no sick lady in the neighborhood. His head, this, he has irrepressible curiosity and unbounded credulity. If he sees you reading a newspaper, he wants to know the subject engaging your attention. If you have an old shank bone in your hand he inquires what it is. If you pull something from your pocket and turn round he is anxious to learn what you have. Tell him that the shank bone is a turkey yelcer and instantly he gets hold of it and slices it, and you are assured that it is a turkey yelcer, trying to produce the coveted sound. But, as before said, with all his harmless oddities, he is a capital fellow—one of nature's noblemen—and in all things which he undertakes, after you get him at it, ready to do his full part.

We have good guns and fair dogs, and, besides, can occasionally bag some game when we find it; but, alas, it is scarce, and seemingly becoming scarcer. If the diminution could be traced to the Hazzard and Ludin's Rand and the "American Wood Powder" companies will soon have to exclaim: "Our occupation's gone!" As to Bob White and the woodcock and the snipe, but few years will pass before it can be said: "Their name has perished from the earth." We shall still, possibly, have some robins, larks and doves; but I have no faith in inventing a game bird out of the guinea fowl. I know no remedy for this; if I did I should tell it, and give the gratitude of many good people.

Chicago, and many other places, enjoy in the month of May at Waccamaw Lake. He has an invitation to a courteous and agreeable gentleman, who lives upon his banks, to join his friends, A. S. M. and J. D., make his hospitable house his and their home, and have all the sport we can get in taking bread from the water, eating them at the table, and otherwise making himself pleased with whatever the locality can afford. I may, on some future occasion, have time to write an account of the pleasures of which I hope now to partake. WELLS.

MARCH 21, 1893.

A BIT OF WINTER SUNSHINE.

SPRING is coming. The winter has held us in a steady grip, and March has not much like his predecessors, but the snow is silently stealing away, and we are now well have plenty of open water in our lakes. For a month past the familiar whistle of the mallard's wings has sounded above our heads, the crows have cawed for spring, the chipmunks and red squirrels have displayed unusual activity, and nature has seemed to be getting on a "good ready" for spring business and spring sports. The "run" of the pine trees take place, and many of them will be spent or shot on the marshes and in the rivers. A good many have been taken through the ice this winter, and many on the lower lakes. Little fishing has been done here except by the boys, and their aspirations cease with perch.

It seems to me that our Grand Traverse winters have some decided advantages over those of some other districts further south where I have lived. I don't like the constant succession of freezing and thawing weather with its detestable mud, which in Central Illinois and many other places makes it a hard matter to carry a pair of boots across a cornfield when you happen to be looking for quail. Our ground has not frozen this winter, and the deer could easily reach their food at an time; in fact, some of the spruce vegetation has a good start under the snow.

One day took down my gun, and walked down to the river. The poodle followed me, and no matter how that all was right, that being his chief employment, no matter how he is getting on in years, and has assumed the principal charge of the family. He is called "poodle," not so much from his breed, as from his diminutive size—he weighs ninety-eight pounds.

The poodle sat upon his hanches and saw me lay my gun in its rest, and shove the boat into the water; and then as the poodle stepped and the little craft not away, he rose, satisfied that his duty had been fulfilled, and returned to the house.

How spicily pungent is the aroma from the freshly cut pines, as we pass a small clearing on the river's bank. How pleasant the sunshine, glinting from the edges of the ice which borders the swift current, and falling amid the dense masses of shadow, cast by the tangled cedars on the virgin pine. Truly, it is good to be here. The scream of a blue jay comes from above, and a shadow flies across our water. But, ah, old fellow, you and your comrades have kept pretty quiet through the long winter, it is time you were on the warpath again. It has often amused me to note the difference between the actions of a wild jay, and of one which had become accustomed to the presence of mankind through kindly treatment. During several winters, I had a shaft attached to one of the pillars of my piazza, on which we kept food for the winter birds. They seldom came before the snows, and when they did at last put in an appearance it was comical to see the air of confidence with which an old beneficiary of the institution would alight and begin pecking at the food, while his companions, more accustomed to the slings and arrows of outrageous boys, than to kindness, would hold aloof, perhaps requiring two or three visits to accustom them to the feeling that they were so near our windows.

While I have been busy with these recollections, my boat swings wide in the current, and crushes the delicate fringe of ice-work along the trunk of a half-submerged cedar. Instantly, a splash, and up from the other side of a matted tangle of logs and brush, with cry and flutter, rise two beautiful mallards a hundred yards away, with the green head of one shake shining in the sun, as he takes his way across the frozen ice. What a sight! See there is life amid the snow and ice after all—and see that milk gliding along the surface of the water like a serpent over the land. And what is that in the edge of the open water of the river where it shows clear and

black against the snow? Yes, three of them, winter ducks; but I believe they have seen me. Yes, there they go, well, never mind. I didn't expect any game, but just came out for air and exercise. Then remarked the "still small voice": "That being the case, why did you pull on 'em with the left barrel at extra long range? Answer me that." There may have been something in the query, but I'm all out of practice anyhow.

But soft!—I have turned, and another shell slides into the barrel, and on they come before the wind down river. They swerve to the left, and just brush the tops of the tall cedars as they whistle past, but the old tude-bore swings well forward of their line of flight, and the heavy reports ring across the echoing ice. Crash! crash! through the cedars—there you are, my friends, and now I come to think of it, I did mean to bring home a dinner, if I could. I remember saying something to that effect before I left the house. X. CENTRAL LAKE, Michigan, April 7.

TWO BEAR HUNTS IN FLORIDA.

BY NED BUNTLINE.

DOCTOR HENSHELL'S interesting descriptions of his winter cruise in the Flower Land of Ponce de Leon carried me back on Memory's tireless wing to four years of hard service in the Seminole war, from 1836 to 1842, and over the very grounds, only much more of them, which the Doctor covered without peril, except from wind and waves. When I was there the rifle of the keen-eyed red man rung out the death knell of many a brave man, and not a step could be taken, even in the very outskirts of the few towns in the Territory, that was free from deadly peril.

Many persons were killed and scalped within sight of St. Augustine, and the road from there to Jacksonville is yet lined with the graves of victims of the Indians' hate.

In the Everglades, where the Doctor made one visit, I have spent many watchful, active weeks hunting out the cunning fowls, and the Big Cypress, Okochobee and the whole ulow of lagoons and islands on the entire coast were as familiar to me then as the streets of New York have been since.

But to my story. In 1840 we captured a sub-chief named Chiee, who had been outlawed by the tribe for running away with another sub-chief. He was a fighter, as one of our men killed outright by his rifle and another mortally wounded proved when we took him.

Our taking him alive was ordered, for the purpose of securing him for a guide, for it was thought, outlawed as he was among his own people, he would not hesitate to lead us to their camps and hiding places. But he was true to his race. Though we gave him life and treated him and his squaw and baby well, he never showed us an Indian camp until after it was deserted, nor put us on a trail fresh enough to follow with a chance of success.

Of course he was kept under guard when in camp, but I used sometimes to take him out in my canoe to see him spear fish. He could see a fish further and strike it more surely with the grains than any one else I ever have seen.

One day I sat in the stern of my canoe, my rifle between my knees, while I used my paddle to steer and propel the canoe along the outer shore of Upper Matcumbe, the next island on the reef-above Ludlan Key.

It was turtle-laying season, and suddenly a huge black bear stalked out on the beach on the hunt for turtle eggs—a favorite food with them.

He was not one hundred yards off, and Chiee, who was nearest, as he lay on his knees, on whispered:

"Give me gun—me shoot bear?"

Thoughtlessly and very foolishly I reached the rifle forward, and in a second he had it in his hand.

Then, as he cocked it, he gave me a look that chilled every vein in my body. It said as plain as words could have expressed it:

"I'll kill and scalp you and then paddly off a free man!"

We were out of reach of help—I really thought my time had come.

But through life a rare gift—stoical presence of mind—has been mine. Seared as I really was, I did not show it; but quietly, with a smile on my face, said:

"Shoot the bear, Chiee, or he'll turn and get off in the woods!"

Perhaps he thought of the scarlet blanket I had given his squaw and a nice flannel I had bought for the papoose to roll up—perhaps he had to leave them behind, as he must have done had he shot me. Any way the stern look of fiery hate left his visage. He muttered:

"Good! You no 'fraid of Chiee!"

Then turning, he raised the rifle to his shoulder, held it but a second for aim, fired, and the bear fell, shot stone dead—the half-ounce yager ball going through his head just below the base of his ears, the very spot for sure work.

Handing me the empty rifle, which I quickly reloaded and kept in my own hand thereafter, Chiee paddled to the beach, and we soon had a four-hundred-pound bear in the canoe and were heading back for camp on Ludlan Key.

My next bear was killed only three days later.

Jim Egan, one of our pilots, who had been down to Key West to see his family, came back with a dog, which he said was good for bear, deer or any other four-footed game.

I thought I'd try for the head, as I had all tracked up with bear signs, the animals ranging there in the night for dead fish, turtle eggs, etc.

So I took the dog and half a dozen seamen in one of our boats and went up to the upper end of Matcumbe and let the dog out, following him myself with a couple of men armed with muskets. I carried my double-barreled Maubout, an English gun, flint-lock originally, very old, but the best I ever had shot through.

The dog was off as soon as he touched ground, yelping at every jump, running through the thick growth of sea grape, manogany and I know not what other trees, at a rate which left us far behind.

But soon we heard sharp, continuous harking, and one of my men said he had tread the game.

We pushed on, and in a distance of perhaps eighty or ninety rods came up to where we could see the dog tearing around at the foot of a thick-leaved tree not over twenty feet high, and perhaps ten inches in diameter at the root.

Getting closer we saw, to our astonishment, one old bear, a very large one, and two cubs about half grown.

I was but a boy in years, though an acting lieutenant in rank, and as soon as I got up in easy range I told the men to each pick a cub and I'd riddle the old one.

I had thirty or thirty-five number one hucksbot in my barrel and had no idea the old bear could take that dose and live long enough to growl.

We all three fired together. One cub fell dead, the other scored a clean miss, while my bear came down just as full of fight as she was of lead.

The dog was under her as he came, and one terrific jag with her forepaws and a dig with her hinder ones finished the poor cur outright. Then she rose and made for me. I was busy shoving down another load in my gun, but she would have been on me before I had the wad down, had not one of my men shoved his hayoner upon his gun and met her with its full length of steel between the forelegs as she rose for a hug.

It took two or three thrusts to disable her, and by that time I had my gun reloaded, and I gave the second cub, yet in the tree, a quietus in the shape of thirteen bucksbot right in his face as he looked down savagely at the slayers of his mamma and brother.

We were a proud set of hunters, you bet. We had been gone but a little over an hour and wet back with three bears and no loss but one many dog.

Jim Egan vowed he'd never forgive me for letting him be killed. But a five-dollar gold piece and the pelt of the old bear satisfied him, and he smoked the pipe of peace from a plug of "old navy" that came from the same hands.

Next time I'll tell you how the wild hogs tread me on Sanibel Island, near the mouth of the Caloosahatchie, and of killing something beside a deer on a fire-hunt on the same island.

A HUNTING HORN.

HOW TO MAKE, BUT NOT TO BLOW, YOUR OWN HORN.

YOU are pleased to say to a correspondent from Birmingham, N. Y., who makes some inquiries as to blowing horns, that I can probably give him all needed information upon the subject; for I am well skilled in that line of mechanism. It does not become me to show my own horn in regard to it, but I can safely say that I have the capacity to make one which is good enough for me, and can give anyone who is a born mechanic such instructions as will enable him to be successful without "spoiling a horn."

While on a visit to a well-known city, situated not far from Mason and Dixon's line, I became acquainted with Hon. John E. Keena, now a Senator from West Virginia. Both of us being fond of the horn, and both of us sportsmen, we naturally drifted into subjects connected with a sportsman's life and accoutrements. Keena is a fox-hunter, and all fox-hunters ought to have a horn. He asked if I could tell him where he could get a good one. I asked him if he had any mechanical genius, and being told that he could at least make a hen-coop, I stated that I could easily give him the desired information—"Make it yourself." I gave him the instructions, and when I met him again, several months thereafter, he invited me to call at his room and see a specimen of his handiwork. I did so, and he exhibited to me two horns of his own make which were quite equal in tone and finish to any which ever came from my practiced hand.

And now for the instructions. Get a steer horn, from 14 to 18 inches long, not over four years' growth. Let it be as greatly furcated as possible. With a small wire, measure the length of the hollow, and mark on the outer side where the solid horn commences. Saw off the tip about an inch and a fourth above that. Force a small piece of pointed timber in the horn, and nail it, so that in working you can keep the horn confined and steady. Then draw from the tip down the horn, for an inch or more, four lines along the center of the horn. Now fasten the horn by the piece of wood a vice, and with a small bit, bore the hole, using your line to guide you. This will enable you to hit the apex of the interior core. After this is done, saw off the tip, at the base of what you want for the funnel, and with a drawing-knife and a wood rasp and a sharp knife and sand-paper, shape it to suit yourself. My idea is to have it a gentle funnel-shape. When all this is done, if the hole is too small, it may be reamed out with a leveled bit. Take out the piece of wood, and try the tone. If it suits, cut off the butt end, and all is right. If you wish a tone, then take off a half inch at a time, until you are satisfied. If you wish a polish, rub it with a woolen rag, tallow and powdered charcoal.

If your correspondent will follow these directions and fails, I will be ready to "qualify" that nature never meant him for a mechanic, and if that is his trade he had better quit it and go to something else. I succeeded in my first effort, and have the horn now. It is as good an one as ever was blown by a hunter's lips. This horn was made in Arkansas in 1856. I have made many since that time, and they are scattered around among my friends in this State and South Carolina, the disciples of Ninrod, who often make them ring over hill and vale, at the opening and close of a hunt.

Some years ago I had the pleasure of a hunt in one of the seaboard counties, and there met a plain, but worthy old fellow, who had become possessed of the idea that he was "called" to blow the horn of Zion. I thought then and think now that he was laboring under a gross error as to the author of his mission. That hunt and some of its incidents I have heretofore narrated in the columns of the FOREST AND STREAM. He had a rusty old horn, whose tone was very much like that of many I have heard in our country, about the hour of 12 M., used to call the laborers from the field for the purpose of "refreshment." One such was as good as another for that. I felt kindly toward the old man, and promised to give him a horn, which would not only look better, but sound better. So, about two months thereafter, I forwarded it to my friend, Col. T., to be delivered. He got it on a Saturday, about 8 o'clock in the morning, and immediately sent his son with it. The preacher's horse was already saddled to take him to a place about ten miles off, where he had an "appointment" for that day. As he got the horn he put on his spectacles and looked at it all over. Then he put it to his mouth and blew, with short intermissions, for nearly half an hour. Placing it in a drawer, he mounted his steed, met his hearers, but held forth that day with a sermon a full hour shorter than usual, so as to enable him to get to his horn again. So soon as he reached home and stabled his nag, he got out the musical instrument and made the woods echo with its cadences. One such was as good as another for that. I believe, however, to think that the fact was somewhat highly colored.

I may as well say that I think no sportsman's horn should be longer than twelve inches. A short horn is so much more easily handled in the woods than a long one, and besides has, to my ear, much more music in it.

If your correspondent alluded to desires a pretty horn, and to keep it so, he must not let it rust. That it will do, unless he gives it attention. It should be dried always after a hunt, with soft flannel, and rubbed with tallow occasion-

ally. He should observe, also, that in making the horn he does not get it too thin. It ought to be nearly, if not quite, an eighth of an inch thick. If so, it is less likely to get cracked, and besides, can be heated to a better shape.

Now, if I have succeeded in giving your correspondent, or any of your readers, a point of information touching the subject of which I have written, I shall esteem myself as fortunate.

WELLS.

INCIDENTS OF A FRONTIER MARCH.

IN August, 1879, I was with a small detachment of neuneight men and ten horses—in Long Valley, on the Payette River, Idaho, when we suddenly came upon an old female grizzly bear with two cubs. One of the party—an old bear hunter—dismounted and another, mounted, started after the bears. The old one would rise up—she seemed as full as a man—look at the advancing man and horseman, then get down and trying to keep her cubs in front made for the woods, 200 to 300 yards away. As soon as the men began firing she ran off leaving her cubs, which were soon dispatched.

The night before this occurred—just as we were going to camp—a large cinnamon bear and a cougar (mountain lion, panther, *Felis concolor*), jumped from the banks of the little stream and were selected for a bivouac. The cougar roared, covey before the shot and made the forest resound with the most terrific yells I ever heard. Notwithstanding a recent visit to the *Naturalist* states that panthers do not yell. The cinnamon also escaped.

These animals were not twenty yards apart when we first saw them, and we were not more than twice that distance when they jumped, as our horses did too.

The horseman in the chase after the cubs rode two or three times almost over a fine buck, which was lying in the tall grass. The hunter, bent his head down close, and did not stir. After the cubs were secured, a man walked up to within a few yards of the deer and fired; he jumped up and ran off, but was brought down very prettily by the next shot before he got out of range. We left the deer and bear, to push on to camp, intending to return in the morning. Returning we found only a portion of the deer left—the rest having been eaten by our old bear or a cougar. Being short of rations we skinned the cubs, but found their flesh so strong as to be unpalatable. Black and cinnamon bear meat is not unpalatable, but from grizzly, young or old—spare me. Now we worked on over mountains, through burning forests, for eight days, with only a foot-heron and a salmon to stretch out the three days' rations we started with, is all too personal to be of general interest. We found that coffee grounds eaten after drinking the decoction were of considerable service in keeping up the strength.

The railroad has now almost reached Boise, and made accessible the Payette (upper) and Salmon River mountains, where it can be found as fine sporting ground as America affords.

T. E. W., U. S. A.
VANCOUVER BARRIERS, Washington Territory.

In a recent issue of "P. E. B." of Weld, Maine, says some two things of the bear's nature. He says, "the mothers of all animals stand by their young and fight for them as a general rule, especially if the infant is in danger and gives the alarm of distress." This latter clause is one of the principal incentives of the bear's anger toward mankind, as I may partially illustrate by the following incident:

In the winter of 1878-79, while stopping at Crystal River, Fla., some timber cutters came up from the islands on the coast, and reported a bear's nest with young, and went to Nick Barco and myself to return with them and watch the young ones. We started the next day, arriving on the ground just before sunset. All hands being anxious to see the bear and hear the cubs playing among themselves, as had been reported, we determined to go to the nest that day. We accordingly went within twenty-five or thirty feet of the nest, and could easily hear the cubs, but could not see them, and we decided that the wisest course would be not to disturb them until we were sure that the mother would not be disposed of, as if we set them to crying beforehand, the mother would realize their danger and fight more than we desired. This theory proved correct in this instance. After about a half hour of searching, and wishing for the bear to show herself, Nick discovered her through the brush, walking toward the nest, and when within about two feet of it he fired a charge of buckshot into her side, when she immediately returned into the thick brush the same way she came, growling and snarling the way. About one hundred yards from the nest, she lay down, and never got up. After satisfying ourselves that she would not come back, we took the young—three altogether—one having a few white hairs on his breast. The young were quite small—could be held on the hand or put into an ordinary business-coat pocket. Their eyes were open and blue, but they had no teeth when taken. They began to eat their teeth about two weeks after.

A. B. D.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE NEW YORK SOCIETY.

THE last of the spring meetings of the New York Association for the Protection of Game was held at Pinard's on the evening of Monday, the 8th. The President, Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, was in the chair. Mr. Thomas N. Cuthbert, Secretary, read a communication from Mr. William J. Waldon, Rouse's Point, N. Y., calling attention to the large quantity of fish caught by nets in the waters of Lake Champlain and in that vicinity during the spring and summer months. The writer asks if there is no law in the State of New York whereby fish caught by nets in the waters of other States, but sent to the former State for transshipment or sale can be seized, or if there is no fish or game commission in that vicinity to look after that unlawful traffic. Surely, the writer adds, something should be done without delay to stop it. The communication was referred to the Committee on Game Laws.

The Townsend and O'Connor bills for the amendment of the existing laws for the protection of game, now before the Legislature, were discussed and referred to the Legislative Committee on Game Laws, with full power to act upon behalf of the association in relation thereto.

A communication from the State Association was received asking for prizes to be donated to the coming convention. After some discussion it was decided not to offer prizes for pigeon shooting. A motion was then made to encourage fly-casting at the fall tournament of the Rod and Reel Association by offering a prize. This was also lost.

The Chairman appointed Dr. John W. Greene, ex-Senator Alfred Wagstaff and Mr. Wisner H. Townsend delegates to

the annual convention of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, at Niagara Falls.

Mr. Myers thought that trout should not be exposed for sale out of the month of April, as it was plain that they had been caught the day before. The President remarked that the association had this question before them often before and had declined to express any opinion on it. He then asked Mr. Blackford, who was the guest of the evening, to give his views on the subject. Mr. Blackford said that it was a question that had been put to him often. He instructed his men to serialize all boxes of fish sent to and received from April 1st. A law allowed their sale at that time and he did not see why he should decline to sell them as long as all other dealers had them. For himself, he was a strict observer of the laws, and if it appeared best to make the law so that trout could be caught on the first day but not exposed for sale until the second he saw no objection to it. All dealers would then be on the same footing.

Mr. Blackford also said that the difficulties in the way of enforcing the game laws were growing less year by year. The public were being educated up to the matter, and market-dealers appeared to be willing to do all in their power for the protection of fish and game. He understood that a bill before the Legislature proposed to increase the number of State Game Constables by appointing eight additional men, and suggested that the association should use its influence to secure the appointment of two, to be located in New York and Brooklyn.

At the close of the meeting the members of the association enjoyed their customary supper, which was served by Pinard. After coffee and cigars had been served, President Roosevelt gave an interesting history of his fishing and shooting experiences in Southern waters.

DAKOTA WILDFOWL NOTES.—Crow Creek Agency, D. T., April 4.—

We have just had a second edition of *Went* here. About three weeks ago the ducks and geese began to show themselves. As we were having some fine warm weather the Indians began to plow, and had sown considerable wheat, when we had a radical change; the thermometer went from between 70° and 80° down below zero in six or eight hours, and since then we have had a continued series of snowstorms until last Monday, when the sun came out and the wind came from the south. The ducks and geese are at one took advantage of the weather and the first were quite heavy. Since then the wind has changed into the north, and the flight of geese has about stopped again. The ducks still stay around. I went out last night and got my first ducks for the season. I killed three bluehills, one mallard, one redhead, and one green-winged teal. I killed them in some little pond holes that were filled by the melting of the snow. Some of your correspondents complain of the incredible negro "uh hahs" in the Southern States. I don't see why that poor negro with his \$2.50 Zulu is not as much entitled to his ducks and geese as is the white sportsman with his Westley Richards hammerless gun, with Whitworth's patent fluid compressed steel barrels at \$775.00.) Here it is the poor lone Indian, and he does not have the Zulu, but the antiquated old muzzle-loader or musket cut off. You will generally find him just ahead of you, and if he does not make out to kill the game, he will surely scare them away.—P. T. BURNETT-SA-HA.

DAYTON, O., April 9.—Millions of mallards and fat little teal are now warming in the preserve marshes at the lakes of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, and the hunters are hanging away. It is too early yet to write of fishing, but mention that the true knights of the joint rod are planning for the May raid among the bass of old Erie. Woodcock came to the Miami Valley about the middle of March, although not plenty. Snipe are coming in, and the hunters, so long idle or croning over stories of former exploits, are rigging up for the hunt. On Erie, April 9, several parties went to the Cayuga lakes, while others hunted through the marshes at Byron and Frost's. Gustav Sander and Charles Wheslen bagged seventeen snipe and twenty-two plover; John W. Dickson and Adolph Sander got an equal number with the first party; John Stocklein and Mike Donohue brought in nine; and the next day Phil. Wenz bagged twenty-four birds. (Quail were so scarce last fall that the dogs had to run time and therefore will require careful handling in the field.) Hunters in this section are showing preference from settlers to pointers. A blue party of young black ducks (wild), caught on Lake Ontario, were presented to Phil. Wenz, a miller below Dayton. Last fall they started to fly away, but, making a circle of several miles, came back, and flying around for awhile, returned to the pond near the mill and have never since tried to leave, although often uneasy. The hen has been laying, and two broods of young ducks will be hatched.—SINEX.

CHICAGO NOTES.—Chicago, April 14.—Chicago sportsmen have had a surfeit of shooting, and in spite of all this, there is little news to chronicle. The ducks have been very plentiful in all varieties about the city, but the game law of the State of Indiana closes on ducks to-morrow, Sunday, April 15, and as most of the Chicago clubs have their club houses in that State on the northern water courses, it can be seen by the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, that this will throw a damper on the boys. Still many are out industriously looking for snipe. The latter seems scarce as yet. Abe Klinnman, the veteran shot, has just returned from Lake Seneca. He has been there for six weeks and killed plenty of ducks and some snipe. He reports the shooting at this time. Bluebirds lake as being very good, but says he left only little flocks. Ed. Price and James Watson returned yesterday from English Lake, where they had a fine time. Wirt Dexter, our great local sportsman, has been enjoying good shooting at New Barton Bay, on the Mississippi River, just above Keittsburg, and where he has a steam yacht as a hunting boat. Lydston, Eich, Organ, Pond, and the rest of Chicago's great hunters have been out to the various club grounds. Matters are quieting down.—SPECIAL.

MAINE NOTES.—Oxford, Me., April 13.—Wild ducks were seen to-day for the first time this spring, flying northward in small flocks. The boys are having fly sport banging away at the muskrats, of which there are plenty. Excellent black bass fishing can be obtained here after the first of July. fish, guides, etc., at reasonable prices; also good pickerel fishing. The Oxford Gun Club voted to go to Rangeley the 1st of June. Now look out for deer.—L. N. E.

MAINE DEER BUTCHERS.—Oxford, Maine, April 16.—

Editor Forest and Stream: For several years a herd of deer have been known to roam about the vicinity of North Waterford, and have been allowed to go unmolested, though at times their winter exiles have been within a few rods of the highway. On the 27th of March some men came from Lovell, Me., and gave chase and captured two deer, which they took away in a pung. A few days after they captured a third doe and two bucks, which later, being unwell, were latched up to a tree and very conveniently strangled themselves while the men were taking the doe away. Another deer was run down with dogs, and was said to have been so mangled that it was necessary to kill it, and was dispatched by Stockham, Mr. paries. This is considerable indignation expressed by the North Waterford people, and without doubt the matter will be thoroughly investigated. The law prohibits hunting for or destroying in any manner any deer between January 1 and October 1; and, it would seem that this properly came under its provisions, to say nothing of the premature birth and death of a pair of young fawns after the capture of one of the does. This style of hunting is getting to be a little too common. Only a few days before a similar case was reported from one of the towns further north, and I have been told that parties in Newry have been indicted and fined for a similar offense. The law is evidently intended to protect the deer through close time, and I fail to find any provision for taking them, even alive, during that time. These cases will probably settle the question. Any person may lawfully kill any dog found hunting deer. If people will generally follow the example of our North Waterford neighbors, there will be less difficulty in enforcing the game laws, and there will be more game.—SYLVAN DALE.

WILD TURKEYS IN CALIFORNIA.—

We find the following item in the Los Angeles *Times* of recent date: "Wild turkeys are now to be seen on sale at San Francisco poultry stands—the first that have been noticed by the press of that city, we believe. They are claimed to be the produce of the same wild turkeys of California, came from California, and are selling for thirty cents the pound. The *Call* says the progenitors of these birds were brought from the East at a cost of \$40 each, but we have an impression that the first wild turkeys brought to this State were imported some years ago by Judge Cato, of Ottawa, Ill., and placed on the Island of Santa Cruz, where they have thrived and multiplied greatly. They now afford fine shooting. The American wild turkey is a noble bird, and there is those who hold that it should have been given the place of the national bird of freedom instead of the eagle. Its acquisition by California will prove a substantial gain to the game list." This is the first we have read or heard of there being wild turkeys in this State, if we may except an instance in which some domestic turkeys left a ranch near Pico, Placer county, last year, and took to the brush, where they were at last accounted, having become as wild as any sportsman could wish they had not been killed. The man who hunted and in the course of time furnish good sport for gunners.—Sacramento Bee.

PINNATED GROUSE FOR DELAWARE.—

The Delaware State Game Association are about planting one hundred prairie chickens in their State. There are many sections of Delaware where the pinnated grouse will thrive, and we are sure this enterprising society will see to it that the birds are protected. The association intends also to stock the waters of the State with game fish. Another prairie grouse was this season placed in the Delaware River by the New Jersey Fish Commission.—HOMO.

Philadelphia, April 16.—It is positive that some of the pinnated grouse put out in New Jersey by the West Jersey Game Protection Association have lived. Several have lately been seen near Hammonton. Mr. John S. Davis, well known in Philadelphia as an ardent and observing sportsman, while shooting near Andalusia, N. J., during the past season, put up one, which he certainly identified as a prairie chicken, and another bird during the same day which he thinks was of the same species. The first got up near him, and he heard the peculiar note which the pinnated grouse gives when started. Mr. Davis knows what a prairie chicken is, and with the writer on Western trips has shot it.—HOMO.

MICHIGAN.—Grand Rapids.—

J. Hazard Cart, of Pleasant P. O., Kent county, Mich., killed an American woodcock (probably a last year's bird) on Cranbury Lake, lying partly in Alpine township, Kent county, and partly in Wright township, Ottawa county, Mich., on the 11th of April, out of a flock of forty-two birds. This bird measures six feet three inches from tip to tip of wings, and four feet one inch from end of bill to tip of tail. Weight 14 lbs. 8 ozs. It is in immature, slaty and reddish-brown plumage. My informant could not tell us to the size or color of the rest of the flock. The evening before this bird was killed a large flock passed over this city, swinging around from north to west and northwest in the direction of Cranbury Lake. That night a severe storm struck us from northeast.—E. S. HOLMES.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville.—

L. Valentine, Burt Bray, and J. N. Brooks, recently killed one hundred snipe and twenty ducks, near Bowling Green, Ky. Several fine bags of snipe have been made here, the birds being more numerous, and remaining longer than usual.—J. D. H.

MINNESOTA.—Mantorville, April 10.—

Ducks have not been as plenty before for three years as they are this spring.

MESSRS. W. C. BIRCHMOR, R. S. GILLIAM, JIM PORTER

and Frank Gilliam tramped down in Greene one day last week to take a bird hunt. They passed one farm and kept up such a shooting that all the negroes thought that there was another war on hand. One was burning brush, and he threw his coat in the fire and ran to the house and labbed, hallooing judgment. Another said he heard some powerful bluffs over about Fowells' mills, and a white man said he'd be d—d if ever he'd happen to see another cool-headed old farmer had his children cutting briars, and he sent them all to the house and locked them up, and whipped some of them because they looked out the cracks. That was a day of demoralization that county, and the next day some of the white people came on down and swore on a bill of exchange against the parties, but the hunters compromised. This is no exaggeration, but strictly facts, and they bagged fifty-seven birds.—Oglethorpe (Ga.) Echo.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals. The absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

OLD ANGLING BOOKS.

A SHORT time ago we noticed the new edition of the "Bibliotheca Piscatoria," by Messrs. Westwood and Satchell. The revision by Mr. Satchell was entirely a labor of love, and he has rendered angling literature a great service by not taking his information at second hand, and in consequence his book is of the greatest value possible and one that the buyer of angling books can not well dispense with. As instances of the thorough manner in which he has done his work we cite the following:

The "Treatise of Fysshynge," etc., attributed to Dame Juliana Berners, or Barnes, was looked up, not only in the different editions, but also in the manuscript. The only known manuscript of the "Treatyse of Fysshynge," printed in the 1496 edition of the "Boke of St. Albans," formerly in the possession of Mr. Herbert, afterward of Mr. Haslewood, and now in the famous Denison collection, has been examined by Mr. Satchell, who finds it to contain an independent text of a date not later than Professor Skeat than 1450. It is drawn from the same original as that printed in 1496, but instead of the "readings between it and the printed copy" being, as alleged, (Pickering's reprint, 1837, preface) "very few and unimportant," it varies the phrase throughout, and in many places varies the sense, besides containing many short passages not included in the printed version. Mr. Satchell is preparing the text for publication, and as it is unfortunately imperfect, will supply the lacunae from the edition of 1496, which will also be printed by him with a bibliographical introduction, the matter on each page of the two volumes being made to correspond to facilitate comparison of the two texts.

The same careful search in Walton's work has revealed some new points regarding the first (1653) edition of the "Compleat Angler." Mr. Satchell has noticed that there exist two impressions of this book, or certainly of signature E, and he would be glad to have the reports of possessors of the volume as to which of the two their copies belong. One has the woodcut at the foot of page 81, with the words "the description of a trout" above it; the other has the woodcut in the text, seven lines from the bottom of the page, and without superscription. The three copies in the British Museum are all of the latter form, while several copies in other collections prove to be of the former.

Mr. Satchell's address is: Thomas Satchell, Downshire Hill House, London, N. W., and we hope that any of our readers who may have the books in their possession will communicate with him.

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

IX.

An Angler's Look "Around and About."

"Fishing weather's coming, lads,
The winter dies away;
Hark and behold your days awhile
Trot the streamlets of their smiles,
The landscape of its grace."

IN this fleckle climate the first day of April is far from a genial one, but, at its approach, the angler begins to feel in a different mood than for long days past, and eye and hand take the "line of direction" to the sludges where his hand hooks repose and to where his tackle is stored. His fishing blood begins to warm and his pulse to be feverish, and at the least suggestion of his pastime his thoughts run riot.

"Sleeping we dream of what, awake, we wish—
Dogs dream of bones and fishermen of fish."

—On a passably fine day in early spring it is pleasant to walk by an old fishing-haunt and see the swollen stream prepare itself for the "open" season. To let the thoughts "hark back" to past successful days, hither and yon, or to forecast the possible creels yet to be. Even to look upon a favorite "water" from afar is very pleasant, and one returns to his fire and "Walton" with a new and grateful zest. After such a reflective, or prospective, glance, it is need to "overhaul" one's "kit" and make ready for the first cast of the season.

This fly, or that leader, may have pleasant tales to tell of by-gone sport, and a glance into the well-worn creel will reveal—O, what fine specimens of conditioned trout, to be forever served up for memory to dine on. There are many streams in the walks and drives of the angler that make him sad, because they are no longer tenanted. To the eye, how promising are many such! The water runs clear, but his shadow no more startles the wary fish, and the ripples of the mimic waves seems to sound the gentle requiem of long-stout trout. Literally "fished to death" have such streams been, and by those (the more shame to them!) who should be far above the ignominy of bringing fingerlings to creel.

Other streams there are, whose waters run defiled and muddy with the refuse of factories, and this is a sad sight, both to the trout and beauty-lover as well. In some cases a little care or money might have saved the waters their foul degradation, and the trout might be as lusty there to-day as in the "forest primeval," before greed and utility had barred beauty an equal right to its own.

Many a time and oft have I stood upon a certain rude bridge I wot of, a ledge spanning as likely a bit of trout water as one need see, and sought a "rise." It seemed as if there must be fish in that "deep," and I would not cease trying till I have been compelled, again and again, to do so from lack of any known lure. Then have I filled my pipe and sipped "it might have been." This refrain is as bitter a charge for a pipe as it is for the bear, and after a little the "fragrant leaf" seemed to be void of solace, and I turned the ashes upon the lonely waters, where they dispersed like fond hopes upon Life's fleeting tide. Ent, availed, melancholy, the growing, budding year is no time for sadness, and the fisher's heart

should not long brood over a fishless water. There are well-stocked streams yet to be cast upon, and the time is not far distant when the now troutless ones will be cleft with their swift fins and glowing with their bonnie sides. Let us take heart of grace, enjoy with gratitude, and "pre-serve" with zeal.

"'Tis life to young anglers in early spring time,
In the spring time all so fair,
Through the meadows to go, where primroses grow,
As breathing the sweet, mild air,
When the buttery comes and the great bee hums
Round the sweet, waxed, bee-gone dale,
And a 'twelv' 't'wixt," sing the dicky birds sweet,
Then the heart of the angler is glad."

The first spring duty (due to his own personal self) of the angler is to see that his tackle, in every minute detail, is in prime and thoroughly usable order. Rods, flies, leaders, reels, lines and hooks are a mockery and a snare—to the tempter, not to the fish—if they are in a condition to prove a failure at the critical moment. I once fished with a friend who had left his bait behind him, at home, distant several miles. Fortunately, I was well provided to share with him; but "it might have been" otherwise, and our long-expected fishing day have proven a blank one—i. e., as to well-stocked creeks. This, too, has been a humorous and unusual "accidental occurrence" to a careful and precise angler. Therefore, the more careful ought those of an opposite class to be. Hold hard, there! My homily is ended, brethren of the angle, and its application may be made by whomsoever will.

The winter, also, is ended, and the face of nature begins to smile; the meadows will soon be "wearin' of the green," and, before we are aware, the May fly will be dancing its legs over many a "trouty water," and may we be "lucky to see." To see? Yes, to see and feel the resistance of the trout as we "strike" and prepare for—what the fish may be preparing for us!

"Fishing weather's coming, lads,
The winter soon shall pass away;
Hope and spring will gain the day,
And sport delight your eyes."

O. W. R.

FLORIDA FISHING.

I HAVE just returned from a four months' trip to Florida and traveled quite extensively over the State, including the Kissimmee country, Indian River and the lake region. Everywhere I went I tried the fishing, and on the whole, the results were not satisfactory as to the catch, but I enjoyed the fishing all the same.

I first tried fishing for black bass in the large lakes about Maitland and Winter Park in Orange county, in the month of December, but while I saw plenty of fish jumping, it seemed almost impossible to take them, although I tried live bait, trolling, bobbing, and fly-fishing, at all times of the day and in all kinds of weather.

An old settler told me there was hard to take because the water was too clear. So I do not go to the clear water lakes of Florida for fishing at the same time of the year that I did. The month of January I passed at Kissimmee city on Lake Tahopkegalia, and in this lake I had all the fishing a sportsman could wish. The water in the lake is coffee-colored like the water in the St. John's River. The lake is about twenty miles long and about twelve miles wide in its widest part, and has a uniform depth of about twelve feet, and contains plenty of large-mouth black bass, pickeral, grinnel and catfish. I saw a man there who told me he caught a black bass by trolling that weighed fifteen pounds. The largest fish I caught was an eight-pound bass, five-pound pickeral, and a twelve-pound cat. The grinnel are very plenty, large and very voracious, and give good sport with rod and reel. The twelve-pound cat I captured with an eight-ounce fly-rod. The blue cat are not to be despised; they are very fishy and afford excellent sport.

I reached my particular favorite sport by pulling across the lake from Kissimmee city to the mouth of a run a few hundred yards to the northward of what is known as Excelsior Island. There is a deep hole there, and I have had four fish hooked on four different lines at the same time, and as three of them were attached to light fly-rods, you can easily imagine the sport and excitement.

F. W. DICKINS.

VERMONT AND CANADA NOTES.

I HAVE at this moment received a letter from an old sporting friend who resides in Franklin county, Vermont, giving me the welcome news that the lovers of the rod and gun in that county have at last thrown off their lethargy and have formed a society there for the purpose of protecting fish and game, and also making an earnest effort to restock the depleted waters in that vicinity. Hon. Herbert Brainerd, one of the State Fish Commissioners, offers to procure for the society a quantity of *S. fontinalis*, rainbow trout and land-locked salmon fry, so that they can begin their work at once. You have started the ball, and now, gentlemen, keep it rolling. It will be uphill work at first, but energy and perseverance will surely overcome all obstacles.

Two of the most noted net-fishermen of Swanton, Vt., Messrs. Donaldson and Helliker, were a short time ago arrested while pursuing their nefarious work, and we are watching the action of those who have taken their punishment in hand, to see if it will be dealt out to them as they deserve, in full measure, or that it will be allowed to fizzle out and no good results come out of it. These men have openly violated the fishery laws for years, and have made it standing fast at the very worst, and in spite of the game officers continue to do so.

I passed the Matapedia and Restigouche rivers a few days ago and they were firmly ice-locked, and will continue in that state for some weeks yet. The trout and salmon season in the province of Quebec and Maritime provinces will open late.

Let the pike-perch, or as we call them "dore," taking fly, is a common occurrence to take them in the St. Lawrence, Ottawa and Richelieu rivers, during the months of July and August, after sunset, on a white-winged fly, but during the daytime a live minnow is the most killing bait. In our old Northern rivers they are a game fish, first cousin to the black bass, and when broiled are nearly equal to the bass in flavor.

STANSTEAD.

—RUTLAND, VT., APRIL 10, 1888.

THE SECRETS OF SALMON GROWTH.

[From Blackwood's Magazine, February, 1883.]

ALTHOUGH the salmon has been asked, again and again, to render up the secrets of his life, it steadily refuses to reveal the mystery of the time-table of his progress: from the moment it quits his watery nest till the period when it finds an honored place on our dinner-tables, many of its movements are shrouded in mystery. As was said once upon a time by the Ettrick Shepherd, who was a keen observer of the habits of *Salmo salar*, "Whereabouts it goes to when it is putting on its flesh, or how long it takes to garrish his bones, neither me nor Chanley Purdie can tell—it's a wonder." And a problem, to the students and purports, it still remains. How many are the days of a salmon in the water, and to use another phrase of James Hogg's, "How the fish fills its time" from its cradle to its grave, are still puzzling questions alike to naturalists and fishery economists; while to the general public the tale of growth of that or any other fish is, at all times, as a seal-a-book. When pater-familias is selecting the middle-cut of a choice 33-lb. fish with which to grace his dinner-table and honor his guests, it may probably occur to him to ask himself, "How long has the age of that fine salmon perchance may be, but the fish-merchant is most likely as ignorant as himself, and cannot tell him. Notwithstanding that the fact of its origin and incomings has been frequently diagnosed, the time-table of salmon life is full of mysterious blanks; it is in vain that men have assiduously watched these fish and taken note of their growth, and tried to find out at what periods they become reproductive, and at what age they die—such labors have not added much to the sum of our knowledge. It is all taking the salmon with which we were started as a basis of argument—the 33-lb. fish referred to—it would be interesting indeed if its age could be correctly determined. Absurd stories and ridiculous conjectures have, we know, been at various times circulated about the rapid growth of this fine fish, but most of the tales told have required a very large pinch of salt to make them palatable, so manifold are the perplexities which beset the growth of this "monarch of the brook," and so numerous are the instances of a salmon having to encounter before it attains a weight of 33 lbs. arduous! One of the controversies which environed the early life of the salmon has been singularly difficult to "put to silence." The "parr question," as it was called, had lasted and raged for sixty or seventy years, during which period the war of words and letters had been imbued with such a wonderful amount of vitality as to keep all who were interested in the natural and economic history of the salmon in a perpetual state of excitement. The part question is an old story now, but it is one which will bear to be told in a brief fashion.

Long ago—and to-day as well—many rivers were fished at a particular season to be populous—to swarm, in fact, with a small finger-marked fish, which in Scotland was known as "the parr," but in England was called a "samlet" or "brandling." Sixty years since there were men, naturalists and other experts, who said that these tiny things were distinct fish, and that the young salmon, or young parr, of the more learned of the brethren—Sir Humphry Davy was one of them, Dr. Knox the anatomist was another—said the parr was hybrid. Mr. Yarrell was pretty much of the same opinion, although he was less decided in his utterances than some other naturalists. In one place he states the prevalence of an opinion that parrs are hybrids and all of them males. His reason for saying that "the parr is not the young of the salmon" is, "I have seen no parrs swimming about." "That the parr is not the young of the salmon," in its, of any other of the large species of salmonidae, as still considered by some, is sufficiently obvious, from the circumstance that parr by hundreds may be taken in the rivers all the summer, long after the fry of the year of the larger migratory species have gone down to the sea."

To have said in those days that the parr was the young of the salmon was to court abuse, and to be ridiculous; but for all that, there were men of original views who were of the belief that the little fish which were so plentiful were undoubtedly salmon in an early stage of growth, and that, in time, they would obtain the dignity of scaled fish, and be recognized as smolts—"smolt" being at that date the name given to the recognized young of the salmon. Among those who so believed was James Hogg, to whom reference has already been made; he reputedly declared, "with all his might," that he had seen very many of these tiny things—his own words, that he had more than once handled a parr just as they were becoming smolts. "Have I not held them in these hands many a time," said the Shepherd, "just as the scales were forming upon them? In fact, I have a hundred times rubbed off the newly-formed scales, and seen with my own eyes the marks of the parr, and no mistake about it." The Shepherd certainly shed some degree of light over the darkness which then prevailed, and down to his day has surrounded the salmon. Moreover, the Shepherd was patriotic in his views—he knew that thousands of the parr were annually captured to fill the frying-pans of Tweedside, and his plea was, "Spare these young ones; let us rather eat them in a year or two, when they have become of an age to afford sport to the angler and food to the people."

Another person who entered into the parr controversy with enthusiasm, but at the same time with more method than the Shepherd, was Mr. Shaw of Drumalrig, forester to the Duke of Buccleuch. Mr. Shaw, being at first a little awkward in his method of manipulation, contented himself with privately gathering salmon eggs from the "redds" on which they had been deposited by the female fish, and placing them in an enclosed place saw that they produced parr; but on announcing his discovery and the method of it to some friends, he was told he had made a mistake, and that his fish were not true parr but young salmon. "They must be young salmon," was said, "because that you got them from a salmon-trout (the Nith), and by such a mode you are not to be driven from his purpose, and to mislead his discovery he caught one day a few parr—it was on the 11th of July, 1833, that he did so—and kept them in a pond until they had changed into smolts, which they did between April and the middle of May, 1834. Yet in the face of such a fact Mr. Shaw and his "theory" were still discredited. To make sure of his ground, therefore, he repeated his experiments with a dozen parrs of larger growth, which he took from a salmon-trout (the Nith), and by such a mode the satisfaction of seeing them become smolts—the change from parr to more advanced stage of salmon life requiring a period of two years to accomplish.

On this very remarkable point of salmon biography Mr. Shaw met an opponent who traversed his views, Mr. Young of Invershin, gamekeeper to the Duke of Sutherland, had

also been experimenting on the young salmon, with a view to determine whether or not parr grow into smolt, and at what age the change from the first stage to the second took place. Mr. Young said the change took place in a period of twelve months, while Shaw maintained that two years elapsed before the parr assumed the scales of the smolt. Curiously enough, both in the sequel proved to be right; but the difficulty which had arisen was not settled till the salmon nursery of the river Tay had been in use for a period of two years. Shaw, when he became thoroughly interested in the experiments he had undertaken, and excited by the opposition which was offered to his conclusions, buckled to his work in such a way as to astonish his opponents. His ultimate triumph was complete in its every detail. "I compelled my enemies to admit," he said, "that I had proved the parr to be the young of the salmon, and the salmon to be the parent of the parr."

It seemed the very irony of fate that Mr. Robert Buist—who had been in his day a commercial salmon-fisher in a large way of business, and who had hotly championed and decried the Ettrick Shepherd's discovery that parr were the young of the salmon—should, as superintendent of the Tay fisheries, have to proclaim not only that parr were young salmon, but also that of each hatching a moiety became smolts at the end of one year, while the other moiety did not assume the scales or become imbued with the migratory instinct till they had attained the age of two years. This point of salmon growth may be held to have been finally settled by the operations conducted at Stormontfield, which began in the year 1858, and are still continuing. No one can explain this peculiar problem of parr life—how it comes that of two eggs deposited at the same time by the same fish, one becomes a smolt and seeks the salt water twelve months earlier than a fish born of the other egg! Various experiments have been tried, and what progress has been made in the operation of nature has been arranged, but without avail. The young fish which seek the sea at the end of the first year are well mixed, there being a due proportion of males and females—the same holding good of the half of the brood which remain in the ponds. Nor has the size of the salmon from which supplies of ova and milt for artificial spawning are obtained anything to do with the solution of this remarkable problem. A 40-lb. female fish may provide the eggs and a 2-lb. male the milt, without any disadvantage. None of our fishery experts, nor any of the naturalists of the period, have been able to solve this remarkable riddle in natural history.

For the salmon's first entry in the time-table of its life there now exists reliable data; and to insure precision of statement, we shall enter the figures in their order, which is as follows:

Salmon eggs taken from the gravid fish. Let us say from the 11th November 1862, till the 11th December of the same year, and fertilized with milt obtained in the same manner and at the same time from Tay salmon. These fish came to life in (first egg broke on the 12th) March 1863—the hatching process (it was an open winter) occupying about 115 days; in some years 120 days elapse before eggs hatched in the open air burst and the young salmon are released from their fragile prison. About 10th May, 1864, the first division of the crop of young fish (total of 1863) began to leave the Stormontfield ponds as smolts, and the migration continued till about the 25th of the same month.

At the date of their migration these young ones would be, say, fourteen months old.

The other moiety of the fish was left in the pond (or rather would have been left, had not the pond burst and the fish escaped into the river) for another year, and would not get into smolts till the 10th of May, or twenty-six months old, being at that time in the river Tay.

To this point the fish can be watched and traced—has been in reality watched and traced for a period of thirty years—with the utmost accuracy; and before speculating further on the salmon's tenure of existence, it may be permitted us to state that the parr cannot exist in salt water, nor can the eggs of the salmon be hatched in the sea, as has been sometimes affirmed; that the experiments have been tried, and failed. On the other hand, smolts clad in their panoply of scales have been carried from the river Tay to Stonehaven in Kincardineshire, a distance of sixty miles; and upon being placed in a salt water pond at once took kindly to their new habitation, and rapidly became of greater size and weight. In about six months three of the smolts in question were seen, and by that time they had doubled their size.

Among the curiosities of parr life may be mentioned the fact that specimens of these fish have occasionally been taken with their milt well developed. This circumstance was first noticed and tested by Mr. Shaw of Drumknair, who stated that with the milt of a parr—he it is noted a fish about the size of a minnow—he had successfully fructified the eggs of a large salmon; and a similar experiment, with like result, was tried at Stormontfield. As regards female parr, none have been observed with their roe so developed as to give hope of their being able to perpetuate their kind; by far the greater portion of the females in their first year seen destitute of the most rudimentary signs of ova.

As may be supposed, the operations carried on at Stormontfield were taken advantage of to ascertain some facts as to the rate of growth of the fish. Various modes of marking the departing smolts were at different times adopted, so that, when any of them were caught, they might be recognized. Having some personal knowledge of what was done, the mode of marking the smolts, and having more than once been present at the annual census of these fish, the writer claims to speak with some little authority upon this matter. First of all, let it be stated that the dangers to which the young fish are exposed are so manifold and regular in their occurrence, that it has been calculated by some fishery economists that not above one, or at the very most two, eggs in each thousand deposited by the female salmon arrive at maturity as taking fish. This is a statement, however, which may be accepted with a considerable degree of reserve. That a very large percentage of the eggs of all fish are never hatched we know; it is a fate, as will by and by be shown, incidental to the conditions under which the parent salmon and other fish deposit their ova; but to believe that only one or two out of each thousand eggs come to maturity as fish for the table, would imply such an enormous number of breeding salmon on the river as to be quite out of the question.

To provide the salmon stock of the Tay, for instance—from which stream it is necessary every season to take 70,000 to 80,000 salmon to pay rent of fishing stations and wages of fishermen, wear and tear of fishing-gear and interest of capital employed—would require a greater stock of "spawners" and "milkers" than its tributaries have apparently room to contain. It is impossible to make up a census

of the salmon population of the river Tay, but it is certain that at all periods of the year it must contain perhaps over a million fish of all ages. From the parr—of perhaps 100 to the pound weight—to the comparative giant of the water, which weigh from 25 to 40 lbs. In the months of April and May, for instance, there will be in the river at the same time parr about two months old, parr fourteen months old, and parr just changing into smolts, as two-year-olds. There will also be spring salmon, and probably a few grise, coming land" of all ages and dimensions, ascending and descending the river by day and by night; the capturing of marketable specimens for sale will be going on actively as well, so that the time-table of salmon life, as regards the Tay, or, indeed, any other stream, will be full of the most varied figures, if one could tabulate them with any degree of accuracy. The annual renewal of the Tay stock, if the estimate referred to were to be adopted, would require between 2,000 and 3,000 female salmon weighing 25 lbs., and each guaranteed to produce 20,000 eggs; a similar body of male fish would be necessary—although, as a matter of fact, one male will suffice to spawn the eggs of several females—but, curiously enough, the sexes are far from being equal in number. If we take into account the fish stolen by poachers, the number of breeders indicated would be insufficient.

In consequence, then, of the mortality incident to fish life, a very large number of any particular brood would require to be marked to insure one or two of them being recaptured either as grise or larger fish; therefore, when we say that on one occasion sixty-four smolts were marked by a particular cut in the dead fin, and that no less than five of these fish were afterward identified (in the course of about ten weeks), we believe we are stating that which pretty nearly amounts to an impossibility—namely, that seven per cent. of the smolts (70 per 1,000) return to their native water as well-grown fish. In some cases, indeed, the circumstances are such that there would be more of the marked fish in the waters than those absolutely caught. If there were other five, that would represent the return of 140 per 1,000, which would detract from the value of all previous calculations as to the percentage of destruction. The smolts, when marked, would probably be about five inches in length, and of corresponding girth. The date of the marking operation was 24th May, 1893, on which date the smolts were sent from the ponds; the period of recapture being as follows:

Aug. 16.—A grise weighing 9 lbs. was reported as having been caught, and as having the mark made on it when it was a smolt.

Aug. 20.—Another of the marked fish (taken as a grise, weighing 5 lbs. (Both of these fish were identified by Mr. Buist and Mr. Brown, who performed the operation of marking).

Aug. 23.—Another marked fish taken which weighed 24 lbs.

Aug. 26.—A marked grise captured, but weight not given.

Sept. 19.—A grise of 7 lbs. taken, also bearing the pond mark.

The weights of the four fish given show an average growth of something like 6 lbs. as having taken place within say a hundred days, or, at the best, at the least, within a period indeed of eighty-four days. This rate of growth, too, is wonderful when compared with that of the smolts placed in the salt-water pond at Stonehaven; these fish only doubled their size in six months, when they would be some nine inches long, and about twelve ounces or thereabouts in weight. Verily the quick rate of increase of size in the sea is marvellous as a fact in the natural history of the salmon. As regards the value of this striking change of place, as regards the £ s. d. of the matter, it is also of the greatest importance; it means that, from being an article of almost no money value, smolts become in less than one hundred days fish worth eight or ten shillings each at the wholesale rate. It is not stated whether or not the 9-lb. grise contained roe or milt, which is to be regretted, because at the weight indicated the fish presumably would be seeking a place in which to deposit its eggs; and to add to the curiosity of the situation, these fish might be able to spawn their eggs to be hatched, and this moiety of the brood be going to the sea at the same time as their uncles and aunts! Founding on these facts, the time-tables of salmon life now stand as follows:

Of the same brood, one moiety has remained in the ponds from the date of hatching as parr, weighing probably an ounce, while the other moiety, having attained to the scales of the smolt, have gone off to the sea, and have returned as grise of the average weight of 6 lbs.

That the markings of the smolts referred to were carefully made is certain, and that Mr. Brown, teacher, Perth, and Mr. Buist, superintendent of the River Tay Fisheries, thought the fish which they saw to be the fish marked at Stormontfield, there need be no hesitation in believing. These gentlemen acted throughout in good faith. Our own doubts arise, not so much from the mode of marking which was adopted—marking the dead fin, however, is not always convincing in the event of recapture when a reward is offered, seeing that the mark may be and has been imitated—but from the large percentage of fish retaken—a number that previously would have been voted as purely imaginative, considering the destruction which takes place among the smolts when they reach the sea. Some naturalists have calculated that not above two or three in each thousand of the smolts that descend from the upper waters of a river to the sea will return as living fish. At the mouths of all salmon rivers there awaits the annual advent of the smolts an army of enemies with keen appetites, so that the carnage which takes place is positively dreadful. Moreover, it has been surmised by one or two naturalists that half of the smolts remain in the sea for a year before seeking to return to the place of their birth. Of the sixty-four fish marked in the ponds, therefore, if half remained in the sea, and none at all fell victims to their enemies either going or coming, five, according to all showing, was an extraordinary number to recapture; and the fact being taken for granted, the question then arises, whether or not the rates of increase will continue—that is to say, will a fish, which adds 6 lbs. to its weight in a hundred days, attain a weight of 20 lbs. within a year? Should that be so, the 33-lb. fish of our imagination, not to mention the 40-lb. fish of two years of age, while its brothers and sisters might still have been parr.

Before going further, it may be as well to recur in more exact figures than has yet been done to the mortality which, during the earlier stages of its growth, attends the progress of the salmon. Assuming that a 25-lb. female fish of the salmon kind will, in the course of the season, instinctively deposit on the redds 20,000 ova, it becomes of great interest

to know how many of these will hatch and yield young salmon, and how many of these young salmon will live to multiply and replenish their kind. Of one hundred eggs deposited under natural conditions of spawning, it may, we think, be assumed that not more than five will become fish. The following figures may be accepted as being representative of the position. They are not, the reader may rest assured, taken at haphazard, but after much inquiry and thoughtful consideration of all the circumstances which attend natural spawning.

The eggs being voided by the female salmon in running water, for instance, in consequence of the percentage being fertilized by the milt of the male fish, which is also, of course, discharged in the running stream. The number of eggs in each hundred which escape fertilization may be stated at, say 52.

Of the fertilized ova, a large percentage is devoured by enemies of all kinds long before it has time to hatch; the number may be put at 15. Again, some eggs prove barren, others produce monstrosities, while a great number are washed into places where they cannot hatch, the heavy floods of the winter season so often break up the redds, on which the eggs have been deposited. Under this head, then, it will be a fair calculation to put down 20 eggs, making 87 in all, and leaving only 13 in each hundred to become in due time table-fish and breeders of the future.

It would be quite possible to present even a darker picture than this of the destruction of salmon ova. A common trout, for instance, has been captured with as many as 700 salmon eggs in its gullet. While the keeper of the ponds at Stormontfield one morning shot "a long-legged heron"—when it was dying the bird vomited fifty of the young salmon which it had been feeding upon. The perils of the parr have been thus related by Mr. Buist:

"When the young fish come to life and burst the shell, they lie in a helpless state for five or six weeks, during which water-beetles, slugs and other insects prey upon them unceasingly. After they get into a swimming state, they are devoured by fish of all kinds, and also by sea-gulls and other birds. In the next stage, as fincliny parrs, they are exposed to the ravages of pike, trout, eels, and even salmon themselves. From the stomach of a yellow trout I have seen not fewer than ten full-grown parr cut out—the specimens may be seen in the Perth Museum; and we have cut parrs out of the stomachs of every one in a shoal of forty to fifty pike, captured in the act of devouring them."

Taking note of the 120 fish per thousand, which are all that come to life out of that number of salmon eggs, it will be seen how they are disposed of; and the perils to which they are subjected from poachers will be recounted. But to the list of the more common evils which hinder the growth of our salmon—many of them, no doubt, the result of the varied "pollutions" which are permitted to flow into our rivers—falls to be added a new horror. We are alluding to the outbreak of *ascopolepis ferax*—a disease or growth of a fungoid kind, which in a brief period has played such havoc in the waters of the classic Tweed, as to have resulted in the destruction of over 14,000 fine fish of all sizes in the course of a season! Such a number of deaths in so short a period must prove an enormous factor of growth, and, as a result, a large percentage of mortality must tend, for some years to come, to lower the average weight of the Tweed fish, and also to decrease the value of Tweed salmon both for table use and breeding. No solution of this new problem of salmon life has been yet arrived at, and in consequence no cure has been devised. A Royal Commission, which traveled the country to inquire into the cause of the outbreak, was unable to do more than to evidence—the Commissioners not being able to arrive at any definite conclusion as to a cause, far less to formulate a remedy. It has been actively asserted during the prevalence of the epidemic, that it is a result of the chemical manures which are washed off the adjacent lands in times of flood; but it must not be forgotten that a similar disease is said to have been known sixty years ago, when farmers did not use chemical manures, and it would be difficult to find evidence to the contrary. There are some writers on the subject who believe the disease to result from the over-stocking of the water. But in the days when the Tweed yielded over 200,000 fish in the course of the season, there was no disease—at any rate the disease did not then become epidemic; yet now, when the Tweed is perhaps not yielding a fourth of that number of marketable salmon, and is at any rate presumably not half so populous with fish as it once was, the disease has been much worse in that river than in any other salmon stream—more than half of the big fish in the Tweed having died this season (1881–82) from being attacked by the deadly fungoid growth. In some of the other salmon rivers of Scotland the disease has also proved most fatal.

That a considerable annual mortality exists at all times among the adult fish of all salmon streams we know, although the exact extent of it is seldom proclaimed. As a matter of fact, the salmon, from its cradle to its grave, is pursued with the greatest industry by a perfect horde of relentless enemies. But when all is said and done that can be said and done, and all the *pros* and *cons* of the salmon disease have been well discussed, it will probably be found that the severity of the attack is due to the impure condition of the water, or, at all events, is aggravated thereby. There is, we think, evidence that this is so from the fact that the outbreak of *ascopolepis* has been most destructive in those waters which are most subject to pollution. In the river Tay the mortality from fungoid growth has only reached 2,000 fish—plenty, of course; but, considering the relative magnitude of the streams, far less than in the Tweed. Many opinions have been offered as to the cause and spread of this fungoid growth, but no two persons are agreed upon the matter. In the columns of our local newspapers, correspondents are found engaged in a hot battle about the cause, but it would serve no good purpose to dissect the numerous theories which have been stirred on the subject. As a step towards a remedy, let us first of all have the purest of pure water, instead of water thick as sirup, with "matter in the wrong place." When salmon find themselves in a clean, clear-flowing stream, disease of all kinds will assuredly disappear, or at all events greatly abate in its intensity. In the meantime, if it once was, the disease has been in the river Tweed should have been made to lose, in all probability, about a third of their capital stock of fish from this loathsome disease.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Two quail hunters in California recently discovered a vein of coal which is said to equal the best Pennsylvania anthracite.

Fishculture.

TO FISHWAY EXPERTS.

THE following, headed a circular to experts in the construction of fishways, has been issued:

U. S. COMMISSION OF FISH AND FISHERIES, }
WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR SIR—An appropriation of \$250,000 has been made by Congress for the construction, by the Commissioners of the District of Columbia, of a fishway at the Great Falls of the Potomac for the purpose of enabling shad and other food fishes to ascend to the upper portion of the river. The plans and specifications of the work are to be furnished by the U. S. Fish Commission.

The construction of a fishway at this point involves very great engineering difficulties in view of the height of the rise and the rocky nature of the bed of the river, and the very great exposure of any structure to the floating ice. The extreme rise is about 50 feet, on a horizontal base of about 700.

Desiring of securing the assistance of those most competent to advise in this matter, I would respectfully invite you to furnish any suggestions that may present themselves to you in this connection.

Should you be sufficiently interested in the matter to investigate the subject in its details, I will take pleasure in sending you more specific data, as also a copy of the map representing the contours and grades of the portions of the Potomac River involved in the inquiry.

Very respectfully yours,

SPENCER F. BAIRD,
Commissioner.

THE ILLINOIS COMMISSION.

WE have the report of this commission for the year ending September 30, 1881. A reconnaissance of the Illinois River was made, and it was found that a great amount of illegal fishing was done, in some instances steamboats are employed. Complaint has been made of the great mortality among the fish at various points on this river. The people had a theory that it was from the refuse from glucose factories and distilleries, and while the Commissioners do not in anywise dissent in this regard, they guardedly say: "The investigation we find that great quantities of fish die every year from some cause or causes that do not exist in other streams and in other parts of the State."

The Commissioners have experimented with carp, paying particular attention to their habits and peculiarities, and their conclusion is that they are the coming food fish of this country. They are satisfied that "if a proper interest can be created, it will pay to raise this fish, and when they will be cultivated generally on farms as are chickens and hogs, and that when the small amount of trouble and expense necessary for raising and feeding them is considered, their importance as a food producing source will be appreciated. When the facts taken into consideration that the buffalo, the coarsest of our river fish, now commands a price that makes them a luxury, retailing even at river points at eight to ten cents a pound, when a few years ago they could be bought for eight to ten cents a fish, averaging from six to ten pounds, the importance of introducing the carp will be seen."

As to the future of Illinois fish, the Commissioners say: "With a proper enforcement of the laws, fishways over dams, a successful system of work in planting native fish, a proper interest in the cultivation of the carp and the trout will be solved. Illinois should and could be the best stocked State in the Union."

A brief statement of the plan of work adopted is given. The Commissioners have adopted the following: "The Iowa Commission, i. e., taking young fish, thousands of which annually perish along our rivers, either by the drying up or freezing out of the small ponds, lakes and low places. These fish are left there by the receding waters after an over-flow of the river banks and are utilized for stocking the streams, by gathering and distributing them. These fish, as early in the season as the low places can be reached by wagon or boat, are taken out by means of a small meshed mosquito net, being necessary to take the first, a larger mesh being used later in the season. Gangs of men, provided with suitable outfits, are sent into the bottoms, drawing these low places with seines, and where transportation is easily possible they are put into tanks holding about twenty-five gallons of water, and forwarded to the shipping points as may seem desirable. When transportation facilities are limited, the finer varieties of game fish only are selected for shipment, the coarser ones, such as buffalo, catfish, perch, etc. are put into the nearest deep water, the dogfish and gars being destroyed."

CANADA AT THE LONDON EXHIBITION.

AT the coming Fisheries Exhibition Canada will be well represented. The exhibit is now being packed at the fish breeding establishment at Newcastle, and will be forwarded south by way of Halifax, where are additions to the exhibit now being prepared in Quebec and the Lever Brothers, which he taken up. Mr. Willnot has been fortunate in securing some beautiful specimens, and the trout and salmon families appear to be complete. The great bulk of the fish and fish-culturing outfits have now been tested by the exhibition, and are placed in position in the cases in which they are to be shown.

A collection of aquatic insects, such as are detrimental to fish eggs, will form a part of the exhibit. Certain flies, it seems, drop their larvae in the water, which sink to the bottom of the stream, get attached to and feed on the fish eggs. There are other insects to be found on the algae, and they feed on the juices of these plants. Small fish feed on aquatic insects, and these are taken up by larger fish, which in their turn often meet a similar fate by more formidable occupants of the water.

A case of mink, skinned, in the act of catching fish is an attractive part of the exhibit. The model of the hatchery at Newcastle, measuring about twelve by four feet, will be taken to the exhibition. It will be in operation while on exhibition, and the pans and troughs holding the eggs will be kept constantly supplied with running water, so that the successful operation of conducting the two fishery establishments in Canada may be shown. Small models of tugs and craft used on Canadian waters in the fishing industry have been made. A perfect model of the steamer Frances showing the whole of the machinery, and the process of preservation in actual operation. Refrigerators and freezers for keeping the fish fresh for market will also be among the list of objects.

A pretty feature of the exhibit when arranged in the 10,000 feet allotted to it in the Albert Hall, London, will be the

Canadian emblem. In the center will be a mast thirty-five feet high. This will be supported by hollow wire stays, inside of which will be placed lobster and salmon cans bearing different colored labels. The design is in the shape of a pyramid, and along the top of the mast will be twenty feet, will be arranged a tier of fish barrels, over which will be a layer of fish boxes. Suspended around the mast higher up will be a number of lobsters, above which will be the Canadian coats-of-arms of the different Provinces. At the foot of the coats-of-arms will be a stuffed bear. The animal weighed fifty pounds when caught, is a remarkably large one, and well mounted. Above the coats-of-arms will be a stack of fishing rods, spears, drop nets, etc., from which will hang Canadian Jacks and Royal Standard. Placed in smaller pyramids about the emblem will be canned delicacies from the canning establishments which would provoke the appetite of the most fastidious gourmet. A painting of the fishery establishment at Newcastle, by Shrapnell and Widdly, will be taken with the exhibit. It is a bright, happy picture, and executed by an artist of no mean ability.

THE TEXAS COMMISSION.—The report of the Commissioner of Fisheries for 1882 is at hand. Knowing the difficulties that he has had to contend with in the way of indifference to the subject in the Legislature and a consequent lack of funds, we are surprised at the amount of work done in the distribution of carp, to which his energies have been mainly devoted. He is of the opinion that the rainbow trout will thrive in parts of Texas, and 3,000 were planted in the Comal River, near New Braunfels, and 1,000 in Barton's Spring. The fish have lived and are now from six to eight inches long. The U. S. Commission has planted shad in Texas, but with what success time will show. Lobsters will be planted in Galveston Bay.

THE NEW JERSEY COMMISSION.—Two new appointments having been made in this commission to fill the vacancies caused by the death of Dr. Benjamin P. Howell and the resignation of Maj. E. J. Anderson, the new board met at Trenton this week for their session. Mr. Theo. Morford of Newton, was elected chairman, and Mr. R. S. Jenkins of Camden, secretary and treasurer. Sheriff W. Wright, of Newark, is the other member, his appointment having been recorded in our pages last month.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1888.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, at the Crystal Palace Garden, New York City. Entries close April 23. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1888.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 1; for the Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coater, Secretary, Flatfish, Long Island, N. Y.

December, 1888.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Fryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

Entries for the next number of the American Kennel Register should be sent in at once.

MY DOGS SANCHO AND NEPTUNE.

YOU know, my dear Sancho, the shooting is o'er,

That the gun o'er the meadows may thunder no more,

You know with regret the "close season" is here

And the end of the fun is the end of the year.

That in hedge-row and wheat field, in stubble and weed,

The covets of quail unmolested may feed;

That in intricate swamps, where rivulets run,

The woodcock have vanish'd and silent the gun;

That far in the forest a squire's retreat

The wings of the partridge securely may beat.

So, farewell to the sports of woodland and field,

The last shot is fired, the last volley peal'd!

Old Neptune braved child of bleak Newfoundland!

Your joys are all over at hayside and strand.

The snipe have all fled from meadow and marsh,

While the honk of the geese rook discordantly harsh;

The brant and the duck in phalanx no more

Stretch across the broad bay, or culvert the shore,

Nor enter your old master, with bob and decoy,

To follow the sport with assistance a-joy.

While you sit with a dash and a splash on a swim

Would plunge for the fowl and bear them to him.

I sit by my friend's flickering brazier

And muse o'er the past with its glorious days;

I think of the morns of October so bright,

When flush'd the gray skies with the bloom of the light,

And all the gay birds are color'd with sky;

All the obdurate hum'd with the slow of the kite;

When joyous, light-hearted, I pass from the gate

To range o'er the billowy uplands a-ate.

To plunge in the woodland's dim, glimmering shade,

Where the whirl of the partridge was heard in the glade,

Or pass thro' the dry stubble-fields of the grain,

Where the shocks of the wheat so lately had lain,

Where the quail were at feed, or hid in the hedge

In tussocks of weed or hillocks of sedge.

Oh Sancho be frugal with eyes all a-ape.

Alert for the faintest first scent of the game.

And now by my hearth, in sluggish repose,

Half-watching the flame o'er the ember that glows,

Lie Neptune and Sancho, both idly at rest,

In comfort luxurious, so perfectly blest!

Half-awake, half-asleep, they blink as the blaze

In their slumberous senses so fitly plays.

And methinks, as I gaze in their eyes, I can trace

The thoughts and the musings that wrinkle their face.

They are thinking, mayhap, of their triumphs again,

Of the autumn foray, or the summer campaign—

Of the covets they rout'd, of the flocks they pursued

By the hedge, in the field, or at edge of the wood;

And I know that when drowsy with sleep ye recline,

What exquisite dreamings and visions are thine,

For you will see and you yelp, and your paws seem to move

As if in pursuit of the game of the grove.

GREENPOINT, L. I. ISAAC McLELLAN.

CANINE ARISTOCRATS AND PLEBEIANS.

I AM at last wending my way homeward, and in transitu I breathe the sulphur-laden atmosphere and almost constant rain of the last summer and autumn of Germany, and the smoke-filled fogs of London, where I shall probably remain a month. In my other letters I have threatened to write you in regard to the fish culture establishments I have visited and the dogs I have seen.

I approach the latter subject with hesitation, for each week as I perused your "Kennel Column" I became more and more convinced that what I did not know I furnished a great deal more matter than I did, and about dogs, but if that sacred column thus sickened me, it supplied the antidote for I found also that what I could say no one else had, and hoping that the cause of this omission might prove to be want of knowledge upon the subject, and not want of sufficient interest, I resolved, in my capacity of "sporting tourist," to introduce to you and their notice one or two species of European dogs. I shall not ask you to place them in your well-kept kennel, but give them a bunch in the column to which you have assigned me.

On the s. a. I will dissent criticism by owning up that except as playfellows I have but little knowledge of the sporting dogs of the various varieties of which so many beautiful specimens have been described, praised and illustrated in the FOREST AND STREAM. So I won't try to write of them, but eliminating them at once, divide the dogs of Europe into two classes.

Class I.—the aristocrats. Class II., the plebeians; the first living only to be pets, the latter laboring o' live.

Of Class I. I have seen a great deal. Who has not that has spent time in cities of either the Old or New World? And of them I know little that I even think to be new. Pet dogs have been in fashion for a period far beyond the range of history. A plaster cast at Pompeii shows vividly the dying agonies of a dog, and before the picture a Roman to date A. D. Shakespeare soothes King Lear with his spaniel, more faithful than his children. Mary, Queen of Scots, adored her spaniel, which, after her execution, was found trembling under her clothing; and Madame de Sevigné wrote poems extolling the virtues of her pet, which, perfumed and decked with ribbons, need not have envied the favored pug of the present day.

But pet dogs have been always in fashion, the fashion in them has often changed, and in certain cities of Europe dogs are the rage which in others are but slightly cared for. A pleasant afternoon stroll on the boulevards or Champs Elysees convinces one that, with the French ladies at least, there is an independence, and no favored breed monopolizes the petting, from the dainty little Italian greyhounds, shivering, although well blanketed, through all gradations of size and style up to an occasional bloodhound. All are unuzzed and held in leash, the dangers from the dogs themselves being thus reduced. But there are others. The man who cannot face calmly the contemptuous glance or angry words of fair women should select the unfashionable side for his promenade. Obeying their natural instincts, the pets diverge to the right or left to "hold a woman's coverts short and sweet" with some favored one of the other sex, or, yielding in a moment to brief interviews with flunkies and yard boys, they are being led to the kennel, where they are being punished and quarantined by their fair leaders, whose composure is unruffled under circumstances which would seem trying; but let a masculine leg become entangled with the cord and—well, its owner will wish it hadn't. "Pardon, Madame," fails to recompense.

In Italy the men seem to be more given up to the pet dog mania than the women. The officers are generally handsome men, and their uniform becomes, then greatly, but on the Pincio and in the Borghese they add to the charms of themselves and their surroundings the attraction of a pet, on which they can practice, for the benefit of admiring darts, their arts of caressing. I saw one fine-looking fellow coming on horseback down the hill from the Pincio; he was resplendent in his gold-adorned costume, and every woman he passed turned for another look. So one looks for in Italy a little grayhound, which at intervals he would lift and kiss.

In Heidelberg, the bloodhound was at a premium, and wherever one sauntered or sat, scar-faced, bright colored-capped students strolled or sat beer-drinking, and with every group was one, at least of this species.

In Frankfurt-am-Main and in Honnberg les-Bains, the dog was the dachshund and this dog, which I never saw in our part of the world is, I am told, of special value, for he is not only a very affectionate pet, but a very brave and useful little fellow. The first one I saw I thought was a deformed black and tan terrier, for his markings, even to the spots over the eyes, were identical with those of the terrier. When I asked his owner and my landlord (Mr. Schlotterbeck, who keeps the Quatre Saisons Hotel at Honnberg les-Bains so comfortably that anyone who has once been his guest, will be so again) about him, he gave me his points in writing, which I will quote, and thus justify myself for using your columns to give mine host a free "Ad."

"The badger dog or dachshund is the most peculiar and strangest of all dogs. It is not a cross from different dogs, but is to be considered as a primitive race, whose origin and home cannot be clearly traced; the long body, borne by the crooked legs, which are somewhat turned in, the large head and the long muzzle with the strong teeth, the long, hanging ears, the strong paws, with sharp claws, and the short smooth scaly hair, denote the breed; the tail is thick at the root and pointed at the end, and is generally carried upward, seldom stretched out; the color of the coat is either black, with tan or brown spots on the paws, breast and muzzle, or it is of one color, a rusty red; there are, however, also some spotted specimens. Above the eyes are two small light spots. It is a strong, bold animal; it is useful in hunting on account of its small size, and can be used in pursuit of any kind of game, because it shows the greatest valor and perseverance in the most dangerous chase. A good dog will penetrate with eagerness into the hole of a fox or badger and will not rest until he has driven out his arch enemy, on which occasion it will sometime happen that a dog remains working nearly a day under ground, and sometime gets severely hurt.

The length of the dachshund is about 90 centimeters (36 inches) from muzzle to tip of tail, which is about 20 centimeters long. Its height at the shoulders is from 25 to 28 centimeters (8 to 9 inches), and its weight from 6 to 8 kilos. (12 to 15 pounds)."

The value of these dogs varies; that of Mr. Schlotterbeck, having distinguished himself several times in contests with foxes and badgers, was held at fancy figures; but a good, pure blood pup can be bought for 50 marks (a mark is about 25 cents).

At Aix-la-Chapelle, six hours from Honnberg, I saw in

four months but two of these dogs, while at the latter place they were abundant. At Aix the Elm dog was the favorite, and magnificent dogs they are. Another German friend, Mr. Black, gave me the points of this noble species, rather surprising me at the beginning of our conversation by the intelligence that in Germany there were but three kinds of emines, known as "doggen," viz: the mastiff, the Ulmer and the Danish; all the other varieties are "hundes." At Mr. Lieck's dictation I wrote:

General Appearance.—The Ulmer has not the heavy appearance of the mastiff, neither the slender form of the hound, but between the two it holds a middle; with great head and high, strong but elegant figure, long stride and proud bearing, the tail generally hanging, but when under excitement at horizontal. The points of a good dog are:

Head.—Moderately long with high frontal and somewhat compressed at sides, then broader and flat over the eyes, the forehead in profile being but little higher than the top of nose, rising at rear from front view; the nose and jaws strongly built, the bridge of the former being slightly concave; the upper lip hangs slightly over lower jaw, with marked wrinkles at corner of mouth; under jaw neither protruding nor receding.

Eyes.—Small and round, with sharp expression, with well-developed eyebrows.

Ears.—Set high, and when clipped, as is the custom, standing upright, unclipped they droop.

Nose.—Long, vigorous and lightly curved; broad at breast.

Neck.—Broad, arched and deep.

Back.—Long and rounded, crop short, moderately sloping to the tail root.

Tail.—Broad and strong at root, tapering, not long, seldom reaching beyond the "sprunggelenk" (which I made out to be the muscles of ham just above knee).

Body.—Well drawn up at rear.

Legs.—Fore: Shoulders slanting, upper parts very muscular, running slightly outward at knees. Hind: very muscular ham, lower leg long and strong with angle similar to greyhound's.

Feet.—Rounded and pointing straight ahead, toes well rounded, claws strong and curved.

Udder.—Short, fine and thickly set.

Colors.—There are three marked varieties which are given precedence in value, thus:

1. The "getammte," ground color, golden brown, yellow or gray, with dark flame-shaped splashes, nose, eyes and claws black.

2. The "one-colored," yellow, slate to ash gray, or white with light gray at snout, around eyes and along spine; eyes and claws dark.

3. The "spotted or tiger dog," ground color, white or silver gray, with irregular shaped dark spots, eyes "glassy," nose and nails sometimes flesh-colored.

Points.—Forehead too much compressed, or in the profile too high; deep set, broad or hanging ears; short, plump trunk too narrow chest, concrete back, rounded crop with deep set tail, too narrow or too wide turning forelegs, or curves in the same; protruding knees, feet turned either way, white feet on the dark colored dogs, broad, spreading toes; curved tail, color like a fox, flesh-colored noses on any except the tiger dogs. Some of these Ulmers are as large as the largest bloodhound.

The plebeian dogs of Europe, especially of Austria, Belgium and Germany, however greatly they may differ in breed and style, have one strong point in common, for nearly all are well broken to harness, and perform for the agriculturist in the country, and for all sorts of trades in the city, the labor elsewhere demanded of horses and mules. The teams range from one dog to four, and once I saw six, four ahead and two under the wagon. Three is a very common number, the middle one being in shafts, the two outer in traces.

In Germany they are generally hitched ahead of the wagon, tied in Belgium to the rear axle and run under the vehicle.

The dogs of milk carts, garbage collectors and fish peddlers are so well trained that they could go their rounds undriven. In Aix it is quite common to see a cart consisting of a long pair of skids resting on the axle, and between the two dozen kegs of beer. Baggage is carried to and from the station by them, and one in Vienna with but slight aid on up-grades from the dienstmann, drew my baggage, over one hundred kilograms, to the hotel.

Many of them are fearfully overworked, and lie down panting at every stoppage, but when at work pull for all of their weight. They are not shod in any way, and many of them soon wear out, their feet cracking and tearing. I have seen but few cases where these animals have been used for anything but the lower classes of laborers. There is here in Antwerp a crippled gentleman, who has a noble team of four large dogs, of which he uses two or all four, as he sees fit, for carriage dogs, having a very natty laundry just big enough for one. PISERCO.

ANTWERP, Belgium, Nov. 25, 1882.

THE NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

FOLLOWING is a complete list of judges for the New York dog show which will be the closing season to each breed. For Irish setters and black and tan setters—Jno. C. Higgs, Esq., Delaware City, Del. For English setters and pointers—Maj. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky. For spaniels and small non-sporting dogs—J. F. Kirk, Esq., Toronto, Canada.

For mastiffs, St. Bernards, berghunde and other large non-sporting dogs—James Watson, Esq., New York city. For collies, terrier breeds—Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.

SPECIAL PRIZE LIST.

The Eastern Field Trial Club offer the following prizes for dogs that have run and been placed in any of the field trials this year held in America:

- A.—For the best pointer dog, a club medal suitably engraved.
- B.—For the best pointer bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.
- C.—For the best English setter dog, a club medal suitably engraved.
- D.—For the best English setter bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.
- E.—For the best Irish setter dog, a club medal suitably engraved.
- F.—For the best Irish setter bitch, a club medal suitably engraved.
- G.—For the best black and tan setter, a club medal suitably engraved.
- H.—For the best kennel of large-sized pointers, to consist of not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.
- I.—For the best kennel of small-sized pointers, to consist of

not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

J.—For the best kennel of English setters, to consist of not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

K.—For the best kennel of Irish setters, to consist of not less than five owned by the exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

L.—For the best kennel of black and tan setters, to consist of not less than five owned by exhibitor, a club medal suitably engraved.

M.—A gentleman sportsman offers a special prize of \$25 for the best English setter dog or bitch.

N.—George C. Sterling, Esq., of New York, offers a pair of imported baccharat vases, value \$25, for the best English setter dog in the open class.

O.—The Westminister Kennel Club offers \$30 cash for the best English setter puppy.

P.—The Messrs. Bruce offer as special prize one year's subscription for the best black and tan setter.

Q.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best black and tan setter puppy.

R.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$15 cash for the best pointer dog, to be the get of Sensation.

S.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$10 cash for the best pointer bitch, to be the get of Sensation.

T.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$30 cash for the best pointer dog puppy.

U.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best pointer bitch puppy.

V.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$30 cash for the best Irish setter puppy.

W.—A member of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$20 cash for the best large-sized canine puppy.

X.—Messrs. Kensington and Sons offer a special prize of a brace of pistols in the service for the best greyhound.

Y.—Messrs. L. W. and R. Rutherford offer \$35 for the best fox-terrier dog, got by one of their stud dogs, or bred in their kennels. Also \$25 for the best bitch, same terms and conditions. Dogs do not count.

Z.—The Westminister Kennel Club offers \$25 cash for best pug, dog or bitch, entered in the open classes.

AA.—The Westminister Kennel Club offers \$10 cash for best croquet dog in the open class, entered by one exhibitor.

BB.—A friend of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$25 cash for the best mastiff dog or bitch.

CC.—A friend of the Westminister Kennel Club offers \$25 cash for the best foxhound bred in this country.

DD.—The U. S. Cavalry Company, of Lowell, Mass., offer 500 of their new water-proof shot shells for the best English setter dog or bitch in the show.

EE.—Thomas H. Terry, Esq., offers \$10 cash for the best collie dog got by either of his stud dogs and one of his pure bred champion Tweed II. Bitches.

FF.—A friend of Irish setters, owned by the same person.

GG.—J. G. Heckler, Esq., offers gold medal for best Chesapeake Bay dog or bitch.

HH.—J. G. Heckler, Esq., offers gold medal for the best canine puppy.

No entries are required to be made for the special prizes that are offered as above, except classes A to L, but it is necessary that all dogs, to enable them to compete for the special prizes, must be enumerated in the premium list issued by the Westminister Kennel Club.

The award in the other classes will govern the awards in the special classes as far as practicable without any rejudging. Entries close April 23. CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

ONE of our correspondents writes us: "Allen, in his book on American cattle, refers to the dog, and says, 'With regard to the dog, it has often been observed, and indeed it seems to be a matter of notoriety, that a well-bred bitch, if she has been impregnated during the same year, we have yet to see an instance that would lead us to believe that the above is true. This, of course, is only negative evidence, and as well-known writers maintain the contrary, we are inclined to think that it is not soundly true, and should never feel sure about breeding a bitch that had previously had offspring by a cur. Our attention was first called to this subject many years ago by reading an article in the *Scientific American*, entitled 'The Cur and the Quagga.'"

Some cases were given, among them that of the mare and the quagga, to be presently noted. It has also been stated that the use of jacks in the State of Maine had so affected the mares that the horses bred there a few years since were all spotted.

In the fourth edition of the "Handbook of Physiology," by Drs. Kirke and Paget, published in London, 1870, we find the following reference to this subject: "Nothing has shown what the cur makes for the case of impregnating the ovum, or which is more remarkable, the cur makes for the development of offspring all the characters in features, size, mental disposition and liability to disease which belong to the father. This is a fact wholly inexplicable, and is, perhaps, exceeded in strangeness by none but those which show that the seminal fluid either directly, or more probably through the medium of the mother, may exert such an influence not only on the ovum which it impregnates, but on many which are subsequently impregnated by other males."

"It has often been observed, for example, that a well-bred bitch, if she has once been impregnated by a mongrel dog, will not bear thoroughbred puppies for the next two or three litters after that succeeding the copulation with the mongrel. But the best instance of this kind was in the case of a mare belonging to Lord Monson, who, while he was in India, and wished to obtain a cross-breed between the horse and the quagga, caused this mare to be covered by a male quagga. The offspring of this kind was in the case of a mare, in the shape of its head, black bars on its legs and shoulders, and other characters. After this time she was three covered by horses; and every time the foal she bore had still distinct though decreasing marks of the quagga, the peculiar characters of the quagga being more or less marked, and never again impregnated, but on the three following occasions impregnated by horses. Of the various theories which have been advanced in explanation of this singular fact of which many practical men are so conversant, the most weighty as also recently promulgated by Dr. Alexander Harvey, according to which the constitution of an impregnated female becomes so altered and tainted with the peculiarities of the impregnating mare, through the medium of the fetus, that she necessarily imparts her characteristics to any offspring she may subsequently bear by other males."

Should our correspondent care to investigate further he will find Dr. Harvey's articles which are entitled "On the Fetus in the Uterus of the Female," and "On the Mental and Moral States in either Parent as Influencing the Nutrition and Development of the Offspring," can be found in the *Monthly Journal of Medical Science* for 1844 and 1845, and also in a paper on "Cross Breeding in No. CCCLIX of the same periodical, which was then called the *London and Edinburgh Medical Journal*."

BENCH SHOWS AND JUDGING.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

A sincere desire to see an improvement in all breeds of dogs prompts me to enter the lists, and break a lance in behalf of bench shows and judging generally, and particularly in behalf of that of some of the classes in the recent exhibition at Washington. I don't think any one who has taken an interest can be fully aware of the purposes for which bench shows were created, and are held, or they would not be so eager to play at "cut and thrust" with their pens.

It is not a mere mental just defense at my hands, and perhaps will not bless me for my tilt in the midst of the tournament.

But having great faith in the results accruing from well-conducted canine competitions and critical judgment, I want to see a few words from you, and I hope your readers will perhaps will not blame me for my tilt in the midst of the tournament.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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SUCCESS OF FISHCULTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING there are frequent reports of the successes of fishculture in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM; the reports of the United States Fish Commission; the State commissions; the successes of the Deutsche Fischerei Verein, the Société d'Acclimation, of Paris, and in Holland, and other countries, there is still an occasional skeptic. A Russian professor, A. J. Malngren, has made a report to the Russian Government, in which he discourages the breeding of fish in Finland, because, as he alleges, the artificial breeding of fish, especially in the United States and Canada, has proved a failure. There is an adage that one must go away from home to hear the news, and it strikes us that the adage is true in this case. Where can the learned professor have obtained his information concerning the status of fishculture in the United States and Canada?

The only fish that has failed to appear, after streams have been liberally stocked with it, is the California salmon (*Oncorhynchus ginnat*), when transplanted to the East. In its native habitat this fish has been steadily kept in the rivers by artificial propagation, notwithstanding the enormous drain of the canning industry, which threatened to exhaust the supply. Had there been no propagation on the McCloud River, the canneries of the Sacramento would have exhausted the supply long ago.

The salmon of the Atlantic (*Salmo salar*) which at the settlement of the country inhabited all the rivers as far south as the Housatonic River, in Connecticut, were exterminated by the early settlers before the adoption of fish protection in America, and have been restored to some of the streams. A few salmon were left in Maine, and from these the eggs were taken, and they are now plenty in the Penobscot and are becoming so in the Merimac River. The most thorough proof of the influence of fishculture was shown in the restocking of the Connecticut River with salmon. There had not been one of these fish taken in it for twenty-five years, and many persons argued that the conditions had been so changed by dams, sewerage and impurities from paper mills, etc., that salmon could not now live in it. The U. S. Fish Commission, in connection with the Commissioners of the New England States, thought it worth a trial, and for two or three years they planted salmon in the headwaters. Three years afterward salmon appeared in the river, only a dozen or so, but enough to show that some had lived. The fourth year large numbers were sent to market

by the fishermen at the mouth of the river, who had pound nets arranged so as to stop every fish. Two years later, when the plantings were exhausted, no more salmon were taken. The State of Connecticut would not prohibit her fishermen from capturing all of them at the mouth of the river before they could spawn, and the States lying to the north declined to expend more money for the purpose unless the fish could have a chance to ascend the stream. But the trial was a grand success, as it proved that the river is still fit for salmon, and that with fair play fishculture can again restore the Connecticut to its former productiveness.

Other instances might be cited, but we will merely refer to the success of the culture of land-locked salmon in the Adirondacks, where it was unknown before; in California of the shad, which was a stranger to Western waters; the wonderful growth of carp in America since its introduction a few years ago; and the keeping up of the stock of shad in the Hudson, in spite of increased fishing. The work referred to has all been done by the States and the general Government, and in fact, it could not well be done by private means, and the work in the United States, so far from diminishing, is increasing each year.

To write this seems to us to be needless work. It is known to all who pay attention to this matter, and we regard it as being very much like an argument to prove that two and two make four. Reaping without sowing must eventually exterminate the corn, and the planting of fish here the same relation to future yields as the planting of corn does to the harvest. If the planting is intelligently done, and the necessary conditions of soil and water are properly secured, there will only remain the chances of accident or enemies of the young crop to contend with in order to secure a harvest.

We commend this to Prof. Malngren, and hope that, in all fairness, he will embody it in his next report to his government, in order that Finland may not be too far behind in a knowledge of what is being done in foreign lands.

THE BOY AND THE GUN.

THE boy, bless his heart, is closer to nature than the man. He is a savage in civilized attire; he steals and lies without a blush of shame, persecutes and domineers, and delights in noise and destruction, and will do and dare anything to satisfy his untamed cravings. To make an uproar and kill something nothing quite so well serves him as gunpowder, and for its employment nothing serves him so well as the gun.

Boys have grown particular of these later years, as have the grown-up savages on the frontier, and we must have breech-loaders and 'catridges'; but when we graybeards were boys any tube of iron with a lock and stock was a prize. No matter how it missed fire, kicked or scattered, when it did go off you felt it as well as heard it, and it would sometimes kill a chipmunk or a robin, and so frighten a woodchuck that after one shotted salute from it he would keep his hole for half a day. What a big Injun was the boy who owned or had borrowed such a gun, and how all the other boys gathered about him to watch the mysterious process of loading. What a wise fellow was this to know that he must first put in the powder, and how much of it, and on top of it a wad of tow or wasp-nest or newspaper, and then the death-dealing pellets of precious shot poured out of a vial, and then more wadding. Then came the grand final act of priming. It was thrilling to see him place a G. D. cap between his teeth while he covered the box and returned it to his pocket, then cock the piece and put the cap on to the nipple. What if his thumb should slip from the striker as he eased it down! Sometimes it did, and then what a delightful scare if nothing worse; what shame for the unskillful engineer amid the jeers of the envious, gunless crowd.

But nowadays, alas, almost any boy may have a gun, and only he is enviable who has the best. Well, if he will only use his dangerous toy as he should, let him have it, for the sporting instinct is strong in the young savage. And who for pure love of it is such a naturalist? Is it not he who notes the first comers of spring, meets the chipmunk and the woodchuck at their thresholds when they first come forth from their winter sleep; finds the earliest birds' nests, and knows where the squirrels breed? The sportsman who enjoys his sport-most is he who loves nature best; and who of all the guild enjoys his day with the gun with greater zest than the boy?

Yes, let the boy have his gun, a sound, well-made one, but teach him how to use it—carefully, temperately, humanely. Always as if it were loaded, never out of season, nor too often in season, and never for mere love of slaughter,

THE ALBANY BILLS.

AMONG the game bills introduced at Albany the three most prominent are the Townsend, the O'Connor and the Grady, this last being another form of the second. The Townsend and O'Connor bills were introduced into the Assembly; the Townsend bill was favorably reported by the Committee on Game Laws, passed by the Committee of the Whole and sent to the Senate. Here the Committee substituted for it the Grady bill, being under another name the O'Connor bill which had been defeated in the Assembly. These bills have already been adverted to in our columns and their respective merits noted. The Townsend bill is the only one of the lot deserving support. Its framers had solely in view the protection of game, which is the legitimate aim of a game bill. This is more than can be said of the Grady bill. A fourth bill, known as the Grady compromise bill, is a modification of the original Grady bill, and has been adopted as a substitute for it in the Senate. The "compromise" is on the crow and turkey principle. "You take the crow and give me the turkey; or, I'll take the turkey and you can have the crow." A choice bit of the "turkey" is an open market for woodcock from July 1 to February 1; another piece is the practical immunity from inquisitive detectives with search warrants; a third morsel is the sign-board proclamation scheme. In the rush which is always the order of the day at the close of the session, it is important that friends of game protection in the Legislature should closely watch the proceedings to see that the Townsend bill is not forgotten nor the Grady bill put through. The law is better as it stands than it would be if amended as Mr. Grady proposes.

THE CANOE MEET.—As has been announced in our Canoeing column, the next meet of the American Canoe Association will be held at Stony Lake, near Peterboro', Canada, August 10 to 24. A large representation of American and Canadian canoeists is expected, and the meet promises to be in every way a success. The route to Stony Lake is to Lakefield via Peterboro' from Port Hope or Belleville, which points may be reached from the east or west by the Grand Trunk Railway. Port Hope is also reached by steamer from Rochester, N. Y., and Canadian ports. From Stony Lake, after the meet, many delightful routes will be open to the canoeists, one of these being the Otomabee River, Rice Lake, and Trent River to the Bay of Quinte, and thence to the Thousand Islands. Provisions may be obtained at Peterboro' or Lakefield. Arrangements will be made to have all supplies required forwarded to the camp. Milk, butter, potatoes, eggs, etc., can be obtained from settlers in the vicinity. Fish are abundant in the lake. Maskinonge are caught by trolling. Spoon and other trolling baits of all kinds are used. Black bass may be caught by trolling or by still-fishing. In the latter case frogs, crawfish, grasshoppers or fat pork being used, and occasionally artificial flies.

THE USUAL MUDDLE.—With the approach of the time set for the meeting of the American and British teams comes the rush of explanatory letters, and there is now a possibility of a hitch in the arrangements over the wind-gauge question. According to a cablegram from London on Monday last, the British Rifle Association refused to allow the American regulations, giving the use of the wind-gauge. It was thought that the correspondence which was opened by the American managers immediately after the conclusion of the last match had cleared away all possible misunderstandings, but now a fresh cloud arises, which may require an expenditure of pen and paper before it is dissipated. It is to be hoped that the cablegram only reflects a slight error in the reading of the correspondence, and not a determination on the part of the British authorities to go back to the antiquated regulations of the last match.

THE MICHIGAN LEGISLATURE has been overwhelmed with all sorts of proposed game law amendments this year, and as one way out of the middle a consolidation of all the bills has been effected. The result, if the bill becomes a law, will be a good one. Chief among the changes is a provision which throws upon the possessor of game out of season the burden of proof that it was legally killed. This is an important point.

THE EARLY BIRD PRINCIPLE is presumed to be a commendable one. In these days of competition and rivalry, enterprise carries the day. So, at least, believe certain Essex county, N. J., gunners, who have "opened the ball" and are now bagging woodcock. If this is not enterprise it is hoggishness.

The Sportsman Tourist.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY HENRY E. BAKER.

HOW oft in yipps beside yon crystal stream
That slowly ripples 'neath the birch-trees' shade,
The white the glaze to the foliage settle
Their forest notes till all the place did seem
Enchanted, and I had my fancy dream
Of Genii and their deeds, until afraid
As evening came adown the forest glade,
Where all was still except the owl's shrill scream
From bower remote, and o'er the pathway, lined
With huge shapes that rose on either hand,
Not daring in my dream to look behind,
I've sped until upon the road I'd stand
And see the lamplight gleaming through the blind
To light the tramp back from Fairy Land.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 10, 1888.

AMONG THE BONIN ISLANDS.

"SWEETLIPS" and I were having good times, and were happy. Among points in which our tastes agreed were great fondness for fishing, and a considerable disinclination for hard work, and to us had been assigned for our day's duty the supplying of our camp with fish, and we were fishing.

Our camp was not in the Adirondacks, and we tramping down a mountain brook; nor on either of the islands which dot the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and we sitting at ease in arm chairs, lazily watching the outer ends of stiff rods for the electric twitch which proclaims a strike. "No dainty, deceiving fly, nor hasty tippet upon formed our weapon, nor were we wasting time and patience in searching for good grounds. In the broadest sense, for we were catching all sorts of fish, and in the narrowest sense, for our gear was of the simplest—we were fishing.

For once, at the least, in our lives, we had struck the right place, at the right time, and we were making the most of it.

We had but to lower our pork-baited cod hooks to such depth as might suit, and immediately haul in, perfectly certain that if from the bottom our hook would bring with it a gorgeous-hued rockfish, almost every time of a different species, and in size ranging from five to fifty pounds; and if from mid-depth some other odd fish of less brilliant hues would be sure to detach himself from the schools beneath us and pay us a visit.

There was but one drawback. "Sweetlips" was very lazy, and I very little, and there is hard work as well as play involved in the bringing of a lively fifty pound fish through as many feet of water, and into the boat. But this was just the kind of hard work we liked.

Our anchor lay fully ten fathoms below us on a bed of many colored coral, the surface of which was broken up into crevices, grooves and deep pools. But that we knew the depth we should have judged it far less. The water was wonderfully clear, and seemed to have the properties of a magnifying lens, for every little fish was as plainly visible as were the monsters which lay idly sleeping, or with hardly a fin quiver stole in and out of the openings in the bank; and the vibrations of the tentacles of the anemones, and the expansion and contraction of the polyps, thousands of both of which ornamented the coral were easily detected. Conchs, cowries and many other shellfish were also abundant. So plainly could we see everything that we had frequently endeavored to capture some of the fish by lowering the baited hook to his nose, but had as often failed, for generally the selected fish was sluggish, and perhaps enjoying an after dinner nap, others, livelier and hungrier, would rush in—and be taken in—instead.

We were seated in a little dugout canoe fishing with hand lines, and our locality was over a coral bank which forms one of the reefs near Coffin Island, one of the Bonin Islands, a group lying just north of the Ladrones, in the Pacific Ocean, about 19° N. These islands were discovered by Capt. Nathaniel Coffin, of Nantucket, while on a whaling voyage, and have for many years been resorted to by whalers to renew supplies of fresh provisions and water. The group consists of six or eight islands, of which but two, namely, Bonin and Coffin, are inhabited; the former by a settlement of thirty or forty people, mostly ex-American whalers, their wives brought from some of the islands to the eastward, of which they were natives, and their progeny; and the latter (at the time of my visit) by two white men, three Raven Island women and their children, one of the men indulging in two of the wives.

The settlement on Bonin Island called Port Lloyd had a governor and common council, and the people seemed very happy in their isolation, cultivating quantities of yams and other vegetables, and furnishing these, with pork, turkeys and goats to the whalers in exchange for clothes, groceries, etc. They had two or three good whale boats, and very often killed whales, cutting them in on the beach.

At Coffin Island the two male inhabitants supported themselves in the same manner. One named Robinson, and called Captain by the other, was a man of considerable education. His ownership of sextants and other instruments of navigation, and quite a library, made it probable that he had been an officer on a whaling ship captain, and his isolated mode of life indicated that it was quite possible that our sailors' views as to his having been a pirate in his young days were correct also.

Although so far away, Coffin Island is a part of the United States, and it became so in this way: At the date of our visit the Pacific Mail Steamship Line was being spoken of as among the developments of the future; and it was considered that a coaling station somewhere between San Francisco and Hong Kong would be necessary. For Perry had not yet made his treaty with Japan, and its rich resources in coal were unknown to the outside world. Commodore Perry, then in command of the East Indian Squadron, was directed to cause surveys and explorations of certain groups of islands (among which the Boninis were included) to decide upon their suitability for such a station.

The sloop of war Plymouth, Captain John Kelley, was sent to the Bonin on this duty, and from her, by way of Port Lloyd, an expedition, consisting of two lieutenants, one midshipman, and thirty men, and in the launch and first cutter been sent to survey this, the most southern of the group, some thirty miles away.

Our surveying and exploring occupied us for over a week, at the end of which time the Plymouth stood over to pick

us up, and was anchored in a harbor we had selected and charted. "Then with pomp and circumstance" we took possession. A tall flagstaff was raised, under which was buried a "casket" (in this case a preserved mac tin-case), containing coins and papers. From the flagstaff a noon, saluted by a salute from the American flag was floated, and on the staff was fastened a copper plate, with date and other suitable inscription, to show that on this, the day of September, 1853, our captain, in the name of the United States of America, took formal possession of the island. Then, after appointing Captain Robinson to be U. S. Consul, we sailed away for China; and I have never heard from there since. I presume, though that a guess, that in the time our Consul up on the casket, appropriated the coins, sold the flag to a whale ship, and used the halliards to secure wild pigs, would not be far out. So, at least, I guessed in 1877, when, being then in command of the Blue-light, I met at Nantucket lineal descendants of Captain Coffin, and referred to this incident in a letter to your paper.

"Sweetlips" and I formed part of the surveyor's expedition, my duty being to watch tide gauges, and his to help me. We were but boys of sixteen, and on one tide at least rather neglected our duties, as I will show in good time. "Sweetlips" was not his real name, only a pet name given him by the sailors on account of a personal peculiarity. He was a long, slab-sided, lean and lanky youth, with skim-milk and watery blue eyes, long yellow hair, a waxen face covered with freckles, and a large pair of thick, protruding, pulpy, crimson lips, hence his sobriquet. A very "Sant bones" always-in-trouble, never-to-be-found-when-wanted, no-use-to-anybody but, "in everybody's mess but nobody's watch," but with nothing bad in his character. We were the only boys in the ship; I had been kind to him, refraining from reporting many little delinquencies; many a slice of soft-tack he had shared in mid-watch, and he was devoted to me—hence our companionship on this occasion. His real name was Jordan, by which I shall call him in future.

An hour or more of success had covered our dugout's bottom with a solid, deep layer of fish, and ourselves as thoroughly with seals, blood and slime, when there came a change. Almost simultaneously an unusually heavy tug at each line and sudden let up proclaimed danger, and our lines came in easily, for they were hookless, and after reefs this was repeated.

The origin of our difficulty was but too apparent. Between us and the bottom, at varying depths, an immense school of large sharks were gliding to and fro, and all of the rockfish had disappeared. Gradually the school worked upward, and soon in all directions the great cocked-hat shaped fins were seen cutting the surface.

We were, very evidently, the attraction; undoubtedly, if they can smell, they scented our blood-soaked garments. They made of us a center, with their cut at a wide angle.

It seemed as though they were considering how best to utilize us. A great fellow, not less than twelve feet long, came once toward the canoe, until his nose nearly touching, and his diabolical eyes glaring at us, he slowly snuck enough to clear our bottom and came up within two yards on the other side, head toward us. This began to look like business, and it would evidently not be a great while before the business might begin.

Fortunately, the sharks did not know their own power, for with one good blow from any one of a dozen big flukes they could easily have provided themselves with rations; and, as there were at no time less than three or four, and sometimes a dozen surrounding us, the supply would have been short, and very quickly disposed of.

"Short" events (in the fishing line) interested us no more, and we were very thankful when, having cut away our anchor line—for we dared not attempt to weigh—we started for the cove, into the very foot of which, and even into shoal water, some of our enemies pursued us.

On the beach, to welcome and help us, care for the canoe and fish, stood Caroline, and I must pause in my adventures to introduce her. I wish I could do it in terms to satisfy myself, but it is very hard after so many years to have seen clearly my fault, and my fault in this line to do full justice to so very early an experience.

Caroline was the daughter of Capt. Robinson, who was a handsome, fair-skinned, brown-haired Englishman, and one of his wives a fine-looking Raven Island native.

"She is a rare combination of beauties inherited from both parents; from her mother the erect straight figure, tall, lithe and graceful, supple as a panther, and quick as a bird in every movement; from her father glow like a hidden light; great black eyes, now mild and gentle as seals, and in a moment flashing with excitement. About twelve years, thus a child in age, but already more than child, not quite a woman; teeth perfect, features regular, and altogether as pretty a girl as one could wish to see."

Please be sure and not omit the quotation marks. The original of the above description I find in my log book, now thirty years old, and it is evidently the work of a very young and rather spoony writer, but I had to use it or else omit a description, and as Caroline will soon turn out to be the heroine of my yarn, I could not thus slight her. There is more about her in the same faded blue ink, but I think it is well to let it stay where it is.

The first day of our arrival I was the first and only boy heart of the little maiden. I was the first and only boy who had ever seen us in my bare buttocks and silver slippers were to her, as they (not mine) are to more sophisticated maidens, even to the present day, irremissible. The mercury in my artificial horizon, the mirrors of my sextant, my watch, and, above all, my stock of fish hooks, carefully displayed, had, step by step, overcome the timidity which at first caused her to fear and shun; and that evening when, with the rum furnished by the natives (not by her father), many of our crew were drunk, she said to me, "Oh, that little community—'but it in stays,' as they call such performances—and I rescued her from a brute who was kissing her most lustily, she screaming with fright, my conquest was complete. She came to our tent, and was made much of and comforted by the lieutenants (now admirals) and myself.

From this time out she was my constant companion, playing for my guide in my rambles through the woods, no well-broken pointer could more quickly detect a bird; no well-trained red bird pusher more surely mark its fall, and no retriever gather it more quickly; and her delight when I made a successful shot, was far beyond my own.

And at times she would take me in her little canoe, warning me to keep very still, paddle me to reefs where beautiful shells were to be found, or to fishing places where, in

shoaler water, we could soon get all we wished of smaller fish, untrouled generally by the large ones. Once though, a small shark, not over four feet long, took my hook, and I brought him to the surface, and fearing to haul him into the canoe, was about to cut my line, when she stopped me, and I could not get the time to average part of her composition. She had a long, sharp, dirt-shaped knife, and with her eyes blazing, watched for a quiet moment, and sunk the blade to the middle in a spot she well knew, and unerringly struck just back of the head, severing the vertebra, killing the fish almost instantly. I had seen hints of this savagery before, when in the woods she chased, captured, and joyously killed a wounded bird.

Our woods tramps we had to be a little careful and not get too far away, for in some localities there were great droves of wild hogs, which would attack a person on sight; these were the descendants of a few which, I was told, were put on shore many years ago by Capt. Howe, an American whaler, and had increased and multiplied greatly. The men, Capt. Robinson & Co., hunted them with Australian bounds, of which they owned several. They were trained to seize the pig by the ears and hold it until it was secured by ropes. Generally a sow, big with young, was selected, transported to the house, and then penned. At the time of our visit there were about a dozen pigs, old and young, in this pen, the stakes of which were fully ten feet high; had they been not over six, I am sure the pigs could have jumped them. They were very wild and savage, but the pork was good.

One incident of the first evening I shall never forget. The night was clear and brilliant; our tent occupied a bit of a horseshoe surrounded by high mountains, and right over our heads, over two thousand feet up, was the summit of a precipice, whose base was not a hundred yards from us. To this clambered some of our rum-inspired Jaels, and about midnight I heard, for the first time, from this summit, "Way Down on the Swance River," sung by one of our foretop-boys, a "Swance River" man," who was the owner of a most melodious tenor voice.

I must return to my fishing. Caroline, when told of our trouble with the sharks, said: "Shark like pork very much; not like crab, all other fish like crab better." And in reply to our query where we could get plenty of crabs, she volunteered to guide us to the spot. Jumping into the canoe, under her guidance, and having paddled about two miles, we came to a great cove bored out by the action of the sea in the face of the rocks. We had passed it once when surveying, but there was then a stiff breeze, and the wide black cavernous mouth was belted by a line of foam and breakers, and the intruding waves caused a tremendous roaring—altogether it did not tempt one to enter. This day, however, it was calm and smooth, and fortunately the tide was well out; although, as we afterward found, rising. Except that the entrance was wider, perhaps by six or eight feet, this cove in many respects resembles the famed Blue Grotto at Capri.

Paddling in until we could wade ashore, we sent Caroline back with the canoe, to remain off the entrance and wait for us; and, plunging in, we scrambled toward the crescent-shaped beach of white pebbles which, after turning a slight angle, fronted us. Hundreds of bits, some of them of enormous size, few larger than our feet, and all of them of the same scintillating array of colors of crabs of all sizes and description, from tiny fiddlers to fellows as big as a dinner-plate, all making for the crevices in the walls. The beach was about fifty feet from the entrance, and the height of the cave from the low water surface about fifteen feet; but at the entrance this was reduced to about eight feet. At the beach the height was still less, and we had to stoop in chasing the crabs to the rear, where they were found, and as lands crabs could enter. Among the pebbles were conchs, cowries, harps and other rare shells, all dead and empty, and we wasted precious time in gathering them, but soon settled down to our work, first doffing our shirts, which we transformed into bags. Crab catching is not an easy matter; they run fast and bite hard; but they were so abundant that gradually we accumulated a good stock. Only a part of the entrance was visible, and holding at arm's length our wide eyes, this side or that, the crabs avoided, and our chase led us further than we thought, we finding large crevices, into which the crabs easily entered, and we, also, after them.

We took no note of time, and although after a while we heard our little sentry calling on us to hurry, we failed to do so, until with bags well filled we saw that our crescent beach had vanished. One looking on, and holding at arm's length our wide eyes, this side or that, the crabs avoided, and our chase led us further than we thought, we finding large crevices, into which the crabs easily entered, and we, also, after them.

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Outside we could see a fresh sea breeze had sprung up, and the cavern was fronted by a line of breakers, outside of which Caroline had been compelled to take the canoe. Between us and the breakers was a space of comparatively still water. We saw at once that we were in for trouble. Treading water long enough to untie our shirt sleeves and release the prisoners we started for a tussle. Jordan was ahead and nearly to the exit when he stopped suddenly and fairly sprang backward, with the shout, "My God, sir, look there!" One look sent my heart down, for, right in our path, in the still water there projected the snout of a shark, which our morning's experience taught us was a large one.

We lost no time in getting back to shoal water, and, standing immersed to our arm pits, held council. For all that we knew to the contrary, the cavern would, at high tide, be filled to the roof, hence to stay there was to drown, and we dared not attempt to pass that frightful sentinel. There was but one course to be taken, and that a hard one—that we were to open to the exit, and that we had to clamber covered with limpets and other shellfish; we must slither out by them. With Jordan leading we started on our scramble. The task at first proved easier than we had thought; we were both good climbers, and our chase after the crabs had given us both valuable experience.

As we neared the exit we could see the girl, shouting and evidently in great anxiety. She did not see us, nor the shark; but between us were the waves, and Jordan, reaching a tolerably safe foothold, cut a large mound from the rocks and threw it at the shark in hopes of scaring him away. The result was not promising. The splash did attract his attention, but only to attract him as well, and he made for the spot.

Caroline caught sight of us, and at once came as near as she could to our assistance, but we had taken the largest of the canoes, and her strength was not equal to her will; if

fingers, by its being accidentally caught with the meat. They have a way of rapidly rolling over and over when they bite anything, until the piece is twisted out. If they were very large they would not be very good pots to have round, especially if children were exposed.

The little swamps had been dry so long that the water was all gone except in a few shallow holes. I saw something swimming about in a little pool about six feet in diameter. I sat down on the sand bar thrown up around the hole, which had probably been there for years, the work of the alligator when digging the hole. Soon the nubby nose and little green eyes of a young alligator popped up; then another, until I counted six or eight. I was not more than four feet from the water, but as I kept still, the little fellows did nothing but eye me sharply. Pretty soon I heard a strange chucking sound, and a big bunch of a nose and a pair of huge green goatee eyes were thrust up a little too close and familiar, I thought, considering the short acquaintance. I sat quite limber on foot, ready to take leave in case the old lady should harbor a notion to scoop me into the family circle. The stare of sixteen or eighteen eyes was embarrassing, as my audience seemed to expect something of me. Carefully I backed down and out, and the audience suddenly and silently disappeared. I tried to snare the old one, but she pulled out of the nose I fixed, and was not at home for callers for several weeks. By fixing a sack under water and pulling a string I closed the hole behind three of the little ones, which are the pets I now have; three feet each. The bay has filled up with water, so I have not been able to catch the rest, but expect to soon. KNECK.

LAWRENCE, Fla., April 1.

A skin and skeleton of the Florida crocodile (*Crocodilus americana*) is in the National Museum at Washington, specimen number 14,874. They were received from Prof. H. A. Ward, of Rochester, N. Y. The museum would like more specimens.

THE BIRDS OF MAINE.

With Annotations of their Comparative Abundance, Dates of Migration, Breeding Habits, etc.

BY EVERETT SMITH.

SUMMARY.

THE following classification of the birds already enumerated in this catalogue may prove of interest to its readers.

CLASS A.—Residents, or species found here during the entire year; 33 species.

CLASS B.—Summer Visitors. Species found here in summer, and with but few exceptions of regular occurrence; 113 species.

CLASS C.—Winter Visitors. Species found here in winter, but usually not at any other time, and with few exceptions of regular occurrence; 21 species.

CLASS D.—Migrants. Species found here during migrations, but with few exceptions not at other times; 67 species.

CLASS E.—Stragglers or Irregular Visitors; 63 species.

A.—Residents, or species found here during the entire year; 33 species.

- 1. Oven-crowned Kinglet.
2. Black-capped Chickadee.
3. Hudsonian Chickadee.
4. White-throated Sparrow.
5. Red-bellied Nuthatch.
6. Brown Creeper.
7. Common Crossbill.
8. White-winged Nuthatch.
9. Domestic Sparrow.
10. Raven.
11. Crow.
12. Blue Jay.
13. Pileated Woodpecker.
14. Hairy Woodpecker.
15. Downy Woodpecker.
16. Black-backed Three-toed Woodpecker.
17. Banded-backed Three-toed Woodpecker.
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1024. Long-billed Noddy.
1025. Golden-crowned

This classification is made in the order of relative importance as it appears to the writer, although the migrants may be regarded as a class of equal importance with the winter visitors. Stragglers rank last in importance and interest as a rule, although some individual instances are of ornithological importance.

In reading the Catalogue as published I notice many errors of a typographical nature, perhaps due to carelessly written manuscript, but I trust that readers will comprehend such errors.

In the preparation of these notes for publication in FOREST AND STREAM the writer has endeavored to avoid as much as possible all technicalities and to express explicitly and with simplicity such items as were selected for the object in view.

Considers of an inability to convey any information of value to scientific ornithologists, and of the truth of the saying that "there's nothing new under the sun," I have published in this connection such of my notes as seemed of probable interest or value to readers who, like myself, are observers and students of birds and their ways, and in seeking to secure the knowledge of natural history find a constant source of pleasure.

By a continuance of observations, additions can be made to the list of species enumerated for this region, for the territory is extensive and remarkably varied as regards distribution of species.

In conclusion I wish to say to collectors, taxidermists, sportsmen and others that it is always a pleasure for me to receive birds or skins sent for examination or identification, or any notes in regard to birds. Already I am obtaining agreeable recompense for my labor in preparing this local list of birds by new correspondence and the receipt of specimens, and I hope for a continuance of such favors from all those to whom I have been indebted in the past.

PORTLAND, ME., U. S. America. EVERETT SMITH.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

AS the game laws will probably not be altered or repealed so that professional men and others may hunt and fish during their summer's vacation, let me suggest to such persons that they then study nature and make a specialty of some branch of natural history.

I know a clergyman who several years ago began the study of ants during a summer's vacation. He found the study so pleasant and interesting that he continued it during succeeding vacations. He published a book on the subject. As a scientist he is well known. Now he also studies spiders. One vacation he came to Texas to study its ants, whose homes here are curious and wonderful. It then told me that his entomological studies had given him health and much pleasure.

A clergyman once told me that he thought it was small business for a man to be looking after "bugs" and other insects. I asked him who made the insects. After a short time he replied, saying that he supposed God did it. He had not thought of them as the work of God, and hence worthy of the attention and study of man.

Geology, also, affords a grand study for all. Everyone should know at least the main features of the earth, its rocks, and at least its most common minerals. But the value of such studies is too well known to need any recommendation. A knowledge of them gives never-failing pleasure to all rambles among hills and mountains, especially where nature shows herself in her grandest forms of rock-work.

Botany presents a large and inviting field of study everywhere in the country, especially in the summer, and even in the winter the trees can be known and studied. I have often thought that sportsmen with general knowledge of botany, particularly of trees, would have their means of pleasure much increased. Nor would they then be tempted to kill more game than necessary. When their larler at camp is well supplied with meat or fish they might make notes on the different species of trees around; their size and height. This would give an increased and more permanent value to their communications, which already many of them have made. For observations of other branches of natural history. Much has been said about the many rare species of forest and stream, but very few details of the actual forest have been given in the columns of FOREST AND STREAM.

ARTIST, TEX., April 9, 1893. S. B. BRUCKLEY.

CAROLINA Doves' Nests.—Editor Forest and Stream: I may be a goodly number known to many of your readers that the Carolina dove (*Zenaidura macroura*) has a peculiar habit of incubation. A few days since I found one sitting on two eggs in an old robin's nest, reconstructed by a few new twigs placed inside. A day or so before I found one sitting on her eggs in a cedar tree, on a newly constructed nest, formed very loosely of small twigs, on a projecting limb about eight feet from the ground. Again, during the spring of 1881 I found a dove sitting on two eggs laid on a stump in a thick wood, without a twig or anything pertaining to a nest.—OLD TURKEY (Long Hill, N. J., April 23, 1893).

TURKEY BUZZARD IN MAINE.—The following is taken from the Lewiston (Maine) Gazette of April 20: "The bird recently shot by Abel Sanborn, of East Fryeburg, which was supposed to be a white-headed eagle, proved to be a turkey buzzard (*Cathartes aura*), a very rare species in this northern latitude, of which only two specimens have been reported in our State." The same bird, or another of the same species, was seen here several times, and a number of persons were within gunshot of it, but, supposing it to be an eagle, would not shoot.—R. A. GUSHEE (Applenton, Maine).

DO SQUIRRELS EAT FISH?—A friend of mine, driving out last Sunday, when near a brook, saw a red squirrel run along the rocks lining the brook with something alive in its mouth. He stopped his horse, and when the squirrel came across the rocks in front of him, it stopped twice, and the living thing came to the surface and appeared to be the wriggling tail end of a fish about as long as a finger. On starting the horse the little fellow scampered off into the bushes with his prey.—C. GERBER, Jr.

WHITE PELICANS IN IOWA.—Charles City, Ia., April 16, 1893.—There was a large flight of white pelicans at this place on the 15th inst., estimated at over 1,000, and every one who could scrape up a gun or a shooting party of any kind was out after them. One was killed by M. G. Towor. A common rat was run into the river here by some boy, and, after swimming 100 yards to the opposite side of the river, recrossed, not much the worse for the swim.—ZIP KOON.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

SOME LIARS I HAVE KNOWN.

A GOOD portion of my past life having been spent around the sportsman's "flickering camp-fire," it has been my good or evil fortune to meet with many characters to whom truth was indeed stranger than fiction.

The individuals to whom we allude do not lie for gain or self-advantage, but are men whose mental and moral idiosyncrasies render them prone to exaggeration, who, like the Indian magician, will, with me, lie, and wonder, from a budding fact grow a sky-clearing squaw.

These narrators, who draw upon their imaginations for their facts, may be classed under several heads. First, the "conscientious exaggerator," who really believes that the tale he tells is true, or very near the truth. Next comes the "romancer," who, "of imagination all compact," can, from the "airy nothings" of his brain, rear castles as enchanting as ever rose at the command of genii of the lamp.

Of the former class I recall the case of a big game land, birdly, your straight-forward, cold-blooded, matter-of-fact liar, who tells his story with a voice and manner so earnest and convincing, that the listener finds himself started as with a shock at the least shadow of an unbelief. To this latter class belonged old Dave W., who, although he claimed to own a large cotton plantation on Red River, and also to have at one time represented his native State in the halls of her Legislature, was, at the time of which we write, living upon the bank of the Sandlower River, in a shanty so small that, not unlike the Irishman's ancestral palace, one might have almost reached his arm down the chimney and unlatched the door.

Standing one day upon the bank of this most beautiful of Southern rivers, I saw my neighbor, Ben H., riding up, with his Winchester lying across his lap. As I knew that Ben would shoot at anything, from a baldheaded eagle to a cotton-mouth moccasin, I pointed out to him a water turkey (as the state bird is generally called) sitting motionless upon the limb of a dead tree overlooking the river, and some three hundred yards distant. Alighting, Ben elevated the sights of his rifle, and, resting it against a tree, sighted and fired. By accident the lead sped true to its mark, and the bird fell dead upon the water beneath. Just at this moment old Dave, with his slow, gliding, still-hunter walk, came up to where we were standing.

"A pretty good shot, I sent to him, as coming to a halt he leaned his long hunting rifle against the tree under which we stood.

"Pretty fair, pretty fair," he replied; "enmost as good as I wost made myself."

"Well, Dave, tell us about that shot," I said.

Hitching up his pants and making them more secure with a thorn, which he had substituted for a button, he sank slowly down upon a projecting root, and began as follows: "You see, I was walking me and Tom Powell was a rafting up on Sky Lake endurin' the high water of '88. We was so busy a-cuttin' out our float road we didnt have time to hunt, so one day just afore sundown we found out we didnt have any grub. So what does I do but pick up old Betsy, which she was a long Kanectuck rife what I had named after a gal I was sweet on, what lived down on Big Chafferlar, an' says I to Tom, says I, 'I'll git er duck.' So I walked down to the bank of the lake, an' I all seed was three woolly-heads about a quarter of a mile from shore. Says I to myself, 'It's duck or no meat, an' anyways I'll tryer.' So I up an' drawed a course bead on the nearest one, an' when old Betsy spoke if that duck didnt turn over on his back dead as a door-nail my name ain't Dave. Well, thinks I to myself, 'One duck wot's he much for two hungry men,' so I loaded up old Betsy agin, an' by that time them other two ducks was clean a-mose out of sight. You see they didnt fly when I shot the first one, but kept a-swimmin' across the lake. So I flung up old Bets an' gin er squint long her top side, an' then I gin her a kinder fill'er pulled trigger, an' would you a-believed it killed both of them yuther ducks, for they was swimmin' in a line, you see."

"How far off, Dave," said Ben H., "do you think those last ducks were when you pulled trigger?"

"That's hard to tell," answered Dave, "but as near as I can come to it, it must a been about two half a ways at the time. I and I think he was a paddling about a four-mile lick all the time."

As neither of us made any remarks on this extraordinary shot, Dave took a chew of tobacco and continued, "That was about as long a range shot as I ever knowed, exceptin' wotst, an' that was the time a fellow shot me clean through, down at the mouth of Big Sandlower."

We did not then of his excess any surprise at this last remark, only Ben said, "Well, Dave, tell us how that happened."

"Well, you see," he went on in his low monotonous matter-of-fact tone, "twas while I was a workin' a long old Billy Tucker jest about the month of this yer very river, when one day we boys found we had our run short o' lead for bullets. In them days we didnt have these yer new-fangled guns (gittin' at him, sure enough, the first hole he come along, bang! bang! went their shells, fill it up!) and a bit that you'd a thought another war had done broke out down the river. Well, 'twas pretty much the same thing every boat, an' I think we must a dug about a hundred an' fifty pounds o' lead outer that hawk every time one went by. Howsomer, after a while the thing leaked out, an' as we had enough lead to last us about ten year, we took our game down."

"Well, one day old Capin' Wiley he landed his boat at old Billy's camp an' called me to come aboard, an' when he'd got me ahind the pilot-house, says he, 'Dave,' says he, 'I'm going to have er big load or them that shootin' fellows up from Picketsburg next trip, an' I want you to have er old Billy's peck deers down on the pint when you hears me a

blowin' down the river. You see,' says he, 'I wants ter bet them tinn fellows that we will see a deer soon as we strikes the Saw-ower, an' he wont be a dead deer neither.' 'All right,' says I, 's'posed as how you'll go havin' in what you will.' 'All right,' says he. Well, in about a week I hearn the old Argo, that was the name o' Capin' Wiley's boat, a blowin' down the river, so I gits a head o' cabbage an' I tells them deers down to the pint. Well, presently I seed the boat push her nose round the bend way down the river, so I laid that cabbage down on the sand an' I crept into the edge of the bushes, an' tinn I set down a thinkin' all the time how much my havans in that bet would be, when the first thing I knowed something 'bout as big as my fist took me "dap" right in the small of my back, an' when I turned around an' seed er puff up white smoke curl up from the hurricane roof of the boat, I knowed then I was shot for certain. You see, one of them shootin' fellows had one uv them old-fashion Dutch yawgers that carried about a pound an' a half ball, an' he had pluzged me clean through, though that boat must a bin at least five miles off when he pulled trigger on them deers, for I hearn afterwards it was by accident he hit me."

"Pretty near killed you, too, didn't it, Dave?" said Ben W.

"Yes, pretty nigh," said Dave, very slowly, as he took another chew of tobacco, "had me up fer enmost a week."

Alas for poor old Dave. His body "lies a mouldering in the ground," and he will lie no more. He has crossed over to the "spirit land." He has gone to the "spirit land," and doubtless the "spirits," as he has never called the demon in his "evil" brown jug, "more deadly far than 'Dutch yawgers"—had need to do with his unlively taking off. Peace to his bones.

TUCKAHOE.

THE GRADY COMPROMISE BILL.

UTICA, N. Y., April 21, 1892.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have the Compromise Bill, Senate Doc. 435. We have carefully read it. Your editorial, "Patent Coffee Mill," is as applicable to this as to the O'Connor bill. This bill is all cleaner than the one it preceded. It specifies the New York market practically without limit, especially on woodcock, to supply summer resorts from July to February. New York is the great center from which illegal game is distributed over the whole country. With the allowed month for sale after open season, both July and August are open to them, by which the "law-breakers" can "skin" the whole State, while the law-abiding, who need no law, get entirely "left." The "private park" scheme is the most dangerous one for the sportsman's interests ever put forward. It opens the whole of the public for health and recreation is in danger of being turned into a vast "monopoly" for the supply of the New York markets, and that too in the near future upon mere proclamation. Sportsmen going to the Adirondacks will soon find themselves "not invited."

The whole plan of this bill is as bad as possibly can be: it is as bad as no law, or worse. It is a mere gross aid sham. The penal section abolishes the present accumulation of penalties for each bird, fish, etc., so that for the immense profits of New York markets, a receiver of illegal game and fish in "monopoly," is imposed a mere paltry penalty of twenty dollars, which they can cheerfully pay for the monopoly privilege.

The section allowing the "surrender" of game "illegally killed," in "exemption of civil and criminal prosecution," is a beautiful piece of sentimental philanthropy, for the benefit of the few thousands who merely shoot, for pleasure, and not for game. It nullifies the whole law.

I cannot go over the whole bill; the above is a specimen. We shall take measures to defeat it, and it will be defeated, even if we get no amendment of benefit this year. It is to be hoped that sportsmen will wake up to the full sense of the dangers and mistakes of seeking special privileges, and of looking for their interests in a bill gotten up by the paid attorney of New York market men and pushed with champagne and cigars.

VICE-PRES. Utica Fish and Game Protective Association.

ILLINOIS GAME NOTES.

DUCKS, geese and a few swans plenty here this year, on all the small streams, more so than for several years past. A large number of them may be seen in the Illinois. One killed nine ducks at one shot last week.

Small game, as prairie chickens, rabbits, quail, etc., in abundance in season. Quail so plentiful that in flocks of a dozen or more they will alight in trees not fifteen feet from the house where I am stopping. Lots of foxes, "the woods are full of them." Any number of rabbits, their tracks may be seen in the snow all around the houses and barns inside the corn fields. During the winter season, traps set every night within forty feet of the house. A farmer recently came in here with 204 to sell. They hunt them with dogs and ferrets, also chase them into snow drifts, where, unable to run, they are slaughtered with clubs.

The game laws are neither respected nor enforced. Parties go out daily for chickens, quail, and rabbits. Natural result, the supply is fast decreasing, which, as far as the natives are concerned, is well enough. Scerves them right. Was voted by some friends to go with them after quail, being informed game laws weren't enforced, but although longing for the sport, positively refused out of principle, condemning their action in strong terms.

Taking a trip down through the western part of Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, I saw any number of negro boys along the route of the railroad, out with shotguns. Was informed that they kept the game shot entirely away from the whites. They were open season for the whites. Several of these darkies having immense rabbits which they had shot, or twice the size of any to be found in this part of the country.

JOHNS, Ill., April 13.

MEETING CITY, Mont., April 15.—At the second annual meeting of Butte City, Mont., and Cinn. Club, the following officers were elected: President, F. C. Beck; Vice-President, Henry Young; Secretary, Fred. Gilbert; Treasurer, E. S. Paxson. We have a club of thirty-five members, who are all good fellows, and take a great interest in its welfare, and regard the game law like true sportsmen. A committee was appointed to do all in their power to bring to justice certain parties who have for a long time been disregarding as well as breaking the law, by holding water quail parties. Although a cold wind with dashes of snow prevailed, some good scores were made. Our treasurer made a hit and carried away the medal, which, by the way, was a leather one of fine finish, and shows excellent workmanship.—B. UTRE.

DAVY CROCKETT'S RIFLE.

THROUGH the courtesy of Col. Bob H. Crockett, of DeWitt, Ark., we have enjoyed the rare pleasure of handling the historic arm once used by his grandfather, the famous pioneer, bear-killer, statesman and patriot, Davy Crockett. The rifle was presented by the young Whigs of Philadelphia, Crockett then being on a tour through the North. The maker was Constable, of Holyland, N. Y., who put it up in the highest style of the art. The lines of the gun are well shown in the drawing which we have had prepared and publish herewith. The pistol grip is a beauty; we have never seen one its superior, nor did we ever hold any other rifle that "came up" so well as this grand old arm of Davy Crockett's. It shoots as well now as ever.

The mountings are coin silver, finely engraved, with representations of deer, bear, alligator and raccoon. Beneath the stock, just in front of the trigger guard, is, or was—all that the outline having been worn away by constant usage—the Goddess of Liberty, with the words "Constitution and Laws." Upon the top of the octagonal barrel is the inscription in letters of gold sunk into the barrel:

Presented by the Young Men of Philadelphia to the Hon. David Crockett, of Tenn.

The bore takes thirty-two balls to the pound. The gun has been in constant use since first the original owner carried it back to Tennessee, and innumerable deer, bears, turkeys and other game have fallen to its discharge. We trust that the present owner may live many a year to use the heirloom.

Holding the rifle in our hands and "drawing a bead" on the sparrows perched on the wires across the street, our thoughts went back to the "Antiochography," that classic among the books in the American boys' library. We have not read it, years ago when we used to play "I spy the wolf" if we missed it, nor is the play. From Crockett's own account of his life we have taken out a few paragraphs to serve as settings for the rifle. They are not so satisfactory as we could wish—extracts rarely are—but they may invite some of our friends to a perusal of the book, in which event justice will be done to the hero.

David Crockett was born in 1786 in what is now Eastern Tennessee, the country at that time being infested with Indians. Beyond the incidents of the hovering of a canoe with his brothers upon the brink of fall in the river, and his uncle's shooting a man in the woods by mistake for a deer—he tells us little of his childhood, which appears to have been brief and very quickly merged into early manhood. They were giants in those days, and cast in heroic mold. What with subduing the wilderness, fighting Indians, and keeping the larder supplied with bear meat, the Tennessee settler had a man's work before him, and the children could waste but little time in the frivolities of youth. When twelve years of age our hero began to make up his acquaintance with hard times, and plenty of them—an acquaintance which grew more intimate all through his life, to its tragic close in the Alamo. One winter Crockett made a foot journey of four hundred miles into Virginia; the following year he ran away from home; at fifteen he returned and worked a year to "fill" some of his father's debts; at sixteen, not knowing the letter of the alphabet—he fell desperately in love, seriously contemplated matrimony, and was jilted. His lack of education, he thought, was one cause for his failure in the love suit, and he determined to remedy the defect.

"I thought I would try to go to school some; and as the Quaker had a married son, who was living about a mile and a half from him, and keeping a school, I proposed to him that I would go to school for five dollars the week, and work for him the other two, to pay my board and school fees. He agreed I might come on those terms; and so it I went, learning and working backward and forward, until I had been with him nine or ten months. In this time I learned to read a little in my primer, to write my own name, and to cipher some in the three first rules in figures. And this was all the schooling I ever had in my life up to this day. I should have continued longer, if it hadn't been that I could not get on any longer without a wife; and so I cut out to hunt me one."

His life was now an odd mingling of hard work, hunting and love-making.

"I had by this time got to be mighty fond of the rifle, and had bought a capital one. I most generally carried her with me wherever I went, and though I had got 'back to the old Quaker's to live, who was a very particular man, would sometimes slip out and attend the shooting matches, where they shot for hire. I always tried, though, to keep it a secret from him."

"Just now I heard of a shooting match in the neighborhood, right between where I lived and my girl's house, and I determined to kill two birds with one stone—to go to the shooting match first and then to see her. I therefore made the Quaker believe I was going to hunt for deer, as they were plenty about in those parts; but, instead of hunting them, I went straight on to the shooting match, where I joined in with a partner, and we put in several shots for the beef. I was mighty lucky, and when the match was over I had won the whole beef. This was on Saturday, and my success had put me in the finest humor in the world. So I sold my part of the beef for five dollars in the real grip, for I believe that was before banknotes was invented; at least, I had never heard of any. I now started out to ask for my wife, for, though she was the steady wife, she was not the steady girl. I had never said a word to her parents about it. I had always dreaded the undertaking so bad that I had put the evil hour off as long as possible, and, indeed, I calculated they would me so well the wouldn't raise any objection to having me for their son-in-law. I had a great deal better opinion of myself, I found, than other people had of me; but I moved on with a light heart, and my five dollars jingling in my pocket, thinking all the time there were but few grocers in the neighborhood."

He had won his beef, but his flow of humor was quenched when he came to the house and found that his intended bride had fitted him for another fellow. "Down-spirited" over the unhappy termination of this second suit, Crockett was hunting one day in the forest, brooding like the melancholy Jacques, when coming to a cabin where dwelt a Dutch widow and her "ugly" daughter. He was confronted with the babe of the ever-soothing old dame; "there was as good fish in the sea as had ever been caught out of it," and through the kindly offices of the same friendly match-maker, he was introduced to a pert young Irish miss, of whom he says, "I must confess I was plucky well pleased with her from the word go." But here again turned up the troublesome and ubiquitous rival, "so attentive to her that I could hardly get to slip in a word edge-ways." I began to think I

was barking up the wrong tree again; but I was determined to stand up to my rack, fiddler or no fiddler."

Then transpired a bit of woodland romance which is well worthy to be written in outside of Snecuser's verse:

"It was about two weeks after that I was sent for to engage in a wolf hunt, where a great number of men were to meet, with their dogs and guns, and where the best sort of sport was expected. I went as large as life, but I had to hunt in strange woods, and in a part of the country which was very thinly inhabited. While I was out it eluded up, and I began to get scared; and in a little while I was so much so, that I did not know my way home, nor any thing about it. I set out the way I thought best, but it turned out with me, as it always does with a lost man, I was wrong, and took exactly the contrary direction from the right one. And for the information of young hunters, I will just say, in this place, that whenever a fellow gets bad lost, the way home is just the way he don't think it is. This rule will hit nine times out of ten. I went ahead, though, about six or seven miles, when I found night was coming on fast; but at this distressing time I saw a little woman striding it along through the woods like all wrath, and so I cut on foot, for I was determined I wouldn't lose sight of her that night any more. I run on till she saw me, and she stopped; for she was as glad to see me as I was to see her, as she was lost as well as me. When I came up to her, who should she be but my little girl, that I had been paying my respects to. She had been out hunting her father's horses, and had missed her way, and had no knowledge where she was, or how far it was to any house, or what way would take us there. She had been traveling all day, and was mighty tired; and I would have taken her up, and toted her, if it hadn't been that I wanted her just where I could see her all the time, for I thought she looked sweeter than sugar; and by this time I loved her almost well enough to eat her."

"At last I came to a path, that I know'd must go somewhere, and so we followed it, till we came to a house, at about dark. Here we staid all night. I set up all night courting; and in the morning we parted. She went to her home, from which we were distant about seven miles, and I to mine, which was ten miles off."

Such devotion could not fall off its reward, and Crockett settled down to domestic life on a farm. But, as the years went by, he was tired at length of the unproductive life he led out for country where bears and deer were more abundant. "The Duck and Elk river country [in Tennessee] was just beginning to settle, and I determined to try that. I had now one old horse, and a couple of two-year-old colts. They were both broke to the halter, and my father-in-law proposed that, if I went, he would go with me, and take one horse to help me move. So we all fixed up, and I packed my two colts with as many of my things as they could bear; and away we went across the mountains. We got on well enough, and arrived safely in Lincoln county, on the head of the Mulberry fork of Elk River. I found this a very rich country, and so new that I began to distinguish myself as a hunter, and to lay the foundation for all my future greatness; but mighty little did I know of what sort it was going to be. I fear and smaller game I killed abundance; but the bear had been shot out of the hills before, and were not so plenty as I could have wished."

In 1813 Crockett volunteered in the Creek War, feeling "wolfish all over." But his services as a hunter appear to have been more useful than as a warrior; for the troops were often in more danger of starvation than of being scalped, and Crockett's rifle was busy in providing "meat" for the troops.

"As the army marched, I hunted every day, and would kill every hawk, bird and squirrel that I could find. Others did the same; and it was a rule with us, that when we stopped at night, the hunters would throw all they killed in a pile, and then we would make a general division among all the men. One evening I came in, having killed nothing that day. I had a very sick man in my mess, and I wanted something for him to eat, but I had nothing. I went to the fire of a Captain Cowen, who commanded my company after the promotion of Major Russell, and informed him that I was on the hunt of something for a sick man to eat. I knowed the captain was as had off as the rest of us, but I found him boiling a turkey's gizzard. He said he had divided the turkey out among the sick, that Major Snully had killed it, and that nothing else had been killed that day. I immediately went to Snully's fire, where I found him boiling another gizzard. I told him that it was the first turkey I had ever seen have two gizzards. But so it was, I got nothing for my sick man. And now, seeing that every fellow must shift for himself, I determined that in the morning I would come up missing; so I took my mess and cut out to go ahead of the army. We know'd that nothing more could happen to us if we went than if we stayed. For it looked like it was to be starvation any way; we therefore determined to go on the old saying, 'run hog or die.' We passed two camps, at which our men that had gone on before us, had killed Indians. At one they had killed nine and at the other three. About daylight we came to a small river, which I thought was the Scamby; but we continued on for three days, killing little or nothing to eat, till, at last, we all began to get unarily ready to give up the ghost, and lie down and die; for we had no prospect of provision, and we knew we couldn't go much further without it."

"We came to a large prairie, that was about six miles across it, and in this I saw a trail which I knowed was made by bear, deer, and turkeys. We went on through it till we came to a large creek, and the low grounds were all set over with wild rice, looking as green as a wheat field. We here made a halt, unshod our horses, and turned them loose grass. "One of my companions, a Mr. Yanzaut, and myself, then went up the low grounds to hunt. We had gone some distance, finding nothing, when, at last, I found a squirrel, which I shot, but he got into a hole in the tree. The game was small, but necessity is not very particular, so I thought I must have him, and I climbed that tree thirty feet high, without a limb, and pulled him out of his hole. I shouldn't relate such small matters, only to show you that I had a very hungry man to get to something to eat. I soon killed two other squirrels, and fired at a large hawk. At this a large gang of turkeys rose from the canebrake, and flew across the creek to where my friend was, who had just before crossed it. He soon fired on a large gobbler, and I heard it fall. By this time my gun was loaded again, and I saw one sitting on my side of the creek, which had flew over when he fired; so I blazed away, and down I brought

him. I gathered him up, and a fine turkey he was. I now began to think we had struck a breeze of luck, and almost forgot our past sufferings, in the prospect of once more having something to eat. I raised the shout, and my comrades came to me, and I went on to our camp with the game we had killed. While we were cooking two of our mess had been out, and each of them had found a bee-tree. We turned into cooking some of our game, but we had neither salt nor bread. Just at this moment, on looking down the creek, we saw our men, who had gone on before us for provisions, coming to us. They came up, and measured out to each man a cupful of flour. With this, we thickened our turkey soup, and our men, who were tired, and had no dinner with us, and then went on to our camp.

"We now took our tomahawks, and went out and cut our bee trees, out of which we got a fine chance of honey; though we had been starving so long that we feasted to eat much at a time, till, like the Irish by hanging, we got used to it again. We rested that night without moving our camp; and the next morning myself and Yanzaut again turned out to hunt. We had not gone far, before I wounded a fine buck badly; and while pursuing him, I was walking on a large tree that had fallen down, when from the top of it a large bear broke out and ran off. I had no dogs, and I was sorry enough for it; for of all the hunting I ever did, I have always delighted most in bear hunting. Soon after this I killed a large buck; and we had just gotten him to camp when our poor starved army came up. They told us that to lessen their sufferings as much as possible, Captain William Russell had had his horses led up to a shot for them to eat, just at the moment that they saw our men returning, who had carried on the flour."

"We were now about fourteen miles from Fort Deatur, and we gave away all our meat and honey, and went on with the rest of the army. When we got there, they could give us only one ration of meat, but not a mouthful of bread. I immediately got a canoe, and taking my gun, crossed the river and went to the Big Warriors' town. I had a large hut, and I offered an Indian a silver dollar for my hut full of corn. He told me that his corn was all 'shustee,' which in English means, it was all gone. But he showed me where an Indian lived, who, he said, had corn. I went to him and made the same offer to him. He could talk a little broken English, and said to me, 'You got any powder?' You got none, he said, but I had. He then said, 'He swap my corn for powder and hulls.' I took out about ten hulls, and showed him; and he proposed to give me a full hull of corn for them. I took him up mighty quick. I then offered to give him ten charges of powder for another hut full of corn. To this he agreed very willingly. So I took off my hunting shirt, and tied up my corn; and though it had cost me very little of my powder and lead, yet I wouldn't have taken fifty silver dollars for it. I returned to the camp, and the next morning we started for the Hickory Ground, which was thirty miles off. It was here that General Jackson met the Indians, and made peace with the body of the nation."

In 1821 our hero "gave his name" as a candidate for the State Legislature. He knew nothing of "the Government," and he knew nothing of the "people." He was a simple man, his glib competitors; but his mother-wit and skill with the rifle carried him triumphantly through. "I went first into Heckman county, to see what I could do among the people as a candidate. Here they told me that they wanted to move their town nearer to the center of the county, and I must come out in favor of it. There's no devil if I knowed what this meant, or how the town was to be moved; and so I wrip'd him, and got the idea ready for the town. I then called 'non-committal.' About this time there was a great squirrel hunt on Duck River, which was among my people. They were to hunt two days; then to meet and count the scalps, and have a big barbecue, and what might be called a tip-top country frolic. The dinner, and a general treat, was all to be paid for by the party having taken the fewest scalps. I joined one side, taking the place of one of the hunters, and got a great many scalps. I killed a great many squirrels, and when we counted scalps, my party was victorious"—and later, when they counted the election ballots he was still ahead, and took his seat.

In 1827 Crockett was elected to Congress. In this envuvas he played the famous "coon-skin trick, which he relates as follows:

"Well, I started off, with my rifle on my shoulder, dressed in my hunting shirt, and my rifle on my shoulder. Many of our constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gaudier-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and been shipped to the West with a cargo of codfish and rum, erected a large shanty, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his specifying and his treating, when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sun-terug along as if I was not a party in business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the Colonel,' cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style.

"I had not been up long before there was such an uproar in the crowd that I could not hear my own voice, and some of my constituents had assembled there to get a taste of the quality of the candidates at orating. Job Snelling, a gaudier-shanked Yankee, who had been caught somewhere about Plymouth Bay, and been shipped to the West with a cargo of codfish and rum, erected a large shanty, and set up shop for the occasion. A large posse of the voters had assembled before I arrived, and my opponent had already made considerable headway with his specifying and his treating, when they spied me about a rifle shot from the camp, sun-terug along as if I was not a party in business. 'There comes Crockett,' cried one. 'Let us hear the Colonel,' cried another, and so I mounted the stump that had been cut down for the occasion, and began to bushwhack in the most approved style.

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had no train after me, and not a voice 'shouted 'Huzza for Crockett.' Popularly sometimes depends on a very small matter. Indeed, in this particular it was worth a quart of New England rum, and no more.

"Well knowing that a crisis was at hand, I stuck into the woods with my rifle on my shoulder, my best friend in time of need, and, as good fortune would have it, I had not been out more than a quarter of an hour before I treed a fat 'coon, and in the pulling of a trigger he lay dead at the root of a tree. I soon whipped his hairy jacket off his back, and again beat my way toward the shantee, and walked up to the bar, but not alone, for this time I had half a dozen of my constituents at my heels. I threw down the 'coon skin upon the counter and called for a quart, and Job, though busy in dealing out rum, forgot to point to his chalked rules and regulations, for he knew that a 'coon was as good legal tender for a quart in the West as a New York shilling any day in the year.

"My constituents now flocked about me and cried 'Huzza for Crockett.' 'Crocket for ever,' and lauding the tide had taken a turn, I told them several yams, to get them in a good humor, and having soon dispatched the value of the 'coon, I went out and mounted the stump without opposition, and a clear majority of the voters followed me to see what I had to offer for the good of the nation. Before I was half through, one of my constituents moved that they would hear the balance of my speech after they had washed down the first part with some more of Job Snelling's extract of corn-stalk and molasses; and the question being put up, it was carried unanimously. It wasn't considered necessary to tell the yeas and nays, so we adjourned to the shantee, and on the way I began to reckon that the fate of the nation pretty much depended upon my shooting another 'coon.

"While standing at the bar, feeling sort of bashful while Job's rules and regulations stared me in the face, I cast down my eyes and discovered one end of the 'coon skin sticking between the logs that supported the bar. Job had slung there in the hurry of business. I gave it a sort of quick jerk, and it followed my hand as natural as if I had been the rightful owner. I slipped it on the counter, and Job, little dreaming that he was barking up the wrong tree, shoved along another bottle, which my constituents quickly disposed of with great good humor, for some of them saw the trick, and then we withdrew to the rostrum to discuss the affairs of the nation.

"I don't know how it was, but the voters soon became dry again, and nothing would do but we must adjourn to the shantee, and as luck would have it, the 'coon skin was still sticking between the logs, as if Job had flung it there on purpose to tempt me. I was not slow in raising it to the counter; the rum followed, of course, and I wish I may be shot, if I didn't, before the day was over, get ten quarts for the same identical skin, and from a fellow, too, who in those parts was considered as sharp as a steel trap and as bright as a pewter button.

"This joke secured me my election, for it soon circulated like smoke among my constituents, and they allowed, with one accord, that the man who could get the wild whip of Job Snelling in fair trade, could outwit Old Nick himself, and was the real grit for them in Congress. Job was by no means popular; he boasted of always being wide awake, and that any one who could take him in was free to do so, for he came from a stock that sleeping or waking had always one eye open, and the other not more than half closed. The whole family were geniuses. His father was the inventor of wooden nutmegs, by which Job said he might have made a fortune, if he had only taken out a patent and kept the business in his own hands; his mother, Patience, manufactured the first white oak pumpkin seeds of the mammoth kind, and turned a pretty penny the first season; and his aunt, Prudence, was the first to discover that corn husks, steeped in tobacco water, would make as handsome Spanish wrappers as ever came from Havana, and that oak leaves would answer all the purposes of filling, for no one could discover the difference except the man who smoked them, and then it would be too late to make a stir about it. Job, himself, bragged of having made some useful discoveries; the most profitable of which was the act of converting mahogany sawdust into cayenne pepper, which he found was a profitable and safe business, for the people hereabouts so long accustomed to having dust thrown in their eyes that there wasn't much danger of being found out.

"The way I got to the blind side of the Yankee merchant was pretty generally known before election day and the result was that my opponent might as well have whistled figs to a mule stone as attempt to beat up for votes in that district. I beat him out and out, quite back into the old year, and there was scarce enough left of him after the canvass was over to make a small grease spot. He disappeared without even leaving a mark behind, and such will be the fate of Adam Huntsman, if there is a fair fight and no gouging.

"After the election was over I sent Snelling the price of the rum, but took good care to keep the fact from the knowledge of my constituents. Job refused the money and sent me word that it did him good to be taken in occasionally, as it served to brighten his ideas; but I afterward learned that when he found out the trick that had been played upon him he put all the rum I had ordered in his bill against my opponent, who, being clated with the speeches he had made on the affairs of the nation, could not descend to examine into the particulars of a bill of the vendor of rum in the small way."

In 1829 he was re-elected to Congress. The honest old "backwoods bear hunter" had won great fame among the Whigs by his course at Washington; and when in 1834 he made a tour through the North, his progress was a continued ovation from Baltimore to Boston. In Philadelphia, on his first visit he was proffered the rifle:

"I was hardly done making my bow to those gentlemen, before Mr. James M. Sanderson informed me that the young Whigs of Philadelphia had a desire to present me with a fine rifle, and had chosen him to have her made agreeably to my wishes. I told him that was an article that I knew something about, and gave him the size, weight, etc."

While he was in New York, there was considerable curiosity to witness an exhibition of his skill as a marksman, and this desire he gratified by a visit to a Jersey City range: "I now started to Jersey City, where I found a great many gentlemen shooting rifles, at the distance of one hundred yards with a rest. One gentleman gave me his gun, and asked me to shoot. I raised up off-hand, and cut within four inches of the center. I told him my distance was forty yards, off-hand. He loaded his gun, and we walked down to within forty yards when I fired, and was deep in the paper. I shot a second time, and did the same. Colonel Mapes then put up a quarter of a dollar in the middle of



a black spot, and asked me to shoot at it. I told him he had better mark the size of it and put his money in his pocket. He said, "fire away." I did so, and made slight-of-hand work with his quarter."

Returning to Philadelphia upon the adjournment of Congress, he found the rifle ready:

"Next morning I was informed that the rifle gun which was to be presented to me by the young men of Philadelphia, was finished, and would be delivered that evening; and that a committee had been appointed to wait on me and conduct me to where I was to receive it. So, accordingly, in the evening the committee came, and I walked with them to a room nearly fornic the old state house; it was crowded full, and there was a table in the center, with the gun, a tomahawk, and butcher knife, both of fine razor metal, with all the accoutrements necessary to the gun—the most beautiful I ever saw or anybody else; and I am now happy to add as good as they are handsome. My friend, John M. Sanderson, Esq., who had the whole management of getting her made, was present, and delivered the gun into my hands. Upon receiving her I addressed the company as follows:

"Gentlemen: "I receive this rifle from the young men of Philadelphia as a testimony of friendship, which I hope never to live to forget. This is a favorite article with me, and would have been my choice above all presents that could have been selected. I love a good gun, for it makes a man independent, and prepared either for war or peace.

"This rifle does honor to the gentleman that made it. I must say, long as I have been accustomed to handle a gun, I have never seen any thing that could near a comparison to her in beauty. I cannot think that ever such a rifle was made, either in this or any other country; and how, gentlemen, to express my gratitude to you for your splendid present. I am at a loss. This much, however, I will say, that myself and my sons will not forget you while we use this token of your kindness for our amusement. If it should become necessary to use her in defence of the liberty of our country, in my time, I will do as I have done before; and if the struggle should come when I am buried in the dust, I will leave her in the hands of some who will honor your present, in company with your sons, in standing for our country's rights.

"Accept my sincere thanks, therefore, gentlemen, for your valuable present—one which will keep as a testimony of your friendship so long as I am in existence."

"I then received the gun and accoutrements, and returned to the hotel, where I made an agreement with Mr. Sanderson and Col. Pulaski to go with them the next day to the Jersey shore, at Camden, and try my gun.

"Next morning we went out. I had long been out of practice, so that I could not give her a fair trial. I shot altogether well, and was satisfied that when we became better acquainted the fault would be mine if the varmints did not suffer."

Returning home with his gun he was greeted by many friends, who gathered around to inspect the arm:

"A large fellow stepped up and asked me why all the members did not get such guns given them. I told him I got that gun for being honest, in supporting my country, instead of bowing down and worshipping an idol. He looked at me and said, that was very strong. "No stronger than true, my friend," said I.

"In the course of a few days I determined to try my new gun upon the living subject. I started for a hunt, and shortly came across a fine buck. He fell at the distance of 130 steps! Not a bad shot, you will say. I say, not a had gun either. After a little practice with her, she came up to the eye prime, and I determined to try her at the first shooting match for beef.

"As this is a novelty to most of my readers, I will endeavor to give a description of this Western amusement.

"In the latter part of summer our cattle get very fat, as the range is remarkably fine; and some one, desirous of raising money on one of his cattle, advertises that on a particular day, and at a given place, a first-rate beef will be shot for.

"When the day comes every marksman in the neighborhood will meet at the appointed place with his gun. After the company has assembled, a subscription paper is handed round, with the following heading:

"A. B. offers a beef worth twenty dollars, to be shot for, at twenty-five cents a shot. Then the names are put down by each person, thus:

D. C. puts in four shots,..... \$1 00
E. F. " eight "..... 2 00
G. H. " two "..... 0 50

"And thus it goes around, until the price is made up. "Two persons are then selected, who have entered for shots, to act as judges of the match. Every shooter gets a board, and makes a cross in the center of his target. The shot that drives the center, or comes nearest to it, gets the hide and tallow, which is considered first choice. The next nearest gets his choice of the hindquarters; the third gets the other hind quarter; the fourth takes choice of the fore-quarters; the fifth the remaining quarter; and the sixth gets the lead in the tree against which we shoot.

"The judges stand near the tree and when a man fires they cry out, 'Who shot?' and the shooter gives in his name; and so on, till all have shot. The judges then take all the boards and go off by themselves, and decide what quarter each man has won. Sometimes one will get nearly all.

"This is one of our homely amusements—enjoyed as much by us, and perhaps more, than most of your refined entertainments. Here each man takes a part, if he pleases, and no one is excluded, unless his improper conduct renders him unfit as an associate."

"This is all that Crockett has told us about the rifle. In the latter pages of the Autobiography there are references to "Betsy," but this was his flint-lock, which he took to Texas, leaving the Philadelphia rifle with his elder son, John W. Crockett, from whom it has descended to the present owner. One description, that of a shooting match at Little Rock, Ark., on his way to Texas, we quote:

"As there was considerable time to be killed, or got rid of in some way, before the dinner could be cooked, it was proposed that we should go beyond the village, and shoot at a mark, for they had heard I was a first-rate shot, and they wanted to see for themselves whether fame had not blown her trumpet a little too strong in my favor; for since she had represented "the Government" as being a first-rate statesman, and Colonel Benton as a first-rate orator, they could not receive such reports without proper allowance, as Congress thought of the Post-office report.

"Well, I shouldered my Betsy, and she is just about as beautiful a piece as ever came out of Philadelphia, and I went out to the shooting ground, followed by all the leading

men in Little Rock, and that was a clear majority of the town, for it is remarkable that there are always more leading men in small villages than there are followers.

"I was in prime order. My eye was as keen as a lizard, and my nerves were as steady and unshaken as the political course of Henry Clay, so at it we went, the distance of a hundred yards. The principal marksman and cow-boy had never been beat, led the way, and there was some pretty fair shooting. I tell you, at length it came to my turn. I squared myself, raised my beautiful Betsy to my shoulder, took deliberate aim, and smack I sent the bullet right into the center of the bulls-eye. "There's no mistake in Betsy," said I, in a careless sort of way, as they were all looking at the target, sort of amazed, and not at all over-pleased.

"That's a chance shot," (I heard) "and you had the reputation of being the best marksman in those parts."

"Not as much chance as there was," said I, "when Dick Johnson took his darkey for better for worse. I can do it five times out of six any day in the week." This I said in as confident a tone as "the Government" did when he protested that he forgave Colonel Benton for shooting him and he was now the best friend he had in the world. "I knew it was not altogether as correct as it might be, but when a man says about some thing he has done, he measures you out answer no how, and 'the great' and 'the best' had set me the example that swaggering will answer a good purpose at times.

"They now proposed that we should have a second trial, but knowing that I had nothing to gain and everything to lose, I was for backing out and fighting shy, but there was no let-off, for the cock of the village, though whipped, determined not to give up, so to it again we went. They were now put upon their mettle, and they fired much better than the first time, and it was what might be called pretty sharp shooting. When it came to my turn I squared myself, and turning to the prime shot I gave him a knowing nod, by way of showing my confidence, and says I, "Look out for the bulls-eye, stranger." I blazed away, and I wish I may be shot if I didn't miss the target. They examined it all over and could find neither hair nor hide of my bull, when says I, "Stand aside and let me look, and I warrant you I get on the right trail of the critter." They stood aside, and I examined the bulls-eye pretty particular, and at length cried out, "Here it is; there is no snakes if it hadn't followed the very track of the other." They said it was utterly impossible, but I insisted on their searching the hole, and I agreed to be stuck up as a mark myself if they did not find two bullets there. They searched for my satisfaction, and sure enough all came out just as I had told them, for I had picked up a bullet that had been fired and stuck it deep into the hole without anyone perceiving it. They were all perfectly satisfied that fame had not made too great a flourish of trumpets when speaking of me as a marksman, and they all said they had enough of shooting for that day, and they moved that we adjourn to the tavern and liquor."

The story of Crockett's part in Texas is well known, it belongs to the history of our country. Mortified by his defeat in a third canvass, he announced to his constituents a determination to "quit the States."

"I told them moreover of my services, pretty straight up and down, for a man may be allowed to speak on such subjects when others are about to forget them; and I also told them of the manner in which I had been knocked down and dragged out, and that I did not consider it a fair fight, any more than they could in any other case. I then told them pretty strong I tell you, and I concluded my speech by telling them that I was done with politics for the present, and that they might all go to hell, and I would go to Texas."

Joining the Texas forces at San Antonio, Crockett was one of the devoted little band who perished at the Alamo.

"Before daybreak, on the 6th of March, the Alamo was assaulted by the whole force of the Mexican Army, commanded by Santa Anna. The battle was in progress until daylight, when only six men belonging to the Texan garrison were found alive. They were instantly surrounded, and ordered by General Castillon to surrender, which they did, under a promise of his protection, finding that resistance any longer would be madness. Colonel Crockett was of the number. He stood alone in an angle of the fort, his huge Bowie knife in his right hand, and in his left his rifle, which he held across his forehead, while around him there was a complete barrier of about twenty Mexicans, lying flat dead and dying. At his feet lay the dead body of that well known character, designated in the Colonel's narrative by the assumed name of Thimberlick, his knife driven to the hilt in the throat of a Mexican, and his left hand clenched in his hair.

"General Castillon was brave and not cruel, and disposed to save the prisoners. He marched them up to that part of the fort where stood Santa Anna and his murderous crew. The steady, fearless step and undaunted tread of Colonel Crockett, on this occasion, together with the bold demeanor of the hardy veteran, had a powerful effect on all present. Nothing daunted he marched up boldly in front of Santa Anna, and looked him sternly in the face, while Castillon addressed "his excellency," "Sir, here are six prisoners I have taken alive, how shall I dispose of them?" Santa Anna looked at Castillon fiercely, flew into a violent rage, and replied: "Have I not told you before now to dispose of them? Why do you bring them to me?" At the same time his brave officers plunged their swords into the bosoms of their defenceless prisoners. Colonel Crockett, seeing the act of treachery, instantly sprang like a tiger at the ruffian chief, but before he could reach him a dozen swords were sheathed in his indomitable heart; and he fell, and died without a groan, a traitor in his brow, and a smile of scorn and defiance on his lips. Castillon rushed from the scene, apparently horror-struck, sought his quarters, and did not leave them for several days, and hardly spoke to Santa Anna after."

A Colorado farmer has invented a duck-hunting outfit which discounts the California man's cow. He stripped the hide from a bullock and mounted it on a wire skeleton, which looked as natural as a living animal. He cut away the belly of his wire bullock for his body, and he cut two holes in the stunner to take sight through. When he wanted a duck shot he drops his skeleton over his head and starts out for the tides. He can walk right into a flock of ducks without startling them, and has on one or two occasions returned home with his hiding place full of fat ducks. He has never been shot at, and he all he wants when he takes his gun, for he marches into a flock and turns both barrels loose at a time. He usually bags the whole flock. He has applied for a patent.

During the last season the Teal Club of San Francisco used 15 sacks of grain in baiting their ponds, and they killed over 4,000 ducks.

WINTER IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

APRIL 3.—The roads are so soft we cannot get a team any where, how long they may continue in this condition we cannot tell to-day. I put on my snow shoes to visit some traps up the brook. I could not get about a mile and a half miles, but it is further than I have walked at one time since December 1, and when I got back to the house I had to lie down. It was rather discouraging as walking has always my stronghold and a great pleasure to me. I saw many tracks of small game, and among others there was a whole family of partridges had crossed the brook. I am very glad to see so many signs of partridge. I was very much afraid many had been killed by the severe frosts, but having got through so far they will now be all right. We have not begun snaring yet, and as things look now there will be no use tapping.

Yesterday the law allowed trout on the table, and we had them, there has been no fishing through the ice this winter; not a person has put a hook in the water during the close season. The ice is now thirty inches thick, and in the places where we usually get our best fishing there is from two to four feet of snow on the ice, so you can imagine how much fishing will be done. A good thaw would make the ice unsafe, as the snow or snow or top ice would go through the lower ice like hot water through a cloth.

This morning the thermometer marked two below zero, but rose to forty-six above in the middle of the day, and made more impression on the snow than any day, I could see the tops of the highest stumps sticking out. I have four men at work getting in supplies for the season, cutting wood, filling ice houses and such light work. The team has been all day on the road from Malone, and at 9 P. M. had to leave the sled with its load in the road about three miles from the house, the horses completely used up by slumping in the snow, which is still four feet deep. The sun does not waste it at all, only softens the top enough in the day time to make a hard crust at night. The deer are having a sorry time; there has been no crusting down any where near the lake, but I hear there has been quite a number of deer killed in the next town north of us. I visited the letter box this morning for my mail, and on my way out saw three partridges, they looked as plump as ever. The foxes continue as thick as ever, one of the men shot one on the ice in front of the house last week, the next morning I saw one near the barn.

The bluejays are now constant visitors, and last night I heard an owl. Last week our old visitors, the fish crows, came back. They have nested in the swamp east of the barn every year since I came here. They always come a few days ahead of the bluebirds and robins. I shall expect to see the bluebirds as soon as there is bare ground enough for them to stand on.

April 6.—No chance to get a letter out yet. The snow is so soft a horse could not get out to the post-office.

As I wrote somewhere in the letter, I expected to see a bluebird as soon as there was bare ground enough for him to stand on. Day before yesterday the men felled a dry spruce and made a fire of the branches. It made one bare spot, and before the ashes got cold a bluebird was on hand with his song. Yesterday a robin gave us a few notes, then left, but a pair of ground sparrows have come to stay. This thaw has settled the snow about one foot, and if it thaws twenty-four hours longer at the same rate we will be obliged to let down the top bar to get over. We can now see the board next below the top one on the barn-yard fence.

Some time ago I saw in the FOREST AND STREAM a call for information in regard to Joe Call. I have waited to see some response, but have seen none. Almost anyone in Essex county could give many points. Several members of the family now live in Jay, Essex county. One son works in the forge of the J. & J. Rogers Co. I have written to Jay asking for some facts, and if I get anything worth while will give them to the FOREST AND STREAM. I have often heard him in this section tell of his great feats of strength. Many of them seem incredible, and they are told for truth, and I think the story of Call's life would be very interesting. He certainly had a great reputation as a wrestler.

April 7.—Snowed from the first night to the last, and one of the men is going home, so I have a chance to send to mail. I had lots more to say to you after reading the last batch of papers.

A. R. FULLER.

MEACHAM LAKE, FRANKLIN CO., N. Y.

AN OLD HUNTER.—Phin Teeple, an old hunter of Wayne county, Penn., last fall, while about a mile from the village of Prosper, was saved from the road by a large coon, having no gun, and only his dog with him, the animal was with difficulty put to flight. Knowing that the bold actions of the cat were prompted by her having some kittens near by, old Phin, who is now over seventy-five, at once made search for the youngsters, and by aid of his dog, soon discovered and secured the pair and returned home with them in his overcoat pocket. The following morning he returned to the spot with one kitten, and tying it to a bush, soon brought the old one over enough to him, which he shot. Phin has secured of 3,500 deer he has killed in his lifetime, and a score of 400 bears, all shot with a rifle he still has, which bears the name of "Settler." Teeple remembers the time when there were elk in Wayne county, and calls to mind the last pautner shot in his county in 1851, by Ed. Queik, of Blooming Grove. Since 1879, Phin has given up hunting in Wayne and Susquehanna counties, going into Butler, where game is more plentiful. There have been more deer. Pike county this season than for several years past, and many have been killed. It is a pleasure to meet Phin Teeple, and we have no doubt he has as many hunting exploits to relate as had old Mat. Browning, who for forty years hunted in the central southern portion of our State and Northern Western Maryland. I shall have some unpublished account of old Browning's doings with the rifle, which will be given me by his son of an old hunter, who was at times his companion in the woods.—Homo.

THE RETURN OF THE DUCKS.—Appleton, Me., April 10. —I live within stone's throw of the St. Georges River, and within a few miles of many ponds, both large and small, and so I have a good chance of seeing both ducks and geese. The first ducks were seen Friday morning, April 6, and that morning a large flock of geese went over here on their way north, the largest one seen here for several years. Since that time there has been a steady flow, but no one has been able to shoot one. All of the ducks seen here as yet have been black ones, but those that have been shot were in poor condition. It promises to be a good season's sport.—R. R.

THE STAKED PLAIN.—Our frequent contributor, "N. A. T.," has just been over the Staked Plain, Texas, and reports game plenty: I found my old friend, the Staked Plain, literally swarming with game as I passed over it. I must have seen from the ear windows 50,000 antelopes. The pay-car, which was just ahead of me, ran into a herd of buffaloes, about twenty-five miles east of the Pecos, and the chase on board killed four. I would not have thought that there was a man on board that car who could hit the side of a mountain at ten feet distance, but they did very well on buffaloes. It was, however, an accident, no doubt—a mere accident. Had they known how to shoot, they might have killed a hundred. This morning I was at Red Lake, seven miles from Marienfeld. It covers fully 2,000 acres, and is a beautiful sheet of water. The wind was blowing strongly, and the lake sent forth a sound much like the gulf on Galveston beach, but of course not so loudly. A few hundred yards from it there is another lake of several hundred acres. Both were swarming with ducks. The water in each is pretty salty, but the cattle seem to like it. There are thousands of lakes on the Staked Plain. It is the sportsman's paradise. If I should ever come up here on a sporting expedition, I should bring with me a canvas canoe in order to get at the myriads of geese and ducks that swarm these lakes. With a canvas canoe and a gun, and a few ducks. Without a canoe it is a mere chance to run all day at all; and if you do, you often cannot get them unless you have a dog.

FARMER AND SPORTSMAN.—East Douglas, Mass.—I am a farmer, and my lands are always open to any sportsman who deserves the name, for I do not class as sportsmen men who are guilty of the acts which, among certain classes of land-owners, has called down condemnation on the whole race of hunters. Some of them have had cause enough to make them wroth, as I have good reasons to know. How many sportsmen would hear with calmness the death or crippling of a favorite dog out of "pure usefulness"? It is not all we have to consider in rearing to find a fine hound wounded to the death by some neighbor and geese by hundreds. Without a canoe it is a mere chance to run all day at all; and if you do, you often cannot get them unless you have a dog. As your correspondent "K." says, some seem to think that we have no rights that they are bound to respect. I claim to be a humble follower of Nimrod and Walton; no one better enjoys a day's sport with rod or gun than I do, but when things come to the pass that the amount of property destroyed exceeds the value of the game ten-fold, it is time to draw the line somewhere. The panther which has terrorized this section so long turns out to be a wolf; so it seems some of the persons who saw him must have drawn on their imaginations rather strongly.—AMATEUR.

WATERFOWL IN THE NORTH.—We print the following extract from a private letter received from a friend who is living on the Upper Allegheny on Northern Montana. He says: "For the past few days the snow has been melting down, and now lies on the ground at the depth of a foot or more. It has been a complete surprise to the waterfowl, which commenced to arrive about the 5th of March. The lakes and streams are again frozen over, and only the rifts on the rivers are open. I have had some good sport shooting swans and geese with the rifle, but owing to the dangerous condition we were in, I have not been able to get on a good deal of what I have killed. I carry a long fishline with me on the end of which is tied a ball of lead; back of that, several feet apart, I have fastened on three large fishhooks. I throw the line out directly over the floating bird, draw it quickly back, one of the hooks catches on to the fowl, and I drag it ashore. Isn't this an ingenious device? I was out day before yesterday for an hour or two with an Indian, and we were trying to catch a bear. He had set a trap on the bank, when five swans rose out of the river near by. With his Winchester the Indian dropped three of them before they got out of range. I do not think that waterfowl are weather prophets. I have noticed during my residence out here that they begin to arrive from the 7th and the 15th of March, and we often have severe storms later. The swans which I have killed are very fat, but the geese very poor, the breast bone being very prominent.

THE COOKING OF GREBS.—Cut off the meat from the breast, taking off the skin, and put the meat into cold water with considerable salt, and let it soak over night. Then rinse off with clean water and put it into your kettle with cold water enough to cover it; add a very small quantity of saleratus, and let it parboil six or eight minutes. Then pour off the water and again cover it with cold water, and add four or five small onions and a few pieces of carrots. Let the cook slowly together until the vegetables are nearly done, then take them out and reserve some of the water for gravy. Now cut some carrots and parsnips into strips (as for julienne soup), and fry these together in butter until done. Next put a few slices of bacon into a roasting pan, placing the breasts of the grebe and vegetables over the bacon; pour in some hot water and the water previously saved and put them on the stove, and let them cook together until the meat is done. Then take out your meat and vegetables (leaving the bacon in), place them on your platter and set in a warm place. Set your pan with the water and bacon in over the fire, add some Worcestershire sauce (sherry wine if you wish), thicken, and let it cook about five minutes, and then pour it over your dish of grebe, and they are ready for the table. Crab-apple or currant jelly are very good served with them.—D.

ENFORCING THE DEER LAWS.—Canton, N. Y., April 19, 1883.—At the last term of the Court of Sessions of St. Lawrence county, Chester Young, of the town of Fine, was tried and convicted for pursuing deer with dogs on the 17th day of October last. He was sentenced by the court to pay a fine of \$30 and to stand committed until the fine should be paid. The same defendant pleaded guilty to a second indictment for the same offense on the 18th day of last October, and was fined \$20. George Walker and Alonzo Green, of the same town, were indicted, tried and convicted for unlawfully killing a speckled trout, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$20 each and to stand committed until the 15th day of October last. Lenox Smith, of New York city, pleaded guilty to an indictment for killing a deer in the month of June, 1882, and was fined \$50. The authorities, in cooperation with the St. Lawrence Game Club, are securing the enforcement of the game law in this county.—L. P. H.

KENTUCKY GAME NOTES.—Our principal game to come in is the partridge. The birds are in fine condition, having passed a very open winter. Being scarce last fall, they were hunted but little, and there are now many full coveys. If a dry June should favor us, we can count on fine shooting next fall. Our club played havoc with hawks by raising a fund to pay a bounty for their destruction. The result shows plainly in the field. A year ago last fall I hunted, and often, by observing a hawk, found a covey of partridges which they were watching. Now we may travel all day and not find one. Squirrels are in moderate numbers; being migratory, cannot say they will be plenty. Young ones half grown already in the adjacent mountains. Report comes of more ruffed grouse than usual. Our superintendent of some quarries says he can be heard in all directions drumming.—VAN. (Mt. Sterling, Ky.)

SANFORD, Fla., April 14.—A good many quail have been killed this year, but not many deer. The breeding season seems to be backward, as I have noticed several coveys of birds within a day or two that have not paired off; the close season for me begins April 1. Some weeks ago I saw a few doves going past at a pretty good rate, about forty yards off. I shot one with No. 6 shot, and when I picked him up found him to be a very curiously marked partial albino, mottled all over, every third feather or so being white. It is the only albino dove I have ever seen. Have seen no ducks this year except on the river. There are frequent heavy rains; rather earlier than they usually come. President Arthur arrived in Sanford Saturday, the seventh, and has been to Lake Tohopeulga, where he did some fishing.—TRUMB.

MAINE.—SIBYRIA, Croosook Co., Me.—It is gratifying to be able to state that through the increased vigilance of the game wardens there has been less erusting done than in previous seasons. Warden McLain and his assistants, by their presence in this vicinity, have deterred many outsiders from venturing into the woods, and restrained the local hunters as well. Hunters and lumbermen agree that moose deer are more plentiful than for many years, while the ducks are greatly in excess of any former period. The Indian hunters who ravaged the moose yards last year in the Munsungan country have given the region a wide berth, fearing, doubtless, the vigilance of Warden McLain, who gave them a close call last season.—WARFIELD.

IOWA.—Burlington.—Duck shooting on the river, in the sloughs and ponds, and in the lakes on the islands up the river, of which there are a great many, has been very good this spring. Sportsmen have gone from here in the morning and returned in the evening with from 80 to 100 ducks, of both the mallard and pintail. Now it is getting too late, and but few birds are brought in by our best shots. Jack snipe are reported quite plenty in the lowlands opposite the city, on the Illinois side, and south of us on our own side of the river.—DISEUR.

BELLEVILLE, Ont., April 19.—The spring migrants are well on once more. Ducks are plentiful, and some good bags have been made, but the birds are in very poor condition. A few days ago a woodcock was picked up on one of the streets of the city. It was unburnt, and soon recovered after being placed in a cage. Its weight was seven ounces. A pair of horned grebes (*Podiceps cornutus*), male and female, were recently shot at Wellers Bay, a few miles distant. They are rare visitors to this part of the country.—R. S. BELL.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., April 23.—We have had, and still have, some very fine duck shooting on the Susquehanna, but mostly at redheads and coots; very few mallards and canvasbacks have made their appearance. No snipe as yet, but they are expected every day. What few quails were not chased and scared away last fall have wintered well.—RAZOR.

PHILADELPHIA, April 19, 1893.—The New Jersey Game Protective Society met yesterday at Hellemann's Hall, Camden. A balance of \$450.97 was reported in the treasury. A committee was appointed to find out why the Game Committee had not reported what disposition to make of \$500 appropriated to stock the district.—HOSIO.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

ANGLING FOR WHITEFISH.

IN your issue of April 12 a correspondent requests information in regard to angling for whitefish. This delicious and choicest fish lives in Moosehead Lake in this State, of which water it is a native. They are quite plenty in that lake, and are caught by a hook baited with angle worms, pork or live bait. The former is considered the most preferable as a bait. They are always on or near the bottom, and are taken in water of about thirty feet in depth. They are from one to two pounds in weight, and are wary, timid and cautious in taking a hook, yet they are caught with fair success every summer. There is no fish in this region more highly prized for food than is the whitefish of Moosehead Lake. J. F. S. Monson, Me.

IN FOREST AND STREAM, April 12, "Nemo" asks information about the whitefish, and the editor remarks that he does not know that the fish is ever angled for. While at Moose River settlement in the year 1861, I met a man who was fishing through the ice for this fish, and made a business of it. He said he fished with set hooks and entirely in the night time, and near the bottom. The kind of bait he used I cannot remember. I know but little of the fish, as there are none in this part of Maine, but several ponds at and near Moose River are full of them, and they are a nice table fish. J. G. R. Brewer, Me.

THE PIKE-PERCH TAKES THE FLY.

OF the many articles relating to pike-perch in your paper I have not read a single one fly-fishing. This fine fish affords us. In my own country they go by the name of "pickercil," which I will hereafter call them, and are considered one of our finest fish and are protected by our game laws. Our river pickercil are far ahead of the lake or sand pickercil, as we call them, and are far gamier.

May 15 the open season begins, and on the banks of our river, the Grand, any morning can be seen a great many of fishing sports with spoons, spinners and minnow, and pickercil are the best of the best. On the banks of the Grand, "Say Mac, what have you got, black bass?" By the way he fought I thought he was a pickercil; better luck next time.

Most of our black bass for the last few years are wormy, which is never the case with our pickercil; besides, when they are from one to three pounds weight we prefer their flesh to that of the black bass. But the best of our pickercil fishing begins on or about July 15, when the water in the river gets low and finds its best time. At night, about 7 P. M., we start for our fishing ground and fish to ten or eleven; no moonlight night, but a dark, cloudy one is preferable. We use salmon or bass flies, and sink them about a foot deep and move very slowly. There have been some very large fish caught here, the largest I believe weighed about eleven pounds, but the largest I myself had the pleasure to assist in landing was seven and a quarter pounds, and if any of my angling friends had been present they would never again complain of the pickercil being a sluggish fish and not gamy; and as for being rascious, well it is a fact, he is so, but this I can confidently say, as many pickercil as I have caught and cleaned, I find them far more particular in their habits than the bass, and always when I go fishing for pickercil I take the swiftest part of the river, as they are generally there, and very seldom, unlike the bass and pike, in still water. Now I think the pickercil is sadly abused, and all on account of the mixing up of the names of the two fish, pike and pickercil, and the name of the angler who like FOREST AND STREAM would fly-fishing at night time for them they would have the same respect for them that I have. The Grand River is considered to be one of the finest bass and pickercil rivers in Ontario. At Port Maitland, its mouth, and just below the great government dam at Dunnville, is as fine a place for trolling or fly-fishing for these two fish as one would want to have.

When tired of that, if a chance is taken, you can try their hands as hangers in a five or ten pound channed cat, and occasionally, while trolling for bass, a muscatonge is hooked. Around Bradford the fishing is not quite so good as it is further down the river, although within seven miles of the city there are quite a number of good trout streams. Two weeks from to day will find myself, rod in hand, following up my favorite stream, and during the summer you may occasionally hear from

BRADFORD, Ontario.

LITTLE MAC.

I see in your issue of April 12 an article written by "H. P. H." wherein it is plain to be seen that many of your former correspondents have confounded the grass pike, or pickercil, with the pike perch or walleyed pike. I can perceive but one article where this mistake has been made. It is in your issue of March 10, wherein you say you saw a pike-perch caught in a trap on Mussel Shoals that weighed eleven pounds, and his friend took one in Cypress Creek that weighed nine pounds. A pike-perch will not go in a creek, or on shoals; they stay in deep and clear water. The pike will not go in impure water and if put there he will not live.

Fifteen years ago pike-perch were taken in Saginaw River by tons with seines, now it is so depleted of pike that fishermen have nearly abandoned it altogether. What has caused this but the numerous sawmills, and salt locks from which the refuse has been cast in the river? Now the only time the pike is taken is in winter and early spring, when the river is frozen over and the sawmills and salt wells are not in operation. A few years ago one of the fishermen had a large pond dredged on the shore of Saginaw Bay; it was twelve feet deep, one hundred feet wide, and three hundred feet long, and inside the pond there was a small creek that emptied into the pond, and at the other side there was an outlet made with sheet piling so that the creek water was running through the pond continually. In April this fisherman had about four hundred barrels of pike-perch put in the pond; two months later, when they went to take them out, they could not find a live pike in the pond.

Another instance is where C. W. Gauthier, a large fish dealer in all kinds of lake fish, had a fish pen built on the St. Clair River in the spring of 1887. During the months of May and June he had about five hundred barrels of pike-perch put in a pen. More than two-thirds of them died. Others have tried to keep them in pens, or ponds, but all with the same result. In regard to the game qualities of the pike-perch, there seems to be a vast difference of opinion, but I think that all those who are not prejudiced, and have had the pleasure of taking the pike either with the rod or trolling line and spoon, will vouch for his gaminess. "H. P. H." says that a pike-perch weighing from six to seven pounds is an exception. I have seen hundreds of pike taken that weighed from ten to twelve pounds, and I have seen specimens taken weighing from fifteen to eighteen pounds. The pike-perch in Canada are called "pickercil" by those speaking the English language, and called "dore" by the French Canadians. MARTIN E. O'BRIEN, MILWAUKEE, Wis.

Allow me to "drop a line" into the stream in re walleyed pike, or, as here called, dore.

First, as a game fish. Here it is the first fish caught in the spring. As soon as the water in our rivers becomes clear, after the freshet, rods and poles are got out, minnows caught, and early in the morning, or near sunset, the lovers of forest and stream who cannot wait for the tardy trout, muster on the rocky shore of the Magog where it joins the St. Francis, to welcome the first fish of the season.

We use no slinker, as the eddies are sufficient to draw the bait to the required depth, two or three feet. The bait is held on a small line, but not so as to prevent the current running clear, after the freshet, rods and poles are got out, minnows caught, and early in the morning, or near sunset, the lovers of forest and stream who cannot wait for the tardy trout, muster on the rocky shore of the Magog where it joins the St. Francis, to welcome the first fish of the season.

When he stops the fisher begins to feel the greatest thrill of enjoyment to be experienced in the whole fight. He gives his game a moment to get the bait into good position, then strikes. Now it is the fish that is excited, not the man. All you need know what follows when a good trout is struck. Well, what follows now comes as near as possible to that, the highest standard of sport. The dore (here) does

not equal the black bass, but the game in a black bass is different from that shown by a dore.

It is certainly a good fish for sport. In a fortnight or three weeks after the first are caught, a spoon bait with a rod takes (or is taken) well, either from shore, where the current is swift, or trolling from a boat. This lasts till the middle of June. I do not think a dore was ever caught here in July. As for size, the largest one I ever heard of in this neighborhood was caught about six miles below here and weighed eighteen pounds. The largest one I ever saw weighed eleven and one half pounds.

Secondly, as a table fish. Honestly, I must say I think it is better to give away your catch at the first abode of poverty you pass than to carry it home. If you do the first you will experience a lightness-of-heart-edness. If you give your game to the cook, look out for bones.

Now, gentlemen, I am only speaking of dore as I find them here. "Kentuckinn" and "S. C. C." say they find them good. I am glad of it, and I well know that fish vary in many ways, according to the waters from which they are taken. Here the flesh of the dore is watery and full of small bones. Cook it as you will, it tastes but half cooked still. (rhyme accidental.)

To sum up, they are a welcome fish, and in a week or two I hope to see my rod make that bow which all the disciples are glad to look upon as homage to the one they woo.

SUREBURN, Quebec.

WATSON.

I am pleased to see that the walleyed-pike (locally pickercil) has been receiving that attention in your columns which so valuable a food-fish deserves. Pickercil were formerly very numerous in the Bay of Quinte, but their slaughter was so persistently carried on during the spawning season that although still comparatively plenty, their numbers have been greatly reduced. Between the middle of April and the 10th of May they ascend the rivers hereabouts and deposit their spawn; and, although the fishery officer does all in his power to protect them, many of these fine fish, ranging, generally, in size from three to eight pounds, fall a prey to the spear, the scoop-net and the bow of the poacher. Worse than the poacher, even are the red-head and salt well men, and the Red Head bullhead, which close to follow the pickercil and feast upon their spawn. Time was, and that not many years ago, before the pickercil were protected, that as many as from fifty to a hundred wheelbarrow loads of them were taken daily in the rivers during the spawning season. Not one-twentieth part of that number are now captured. During the greater part of the year the pickercil remain in the deep water. Many are taken by seines in the early summer and autumn, and are still greater number are caught throughout the ice during the winter, at which time they are at their best. Very few fall to the lot of the angler, but I have seen them taken with the fly at points very near the mouth of the river in June and July. Those so captured usually weigh not more than a pound or two, and they afford fair sport.

R. S. BELL.

ROUTE TO THE NEPICON.

IN answer to inquiry of "Angler" in FOREST AND STREAM of 19th inst., I will say that there is no regular steamer communication between the two places. The Canadian steamers from Duluth down the lake sometimes touch at Red Rock, however; so that the communication is about as frequent and about as uncertain with one end of the lake as the other. There is never any difficulty in reaching Prince Arthur's Landing or Silver Islet from either Duluth or Sault Ste. Marie. Steamer advertisements cannot be entirely relied on, and I have known cases where tickets purchased and held in assurance of landing there by steamer officers were not successful in getting people to Red Rock. A fog or a brisk wind has been sufficient "stress of weather" to make an excuse for not complying with the contract.

Immediately about Sault Ste. Marie, that is, on the rapids, the fishing is somewhat exhausted by August, although good earlier. There are some good streams within a half day's time, however, although the trout rarely exceed twelve ounces in weight. Larger are taken on the rapids, and a few miles below on the American side. As to the latter, I speak from information only. Agawa River is three days (on the average) from Sault, and Béchewana Bay about one and a half or two days. Some of the rivers running into that bay have fine fishing. Most excellent fishing can be had along the lake shore above Goulais Point and on the lake front of the island in the bay. In fact, few points on the lake surpass it.

If "Angler" should be at St. Paul he ought by all means to go, via Lake Superior, to Boston, whether he can stop at fish or not. FISHERMAN.

FISHING THROUGH THE ICE.

A FEW wintery since I wished to go fishing through the ice, and never having the pleasure of doing so, thought a little advice from retired fishermen would be acceptable.

On interviewing an old gentleman with hoary locks, he said in reply to my question, "When is the best time to go?" "Well, you wait until the south wind blows two days, and unless the wind changes, you will have no chance; if it is needed to go when the wind blows from the north." Old gentleman No. 2, same question: "Never go when the ice cracks, or when it is 'squally,' or snowing. You cannot catch any when it is zero weather." Old gentleman No. 3, same question: "After a thaw and the wind not blowing from the east. Now, you cannot catch anything when the wind blows from the east, mind that."

Life being short, and my stay being limited, I must go now. I forget to mention that the day I did come, and you never saw anything like it. For my special benefit New England weather was on a "tantrum" wind blowing from all quarters, snow flying, and thermometer at zero. Horse hitched up and we started. As we had about four miles to go to the pond we had ample time to reflect on the advice as given by friends. After gathering up overshoes and live bait which was quite well distributed over the beautiful snow, I forgot to mention that the day I did come, and you never saw anything like it. For my special benefit New England weather was on a "tantrum" wind blowing from all quarters, snow flying, and thermometer at zero. Horse hitched up and we started. As we had about four miles to go to the pond we had ample time to reflect on the advice as given by friends. 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ording to old fishermen, were against me, and had good luck. Fish are as hungry one day as another, and all you have got to do is present something acceptable to them and they are yours, "barring accidents." Of course it is nice to go when it is fine weather, but any one fond of fishing does not wait for a day with everything just as he would like to have it.

FRANK FRACK.

SPIRIT LAKE, IOWA.

THERE are a chain of three lakes, viz., Okoboji, East Okoboji and Spirit Lake, lying in the midst of an almost boundless prairie, with only a few of the highest peaks of the Alleghenies and the Rocky Mountains. The waters of the Okobojies are pure and limpid, with a gravelly bottom, and abound with fish, though the greater quantities are pickerel, with fair black and rock bass fishing at the upper end of Spirit Lake. The lakes are fairly equipped with a flotilla of row, sail and steam pleasure craft, which, by the way, can be hired without causing one to think he has bought the boat and then has to return it. The town of Spirit Lake is quite a little village, situated upon the west side of East Okoboji and upon a high bluff overlooking it and Spirit Lake. There is one hotel in the town. A new hotel, just built, will be opened this summer at the isthmus, and two miles from the town.

The surrounding country is as fine chicken country as ever the heart of sportsman could wish, though in justice to the brother sportsmen we are compelled to state that last season there was a scarcity of chickens; in fact to such an extent that one was almost willing to confess it more work than sport to hunt the pinnated beauties with anything like a fair prospect of a bag. We are told, however, that the prospect for good shooting this season is better than for some seasons.

A few hours' ride over the solidly-constructed railroad owned by the B., C., R. & N. Company connects the locality with Davenport and the East via Burlington.

L. T. DORSEY.

THE SECRETS OF SALMON GROWTH.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE Tweed has an evil odor in another direction; it has a bad reputation of being a "most poached" salmon river in Scotland. Some of those who dwell on the banks of Tweed and on its tributary streams have long been pre-eminently poachers. As a decreased nobleman used to say, "not all the king's horses and all the king's men could keep the Tweed free from poachers, who infest both sides of the river and who, not contented with taking an occasional clean fish, make their greatest efforts when the salmon are on their spawning beds and in a condition the least suitable for food. No person has been able to guess the number of fish which fall a prey to the Tweed poachers. Over 200 persons are annually convicted of poaching or other offenses against the Tweed Acts, and probably more than double that number escape punishment by their superior dexterity in carrying on their ignoble traffic. It would probably prove a low estimate to say there are 600 poachers on Tweed and tributaries, and that each of them on the average will bag ten salmon per annum, or 6,000 fish in the course of the year, which is, perhaps, about a fifth of the entire marketable salmon of the Tweed. The salmon killed by poachers are, of course, all or nearly all prematurely killed. It may be assumed, without any stretch of the imagination, that every one of the poached fish would, under the natural conditions of their lives, have survived, on an average, two years longer, and they would undoubtedly have increased in money value as they increased in weight. In the face of the mortality from disease and the depredations of the poachers, it is very questionable if even 25 per cent. of the salmon hatched in the Tweed and its tributary streams ever attain to a fair degree of longevity, or are permitted, as they ought to be, to multiply their kind for a season or two. It is needless to say that a salmon is never more valuable at any period of its life than when it is engaged in repeating "the story of its birth," and to kill a gravid fish when at work on the spawning beds is that that is abhorrent to all sportsmen from disease and the most rural districts of Scotland, is no longer a "pastime" that gentlemen dare wink at, but has become a trade of the most necessary kind—a trade which must be put down with the high hand. An oft-repeated "excuse" of the poacher is, that birds and beasts belong to nobody—that they are here to-day and away to-morrow; but it surely stands to reason that if a partridge or hare is not the property of the person who gives it room to feed and breed, no person but exercise of the powers of logic can make it out to be the property of the poacher.

Returning, however, to the main question—the growth of the salmon in all its varied stages—we come now to the fish when it is known as a grilse. The principle which regulates the growth of the parr, and smolts of one-half of a hatching becoming smolts a year sooner than the other half, has, as we have indicated, never been discovered. Of the rapid growth of the smolts in the salt water, we have already offered what may be termed "staggering evidence"—evidence from which it is difficult to escape, and which, whatever we may think of it, has, at a later stage of salmon growth, been pretty well corroborated by persons whose experiments were conducted with very great care. As we have hinted, it has been asserted that a moiety of the smolts which reach the salt water do not return to the river till the following year, when they are known as spring salmon, and have assumed considerable dimensions, ranging in weight from 6 lbs. to 10 lbs. Indeed some naturalists have gone the length of saying that none of the smolts return from the sea in the same season as they go there, but that all of them pass a winter in the salt water. From Mr. Young, of Inverurie, we obtain, in an incidental manner, the information that grilse of 4 lbs. weight are able to spawn.

The knowledge obtained by Mr. Young, in the way of ascertaining the length of the life of the salmon, has in part been already detailed; he experimented on the growth of the parr, and proved conclusively that parrs become smolts; but his chief honor, in connection with the setting up of the natural history of the salmon, lies in his having contributed a considerable amount of reliable information as to the ratio of growth of the adult fish. Mr. Young, who had at one time charge of the salmon fisheries of his Grace the Duke of Sutherland, selected for this purpose a pair of fish of 4 lbs. weight, so as to lessen the chances of any blunder being committed. Salmon—a grilse, it is said, becomes a salmon after it has spawned—of that weight were always plentiful, and could be easily found on the reefs after they had fulfilled the great function of their lives; but after they had spawned, the se-

lected fish would probably have weighed 5 lbs. At any rate, no fish above or below 4 lbs. weight were submitted by Mr. Young to the operation of being marked. The identification of the fish was provided for by means of the insertion of rings, formed of copper wire, into certain parts of their fins, which was done in such a manner as not to hurt or incommode the salmon in any way whatever.

The experiments of Mr. Young were continued for several years, and always with the same result, of a great addition to the weight of animals marked. The grilse were, of course, operated upon in the fresh water; they were caught, in fact, while resting after the operation of spawning. On returning from the sea, all those which were captured exhibited a fine healthy appearance, and had acquired a large increment of flesh—the increase in their weight ranging from 5 lbs. to 10 lbs. There need be no hesitation in accepting Mr. Young's facts and figures (he was an exceedingly careful man as proofs of the rapid growth of the adult fish, and of the accuracy of Mr. Young's statistics, are necessary, it is to be found in the history of the marked fish, manipulated by his Grace the late Duke of Athole, who took much interest in the rate of growth of the salmon, personally marking some of the fish, and recording the results of some remarkable instances of increase of weight. One of the most noteworthy of the Duke's experiments may be here recalled to recollection. A fish, marked by his Grace, was caught at a place forty miles from the sea, and was taken to the salt water, fed, and returned to the space of thirty-seven days. The following is the Duke's entry regarding this particular fish: "On referring to my journal, I find that I caught this fish as a kelt (spawned salmon) this year, on the 31st of March, with the rod, about two miles above Dankeld bridge, at which time it weighed exactly 10 lbs.; so that, in the short space of five weeks and two days, it had gained 14 lbs." The Duke's plan of marking was by means of tickets attached to the fins, marked for the purpose and numbered for identification, the date of each marking and capture being carefully registered for future reference.

With regard to the mode of marking young salmon, there has, from time to time, been much controversy. Harking back for a moment to the markings made at Stormontfield, it may be mentioned that on one occasion as many as 1,250 smolts were marked by cutting off the second dorsal fin; and of these, marked in this manner, 100 may have been captured the same season as grilse (weight not stated), which, not, be it observed, two per cent. of the number cut. In the following year, 1,135 were marked by means of a cut on the tail, and "a few" of these were caught as grilse; at the same time as these smolts were cut in the tail, 300 were marked by means of silver rings inserted in the fins; but not one of these was ever seen again. It is well said by one who knew a great deal more of the salmon than most other men—Russell, of the *Scottish Fishery*—that the fish can be placed in the system of marking by cuts: "Anyone that, by examining the heaps of fish as they are tumbled from the nets, or by any other means, has had an opportunity of observing the great number and infinite variety of marks and hairings, produced for the most part, it would appear, from encounters with marine enemies, will have a strong distrust of any such tests." All the marks which have been tried have each in turn been decided; and in each case the fish have returned to wit—meu have been over and over again invited to doubt the evidence of their senses. They have been asked to believe that a grilse never becomes a salmon, but remains for all time a grilse, and nothing but a grilse. This phase of the salmon question need not, however, be discussed here at present, as Russell said, in reviewing the grilse controversy, "There are men in existence who would deny their fathers." It is passing strange that in many of the accounts of the growth of grilse into salmon, which has been disproved a hundred times, is still occasionally cited in the hot arguments which sometimes occur when discussing the natural history of the salmon.

It is only right, however, to admit that many of the persons who maintain that the grilse is a distinct member of the salmon family are quite able to advance excellent reasons for their opinion, both in the case of the diamond-shaped scales of the one, and the oval-shaped scales of the other—as well as in the more forked cut of the tail, and differences in the number of the fin-rays, as also in its habits and the less pronounced flavor of its flesh. A fish-merchant of rare intelligence, and who is an occasional contributor to the newspapers on phases of the natural history of the salmon, says he has never had a doubt on the subject, and that a real grilse never becomes what we call a salmon, but remains all its life a distinct and well marked member of the family; "that," he says, "is my deliberately formed opinion, after an experience of the fish extending over 40 years, during which time I have passed many thousands of them through my hands."

Although in the opinion of the present writer, there is a vast preponderance of evidence in favor of the grilse becoming a salmon, he never objects to hear an expression of opinion or fact from others; and it is a fact that, on one occasion, as many as 11,000 eggs of a female salmon were fertilized by milt from a grilse—no difference of any kind being observed in the fish so long as they were under observation. This experiment was very successful; only thirty of the total number of eggs were added. The proper understanding of the natural history of the salmon is still much impeded by unsolved problems; it is a peculiar fish, able to live either in fresh or salt water. No do the fish of one stream become another, or mistake one another; but are the breeders of one tributary water ever found, except from misadventure, in any other affluent. Salmon, it may perhaps be set down, exist in distinct races; a Tay salmon can be easily enough distinguished from one which has been bred in Tweed.

Let us now ask, as we near the completion of our labors, how many of our salmon are spared to die a natural death; or, rather, of what period of their lives they would die if old age, if they could escape from the toils of their most intelligent enemy—man? In considering this phase of salmon river economy, we shall exclude deaths from the mysterious epidemic which has for a season or two been depopulating our rivers of some of their finest fish—*Suprolegnia ferax*. It has already, we will assume, been made sufficiently clear that the greatest mortality among our salmon occurs at a stage when they are least able to fight their enemies in countless thousands. As those which live grow older, they become more able to seek their food and to contend with their enemies. Of a hundred fish under 1 lb. in weight, it is certain that about a half will be killed or die of starvation; but of a similar number who have obtained a weight of 6 lbs., two-thirds probably will live and thrive for a given period; and so, as the fish grow older and escape the perils of their

young, their chances of life increase. The average weight of the salmon now being purveyed for table use runs from 17 lbs. to 184 lbs. The 136 fish captured by anglers in Loch Tay in the beginning of the present season (1882) averaged 194 lbs.; last year had the year before that the weight was still higher, the average being 214 lbs. The heaviest salmon captured in Loch Tay this season was 55 lbs.

Big salmon are happily nowadays not a matter of great rarity. Every season two or three of the finer smolts, most of them captured, and this year has not proved exceptional—indeed some very fine specimens have been secured. The writer personally examined, within a week after the opening of the river Tay, a dozen fish, each of which weighed more than 80 lbs.; and his opportunities of observation were confined only to one source of supply from that river.* Season after season the average weight of salmon has increased, and is still increasing, although about sixteen years ago the weight of salmon commenced to decrease in a way that gave rise to some doubts, and this year indicated that the capital stock of fish had been broken up. At the time indicated all smolts were, so to say, being prematurely killed, the average weight having fallen to a little over 15 lbs.—so that, as a rule, the life of a salmon, was at that date not a prolonged one; thirty and forty pounders had become exceedingly rare, and in those days there were no giants to delight the ichthyologists; many, as has since been shown, salmon which weighed from 50 lbs. to 40 lbs., and even heavier fish, are captured every day during the season. And we know from indications equally unmistakable that the capital stock of fish in our rivers is undoubtedly increasing—hence the number of large salmon which are recorded as being occasionally captured. It is quite true, however, that both during this season and the two which preceded it, the take of salmon was upon the whole not up to the mark, but that probably resulted from causes other than the scarcity of fish; for, in a late season we personally saw, in the course of about twenty hours, some fine fish ascending to the upper waters of Tay, not one of which would be less than 20 lbs. in weight. That was after the nets had been taken off the river; and an old fisherman with whom we conversed assured us that there was always a fine run of fish as soon as the close time began, "just for all the world as if the salmon had waited till the way was cleared for them."

No official statistics of the number of salmon which are annually caught in rivers of the United Kingdom are taken; but from the number of boxes of these fish which in the season are sent from Scotland to Billingsgate, a pretty good guess can be made of the total salmon production of the land of "the mountain and the flood." Thus, in 1881, including fish from the Tweed, there reached the great wholesale bourse of London 29,724 boxes of salmon, each box of which weighed 50 lbs., and the low wholesale average of one shilling per pound weight, the sum of money paid by London to Scotland in 1881 for its venison of the waters would amount to £192,930; and taking it for granted that our home consumption of salmon would be equal to about 8,000 boxes, a sum of £60,000 would thereby be added, making a total of £252,930 (the annual value of our Scottish salmon fisheries, from the Tweed to the Tay, and from profits to losses of fishing stations, before the net rental cost be struck. The price of a shilling per pound weight, which we have quoted, is probably too low, as at certain seasons of the year salmon in London brings from half-a-crown to seven shillings a pound weight. The salmon retail of Scotland, while it is undoubtedly more than double that of England, is certainly not half that of France, and the latter country exports every year from Ireland over half a million of pounds sterling. From these figures it will be obvious that, if by some means we could add a few pounds to the average weight of our fish, it would tend to largely increase the money value of our salmon supply. Assuming it to be possible that four pounds could be added all round to the marketable fish, that would, at the wholesale rate of one shilling per pound, add six shillings to the price of each salmon, and at a rough guess increase the value of our Scottish salmon supply more than £300,000 per annum.

And now to conclude. If the writer were to be asked to say, "on soul and conscience," how old the 50-lb. fish was which was captured this season in the river Tay, he would be loath to commit himself to an opinion, even after thirty years' experience of the fish of the salmon both on Tay and on Tweed. It is one of the misfortunes which attend on fishery, that there exists a plentiful supply of figures with which to prove anything about that fish that wants proof! We have already given figures to show that salmon grow at the rate of at least five pounds a season, and that is a rate of growth which we have always found practical fishermen ready to admit. There comes, however, a period in its life, we believe, at which growth either altogether ceases, or becomes greatly slower than the rate of increase which is incidental to the early years of its life. Will there be any salmon over twelve years of age? We once landed an 80-lb. fish, but it bore upon it no mark by which we could find out its age; it might, for all that we could see by a careful examination, be twenty years old, or it might only be ten. It will be not a little curious if the problem of salmon growth should ultimately be settled at the antipodes. The salmon has been acclimatized in our Australian colonies. What date of its introduction by man, and what date it is well known, so that when a large fish shall be caught, there will be almost no doubt as to its age. The salmon, we are told by some experts in fishery economy, never adds to its growth while it inhabits the fresh water—it is in the sea it finds its productive feeding grounds; it is in the great deep it puts on its annual increments of flesh—"cleads its bones," as James Hogg used to say, "from which it returns a larger and more valuable water-larva increased in size and greatly advanced in value. Upon one occasion, when we landed a 33-lb. Tay salmon that had just been netted, we put the question to its captor, an old fisherman, "What do you think its age will be?" and he replied without any hesitation, "I would say, sir, that she's a six-year-old, if she's a day." There is every probability that his estimate was a correct one, and having given his reply, we shall, for the present, take leave of the salmon as an object of natural history.

* At the close of the present season, a 50-pounder was taken in the Tay (by net); and more than one specimen weighing 45 lbs. was captured in the same way. The date of its introduction by man, and what date it is well known, so that when a large fish shall be caught, there will be almost no doubt as to its age. The salmon, we are told by some experts in fishery economy, never adds to its growth while it inhabits the fresh water—it is in the sea it finds its productive feeding grounds; it is in the great deep it puts on its annual increments of flesh—"cleads its bones," as James Hogg used to say, "from which it returns a larger and more valuable water-larva increased in size and greatly advanced in value. Upon one occasion, when we landed a 33-lb. Tay salmon that had just been netted, we put the question to its captor, an old fisherman, "What do you think its age will be?" and he replied without any hesitation, "I would say, sir, that she's a six-year-old, if she's a day." There is every probability that his estimate was a correct one, and having given his reply, we shall, for the present, take leave of the salmon as an object of natural history.

TROUT IN LONG ISLAND.—The reports indicate a good season for trout on the island. At Great River, the presence of Messrs. Willard and Imbrie, some fine fish have been taken. Last week, Mr. Chapman took between twelve and fifteen fish. Mr. Imbrie has made a good score earlier in the season. The shad fly, a kind of gray gnat, seems the favorite; it is sometimes dressed with white wings. Mr. Endicott has been the guest of Mr. Peeks on the north shore, and has had good sport. At the South Side Club the members have had good fishing, and some large fish have been taken.

BIG BLACK BASS.—I am informed by Fish Warden Elias Sindle, of Greenwood Lake, that a dead big-mouth bass was found floating in the lake early in this month, which must have been the patriarch of the New Jersey big-mouths. It weighed when taken from the water eight pounds, and measured twenty-six inches from end to end. Mr. Sindle also stated that he caught a pickerel in the lake about two weeks ago, weighing six and a half pounds. These were big fish. Is there evidence of so large a black bass being found here, in the waters of this locality?—J. W. G.

TROUT IN THE ADIRONDACKS.—Potdam; St. Lawrence County, N. Y., April 16.—We are having most delightful weather here just now, and as a natural sequence, the local anglers are talking fish and fishing. The first catches of the season, in the waters of this county, were made last week. Good luck is reported. A week ago we had big snow banks and winter weather; to-day the ice and snow have entirely disappeared, and the mercury is "looking over" 60.—W. S. R.

Fishculture.

FISHCULTURE IN NEW ZEALAND.

OWING to the irregularity or total absence of the records of the proceedings of most of the New Zealand acclimatization societies, it is not an easy task to collate anything approximating a complete account of the work done by them. Enough, however, is on record to show that, for a young colony whose population is almost entirely engaged in the hard, practical battle of a very difficult and untried life, the expenditure of money has been made with a view to supplementing, by the importation and propagation of foreign game birds, animals and fish, the sparse supply of animal life with which nature has furnished the country. The first acclimatization society in New Zealand was established in 1834, in the province of Otago, in the Southern Island, and since that date Auckland seems to have followed with equal success in the same line. The Auckland Society was first organized in 1837, and since that time societies have been formed in Wellington, Hawkes Bay, Wanganui, Nelson, Marlborough and Greymouth.

The importations, propagations and distributions of the principal kinds of fish to which these societies have turned their attention, are, as nearly as could be ascertained, the following:

CALIFORNIA SALMON (*S. ginnala*).
In the end of the year 1870 a shipment of ova was received from San Francisco, and 130,000 of the ova of the colony of which 100,000 were sent to Canterbury; 65,000 of these were successfully hatched there and liberated in eight of the most suitable rivers of the district. In May, 1880, on a special application in that behalf presented to the Government, a consignment of 100,000 ova was sent to Otago, 80,000 of which were hatched and turned into the Kakanui stream three months after their arrival; but the report of that acclimatization society for 1881 states that no certainty of the existence of the adult fish in the district can be given. On the arrival of these ova, several reports of large fish, answering the description of the salmon, having been occasionally caught there in fishermen's nets.

A considerable number of *S. ginnala* ova have also been sent to and turned out in the Southland rivers, but there is no information as to the results.

In the North Island districts of Auckland, Hawkes Bay, and Wanganui, and in Nelson and Marlborough, in the northern part of the South Island, large numbers of the fish have been turned out on the rivers, but there is no evidence of their existence in any of these places, and it is conjectured that the average temperature of the streams and coastal waters is too high for their successful propagation.

BRITISH SALMON (*S. salar*).
Attempts to acclimatize this national fish have, according to the records, been confined to Otago, Southland and Canterbury, in the South Island, and have met with but doubtful success. Of 200,000 ova imported in 1868 to Otago, but 1,500 were hatched and turned out, and in 1876 a further instalment of about 3,000 young fish were hatched in Otago and liberated in the Aparima River in Southland. At this latter date, too, 150 young fish were hatched and turned out in Canterbury; but the evidence of the existence of this fish in the rivers on the coast of the North Island is so fragmentary that it is difficult to ascertain in the case of *S. ginnala*. Devotees of the rod, however, still live in hope of enjoying many a fight with specimens of both these magnificent game fish in our Southern waters.

SALMON TROUT (*S. trutta*).
The importation of this fish has also been confined to Otago and Southland, the ova having been originally obtained from Tasmania in 1870. Altogether some 1,200 young fish have been liberated in the rivers of these districts, and a good many specimens have from time to time been taken in Otago harbor by fishermen in their nets. This fish is still closely preserved by law, and the opportunities for ascertaining their condition and habits are limited. There can be, however, little doubt that they are well established in our Southern waters, and may fairly be expected to form at no very distant day a staple portion of our marine commodities.

BROWN TROUT (*S. fario*).
This favorite fish, the original supply of which came from Tasmania, has succeeded most remarkably in many parts of the colony. Otago made the earliest importation, of 800 ova, in 1838 and has since imported two lots, of 1,000 each, in 1869 and 1870. Most of these were successfully hatched and reared, and the fish has succeeded so well in the Southern districts that it has been able not only to stock all its own suitable streams, but also to send large supplies to other parts of the colony. Between 1865 and 1880 that society has distributed more than a 1,000,000 ova, and about 500,000 young trout have been turned out in most localities with marked success. The first importation of the Canterbury Society of 800 of these ova from Tasmania in 1867 was a failure. Subsequent attempts, however, met with better success, and breeding has been carried on with great success in the Southern districts of Marlborough, Hawkes Bay, Wanganui, Wellington, Auckland

and Greytown have been indebted for their supplies of trout mainly to Otago and Canterbury. In but few of the Northern districts, however, has this fish attained the size and numbers which it reaches in the South, and in some of the former its progress, if any, is but slow.

For some years trout fishing has, in its season, rejoiced the heart and created the talk of the anglers of Canterbury and Otago; and, though none of us here can boast of such large numbers and weight as those recorded as made by our trans-Pacific cousins, still we believe we can show larger specimens of *S. fario* than any other part of the world. The fact that many of our trout weigh up to sixteen pounds weight in the Southern rivers, and some of this size may be seen in our museums. Fish of 10 to 16 pounds are comparatively common, while the average weight of salmon from the North Island is about 10 pounds. It is not probable that they are not everywhere as abundant devotees of the gentle art have more than once reported trout estimated at twenty pounds as seen in some of the Southern rivers; but, as none of these have been on the scales, their weight cannot be vouched for. There is, however, a little doubt if there are bigger fish yet in our waters than ever came out of them.

A report recently published in the proceedings of the Colonial Institute here shows the total number of trout bred and distributed through the colony by the various acclimatization societies up to the present time to be 343,000; and there can be no question that this excellent game fish is not only admirably suited to our waters and climate, but has also been thoroughly well established here.

AMERICAN BROOK TROUT (*S. fontinalis*).
A consignment of ova of this fish was conveyed by the Auckland Society in 1877, of which 400 survived and were distributed, but it does not appear to be definitely known what has become of them. No other society seems to have attempted its acclimatization, owing, no doubt, to the unattractive facility with which the brown trout can be obtained.

AMERICAN WHITEFISH (*Coregonus albus*).
The first importation of this fish to Auckland in 1877 was a true importation, 130,000 ova being sent to Otago, and 20,000 were sent to Canterbury and 50,000 to Otago, met with a similar fate, a few only surviving and then perishing by a short time. In January, 1880, however, an importation of 500,000 ova from San Francisco was received by the Colonial Society, and 200,000 were sent to Canterbury and 300,000 to Otago. Of the successful earlier career of the 300,000 transmitted to Canterbury an account appeared in FOREST AND STREAM of March 11, 1880. The greater part of these ova were in excellent condition and hatched rapidly; but, owing, it was supposed, to the hot weather and the consequent high temperature of the water, thousands of the young fish perished daily. Within a month of their arrival their numbers were reduced to 28,000, and it was decided to remove 20,000 of the survivors to a piece of water similar in situation and character to Lake Coleridge, in the middle of the Southern Alps and fed by streams from the glaciers. The journey was successfully accomplished, and the young fish liberated in the lake under conditions which fully justify the expectation that they will establish themselves there.

Of the same shipment of ova, 250,000 were delivered to the Otago Society, and were at once conveyed to its hatching boxes at Queenstown, located on a small stream running into Lake Wakatipu, a piece of water similar in situation and character to Lake Coleridge. The majority proved to be in first-rate condition, and hatched out freely; but, as in the case of the Canterbury contingent, the young fish survived only a few hours. This mortality was attributed to the comparatively high temperature of the water, which averaged fifty degrees, extreme range being five degrees. As a last resource, the survivors, some 3,000 or 4,000, were liberated in the lake, and as they appeared vigorous, it is hoped they foundered. No further success to have been heard of these fish in either of the lakes, but time may show a successful result. A few of this shipment of whitefish were also sent to the Nelson Society, but, as was to be expected, they perished, the temperature of the water there, they were a total failure.

CATFISH (*Etheostichus calus*).
Auckland seems to be the only place which has attempted to introduce this fish. A shipment was procured in 1877 from America, but only 100 appear to have survived and been liberated, and there is no record of their having been heard of since. Besides the sea, lake and river fish enumerated above, the perch and teal have been successfully acclimatized by some of the societies of the North Island, but there is no record of nearly 1,000 of these fish among settlers who have ponds suitable for them.

WELLINGTON, N. Y., February, 1883.

THE NEVADA COMMISSION.—The report of the Commissioner of Fisheries of Nevada, for 1881-82, is at hand. It gives the laws relating to fish and the duties of the Commissioner in relation to the fisheries of Nevada, which was read before the California State Sportsman's Association by H. G. Parker, Fish Commissioner of Nevada. This paper gives a good account of the character of the streams and the habits of the fish in that State, and also of the various deposits found east and north of the Forty Mile Desert and within the territory receiving the waters of the Carson and Humboldt rivers. Here the absorption and evaporation is so great that during the fall months the level of the large volume of water carried down these rivers can be seen. There is enough, and its saline character has impressed the Commissioner that they were suitable for salmon, and he has stocked them with that fish. In the Maggie, Mary, and Pine creeks, the principal tributaries of the Humboldt in Nevada, are found the best quality of finest flavored trout. The same may be said of the trout of the Humboldt. These fish, from one-half to six pounds in weight, in color and shape are said to resemble more the trout of Northern Pennsylvania, or several species west of the Rocky Mountains. We think that it is the beautiful "Dolly Varden" trout that is referred to; the report further says: "A more warlike water cannot be found, and the fish is more voracious than any of the gorges through which these streams course make a day's angling most enjoyable. A more choice repast cannot be served than from these delicious, white-fleshed, firm trout, sure to be ready on the spit when the oven is camp-fire lighted." Land-locked salmon, rainbow and Eastern brook trout, catfish and perch, or white bass, have been planted, and in most cases evidences of success have been found.

THE KENTUCKY COMMISSION.—Mr. Griffith has stocked the Asylum Ponds, at Anchorage, Ky., with carp spawners, so there will be a beautiful supply in due time. One pond, stocked with Prof. Baird's carp two years, has a large number of ten inches long. One caught a few days ago weighed six and a half pounds net, was pronounced fine eating by a good judge. The hatching house is running.—VAN.

THE LOSS TO THE FISH COMMISSION.—The report that a large portion of the goods sent to the London Fisheries Exhibition have been lost as sea is untrue. It arose from the fact that some boats which were stored on the deck of the ship were blown away. One caught a few days ago weighed six and one-half pounds net. They can easily be replaced.

THE PENNSYLVANIA COMMISSION.—Philadelphia.—It is reported that Mr. Mather, of this city, is about ready to fish hatching, and the Fish Commissioner is looking about for a new site for the State fish hatchery.—HOBO.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1888.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 23. Class—Hounds.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1888.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials. At New York, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the New York, N. Y. for the All-England Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Custer, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

December, 1888.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Traylor, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."

Entries for the May number of the American Kennel Register should be sent in at once. No entries for that number will be received after next Tuesday, May 1.

NEW YORK BENCH SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In addition to the classes announced to be judged by Mr. James Watson, he will also judge greyhounds, deerhounds, and wehlers. Mr. J. Kirk, of Toronto, will judge the new class of terrier poodles, and Major J. M. Taylor will judge foxhounds.

The club hope to see a large assemblage of sportsmen here, as the Eastern Field Trials Club will hold an important meeting, and the New York Club will probably be formed among the various greyhound fanciers of the country, so that these dogs may be brought under prominently before the public.

Below you will find a list of the additional special prizes which have been donated, such as you published the first list. Special Bitch, which you published last week, should read "for the best brace of greyhounds, dog and bitch," and not for the best single greyhound.

ADDITIONAL SPECIAL PRIZES.

W. H. Ashburner, Esq., of Philadelphia, offers a year's subscription to FOREST AND STREAM, the best bench dog, bitch, dog and bitch, or dog of pure Liverock, if owner does not compete.
A member of the W. K. C. offers special medal for the best dog or bitch, the get of the bulldog Beau.
A friend of the W. K. C. offers a solid silver cup, value \$50, for the best dog or bitch of pure Liverock pedigree, exclusive of winners in championship classes at any show in America.
A friend of the W. K. C. offers a piece of solid silver plate, value \$50, to the best English setter dog under three years of age.

A friend of the W. K. C. offers a gold medal for the best brace of Irish setters, dog or bitch, sired by champion Rufus.
Maj. C. F. Ulrich offers a solid silver salad bowl, for the best collection of collie bitches of not less than three, to be owned by one club.

A member of the W. K. C. offers a club medal suitably engraved for the best bull-terrier, dog or bitch, to be judged without regard to color.
A member of the W. K. C. offers \$30 for the best English setter brood bitch, to be shown with two of her progeny of the same litter, quality of the progeny to be considered together with the dam in judging.

The W. K. C. offers a club medal, suitably engraved, for the best kennel of collies, to consist of not less than five, owned by exhibitor.

Alfred Boote, Esq., offers a gold medal for the best five collie pups, under 12 months, owned by one exhibitor.
Messrs. J. S. S. E. and S. S. E. offer a handsome bronze antique clock in plaque for the best greyhound dog in the show that has never before taken a first prize.

The following prizes, made by the Medford Fancy Goods Company, are offered by the New York Sportsman for dogs in the open classes, not champion classes:

- Red Irish Setter.—To be given to the best dog or bitch, silver lined chain collar, lined with plush. Value \$50.
- Pointer.—To be given to the best dog or bitch, a fine grain leather collar, set with mountings. Value \$25.
- Bull-Terrier.—To be given to the best dog or bitch, a fancy hand-stretched leather collar, with fancy nickel mountings. Value \$25.
- Bulldog.—To be given to the best dog or bitch, a fine hand-engraved leather collar, with fancy nickel mountings. Value \$25.
- Collie.—To be given to the best dog or bitch, a fine hand-engraved leather collar, with fancy mountings. Value \$30.
- Pug.—To be given to the best dog or bitch, a fancy leather dog harness, with finely plated gold trimmings. Value \$25.

Many other special prizes have been offered.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Sup.

GREYHOUND MEDAL.—It will be remembered that Mr. Lotz of Chicago, at the time of the Cleveland Show, offered a gold medal for competition between his greyhound, Doubleshot, and Mr. E. Dawson's greyhound, Spring. The dogs were to have met in London, Oct. soon after the Cleveland Show; but Doubleshot being out of condition, Mr. Dawson won the medal by default. He has placed it in our hands, to be given to the best greyhound dog, which has been offered to offer to the best greyhound dog or bitch in the show.

NEW YORK, LAKE ERIE & WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE OF THE GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT.—New York, April 12, 1888.—Chas. Lincoln, Esq.: Replying to your favor of the 10th inst., we will transport free of charge our dogs, which have been allowed to attend the exhibition at the Westminster Kennel Club Bench Show, to be held in New York, May 8 to 11, 1888, when accompanied by their owners or care-takers; but those who desire to avail themselves of this privilege must make application for tickets for passage for the Westchester Street, 21 Cordwain street, New York, either personally or by letter, and it must also be understood that it is agreed that only one dog will be carried for each person in charge of same presenting a ticket. If, however, any person should desire to take more than one dog, his application for passes for same will be considered. Very respectfully, JNO. N. ABBOTT, General Passenger Agent.

A QUEER COPARTNERSHIP.—During a visit to my farm yesterday afternoon I noticed one of my greyhounds which has been allowed to attend at a mouse hole, and about twenty feet back stood one of my Skye terriers backing her. His muscles were as fixed as a piece of statuary, in which position he remained until the bitch moved on, when he made for the hole and went to work to scratch it with his claws. A true Skye terrier. The bitch is evidently in the habit of finding the holes for the little terrier, for it seemed thoroughly understood by them both. I suppose the setter's scolding would be much more acute than with a greater cuss.—SAMUEL G. DIXON (Philadelphia, Pa., April 20).

your journal last week. You make me say "cow-backed" instead of "cow-backed" where I allude to a friend's setter puppy. Again you have substituted the word "setter" for "pointer" when I say I do not like a "stirky wavy-coated" pointer in color. I have a lemon-colored setter, but am not an admirer of the washed-out lemon color we find in some pointers. This is a mere matter of fancy. The great Hamlet was the first of the lemon and white pointers, but I must confess that to my vision he was heavy, had a handsome head, but a weak liver and white. Every eye to his taste, as the old woman said when she kissed the cow. Accept, Mr. Editor, countless good wishes for the bright future of FOREST AND STREAM, which brought me many a glorious hour in my pen and home last winter, and consider me faithfully yours, STUART TAYLOR.

AMERICAN COCKER SPANIEL CLUB.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual general meeting of the American Cocker Spaniel Club will be held on Wednesday, the 6th prox., at the Westminster Kennel Club's Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York. Special prizes will be given by the club for the best cocker spaniel, dog and bitch, exhibited by members, and the Cocker Spaniel Produce Stakes will be quite an interesting event of the show, as the prizes will amount to quite a handsome sum. Any cocker breeders or admirers who wish to join the club and take part in the proceedings at the annual meeting are requested to communicate with J. F. Kink, Hon. Secretary, 44 Kings Street, West, Toronto.

RUSSIAN.—Following is the pedigree of the brindle and white smooth-coated St. Bernard imported in December, 1877, when five months old, from the kennel of Mr. Macdonald, England: *Sire*—Monarque II. (6,388), (Champion Monarque 13,340)—*Nm*—Champion Monarque by Souldan out of Diana. *Nm* by Champion Tell (8,20) out of Dido. *Champion Tell* by Hero out of Diane. *Diane*—Bonnet (Barry II.)—*Famita* (6,451). *Barry II.* by Champion Tell (2,58) out of Dido. *Famita* by Barry (Souldan)—Diane out of Toni.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through an unintentional oversight it was omitted to acknowledge and return thanks to Messrs. Tatlam, manufacturers of shot, for their generous donation to the F. F. T. Club, through George W. Cooke, Esq., last autumn. Hoping this explanation will be excused me as acceptable. I am respectfully, W. A. COSTER, Sec. E. F. T. Club.

LOWELL BENCH SHOW.—West Foxford, Mass., April 17.—The Middlesex Association will hold their second bench show at Lowell, Mass., on Friday, April 13, and 14, 1934.—*CLIAS.* A. ANDREW, Superintendent.

GREYHOUNDS.—A meeting of greyhound owners and persons interested in the breed will be held in one of the rooms of the Madison Square Garden, Tuesday, May 8, at 7 o'clock P. M.

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

☞ No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

G. C. H., Syracuse, N. Y.—Breed your Laverack setter bitch to a Laverack or Llewellyn dog.

W. R. C., Brooklyn.—Reduce her feed and give plenty of exercise. She will probably be all right on Wednesday, the 6th prox., if Philadelphia. The fits may be due to worms, but she will probably outgrow them. Give one-half teaspoonful syrup of hickory every other day for a week. Keep it cool.

Four Wazze, Mich.—A well-bred pointer, about two years old, is suffering badly with diarrhoea. It has attacked his neck all under parts, feet and legs. Have tried a great many remedies, but cannot check it except temporarily. He eats well, but keeps thin. Can he be cured? Ans. Wash thoroughly with any strong soap, then soap on sulphuric acid, neutral sulphuric acid, 1 part to 4 of water. Do this the morning on every day for a week, unless skin becomes inflamed, then stop. Following this up by a sulphur treatment, applied freely, we have cured many cases of this kind.

F. B. N., New York.—Since a filly, two weeks ago, my eight months colic pup has been comparatively staid and active, and also seems to be doing his appetite. I have tried to see if he coughs quite frequently, as though there was something in his throat. His nose is cold most of the time. He seems very timid when in the backyard and will get into the stable when he hears the noise of passing wagons, but does not notice them at all while I am exercising him in the street. Ans. Gain his confidence and he will probably outgrow his timidity. For the cough, let him have a teaspoonful of cod liver oil one hour after eating.

S., Troy, N. Y.—A liver and white pointer, like breed, about nine months old, at all times, has a white, yellowish, greenish, and blackish, silvers of wood, paper, buffons, and in fact any article he can get to his mouth. He is lean, and at times the white of his eyes is bloodshot and watery. He has a habit of rubbing his head and neck muck mixed together, but it does not like it and sometimes goes all day lamer than he is, though he will eat most greedily. He is kind and playful, and will get into any trap. He is a good and immense power ball hunt. Imported from the New York show, 1833, by Mr. Chas. H. Mason.

C. H. F., Montpelier, Vt.—My shepherd dog, eight years old, commenced bleeding from the ears, and it seems to be coming from around the teeth. When stepped in one place, it starts out in another. Dog is very weak and nervous. Dais little, drinks well, but is bright, now and then. I have had two doctors, who say they know not the disease or cause. Ans. Do probably suffer from some toxic disease, but I have had a good deal of success in the use of tannin or persulfate of iron is to be recommended to check bleeding. This is usually effective. Should bleed again, try Mousier's solution of iron, obtained at any drug store. Make topical application, drying spot from which the blood starts with a cloth and then painting the surface with the solution, using a camel's hair brush. It is important that the dog's strength should be kept up. To that end give quinine and iron, and feed beer tea, strong broths, or raw meat.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kennel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal:

1. Age or sex.
2. Breed.
3. Sex.
4. Age or sex.
5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death.
6. Owner of dog.
7. Name of dog.
8. Name and address of person on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

☞ See instructions at head of this column.
Champion—By Mr. Wm. L. L. L., La Grange, Ill., Minn., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
Champion—By Mr. L. A. L., Minneapolis, Minn., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
Dash III—By Mr. H. E., Hamilton, New York, for pointer dog, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
Champion—By Mr. Wm. W., Lodi, Cal., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
Champion—By Mr. Wm. W., Lodi, Cal., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
Champion—By Mr. Wm. W., Lodi, Cal., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.

Thomas did not claim said name in FOREST AND STREAM, I consider my puppy the most rightful owner of the name. I desire to avoid confusion in the future, I intend using my puppy for stud purposes.—*Ann. C. Krowka.*

BREED.

☞ See instructions at head of this column.
Champion—By Mr. Wm. W., Lodi, Cal., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
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WHELPS.

☞ See instructions at head of this column.
Young—By Mr. Wm. W., Lodi, Cal., for pointer bitch, whelped March 28, 1883, by Dilley's Ranger out of White Lily.
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SALES.

☞ See instructions at head of this column.
Senior—Pointer pup (Champion Donald—Devonshire Lass), by Mr. C. M. Munnah (Cleveland, O.) to Mr. J. B. Perkins, same place.
Clifford—Pointer pup (Champion Donald—Devonshire Lass), by Mr. C. M. Munnah (Cleveland, O.) to Mr. Joseph Perkins, Jr., same place.
Bonnie—Irish setter, Red Irish setter, whelped Dec. 12, 1883, by Mr. E. B. Baker (Buckport, Me.) a bitch to Mr. Thomas H. Field (Boston, Mass.), a dog to Mr. Walter White (Boston, Mass.), a dog to Mr. Geo. H. Kent (Lancaster, N. H.), a dog to Mr. Wm. Duck (Orford, Me.), and a dog to Mr. C. F. Foster (Boston, Mass.).
Scott—Tawny red Scotch collie pup (Marcus—Isle), whelped July 28, 1882, by Mr. T. C. Faxon (Boston, Mass.) to Mr. J. D. Slottweg (Baltimore, Md.).
Lady—White Scotch collie pup (Marcus—Isle), whelped July 28, 1882, by Mr. T. C. Faxon (Boston, Mass.) to Mr. J. D. Slottweg (Baltimore, Md.).
Jeanie—Black and white Scotch collie pup (Marcus—Isle), whelped July 28, 1882, by Mr. T. C. Faxon (Boston, Mass.) to Mr. J. D. Slottweg (Baltimore, Md.).
Deirdre—Black and white Scotch collie pup (Marcus—Isle), whelped July 28, 1882, by Mr. T. C. Faxon (Boston, Mass.) to Mr. J. D. Slottweg (Baltimore, Md.).
Waldie—Irish setter, Red Irish setter, whelped Dec. 12, 1883, by Mr. E. B. Baker (Buckport, Me.) a bitch to Mr. Thomas H. Field (Boston, Mass.), a dog to Mr. Walter White (Boston, Mass.), a dog to Mr. Geo. H. Kent (Lancaster, N. H.), a dog to Mr. Wm. Duck (Orford, Me.), and a dog to Mr. C. F. Foster (Boston, Mass.).
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Deirdre—Black and white Scotch collie pup (Marcus—Isle), whelped July 28, 1882, by Mr. T. C. Faxon (Boston, Mass.) to Mr. J. D. Slottweg (Baltimore, Md.).

IMPORTATION.

☞ See instructions at head of this column.
Friday Night—Greyhound (Masters' Prince—J. H. Sailer's Sally), Friday Night is a black dog, with white feet, is 13 mos. old, and is brother to Mr. A. Sailer's Saturday night winner of the Lyttan Cup. It is a very good quality dog, with a fine head, and an immense power ball hunt. Imported from the New York show, 1883, by Mr. Chas. H. Mason.

Rifle and Trap Shooting

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

HUNTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I want to say a few words on hunting rifles with your permission. I shall avoid all attempts at anything like scientific minutiae, and concentrate on the things that every gunner, who has the least interest every lover of this truly royal weapon.

In the first place, as to accuracy. To have accuracy and uniformity in the shooting qualities of a rifle, it must be made with accuracy. This depends, beyond controversy, upon having a straight and symmetrical tube, and in having the metal of a homogeneous density quite throughout. In the second place, the barrels should be made of a number of rifles, as we find them on the market, are either crooked in the barrels or else unevenly bored. This is not strange when we consider the fact that the gunner, who is the maker of the rifle, is of metal, expansion, contraction, etc.

Some rifles have given unusual results as to accuracy, and have been known for a wide area remarkably close-shooting guns, their worth being altogether intrinsic, as there was nothing ornate about them. I have seen a Sharps carbine last fall while hunting on the plains, that had "gone through the war," and looked as though literally used up, that would give as good, or better results in long-range shooting, say from 200 to 300 yds., as the best guns in the field. No care was taken with it. When we started on a camp hunt it was thrown into the wagon with the camp rubbish, left lying on the ground, seldom ever cleaned, and yet this arm never missed fire, was remarkably successful in hugging game and in killing clean. There is no other way to account for this, except that the metal was homogeneous, and the metal straight and even. Now, if we may possibly suggest something crooked, like fence posts, after being bored. When this is the case, no mechanic can straighten them and keep them straight.

It is a common error to suppose that the most foolproofness about this matter, the better for the practical hunter. A gun that has to be cleaned and oiled after each discharge is worthless in the hands of a hunter, who is sure to get it out of order. If the rifling is too close and the gain too prominent, you have constant fouling and necessarily inaccurate. Then, there is another fault in our rifles, and that is, that they are made with a too narrow conventional in case you have a tight shell or impacted bullet in front of the chamber. My first buffalo hunt was with a guide who used a rifle of this kind, and we were unable to get a shot at a buffalo, carried a wing-stick in his gun, about a foot longer than the gun barrel, and when we dismounted to shoot the wing-stick had to be cut off, and the rifle was then used to shoot the buffalo. I have seen a hunter for whom the fusilade ended. I wrote to a prominent manufacturer, enclosing the necessary three-cent stamp to prepay postage, and asking him to send me a rifle of this kind, and to see if I could get something on the style of our old muzzle-loaders. After waiting for some time, I received the reply that this was only a matter of taste, and that he would like to see the rifle, and that he would like to see using one of his heavy guns at the time, and rather liked its shooting qualities. So I took it to a friend who was a practical gunsmith and had a rifle of this kind, and he was able to see the rifle, and to see its place, which was more than satisfied me with the utility of this gun. Not only this, but the general appearance of the arm was much improved, and it was a pleasure to see the rifle, and to see it seen fit. Since this time I notice that a rifle is being built by the Massachusetts Arms Co., called the "Pacific rifle," which I know must be appreciated by every hunter who has a rifle.

Now, one other suggestion. A self-ejecting single breech-loader, without concealed hammer, of say, thirty-eight caliber, seventy grains of powder, and a bullet of 100 grains, and you can get a shot enough for anything this side of the Rocky Mountains, and one hundred and forty grains of powder to five hundred grains of lead is not a bad thing, and it takes but a few minutes, and you can afford to fool with them with a less deadly weapon.

These suggestions may be looked upon by some as the whims of a humorist, but I think that the successful hunter, and the sportsman, who is one who makes the best rifle, will be the man who builds a

according to the whims of those who use the rifle, and not the one who adopts a certain model that will, theoretically, proclaim all goods alike as being equally good. Occasional.
SEATTLE, Mo., April, 1882.

I have for many years carried a Sharps rifle on the barrel of which are two small steel shells holding a slender steel rod, the whole being pushed into a little hole in the barrel. One may never need to use this attachment, but if he should want it, he would want it very badly.

MUZZLE vs. BREECH LOADERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I notice in your March 26th issue Mr. James Duane's reply to mine of April 1st.

My reply is courteous and I have read it with much interest. I presume others have been much interested also. I was very well satisfied that he had made a mistake instead of myself. I was sure that he would explain himself. He said that the bullet might contain the J. H. Brown target of January 8, 1882, with the recent target made so (said by Mr. Farrow, with Mr. J. H. Brown's new muzzle loader rifle). The J. H. Brown target I referred to in my communication (March 23) was presented by Mr. Berg, of Danversport, Vt., and is said by him to have been made by Mr. Brown. But as yet, and strange to say, no one has been forward to show me this target, as a genuine full-sized target, with its centre exactly coinciding with the centre of a dollar circle as the true bulls-eye shot at, and unless this is done, I cannot say that the target is a true record, nor do I believe it can be proven up as Mr. Berg presented it. I make no charge of wrong here, as an error may have been committed, but I must say that I am not satisfied that it is a true record, nor do I believe it can be proven up as Mr. Berg presented it. I make no charge of wrong here, as an error may have been committed, but I must say that I am not satisfied that it is a true record, nor do I believe it can be proven up as Mr. Berg presented it.

If your readers have understood me correctly it is that I have taken an open stand in favor of the muzzle-loader vs. the breech-loader for accuracy in the use of this rifle. This is not to say that I am not an ordinary hunting rifle, and the breech-loader must use the put-up ammunition of the makers, and the short corollary hunting bullet is not a good thing, and I am not a fan of the breech-loader, and other kind of rifle, ammunition and shooting, because one point is as much as we can attend to at the same time. No one can deny that the muzzle-loader is a much better rifle, and I am not a fan of the breech-loader. If your readers have understood me correctly it is that I have taken an open stand in favor of the muzzle-loader vs. the breech-loader for accuracy in the use of this rifle. This is not to say that I am not an ordinary hunting rifle, and the breech-loader must use the put-up ammunition of the makers, and the short corollary hunting bullet is not a good thing, and I am not a fan of the breech-loader, and other kind of rifle, ammunition and shooting, because one point is as much as we can attend to at the same time. No one can deny that the muzzle-loader is a much better rifle, and I am not a fan of the breech-loader.

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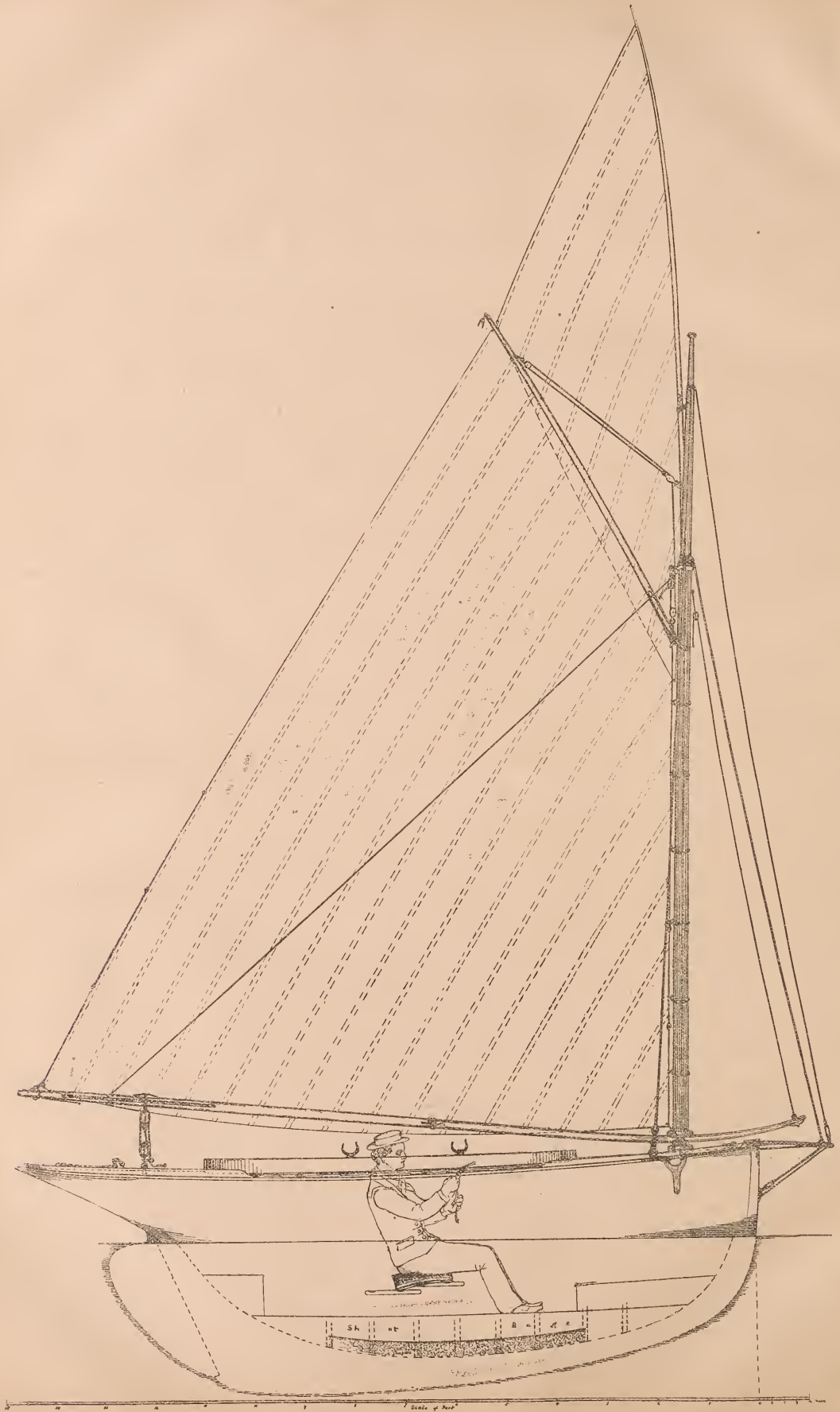
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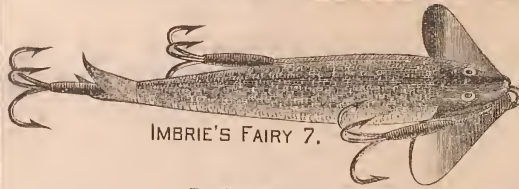


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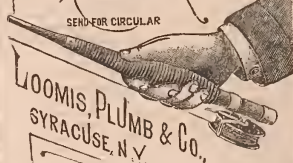
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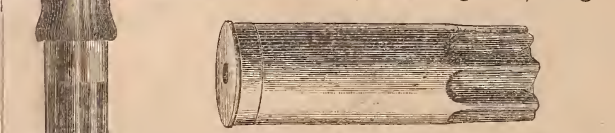
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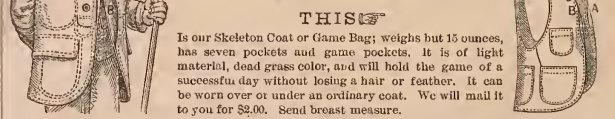
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VOL. XX.—No. 14.
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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INDEFINITE CONDITIONS.

IN the management of the British interests in the International match Maj. Scriven has replaced Maj. Waller as secretary of the special committee having charge of the matter. With this change come intimations of a possibility of misunderstanding as to the exact terms of the match, and it is particularly unfortunate that in all the cloud of correspondence which has been going on back and forth for some time past between the two associations, no one should have taken the simple precaution of writing out the conditions of the match, and by an exchange of copies fix definitely the basis upon which the contest was to be fought. In the pettiest medal match the exact conditions under which each contestant shoots his string of shots is carefully laid down, but when an important match like the International contest is brought up, there are a lot of complimentary generalities, and when a practical point in shooting is touched, the fact comes out that these hazy rules and regulations which are supposed to govern the match may mean anything or nothing.

In 1882 there were concessions on both sides. When the British team men reached here they found the Americans with pistol grip rifles, having sights which, while they were not fine enough to be styled match sights, were a great remove from a military model. The conditions of the match had been doubly at fault in failing to har out what should not be allowed, and in omitting to specify, exactly and beyond question, what was to be permitted in the match. There had not been enough of knowledge on each side of what the other side was doing in the way of improving the military rifle. The British arms came as revelations to the American marksmen, and only the presumption which ignorance inspires could have led the Americans to hope for a victory under the circumstances.

It is an open question whether a victory was ever really expected or worked for. It is pretty certain that something very close to an assurance of winning had to be

held out to induce the British team to cross the ocean. Among the other pleasantries proffered the visitors was a well-arranged opportunity of breaking the line of American victories before the butts. The previous contests had been managed by the riflemen. The men who shot the match had control of the preliminaries, and did not go into the battle with anything like the overwhelming handicap which weighted down the gallant twelve who fought the match of September, 1882. With the end of that match came a demand that some chance be left open for a victory which the Americans might hope to win if they worked for it in 1883. Changes in the rear and front sights were asked for, and also a modification as to the date of enlistment of men who might take part in the match.

Readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are familiar with the application of the American Board of Directors for a modification of the conditions and the reply of the British Committee. Secretary Seabury, for the American riflemen, asked for "the use of the wind-gauge," and Sir Henry Hallford suggested "that the wind-gauge on the back sight, which is likely to be adopted by our regular army, be permitted hereafter in all military breech-loader matches at Wimplesdell." Now comes up a cloud of doubt as to the interpretation of what a wind-gauge really is. Shall it be an accurately graduated sight capable of the finest scalings, or shall it be some sort of a sliding cross-bar which is set with a push over and held only by the friction of the parts? The British council have been great sticklers for what they term a "service" arm, which means generally, when it is defined, a weapon which in some way has found favor in the eyes of the British army or volunteers. While the council were preparing the conditions of the match of 1882 it meant a rifle with a fixed rear sight so far as any lateral motion was concerned, though for years before the New York State model arm, and the arms sent out from the Springfield Armory, bore rear sights which could be shifted for wind by the turn of a screw. The same board which declared the thin harley-corn front sight of the American rifle did not come within their notion of a service arm, are ready to accept a rear wind-gauge which is nothing more than a bar held to the uprights by the pressure of a spring.

Suppose such an arm should fall on the ground, the heavy iron front sight would possibly get battered, while the unstable wind-gauge would be pretty certain to slip out of position, whereas the thin steel foresight of the American arm would stand any amount of ill-use, while the rear sight once set by a turn of the screw remains so until changed by the hand of the rifeman.

The fact is that the service arm of the future is to be something far nearer the match rifle than the snap-shooting weapons which have formerly made such noise in the hands of troops. At present there is no fixed standard. Surely the arms used at the last match will not be placed under that heading, for they were mere target appliances made to provoke bulleseyes over certain know-ranges, fitted with ammunition which would not bear the rough transport of an active campaign, and in many minor respects far different from what an experienced army officer would select to put into the hands of the general run of soldiers. The use of such a shifting term as "service arm" is sufficient to keep the conditions of any match in an unsettled state, for the service arm of to-day may be the discarded arm of to-morrow.

A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

LAST March the Litchfield, Conn., *Enquirer* published the following:

We hear a curious law point discussed. A man was driving across our lake recently, near where some holes had been cut and lined fixed by a fisherman. He noticed that there was a tile at one of the holes, sprang out, pulled in a three and a half pound fish, flung it into his sleigh, and was off before the fisherman could reach him. Was it a theft; or, in other words, to whom did that fish belong? It seems probable that it belonged to the man who pulled it out, for the rule about game—fish, fowl, or fowl—is that it belongs to whoever actually gets possession of it, and to no one till in his actual possession. Pretty sharp practice, though.

The way in which the case is put renders it doubtful to whom the fish legally belongs. Legal right is often the reverse of moral right. If the fish legally belonged to the traveler in the sleigh who pulled it out, then a bird killed by a sportsman but not yet picked up will belong to the one who may grab it first, even though the shooter has advanced to it and is bending over to reach it. We know of many men who, while not qualified to administer law, would substitute justice in the case of a man trying to claim their game which, according to the code, has not yet been reduced to possession, by being placed in the bag. We probably know a thousand such men, and it would be worth a journey to see the man-

ner in which they received a person who claimed their game between the shooting and the retrieving of it.

Anglers, as a class, have the reputation of being more gentle than other people, whether so or not the Census Bureau has no definite information, but we think we may possibly know a score or so of the contemplative fraternity who would not be so lost in their contemplation that they would not feel their blood flow faster at the sight of a man taking a three-pounder off their line, and if near to him, something might drop, perhaps the fish alone, perhaps more than the fish.

The *Enquirer* asks, "Was it theft?" This we cannot answer. The man might have only borrowed the fish for scientific purposes, such as to learn how long it would take to loil it, or to find out what sauce was best with it. It might have been a fish that stole a hook from him last summer and he only wished to see if the hook was there yet, or it might have been a fish that had been taking off his young ducks; we cannot say. All these things would have to be fairly presented before a correct decision could be arrived at.

We notice the absence of a most important element in this case. We have only the bare fact that one man cut a hole in the ice and put in a hook, no line being mentioned, and that a passer by noticed a bite on the hook and pulled in a fish and drove rapidly off. The person who reported the case probably saw it from a distance through a telescope, for there is no record of any conversation. The failure to give the remarks of the fisherman is fatal to a correct understanding of the case. His views might have been expressed in few words, or at length, but what he said on that important occasion has been lost. We should have been pleased to have heard him sum up. What did the fisherman say?

GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

THE relation of his experiences in the Adirondacks by "Piseco" is timely. He bewails the decadence of morals and manners among a certain class of guides, and the existence of a most pernicious system whereby the "hotel guides" heed the unfortunate tourist who falls into their clutches. "Piseco" is undeniably right in his censures of this class of so-called guides.

It is equally true that the particular class of Adirondack tourists who support these "hotel guides" is a very different class from that of the old-time tourists, who could appreciate a genuine guide's services. It must be remembered that the majority of visitors to the Adirondacks are not sportsmen, in any good or bad sense of the term. Most of them are mere pleasure-seekers with no aspirations to anything other than flitting away their time in the beaten round of summer hotel life. If the old guides have degenerated, or been superseded by a new class of designing funkies, no one is more to blame for this than the summer tourist who has created the change. The greenhorn, who rigs himself out in buckskin toggery, with a feather flying in his scalp lock, does not want one of the genuine old-time guides, nor would one of these honest woodsmen care to serve him. The cockney generally has more money than brains, and dispenses the first liberally to conceal his lack of the second. He wants to be put on to the spring holes and to have his fish hooked and "batted in" for him, and for this he is content to pay whatever the attendant may ask.

There is another class of men who visit the Adirondacks. They hire all the guides in a district, pay them four or five times as much as their services are actually worth, and often add liberal presents. Mr. H. Polhemus, of Brooklyn, is reputed to have given one of his guides \$1200 as a gratuity. These men employ a big force, pay big wages, secure a big slaughter, and have the satisfaction of a big brag. No wonder "Piseco" claims that the guides are demoralized. They are but human after all, and the same rule must hold good in the woods that obtains elsewhere: men who are paid extravagantly by rich men will not do the same work for other men for honest wages.

There are yet, however, as our correspondent is careful to say, many good guides in the Adirondacks. We have found that the Brown's Tract men are, as a rule, intelligent and trustworthy. They are alive to the necessity of proper game and fish protection and propagation. They are coming to understand that when the deer and trout go, their own occupation must go, too; and so they refuse the demands of the cockneys to be led to game out of season. The Brown's Tract guides have lately clubbed together, and have sent one of their number, John L. Brinkerhoff, down to the Cold Spring hatchery for land-locked salmon with which to stock Fulton Chain. The Brown Tract region is more difficult of access than some of the other Adirondack resorts,

which the lumberman was well supplied. Community of interests and congenial tastes brought the two classes in contact, and they coalesced. And each furnishing to the common stock his share, they lived happily together in the wilderness.

The sportsman furnished the sinews of war, and the lumberman those of wood and iron.

Beside the lumbermen there was another class from whom spring the very best of guides; these were the men of the Leather Stocking type, of whom my friends "Nessmuk," Alvah Dunning, and Sebattis are examples, men who went into the woods and spent their lives there, because they loved them, and found more real happiness in pursuit of the moose, deer, bear, beaver, mink, otter and martin, than the outside world could give them. These men, however, were not in season, would for companionship, their occupation being gone, join with kindred spirits, and unpaid contribute their skill and knowledge.

After a time the moose were exterminated, the beaver driven to unknown localities, and the other fur-bearing lake angels' visits; the deer became less abundant, and the axe of the lumberman, combined with the saws of the mills, had denuded of forest vast spaces of land, dwindled rivers to creeks, and polluted their waters. Their sport, too, was gone, and these foremen, as they must live, they unwillingly began to accept a moderate pay for their services, and from New York to Canada, and east and west, from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence, through the entire breadth of Essex, Clinton, Warren, Hamilton, Franklin, Herkimer and St. Lawrence counties, that great wilderness which to us of the Northern States, and of New York especially, is worth as much as is the National Park of the United States, to the entire country, they tramped, and camped, dependent upon nature for their supplies, and their own craft to obtain them.

Let me digress right here, and for myself—and I hope and believe all others fond of the woods—express my thanks to State Senator Fred Lansing, whom I am proud to claim as a friend and schoolmate, for the earnest efforts he has made and is now making to preserve to us forever this wild country, and in his efforts, the changes of which I will speak as having already gone too far will go further into the end.

These changes are but natural results. Civilization is following up the pioneer, and the hot and pent-up cities overflow into the wilderness.

For one real hunter or angler who comes into the woods there are hosts who care little for either pursuit, and the business of guiding has assumed large proportions, and instead of being a very necessary and being a very independent man, now nearly all are members of associations. There are Blue Mountain guides, Saranac guides, Long Lake guides, Fulton Chain guides, St. Regis, Raquette, and I don't know how many others, and a migratory sportsman finds that he cannot depend upon a cordial reception being given to his guide if he takes him into the limits claimed by a body of which he is not a member, and as a very large proportion of the employes are utterly inexperienced in woodcraft, and depending upon the hotels, demand very little of their guides, a very inferior class of men have intruded themselves into many bodies of guides, claiming the title and demanding the pay.

Every season thousands migrate to the woods—invaluable in search of health, emulated Saratoga habitues in search of change, and in many instances, and being a very independent man, now nearly all are members of associations. There are Blue Mountain guides, Saranac guides, Long Lake guides, Fulton Chain guides, St. Regis, Raquette, and I don't know how many others, and a migratory sportsman finds that he cannot depend upon a cordial reception being given to his guide if he takes him into the limits claimed by a body of which he is not a member, and as a very large proportion of the employes are utterly inexperienced in woodcraft, and depending upon the hotels, demand very little of their guides, a very inferior class of men have intruded themselves into many bodies of guides, claiming the title and demanding the pay.

By and by they will want to make a little trip on the lake, "go sailing" they generally call it, but the sails are of white fish; and will ask for a "guide," and will be astonished to find that the guides are shown into the dining-rooms, parlors, bedrooms, as their wishes dictate, and after shaking off the dust of travel, they can adjourn to the parlor and listen to pianos, or to the dining-room, and from a well-arranged menu select their dinner.

Or if disposed for a longer trip will take passage in a little steamer, and be carried in her past many places, where they will be informed there desired to come every night, "here used to be a great place for trout."

Wandering about listlessly, costume, style, everything out of place in the brilliant throngs on the piazza, or perhaps sitting on the railing at the far end timidly smoking his pipe and gazing through the windows of the parlor at the evolutions of a german, may be seen now and then some innkeeper sportsman, who like myself on one occasion, after two weeks of slanting out, has selected this route to get out of the woods.

Against all of which I have nothing to say. Thousands of people do get a great deal of pleasure in the life described, and he who don't think it quite fills the requirements can go further and fare worse or better, according to his tastes. All that induces me to bring it in is to base a question. Are the young men who row these ladies and children necessarily to be considered as "guides" and paid as such? Are they guides?

I will answer my own questions, and say, by no means; then, when I shall have finished this letter, will "pounce for replies" from others.

I will give briefly my views as to the qualifications a guide should possess, and the duties which he owes to his employer. But perhaps I cannot do better than to describe instead of define a guide, and a rowing guide, as being from my own experiences, select two strongly contrasting ones.

Many years ago, being in miserable health, feeble, fretful and helpless, I was ordered to the woods by my physician,

At that time I was utterly verdant in everything connected with woods life, having had no experience, and left to my own resources, would have starved in the midst of plenty, and have lost myself a hundred rods from camp; not to go into particulars, I was worse than an ordinary tourist. It was John Leonard, a guide on the Raquette River, took charge of me, and devoted himself to my service. John and I will furnish good originals for pictures of a good guide, and of a man who needed the utmost of a good guide's service. He was not a large man but very wiry, and no man on the river could send his boat up the setting pole rapids in better style, nor tire him out on a tramp.

He began his duties at once by overhauling my kit and rearing me up a guide on the transients. Thus, saving double carries, and himself furnished many things I lacked. He selected camping grounds, felled trees and peeled bark for our slanties, filled up balsam beds, shelves and racks, kept the camp-fires and smudges going night and day, prepared and cooked the meals, washed dishes and, nights or early morning, left me sleeping to slip away and return with venison or fish.

When through restlessness I wearied of one spot and proposed to go to some other, he, while heading the labor shouldered his boat, he cheerfully acquiesced, broke camp, shouldered his boat, which hung on the start about nine-tenths of our load, and to be soon increased by part of the other tenth, would start on a long carry, often by a blind trail, where his axe came frequently into service, I struggling along with perhaps my rod and creel only, growling and grunting and blaming him unjustly, never once getting put out nor falling to humor my whims.

When opportunities served he was unwearied in teaching me woodcraft. From him I learned when and how to peel bark, how to keep up a camp fire during hard rain, where to look for balsam gum to dress a wound, to cook trout, skin, not pluck, a partridge, and in short he gave me a very good start, and during the time we were together performed nearly all of the labor required to support us both comfortably. I may say all, for undoing my blunders sometimes cost him as much as my efforts saved. When he paid, this man, who had no teaching, mink and muskrat, was very contented with his guide's pay, \$2.50 per day, and expressed gratitude for the little gift of gear I made him, not \$10 worth altogether, and of the provisions which he had saved by the substitutes of venison and trout.

Now, I don't wish it to be understood that I think that every guide should, to earn his money, perform for his party all that John Leonard did for me, but the nearer they are willing and able in case of emergency to approach to it the better they will be, and the more nearly do they come to the real description.

Guides should not be expected to do menial work, but they should not, as some of them now do, class as such many little services once cheerfully rendered, nor should they take offense, as some I have known have done, at errors on the part of inexperienced employers. One of the best guides I ever employed kept my wading boots most thoroughly greased, and I had had him to look for me, and other things that I might appear well at a dance. I found then just where he drew a line—the first was guide's business, the second lake's. And nowadays they have full opportunity to learn what are the duties of the latter class while lounging about the hotels and fooling with the cooks and chambermaids.

Two years ago I made another woods trip, and during it I became prejudiced of the spirit of discontent, to which this letter owes its origin.

I had been delayed so that July was well advanced when I dismounted at the door of the Forge House, at the foot of Fulton Chain, from a "trusty steed" that had one day given me a glorious gallop across the clearing between the woods. The house I had been in correspondence and exchanging messages with, Mr. Perry, the landlord of a very pleasant camp on Third Lake, and with "Sam Dunnekin," a new recruit, and with "Sam" doing my duty as a most excellent guide, and presumed that I had completed all arrangements and would be furnished with "a first-class, experienced guide," Dunnekin, whom I had tried to engage, having an engagement. Unfortunately I had written that I was a stranger to the locality, and as such I was treated and taken in.

The "experienced guide" furnished me, turned out to be a man who had the slightest knowledge of the ordinary duties of a guide. He has a youth of perhaps twenty years, strong, intelligent, good-tempered and obliging, but except that he could row a boat better and further, his claims to be a "guide" were but little better than my own.

I did not expect much, I knew that Perry, his cook and chambermaid, would attend to most of my wants; but I did think that as by this time the trout were gathering on the spring-holes, my "guide" could be able to guide me to them in the vicinity. In this he failed utterly, and a long, hard day's work, rowing, paddling, poling, tramping and wading for miles of the North Branch, resulted in nothing. We didn't find a trout, and I doubt if we found either of the spring holes, if we did, my "guide" didn't know it.

The next day was devoted to the lake. There were places where the lakers could be taken, for others caught them. But we rowed in vain; and at last I gave in to his suggestion, and tried the lake resort, boy fishing, for I was hungry for a fish.

The result was the same; and I afterward found that my "guide" didn't know the likely spots for hikers, and further that his boy had not been baited.

I have no doubt but that by this time that young man has developed into quite a good guide; he had it in him, and absorbed eagerly such woodcraft as I taught him. For instance, getting into the boat, he smashed my rod at the end of the line, and according to his ideas, for we had no gnet, and there was no way of getting out of the imprisoned fragment. When I made a little fire, burned it out, and produced from my kit a bit of broken glass, and dressed down the joint, he was astonished.

Well, I wasted two of my twelve days, and paid this boatman full guide's wages and his board bill—just as much as it would have cost me to have had the services of any of the first-class guides, who would have given me the worth of my money in pay, and let the part of fish I resolved to emigrate; so, proceeded leisurely up the lakes and through the outlets into the Raquette.

In passing I must express myself as in accord with "Nessmuk" in his comments upon the devastation produced by the backing up of the waters of Sixth Lake by a dam. Acres of forest are submerged, and the boat route lies through lines of blazed, dying trees.

My object in visiting the Mountain Lake, at which place I hoped to find an express package of costume more appropriate for that off-shoot of Saratoga in the wilderness;

but stopping for dinner at Bennett's, "under the henlocks," I was so enraptured with the beauty of the surroundings, and so well satisfied with my dinner, that I resolved to stay for two or three days.

That evening I was quite content, after my rather fatiguing day, to enjoy the verandah, listen to the singing of some young people out on the lake, and chat with the very pleasant people I found there, and the next morning I had no disposition to give up my comfortable bed before breakfast time. That day it was cool and shady in the woods, and the "hunters' camps," with their balsam floors, were very enticing; just far enough from the house to seem a little lonely, but not so far that the dinner well was out of the evening, though after a thought I would like to spend a couple of hours casting along the shore for black bass, with which the lake is well stocked, and of which many small and sometimes a larger one come in every evening to feed on insects under the projecting branches. To my surprise and disgust I could not hire a boat nor a boatman, although plenty of the former were hauled up on the beach and platform, and a dozen of the latter were grouped near by smoking their pipes.

I had spent the previous evening stretched out on the balsams in the guides' camp, an enormous shanty, and had been treated with perfect civility, and listened with great comfort to the songs and yarns. One of the former, in which "Old Alvah" details some experience of his own with "Ned Buntline," you should, if possible, secure. I had then and there, I presume, expressed my intention of making but a short stay, and when I approached this group, and endeavored to engage a boatman for a few hours, I could see plainly that all hands were much interested in the proposed transaction, also that my chances of success were very limited. The spokesman informed me, civilly enough, that if I wanted to be rowed I must engage a guide by the day. Representing that I had no intention of so doing, but would willingly pay a fair price for a shorter service, I was told that "they didn't do business in that way," and there could be no mistaking the contemptuousness of the remark, as obtained by me as a "tenant," which was manifested by derisive grins, while I was negotiating, and sardonic chuckles as I turned away discomfited and uncomfortable.

I sought the landlord, and I am sure that he would have very gladly accommodated me if he could. He was shrewd enough to appreciate that, as landlord, his interests would be injured by any failure upon his part to do his utmost to insure a pleasant time to his guests, but it was evident that he had no time to take any such pains, and I was obliged to the guides of which he himself had been, and still was, upon occasions, one of the best.

As a compromise, finding that I could row myself, he loaned me a boat. I say loaned, advisedly, for he would not take pay for its use, and thus infringe one of the rules, which was against hiring boats out. He did not tell me this, and it may not have been his reason for refusing, but I was told by good authority that this was the probable reason.

I had been rich enough, or foolish enough to pay a guide's day's wages and board, viz., four dollars, for the trifling service which I wished, which any boy could have rendered, and which I got along very nicely without, I found that the sum would have been only one-third of the total cost of the two hours' row, for through a system of constructive mileage, peculiar to this section, would have to pay in addition two more days' wages. It is assumed that when the boat was disengaged Blue Mountain Lake guides—as those who row upon the Raquette are designated—are at their homes at Blue Mountain, and that they are justly entitled to wages for the two days spent in coming from and returning to their homes, as indeed they might be if the journey to and fro necessarily preceded and succeeded each engagement, and if they had to in consequence "spoil two days"; but in this case, and in the case of the boat, as well as of the disengaged Blue Mountain Lake guides—as those who row upon the Raquette are designated—are at their homes at Blue Mountain, and that they are justly entitled to wages for the two days spent in coming from and returning to their homes, as indeed they might be if the journey to and fro necessarily preceded and succeeded each engagement, and if they had to in consequence "spoil two days"; but in this case, and in the case of the boat, as well as of the disengaged Blue Mountain Lake guides—as those who row upon the Raquette are designated—are at their homes at Blue Mountain, and that they are justly entitled to wages for the two days spent in coming from and returning to their homes, as indeed they might be if the journey to and fro necessarily preceded and succeeded each engagement, and if they had to in consequence "spoil two days"; 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knowledge of woods life and of congenial tastes, and share with them in the heart of the woods the labor and rest, the loneliness and quiet which are incident to camp life, and which form half of its charms.

These guides should realize that in permitting these boatmen to compete with them on even terms they do themselves injustice.

The woods landlords should realize that in sustaining the extortions of these boatmen they do it at the expense of their own interests, for a large majority of those who uo visit the woods care little for hunting or fishing, but who appreciate the delightful climate, the indescribable sensation of rest and freedom from annoyance of all kinds, which they lust realize while longing on the wide, shaded piazzas with books and cards or chess, and with ladies the occupation of fancy work, and for children the croquet, and all are contented to let the hot-looking lakes all gathering the day and spend their time in the cool woods gathering mosses and ferns.

Toward evening though, nearly all would enjoy a row. Two hours a day would cover the average need for this, and thus complete each day with another pleasure. But as I have shown, this pleasure is denied them, unless, indeed, they are willing to submit to extortion, and to pay a man daily a big day's wages for doing nothing but to be around the guides' camp.

There are some very pleasant places that I know of where the landlords have broken clear of this system. At Fletcher's, on Parker Lake; at Paul Smith's, on St. Keris; at Rude's, on Lake Piseco; at Andrews' and Sturgis', on Lake Pleasant, a boat or boatman can be hired for such periods as are desired.

Undoubtedly there are other places, and I would be glad if the list were increased, for by scratching from my list of available places where I have not been, yet what I wished unless I paid for what I neither wished nor got, I have reduced my resources.

I hope that in this rather hastily written paper I have succeeded in making it clear that I fully approve of paying a real guide full wages, and believe that no more than earns them, and that my growl is at those only who, claiming to be guides, are paid as such for little or no guide service. My views in regard to the number of guides cannot be given on this subject are very fully given in a letter published by you in July, 1876. If you will glance over that you may think it worth while in this connection to republish some of its statements upon which I based an argument that if the guides could be made game constables and protectors, many of the present evils would be diminished. PRESCO.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

[The following stories have been collected during a residence of some years among Indians who have not yet come into contact with any whites with the exception of the servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, so that these legends may fairly be considered to be free from the taint of civilization and to represent Indian stories in their primitive state. The number of matters contained in this connection are the animals common to the country, especially as to the origin of anything peculiar as to size or markings on them. Animals having the gift of speech are given both to stories of this continent and to the East, witness various stories in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," where animals has this power. I have taken great care to make no additions, and to leave them as they were told to me. Many of them have almost a familiar look, such as the Climbing Boy, which certainly has some likeness to Jack and the Beanstalk, and the story of the Metaczo to the Roc in Sindbad the Sailor.]

II.—The Climbing Boy.

A BOY and his two sisters lived together in a tent. One day the boy went out hunting, as usual, and seeing a squirrel, he shot an arrow at it, but the arrow stuck in the tree. The boy climbed up after it, and when he came near he blew it to shake it down, but the arrow went higher up. So he climbed again and blew, but it went still higher. This lasted some hours, when he found himself able to step on to firm ground, covered with squirrel tracks and marks of all kinds of animals. After staying there some days, he returned to his sisters and told them what he had discovered. They agreed to go to his new country with him and determined to live on the bank of the creek. After he had found the tree, making his sisters go up first, telling them when they came near the arrow to blow it. This they did; and in time reached the country, where they built a tent. He hunted all day and never the game scarce. Soon he had collected enough squirrel skins for a coat, which his sisters made for him. The first day he put it on and walked away from the tent until he came to a path in the snow, when he laid himself right across the track. After he had lain there some time he saw a great fire wheel rolling along the path toward him, but he would not move, so the sun stopped and asked him to get out of the way, but he said he should not, when the sun rolled right over him, burning his new coat, which made him very angry. He shouted to him that he would be revenged. When he got back to his tent he had his sisters make him lines of sinew, with which he made a snare right across the path. After a time it became quite dark, when he cried out, "I have done it, I have done it." His sisters asked him what he had done. He said, "Made it dark." But he found that he would be obliged to let the sun go, for he could not see to hunt. He found on trying to release him that he burned his fingers. Then he asked the animals to help him; but they found it too hot work. At last the mouse managed to go away along the snare, but in doing so burned his nose. After this he lived in the sun for a long time, and married his sisters and peopled the country.

IV.—The Beaver Wife.

A man wanted a wife, so he looked about for one to please him, but could not find one among all the girls he knew. One day he met one called The Beaver. She had lovely teeth; this he liked, and he went to her father and wished him to marry her. He went to her father and asked him for his daughter, and was told that he might marry her if he liked, but that if he did he would have a lot of trouble; and the father refused to part with her unless the suitor promised to make a bridge across every stream he came to for her to pass dry-footed. This the suitor promised to do. He married the girl and lived very comfortably with her for two years, when he went as usual, overhunting, leaving his wife to make a new camp. As usual, he made bridges over all the creeks he came to. At last he came to a dry one. Over this he made no bridge, but walked on for about a mile, where he hung up his bag to show where he wished the camp to be made. He then went on and made his snares. It rained while he was doing so, and he returned early expecting to find the camp. But when he came to the

place, there was his bag but no camp. Going back to look for his wife, he came to the creek which had been dry in the morning, but was full of water; and what astonished him more was that a large beaver house was built that he had not noticed before. He then determined to break it, but while he was trying to break in, he heard his wife's voice inside telling him to go away, for his neglect to put up a bridge had changed her into a beaver. He tried many times to take the house, but always failed. His forgiveness cost him his wife and his two children. NISTROSKIK.

MOOSE FACTORY, HUDSON'S BAY, BRITISH AMERICA.

RIPARIAN RIGHTS.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The season for salmon angling is at hand, and in view of the recent decision as to riparian rights in the Exchequer Court of Canada, and more recently confirmed by the Court of Appeals, also in the "Fox River" case, in the Supreme Court of Illinois, the following extracts from these decisions may be of service in preventing disputes as to such rights by many parties not cognizant thereof.

AN OLD ANGLER.

In the Exchequer Court of Canada. Christian A. Robertson and the Queen. Judgment by the Hon. Mr. Justice Gwynne:

Page 10.—"The public have merely the right to use the river for passing to and from upon it, in the same manner as they have a right of passage along a public road or foot-path through a private estate, but the right of fishing in such a river by the riparian proprietors is a right of property vested in such proprietors in virtue of their being seated in the 'Abene's' of the stream '*ad medium filium aque*' (to the middle thread of the water), which *prima facie* all proprietors of land adjoining an inland river are. 'Riparian proprietors' is a term applied by the civilians to the owners of watercourses, and the use of the same significant and convenient term is more fully introduced into the common law; the soil of the river itself, and consequently the water, may be often divided between two opposite riparian owners; that is, the land on one side may be owned by one person and the land on the opposite side by another. When such is the case each proprietor owns to the middle, or what is called the 'thread of the river.'"

Page 11.—And *Hale*, "Jure Maris," p. 5 of Hengram's tracts, says, "Fresh water rivers, of what kind soever, do of common right belong to the owner of the soil adjacent, so that the owners of one side have of common right the property, that is, the property of the soil and consequently the right of fishing, '*usque ad filium aque*,' and the owner of the other side, the right of soil or ownership and fishing unto the '*filium aque*' on their side."

Chancellor Rush in his commentaries says: "It was a settled principle of the common law that the owners of lands on the banks of fresh water rivers, above the ebbing and flowing of the tide and the exclusive right of fishing as well as the rights of property opposite their respective lands '*ad medium filium aque*,' and when the land on each side of the river belonged to the same person he had the same exclusive right of fishing in the whole river, as far as his land extended along the same. The right exists in the river of that description, though they be of the first magnitude and navigable for rafts or boats, but they are subject to the '*ius publicum*' as a common right of every man."

Page 15.—"Crown grants of land adjacent to rivers above the ebb and flow of the tide are presumed to convey to the grantee the bed or soil of the river, and so to convey the exclusive right of fishing therein to the middle thread of the river opposite to the adjacent land so granted."

"When the exclusive rights of fishing does not already exist by law, consisting of ungranted lands, no exclusive rights of fishing could be legally established by any person."

And in the Fox River case, FOREST AND STREAM April 5, page 193:

"Where such proprietor owns the land on one side only of the stream, his right to the land and to the use of the water, whether used as a power to operate mills and machinery, or merely as a fishery, extends only to the middle thread of the stream as at common law."

THE STATUTE OF OHIO vs. JNO. SHANNON.

Syllabus.—Under Section 38, Chap. 8, Title 1, of the Crimes Act of May 5, 1877, it is unlawful to shoot at, or kill wild ducks on the lands of another person, although within the channel of a navigable river, when the owner has set up, in a conspicuous place on the shore, a board inscribed in legible English characters, thus, "No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises."

Exceptions to the Court of Common Pleas of Sandusky county.

Shannon was arrested on a warrant issued by a Justice of the Peace of Sandusky county on complaint of George G. Tindall, charging a violation of Section 38, Chap. 8, Title 1, of the Crimes Act of May 5, 1877. The section provides:

"Whoever, having received verbal or written notice from an owner of inclosed and improved lands, or any lands the boundaries of which are defined by stakes, posts, water courses, ditches, or marked trees, his agent, or a person in charge thereof, not to hunt thereon, shoots at, kills or pursues with such intent on such lands, and, the birds or game mentioned in Section 27, 28 and 30 of this chapter, and whoever shoots, kills or pursues, with such intent any of such birds or game on the lands of another upon which there is set up in some conspicuous place, a board inscribed in legible English characters, thus, 'No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises,' or pulls down or defaces any such board, or the letters thereon, shall be fined," etc.

Among the birds or game mentioned in said Section 29, are "wild ducks," and the complaint charged Shannon with shooting and killing wild ducks on the land of Tindall, situated in said county, etc.

Shannon, having been bound to appear and answer said charge in the Probate Court, was there tried, convicted and sentenced. On the trial, a bill of exceptions containing all the testimony was taken, and upon proceedings in error, in the Court of Common Pleas, said judgment was reversed. To this judgment of reversal the Prosecuting Attorney, under Sections 38 and 39, of the Crimes Act, said he took exceptions, and the same are now submitted to this court.

The uncontradicted facts appearing in the Bill of Exceptions are, in brief:

That Tindall was owner and in possession of a tract of land in said county bounded on one side by the Sandusky River, a navigable stream;

That Shannon on the 29th of October, 1877, when the killing of wild ducks was not prohibited by statute, was in a

skill on the Sandusky River, between the middle thereof and the shore owned by said Tindall, from a middle position he shot and killed wild ducks swimming in and flying over the water between said shore and middle of the river;

That boards inscribed in legible English characters "No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises" were set up in conspicuous places on said shore;

And that Shannon had been duly notified by Tindall not to shoot or hunt on his lands.

It also appears, that the position occupied by Shannon on the river was within the limits of navigation as used by boats and other water craft engaged in commerce;

And also, that the public generally had been accustomed to fish, and kill wild ducks, in the same location, in and upon the river.

Upon this state of facts the State of Ohio seeks the opinion of this court. Did the Court of Common Pleas err in reversing the judgment of the Probate Court?

John M. Lemmon, Counsel for the State.
Everett & Fowler, Attorneys for Shannon.

McIlwaine, C. J. This case and *June vs. Purcell*, decided at this term and reported ante, having a question in common, were considered together. In that case it was held, that the title of a riparian owner of land bounded by a navigable stream in this State, extends to the middle or thread of the stream.

It follows upon the principle announced in that case, that the locus of the offense alleged in this, though upon the surface of a navigable stream, was within the boundaries of Tindall's land, and was embraced in the literal meaning of the notice, "No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises."

It is true, however, that the right of Tindall to so much of his land as was covered by the waters of the Sandusky River, the same being a navigable stream, was not exclusive, but subject to the right of the people to use the same as a highway, so that the entry of Shannon within the bounds of Tindall's premises, to wit: within the limits of this public highway, did not, *per se*, make him a trespasser; and clearly, an action against him for trespass, *quare clausum frangit*, could not be maintained.

It was claimed by defendant, that his conviction was wrong, because, as is claimed, this section of the statute applies only to persons who wrongfully break and enter the close of another contrary to his expressed will.

The provisions of the statute were not intended to punish trespassers *quare clausum frangit*, merely because they have been guilty of a trespass; but were intended to punish the act of killing, shooting at, or pursuing game on the lands of another, against which notice may have been given as provided in the statute; so that a person rightfully on the premises of another may commit the unlawful act, as well as one who commits a trespass by entering upon the premises.

It seems to us, that whatever change this statute may have made in respect to the law in relation to trespass on real property, the main purpose of the Legislature was to confer upon the owner of land within this State the exclusive right to hunt and kill the designated game upon his own premises, and to protect him in such right, provided he complies with the prescribed conditions in regard to notice.

And with regard to notice, if the lands be "inclosed and improved," or if the boundaries be "defined by stakes, posts, water courses, ditches or marked trees," verbal or written notice "not to hunt thereon" will bring the offender under the operation of the statute.

But if the lands be not "inclosed and improved," or if they be not "defined by stakes, posts, water courses, ditches or marked trees," as well as where they are so defined, the owner may bring himself and his lands within the protection of the statute by setting up in some conspicuous place thereon, "a board inscribed in legible English characters, thus, 'No shooting or hunting allowed on these premises.'"

And in such cases, all persons engaged in shooting at, killing or pursuing the designated game, must take notice not only of the statute, but of the setting up of such board, and also of the extent or boundary of the lands on which the same is set up. And in respect to this notice, it makes no difference whether the land or any part thereof be covered by water or not.

It is claimed, however, that this statute was not intended to protect lands covered by the water of a navigable river.

A majority of the court can see no grounds upon which lands covered by navigable streams should be excluded. They are as much the subject of private ownership as in navigable streams. There is no distinction made by the terms of the statute.

True, navigable streams in this State are declared to be public highways; but the right to use a public highway is not abridged by protecting the owner of the fee in the exclusive right of killing game therein. Travel and commerce are not thereby hindered.

And as the power of the Legislature to protect game, or the exclusive right of the owner of land to kill the same on his own premises, is as ample over land covered by water, whether navigable or unnavigable, as it is over dry land, and as there is no attempt to distinguish between them in this statute, we must hold that all alike are within the protection of this statute.

Exceptions sustained.

White, J., did not concur.

I. E. L. DeWitt, Reporter of the Supreme Court of Ohio, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of the syllabus statement of facts and opinion of said Court, as announced by the Chief Justice of the Ohio vs. John Shannon, and is as the same shall appear in Vol. 36, Ohio State Reports.—E. L. DeWitt, Reporter Supreme Court of Ohio.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE LEAGUE.—At the annual meeting of the Fish and Game League the following officers were elected for the current year: President, John B. Clark; Secretary, Charles L. Richardson; Treasurer, Frederick Smith; Vice-presidents, Marcellus Eldridge, Portsmouth; Luther Hayes, Milton; E. B. Hodge, Plymouth; W. A. Fletcher, Concord; V. C. Gilman, Nashua; W. H. Shurtick, Colebrook; John Clement, Troy; Gilbert P. Whitman, Manchester; Herbert F. Norris, Manchester; G. V. Pickering, Laconia. The annual address was delivered by Hon. Jos. B. Walker, his subject being "The Forest and Game of Hampshire." Several essays were read; we print them elsewhere.

AN ANGLER'S NOOD.

HERE will woods dusky shadows fling,
Here birds nest through dim arches ring,
While each muscicæ seems to sing
With joy, yet still unseen.
Wills drops of molten silver bright,
As clear as air, as dark as night,
First calm, and then in sudden flight,
See there the streamlets slich.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE STICKFISH.

Verrillia Blakei, Stear.

THE history of the discovery of this singular poly is:
As early as 1858, or at least 1859, a Portuguese fisherman,
at Burrard Inlet, sent some of the "sticks" to Mr. F. G.
Claudez, the chief assayer of the Government assay office,
at New Westminster, a chemist of more than ordinary
ability, who pronounced them to be largely composed of
phosphate of lime. This set at rest the question as to which
kingdom they belonged, and shortly afterward Mr. Dietz
sent some of the "sticks" to the Academy of Natural
Sciences at San Francisco, California, which led to their
being placed before scientists in various parts of the world.
There was some difference of opinion as to what they really
were, some supposing them to be a species of gigantic sea
pen, while many disciples of Darwin thought the connecting
link between the animal and vegetable kingdom was at last
obtained. Numerous inquiries were made from various
places for information respecting them, and requests made
for specimens. Many specimens of the complete animal
were sent to various scientific establishments, put up in different
arsenicals, alcohols, and other preparations, but none of
these, I believe, reached their destination in good order,
the happy medium for strength of the preparations not being
arrived at, and in consequence some specimens in strong
preparations were dissolved, while other weaker ones did
not succeed in preserving the tissues. A Captain Lawson,
of the United States Coast Survey Service, then stationed
on Puget Sound, Washington Territory, applied to me
through a friend of his and mine in Victoria, to obtain
specimens, have them put up in a tin tube, and the tube then
filled with glycerine, which he was of the opinion would
answer the purpose of preserving them for transmission to
California.

Some time subsequently, Mr. George Dietz, the resident
partner of the firm of Moody, Dietz & Nelson, mill owners
at Burrard Inlet, sent some of the "sticks" to Mr. F. G.
Claudez, the chief assayer of the Government assay office,
at New Westminster, a chemist of more than ordinary
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specimens, have them put up in a tin tube, and the tube then
filled with glycerine, which he was of the opinion would
answer the purpose of preserving them for transmission to
California.

I caused the specimens asked for, some five or six in number,
if I recollect rightly, to be put up in the tube, and
eighteen pounds of glycerine was required to fill up the
empty space; the tube was then sealed up, and forwarded
to Capt. Lawson, who was by him sent to some scientist for
identification. I was afterwards informed that the specimens
arrived in perfect order, were classified, and received the
present double name in honor of Prof. Verrill, of Yale
College, and Dr. Blake, of San Francisco. As notes were
not made at the time, dates, of course, must be approximate
only, but they are as accurate as a person can reasonably be
supposed to give after such a lapse of time as fourteen or
fifteen years.

Now, as regards the animal or animals, so to speak, with
out going into a scientific description, which I confess I am
unable to do, perhaps a few remarks concerning them may
be of interest in connection with the foregoing statement.
They are caught only at Burrard Inlet and vicinity, as far
as is at present known, although the entire coast has been

fairly prospected by parties fishing for dogfish from Queen
Charlotte's Sound to Olympia, at the head of Puget Sound.
The dog-fishermen are the only ones who do, or would be
likely to catch, animals, and they have only found them
in this one locality. So far as can be ascertained, no
other place produces them, and did they exist elsewhere,
they would have probably been procured ere this.

Their mode of capture is in this wise: The gear for dog-
fishings is a line or rope resembling the ordinary clothes line in
size, of a mile or more in length, with pieces of cod line at-
tached every two feet, and thereabout, to which are fastened
codfish hooks. The main line is anchored at both ends,
and the fisherman is usually kept underdrumming in
taking off the dogfish, and rebaiting the hooks. When he has
reached one end, he turns around and undercuts to the other.
The dogfish, in their endeavors to get loose after being
caught, entangle the line about the stickfish, and the latter
is brought to the surface when the line is lifted.

All circumstances seem to justify the idea or view that
the stickfish, having no locomotive functions, are attached
to the bottom. The fact that they are only to be found within
a very limited area, confirms this belief, for if they were de-
tached, the strong tides prevailing where they are found,
would necessarily disperse them over a greater space than
they are known to occupy. Other circumstances seem to
indicate that the stickfish in its normal state assumes an
erect or vertical position, and not a horizontal one. For
the dogfish, if the natural position of the poly were a horizon-
tal one, would be obliged, in order to entangle the lines about
it, to swim under and over the stickfish, while if the posi-
tion is in an erect one, the same effect would be produced
by swimming around it, which is more likely to be done. The
large bulbous appearance of one end of the stickfish makes
it seem likely that it is imbedded in the bottom, which is
also of a sandy nature, and the belief that were it not so
planted it would be of wider distribution, is not at all un-
reasonable.

Another feature favors this idea. The stick itself is spiral
in structure, and this characteristic is associated with the
idea of strength as exemplified in trees growing in exposed
situations, they being of greater spiral construction than
those in sheltered localities. If the position of the animal
were horizontal no great strength would be necessary in an
erect one. This matter can only be settled by means of a
submarine diver, as the great depth at which this animal is
obtained—fifty fathoms—prevents any chance of the
matter being studied from the surface.

The sticks which are the stem or base of the animal, aver-
age seven to eight feet in length, and at the thickest part
are much the size of an ordinary black lead pencil; they
taper at both ends, but much more abruptly at one than the
other, and the smaller end is reduced to an extremely fine
needle-like point. When stripped of their gelatinous or
viscous covering (the living tissues) they present a white
pulsat surface except that portion to which the animal is at-
tached near the large end, which is rough and coarse as
contrasted with the other portions. After a short time the
sticks split or check longitudinally, in the manner of wood,
and they then present an appearance similar to that of a peeled
osier or willow wand, hence their local name of "stickfish."

The sticks are elastic to a high degree, so much so that
the idea has been suggested of using them as tips for fishing
rods, but I do not know if any action has been taken in
this respect. When bent beyond a certain limit they break
short off and do not splinter as does wood.

The sticks are covered with a gelatinous mass from one
end to the other, which is the animate portion of the poly,
which, being composite in its character, is made up of an
immense number of individuals united in one common
whole, and resembles in some respects the coral poly, which
lives within its limy structure. The stickfish is attached to
the outside. In appearance the whole animal resembles to
some degree the arm of the octopus or squid in color and
texture, wanting, of course, the sucking discs of the latter
animal. The thickest part will probably be about one and a
quarter inches in diameter, and the larger end is furnished
with a large bulb considerably thicker than any other por-
tion of the poly, and the appearance of the shape of the
entire animal may be said to resemble an onion with a long
single stalk. This bulb is to be imbedded in the ground
for the reasons before assigned.

When exposed to the air the gelatinous covering shrinks
rapidly and dries hard, and then resembles dried skin or flesh.

These polys are to be obtained at any season of the
year, and procuring them is only a matter of slight expense.
The places where they are to be had are comprised within a
radius of a few miles. Burrard Inlet, the western terminus
of the Canadian Pacific Railway, lies in lat. 49° N., long.
123° W. from Greenwich. The Shelton grays (*Astrophiola
scutellata*) is sometimes found clinging to this poly.

The agent of marine and fisheries department of this place
has forwarded some of these animals to the international ex-
hibition to be held next summer, where no doubt many of
your readers will have an opportunity of seeing them.

NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C. J. C. HUGHES.

LARGE LEATHER-BACK TURTLE.—We are indebted to Dr.
H. C. Yarrow, of the National Museum, for the following:
Guaymas, Mexico, April 13, 1883.—S. P. Baird, Esq.,
Smithsonian Institution: Dear Sir—On the 11th inst. there
was caught in this harbor one of the largest leather-back
turtles (*Dermatocelys coriacea*) I have ever seen. I tried to
purchase it, so as to present it to the institution, but the
fisherman asked for a price forty times the amount offered.
Idea, but nevertheless took its measurements and weight.
This species is not known on this part of the Gulf, and, in
fact, has never been seen near or within 100 miles of
Guaymas by any of the fishermen or captains of the coasting
schooners. There has been one or two caught at Altata, a
small port down the coast, but they were quite small, not
weighing over 150 pounds; but this one is the largest ever
seen in the Gulf. I would prefer to buy the skin to send over
seen in these waters. As he is still alive, the parties that
bought him intend sending him to San Francisco by next
steamer, and you may again hear of him from there. I here
give you his measurements while alive, so you can better
judge of his size: Length, 8 ft. 2 in.; height, 3 ft. 1 1/2 in.;
width, 4 ft. 2 in.; circumference, 8 ft. 11 in.; circumference
of head, 3 ft. 4 in.; circumference of tail, 2 ft. 1 in.; length
of neck, 3 ft. 4 in.; length of tail, 3 ft. 9 in.; length of fore
limb, 3 ft. 10 in.; length of hind limb, 2 ft. 4 in.; width of
fore fins, 1 ft. 4 in.; width of hind fins, 1 ft. 2 in. It is a
male turtle; weight, 1,102 pounds. I only regret that my
means would not allow me to purchase him for the institu-
tion, for I am sure it would have been a specimen worth
having.—H. F. ABERG.

SPRING BIRDS OF NEBRASKA.

BY A. HALL.

THE following is an annotated list of the birds that came
under my observation while on a three months' collect-
ing tour in the vicinity of the Platte River, in Southeastern
Nebraska, from March 1 to June 1, 1880:

- 1. Wood Thrush—Turdus missillianus Gm.—Arrives about the
middle of May, frequents thick, wooded streams, where
it breeds. Nest usually placed in the crotch of a low bush,
although I have often seen it saddle upon a limb of a beech
tree in the Eastern States. It is composed of grass and
mud, lined with fine rootlets. Eggs four or five in number,
of a pale green color. This species is apparently not very
abundant.
2. Catbird—Mniotilta carolinensis Gr.—Arrives first week in
May, breeds in low bushes, in which is built a very rough
nest, composed of weeds and grass, lined with fine roots and
hair. When nesting near a house, bits of cloth and feathers
are often used. Eggs dark green. This species is very fond
of its home or favorite haunts, never straying more than
twenty rods the whole summer. To verify this fact, I saw
one with a white feather in its wing that remained within
such limits all summer.
3. Brown Thrush—Harpophycus rufus Cab.—Arrives
about the last week in April. Nests in low bushes, brush
heaps and upon the ground. Eggs, pale green, dotted with
reddish brown spots.
4. Eastern Bluebird—Sialia sialis Hald.—A common sum-
mer resident. Saw them lighting upon weeds in a thin
grove of cottonwoods.
5. Ruby-crowned Kinglet—Regulus calendula Licht.—A
regular migrant. Breeds in high latitudes, and winters on
our southern border. A very fine songster for so small a
bird, uttering a very sweet, plaintive warble at short inter-
vals the whole day long.
6. Western House Wren—Troglodytes domesticus park-
manni Aud.—This species is a shade lighter than its Eastern
representative. Its habits are the same, but it can eclipse
it in its song, which lasts from early morn till eve, and is
much louder. This bird has a variety of nesting places. I
once hung a coat upon a cherry tree, in one of the pockets
of which a nest was placed, and the old bird reared her
young there, seeming well pleased with her novel home.
7. Long-billed Marsh Wren—Ictanobrya palustris Cab.—
Shot one on the Platte in May, where they probably
breed.
8. Horned Lark, Shore Lark—Eremophila alpestris Boie.
—Resident and abundant in small, scattering flocks. I saw
them in company with McCow's and chestnut-collared
buntings. I am positive that they breed here, for I shot a
female that contained an egg fully developed.
9. Titlark—Anthus ludovicianus Licht.—Not uncom-
mon. I saw them near small pools of water and on fresh-
plowed land, but never saw more than one at a time.
10. Missouri Skylark—Necorvus squamif., ScL.—This
species arrives from the South early in May and breeds near
the Platte River. They had already piled and hegu to
carry material for a nest by the middle of May. They were
very shy and generally flew up out of range, therefore I
took but a few specimens. I regretted that I was unable to
remain long enough to study their breeding habits and hear
their beautiful song.
11. Black and White Creeper—Mniotilta varia V.—Ar-
rives about middle of May.
12. Orange-crowned Warbler—Helmintophaga celsata Bd.
—A common migrant. Arrives in the last week in April in
company with the Tennessee warbler. The Helmintophaga
are the most active of the warbler family, and are always
busily engaged collecting the insects which form their prin-
cipal food. This species is easily identified by the concealed
orange patch on crown.
13. Tennessee Warbler—Helmintophaga peregrina Cab.—
Habits same as preceding. I think it is more common than
the orange-crowned warbler.
14. Sumner Warbler—Dendroica aestiva Bd.—Very
abundant. Breeds in June. I once found a nest of the
species made wholly of cotton batting which it had picked
up to the door-yard.
15. Yellow-rumped Warbler—Dendroica coronata Gr.—
Very rare in this locality. Only one specimen seen in April,
hopping about in low underbrush, and occasionally darting
to the ground in pursuit of insects. Its habits here appeared
to be strictly terrestrial, but in Ohio, early in April, they
will be found in oak timber, darting about, high up in the
tops. Late in the fall they are seen feeding upon various
kinds of berries; they occasionally winter in Ohio, where I
saw one January 12, 1883, the thermometer standing then
at zero. The stomach was filled with berries from the red
cedar, and the bird was in a good condition.
16. Maryland Yellowthroat—Geothlypis trichas Cab.—
Common. Breeds upon the ground. This species is terres-
trial in its habits, but it is often seen singing from the tops
of trees.
17. Yellow-breasted Chat—Icteria virens Bd.—This species
is easily recognized by its bright yellow throat and breast
and plain olive green back, wings and tail. One unaccus-
toned to its loud, boisterous croakings would not believe
that so small a bird was capable of making such a noise.
18. Scarlet Tanager—Pyranga rubra V.—Rather rare.
19. Bank Swallow—Otocoris riparius Boie.—Saw this species
breeding in colonies in the sand bluffs on Loup River.
20. Bohemian Waxwing—Amphisp. geryonius L.—A com-
mon winter visitor. Arrives in large flocks from the north.
It is easily identified by the chestnut-colored patch on under-
tail coverts. Breeds in the fur north.
21. Townsend's Fly-catching Thrush—Myiadestes town-
sendi Cab.—A fine specimen of this species was sent me in
the flesh, Feb. 9, 1880, by my friend, Frank W. Powell. It
was taken on Wood River. I think its occurrence purely
accidental and know of no other record of its occurrence in
Nebraska. This bird is said to be one of the most beautiful
of the species of the mixed States, and exceeds the mocking-bird
in the sweetness of its notes. It is found throughout the
Rocky Mountain range in the vicinity of juniper and cedar
trees, as they feed largely upon the berries. They are also
expert fly-catchers. But little is known of its breeding
habits.
22. Bell's Vireo—Vireo belli Aud.—This is the commonest
species of the family in this locality, and in fact it was the
only one I observed. But there are several others found
here which I did not notice.
23. Great Northern Shrike—Lanius borealis, V.—Not un-
common in winter. I saw them perched upon weeds watch-
ing for mice, which they pounce upon like a hawk and carry
off in the bill. They often impale them upon thorn trees
whence the name butcher bird.

24. White-rumped Shrike—*Lanius ludovicianus*, var. *caecithorax* (Sw.) Coes.—This species breeds in Dakota and probably in Nebraska.

25. American Goldfinch—*Stragalinus tristis* (Cab.)—Breeds in the mountains of Italy. Seen in small, scattering flocks in winter, feeding upon seeds and buds.

26. Snow Bunting—*Phoebastria nivalis* (L.) Meyer.—A regular winter visitor. Arrives from the north in large, roving flocks in company with Lapland Louspur.

27. Lapland Longspur—*Centropus lapponicus* (L.) Kamp. A regular migrant. Saw thousands in cornfields in April. None seen after May 13.

28. Chestnut-collared Longspur—*Centropus ornatus* (L.) Arr.—Breeds in the south in large flocks, scattering over the entire country. They are the most restless and the most difficult birds to shoot I ever saw. No sooner do they alight upon the ground than they are up and off, flying in a zig-zag manner, uttering a sharp squeaking note. I shot nearly all of my specimens on the wing, it being almost impossible to see them on the ground. Nearly all the birds taken were mouthing about the head and neck. They arrived from the south during the first week in April.

29. McCow's Longspur—*Rhyphidopus macrurus*, Bd.—Common migrant. Saw them in full song in May. The best way to shoot these birds is to watch them at the river. Hundreds of them come off the prairie every day to drink and bathe, so that I killed twenty-two of them at a single discharge with 00, dust shot. They are very pugnacious birds, fighting among themselves like our English sparrows (*P. domesticus*). I have often seen them chasing the horned lark.

30. Baird's Sparrow—*Passerculus bairdi* (Aud.) Coes.—A regular migrant. But one specimen was taken, late in May. It may be more abundant in June, like *C. bicolor*, which is rare in May, but common in June. This species breeds in Dakota and probably in Nebraska.

31. Savanna Sparrow—*Passerculus sandwichensis* Ridg.—Arrives the last week in April, and is quite abundant during migration. The first specimen I shot I took for *P. bairdi*, but on comparing the two species I found differences. *P. bairdi* is a trifle larger and is stouter built; the plumage is lighter. They are hard to distinguish at a distance.

32. Baywing Bunting—*Pooecetes gramineus* Bd.—Breeds upon the ground. Arrives early in May. Abundant.

33. Yellow-wing Sparrow—*Colinus passerinus* Sp.—Abundant everywhere in open prairie, and is a great singer in its humble way. Its song sounds much like the squeaking of some grasshopper than that of a bird. It flies but a short distance, when it plunges or tumbles headlong into the grass as if it were shot.

34. Leconte's Sparrow—*Colinus lecontei* Aud.—Leconte's sparrow is apparently rare in this locality. But two specimens were taken in May. Its manners are the same as those of the preceding; flight rather feebly, flying but a short distance, when it drops into the grass like a stone. I think they breed here. I saw one, which I shot, hopping about in some bushes near the river. The second was shot as he topped the grass.

35. Lincoln's Sparrow—*Melospiza lincolni* Aud.—A common migrant, known by its streaked breast and absence of the dark center spot.

36. Common Snowbird—*Junco hyemalis* Sel.—A regular migrant from the north, seen here only in wooded streams.

37. Oregon Snowbird—*Junco oregonus* (Townsend) Coes.—Not so common as preceding; easily distinguished from foregoing by the chestnut patch on back and tinged on sides with pink.

38. Clay-colored Sparrow—*Spizella pallida* (Sw.) Bp.—An abundant migrant, breeding in Dakota.

39. White-crowned Sparrow—*Zonotrichia leucophrys* (Aud.) Sw.—A regular migrant. But few were seen, as this species do not carry long before leaving for their northern breeding place; arrives from the south in May.

40. Lark Finch—*Chondestes garsoneri* (Say) Bp.—Abundant; breeds. This species is easily identified by their long tail, two outer feathers of which are white, which show very distinctly when the birds are on the wing. In Dr. J. M. Wheaton's "Birds of Ohio," he says: "This species is unknown in Ohio. I saw a pair here (in an Ohio) June 25, 1887, discharging themselves in the road. A nest was found within one and a half miles of Lake Erie, in 1880, by a young oologist. I also obtained two specimens in the flesh from W. H. Collins, a taxidermist, of Detroit, Mich., who says that they are not uncommon in that vicinity."

41. Lark Bunting—*Colinus bairdi* (Townsend) Bp.—This species arrives the last week in May, and is very wary and difficult to shoot. The male arrives in advance of the female. Nests commenced in June, and the nest is placed upon the ground. The eggs plain green. I was unable to remain to study their habits, which somewhat resemble those of the bobolink.

42. Black-throated Bunting—*Spiza americana* Gm.—I met this species on the lowlands of the Loup River only, where they breed. They were very abundant here, singing upon every towhee.

43. Common Towhee, Chewink—*Pipilo erythrophthalmus* V.—Not uncommon; frequents thick underbrush, breeding in brush heaps and upon the ground.

44. Arctic Towhee—*Pipilo maculatus arcticus* (Sw.) Coes.—In company with preceding. Identified by conspicuous white lines lengthwise of back.

45. Bobolink—*Dolichopus oxygaster* Sw.—Abundant, breeds upon ground in high grass.

46. Cowbird—*Molothrus ater* Gray.—Common. Deposits its eggs in the nest of other birds, smaller than itself, except the chewink. The yellowbird (*C. tristis*) completely outgenerals this bird by building a nest directly over its eggs, forming a double nest, or a nest in a nest. One of this description is in the Kirtland Museum, at Cleveland, Ohio.

47. Redwing Blackbird—*Agelaius phoeniceus* V.—Arrives early in April in company with yellowthroats.

48. Yellow-headed Blackbird—*Xanthocephalus icterocephalus* Bd.—A regular migrant. But few were seen. It has a bright yellow head. Females are smaller, no larger than a cowbird, and are plain brown, and are called buffalo birds by the residents, as they are often seen around cattle.

49. Meadow Lark—*Sturnella magna nigretta* Ridg.—Abundant; breeds. Song different from Eastern representative; not so harsh, more of a warble and very pleasing to the ear. Plumage has a pale, faded appearance.

50. Baltimore Oriole—*Icterus galbula* Gm.—Abundant. Builds in the tall cottonwood; nest suspended from an outer branch.

51. Rusty Grackle—*Scolecophagus ferrugineus* (Gm.) Sw.—A common migrant. Does not arrive long before leaving for its northern breeding place; arrives in small flocks in April.

RATTLESNAKES.

By OTTO LUGGER.

[Read before the Maryland Academy of Sciences, April 2, 1883.]

THESE reptiles are found only in North and South America. Lake Champlain is about the most northern point in the eastern part of the United States where they have been found, while in the western part of the continent they live as far north as the British possessions, on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. They cannot exist in places where Indian corn will not thrive well. In the beginning of the century there were so very numerous that two men, who regard rattlesnakes for their own, highly valued fat, killed in three days 100 specimens. With the advancing civilization, or, rather, with the increase in the number of hogs, these snakes were soon exterminated in most places.

Upward of eighteen species, not including *Atractaspis*, are described as inhabitants of the United States, nearly all of which occur in the West and Southwest. Our rattlesnakes fall in two genera—*Crotalus* and *Candiotus*—readily distinguished by the details of the markings. In the former the top of the head is covered with a large number of small asymmetrical scales like those on the body; in the latter the same region is shielded by a definite small number of large flat plates symmetrically disposed. The Maryland rattlesnake is a widely-dispersed species of Eastern North America, the only other species of the same portion of the continent being the diamond rattlesnake, of the South Atlantic and Gulf States. The best-known species of the genus *Candiotus* is the common massasauga of the interior States and of the plains. Texas, New Mexico and Arizona furnish the largest number of species.

The ascribed characters of our rattlesnake are found not to hold good when sufficient series are examined. Certain ascribed features of coloration are altogether uncertain, as specimens vary interminably in the distinctness of the dorsal blotches and in the details of the markings. This appears to be due in part to age, as the smaller snakes are usually the most boldly blotched, while on the other hand the larger the markings are nearly obsolete. The distinctness of the pattern of coloration also depends somewhat upon season, the markings being clearest just after the shedding of the skin. But whatever the markings, the general color of the snake always corresponds with the general color of the surrounding country. Thus from the mountains of the Blue Ridge Mountains passes that color, those from Oklahoma and vicinity are gray, and one snake, found upon white sand near Cranberry Summit, was called in that delightful village "the great Albino snake of the mountains."

The average length of our rattlesnake is less than three feet, and the caliber of the body, even in the largest examples, is relatively inferior to that of the several Western and Southern species. As in the case of other species, there is a regular annual or, perhaps, as in some other ophiidians and as in saurians, a more frequent casting of the skin. During the moult they are reported to be specially venomous, but probably upon no other foundation than that at this time their sluggishness results in the accumulation of a large supply of the poisonous fluid.

The rattle is evidently a modification of the upper skin, and is very likely nothing but a row of transformed scales. But nothing is known of the use of this organ. How the rattles are formed and how they work is a mystery. Some have asserted that these rattles were a continuation of the vertebrae of the tail. Rattlesnakes that have been kept for many years in captivity showed an increase in size, sloughed frequently, but never produced an additional button to the rattle, which proves the fallacy of the generally-entertained idea that the snake, with every new moult, added one more button. The snake does not possess an rattle at all until it is several years old, and fifteen or eighteen jointed rattles are said as many as have ever been found. Rattles that contain more are, upon closer examination, usually found to be clever combinations of two to more tail ornaments. The number of rattles, though, of course, increasing with age, is not an infallible clue to the age of a specimen. It is far from proven that the rattle of one is really older than that of another, the growth of the organ must depend largely, as in all parallel cases, upon the vigor of the reptile, which is not the same at all periods of life, granting even a continuous state of perfect health. The purpose subserved in the economy of the snake by this singular organ has been the subject of much speculation and discussion. It is difficult to perceive of what use the rattle can be, either in procuring prey or avoiding enemies. We do not know, for instance, how many times at all the pursuit of prey while the actual result of its use as a means of self-defense is the reverse of beneficial to the serpent, since the sound serves to direct and provoke attack from all enemies which the animal has good reason to fear. The theory that the rattle is a part of the serpent's means of terrifying its intended victim, used as an adjunct of other supposed powers of fascination, may be safely held in check, and it is proven that this peculiar influence is ever exerted to the extent of preventing its prey from seeking safety in flight. The notion that the rattle is intended to serve as a warning, and thus offset the venomous nature and highly dangerous powers of the serpent, is contrary to all analogy; since animals are endowed with attributes for their own good, irrespective of the result upon others, and would require a faith in the intervention, for the benefit of the dominant species of the community, of special Providence, and that it is no thoughtful person who has suggested that the rattle may be used to call the sexes together, and thus serve a useful purpose in the perpetuation of the species—an hypothesis less unfeasible than some of the others which have been advanced. Another supposition, made irrespective of final causes, is that the rattle has resulted, in the course of time, from the continual agitation of the caudal extremity of these highly nervous and sensitive creatures, and that it has no other function than to serve as a means of warning. It is not entirely satisfactory. One thoroughly established fact concerning the rattle is that its practical operation is injurious to its possessor by provoking attack from those who can cope with it successfully. It may be suggested that, inasmuch as to an unpracticed eye the rattle and its sound cannot be distinguished from the rattling of some of our large grasshoppers, it may serve the purpose of attracting within reach of the fangs of the snake the many birds who greedily devour these insects. But even this would be of very little benefit to his snakeship, since it is nocturnal in its habits. The rattle has been heard at times when no apparent cause of irritation to the snake existed, and it has been re-

ported in which a biped was drawn within reach of a rattler, thinking it a grasshopper.

Rattlesnakes prefer localities where rocky and sunny ridges and inroads abound, surrounded by valleys full of springs and creeks, meadows, etc., and which are frequented by low bushes and herbs. Being very much affected by low temperatures, the snakes change their resting place during the day almost every hour. If the morning is clear and warm, the snake bathes itself in the dew, and afterwards selects a quiet place in a smooth road, or upon a flat stone, to sun and dry itself; later, toward noon, the snake frequents dry and shady places (that are not too far from a sunny spot) if no dew fell during several nights, the snake moves toward the banks of creeks or brinks of rivers, and there, in the shade, never ceases to rest, even during its prey during the night. But is very unpleasant to these nervous reptiles, and makes them very sluggish. Their favorite dwelling places are different, according to localities. In unfrequented places they live socially in so-called rattlesnake dens; in populated places the solitary snake finds a shelter under rocks, in hollow logs, in holes made by other animals, like that of the ground-squirrel, and in the crevices among the banks and bluffs of the Mississippi River, in Illinois, I saw frequently the heads of rattlesnakes sticking out of the enlarged holes of the cliff swallows, whose nests afforded them a snug and safe retreat. Near the farm-houses they are found seldom in large numbers, excepting during their love season; here they live in cracks of rocks, in old stone walls and under out-houses, in hollow trees and under flat stones, in wood-piles, under dwelling houses, in rat-holes, and sometimes under the eaves itself, as I had the pleasure of finding once in Michigan. Quite soothing to the feelings and conducive to sound sleep.

Most observers describe the rattlesnake as a slow, sluggish and awkward animal, and Monsieur Beauvois even declares that few snakes were as good-hearted as it. It is very true that the rattlesnake never attacks animals, if not wanted, and it feeds the same never bites unless provoked and scared, and always rattles before biting. But this is only true of the snake as seen by day, when in a dormant condition. After dark, when fully awake and intent upon catching food, it is an entirely different being. Rapidly moving without so much bending as other snakes, establishing long distances are passed over in a short time; when chasing a bird the velocity becomes simply wonderful; and upon its food, the snake never bites unless provoked and scared, and always rattles before biting. But this is only true of the snake as seen by day, when in a dormant condition. After dark, when fully awake and intent upon catching food, it is an entirely different being. 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vary from the slightest amount of poisoning to one fatal. This depends altogether upon the amount of venom absorbed in the system and the rapidity of its diffusion through the circulation—matters which turn upon the amount of venom in store at the moment of striking, the vigor of the animal at the time, the penetration of the tooth, the part of the body struck, and finally the state of health of the person attacked. No positive specific antidote is known. Surgical means of preventing dispersion of the poison through the system, and alcoholic stimulation to the highest pitch, are the usual resorts.

"While the venomous properties of these reptiles, not easily overrated, should suffice to insure due caution in capturing or killing them, it is as well to remember that the utmost range of a rattlesnake's blow is less than its own length. They may readily be captured alive by pinning under the neck with a forked stick, and may be banded with impunity, when not too large and powerful, if seized immediately behind the head. In case of a strong snake, however, the power of constriction is sufficient to paralyze the muscles of both arms, as in the case of a person who had seized two of these reptiles at the back of the neck. He had to be relieved by a bystander. A method employed in the South to capture the diamond rattlesnake is, perhaps, worthy of mention. A silk handkerchief is fastened to the end of a pole, which is held toward the reptile, which strikes fiercely at it. The fangs and teeth become engaged in the fibre of the silk, and a dexterous movement of the stick readily pulls out the fangs, and the reptile can be approached with safety.

There seems to be a special and peculiar enmity existing between the rattlesnake and copperhead and the blacksnake and kingsnake, these two latter species waging a constant warfare against the former, and invariably conquering. After the conflict the vanquished is eaten by the victors. In one case a large blacksnake had seized a diamond rattlesnake, and entwined two or more folds behind his head, and several six or eight inches further back, then by muscular effort had torn the body. It is a well-known fact that both rattlesnakes and copperheads will endeavor to get away from the kingsnake, and in the South this beautiful and harmless species is protected in consequence of this fact.

The peculiar life relations of the prairie dog, burrowing owl and the rattlesnake, are well known. When competent observers, familiar with the animals, disagree, as they have, respecting the kind and degree of relation between them, we need not be surprised at conflict of opinion in the books of naturalists who never saw either of them alive. No little bush is in type respecting the harmonious and confidential relations imagined to subsist between the trio, which, like the Happy Family of Barrow, lead Utopian existences. According to nursery tales, in this underground elysium the snakes give their rattles to the owls to play with, the old dogs cuddle the owlets, and farm out their own litters to the grave and careful birds. When an owl and a dog come home, paw-in-wing, they are often mistaken by their respective progeny; the little dogs nosing the owls in search of the maternal fowl, and the old dogs left to wonder why the baby owls will not nurse. It is a pity to spoil a good story for the sake of a few facts, but as the case stands it would be well for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to take it up. First, as to the reptiles, it may be observed that they are, like other rattlesnakes, dangerous, with snakes even more so. They are shy of the hunters, and are after no good when they do enter. They wriggle into the holes, partly because there is no other place for them to crawl into on the bare, flat plain, and partly in search of owl eggs, owlets and puppies to eat. Next, the owls themselves are simply attracted to the villages of prairie dogs as the most convenient places for shelter and nidification, where they find eligible, ready-made burrows, and are spared the trouble of digging for themselves. Community of interest makes them gregarious to an extent unknown among rapacious birds, while the exigencies of life on the plains cut their lot with the rodents. That the owls live at ease in the settlements and on familiar terms with their four-footed friends is an undoubted fact; but that they inhabit the same burrows or have any intimate domestic relations is quite another thing. It is no proof that the quadruped and the birds live together that they are often seen to scuffle at each other's heels into the same hole when alarmed; for in such a case the two simply seek the nearest shelter, independently of each other. The probability is that young dogs often furnish a meal to the owls, and that in return the owls and the dogs are benefited by the exchange.

After the reading of the paper, Dr. Christopher Johnston showed by blackboard diagrams the peculiar formation, etc., of the fang of the rattlesnake.

AMERICAN TAXIDERMISTS' EXHIBITION

THE annual exhibition of this society, now being held at 419ie Hall, Sixth avenue, between Forty-first and Forty-second streets, is well worth a visit. There is much to be seen there that is interesting and beautiful, and yet it must be confessed that as an exhibition of the taxidermal art it is something of a disappointment. The visitor enters the hall, expecting to find all the work of a very high order, and instead of this he sees amid much that is good, a great deal that is commonplace, and more or less that is positively bad, and unworthy of a boy who has not yet mounted a hundred specimens. On the other hand there are a great number of pieces, which, while they are like nothing in nature, are still extremely beautiful, and which show how the skins or horns or heads or hoofs of birds and beasts may be tuned into most attractive ornaments for the parlor, the dining-room, or the boudoir. It is in this respect that the present exhibition deserves high praise, and is most successful.

The society this year exhibits with many excellent productions, much that is really very wretched. It could scarcely be otherwise, for all that is sent in for exhibition must be accepted, or else jealous and heartburning would arise, and the exhibitors whose pieces were rejected would feel that they had been badly treated by the society. We may first refer to the heads of the ruminants, which are hung high up on the walls of the hall. No. 705 is an excellently mounted head of a Virginia deer, not looking forward after the ordinary method, but somewhat turned to the right. The pose is a graceful one, and the work very creditable. Passing by the door of the side room, a beautiful caribou head is seen on the wall, and above it to the left is a moose head, which is a real triumph. On the other side of the caribou, and above it, is an elk head, with the horns in the velvet, which looks like nothing in the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The same is

true of the elk head and the wuile deer head on the other side of the stage. They are hopelessly bad, and the men who put them up had never seen the animals in life. If they had they could never have distributed the stuffing about the skulls as has been done, making the head so wide across the eyes and bringing them down to a gullet point on the nose. Only two or three antelope heads are seen on the walls, and they are neither very good nor very bad. There is a capital mountain sheep's head and a good Virginia deer's head to the right of the stage.

On the stage at the rear of the hall, stand male, female and young moose, and a bighorn. The latter is excellent, and so is the young moose, but the same cannot be said of the adults. They are stiff, and their necks are not thick enough, and are too long. In the center of the room, is a called Tartar hunter attacked by tigers, is very striking, and the horse extremely lifelike. The hunter has captured the tiger's cubs, and as he is riding away, the old ones have sprung upon his horse. One of them he has shot, and at the other he is striking with a dagger. The conception, though not a new one, is well executed, the only weak point being the man. In the front of the hall is a spirited group; two lions fighting over an antelope which one of them has killed.

There are three groups on exhibition representing dogs pointing birds, and we wish that we could say that any one of them is thoroughly good. A white, with a little red set, standing a levy of quail, is on the right of the door as we enter. The background and all the accessories are excellent, but the dog looks like no setter that we have ever seen. He is long and thin, and has a very small head, a minute head in fact. Evidently the skin has been very much stretched. The head is very fair, but the rest of the body is all out of proportion to it. Not far from this, but across the aisle, is another dog, this one a brown and white pointer, standing a pair of ruffed grouse. The case, the ground and the birds are even better than with the setter. The dog's head, neck, legs, and tail are extremely lifelike, but the body is not good. It is round and without shape; the body of a dog, in fact, which is so fat that not a bone is visible. The flanks are not drawn in, not a rib nor a vertebral spine can be seen. A dog shaped like this could not and would not hunt an hour. Just in front of a window is a black and white pointer on quail. There is no background, and owing to its being directly against the light it cannot be well seen, but it is the best stuffed dog on exhibition. The attitude is not nearly so well chosen as that of the other pointer, but it is all over a dog, and were it as well shown as the other two it would far surpass them. One of the group of smaller animals and birds, of all grades of excellence, from perfect to absurd. Two of the most strikingly beautiful are a group of duck bills (*Querula baydonii*), and one of terrapins. In these the water is represented by glass, and the whole work is done so perfectly that nothing is left to the imagination.

Among the bad groups, bad in taste and execution, are a group of blue-winged teal, and one of herring, gulls and terns. Near the windows, Wallace has a remarkably fine series of owls, a handsome pair of black-backed gulls, and a group of gulls, and a pair of terns. Some beautifully stuffed herons (Nos. 141-2) are deserving of a close examination. Near the brown pointer and partridges, is a pretty group of game birds, ruffed and pinioned grouse, and woodcock and snipe, very nicely done, though the association is, of course, utterly unnatural. There is also near here a beautiful group of woodcock and young. A number of dining-room pieces—ducks hanging on shields or panels—are to be seen, some of them very good, others only passable. A canvas-back and an old squaw on the south wall are by no means satisfactory, while some beautiful harlequins on the north wall are excellent. The most many stuffed single birds and animals. Most of the latter are very good, and so are some of the birds, but judging from the character of the work, we should imagine that most of the taxidermists had never seen a grouse or a quail alive. These stuffed grouse are pretty and graceful, and their feathers are beautifully smooth, only—none of them are shaped like grouse.

It is impossible to speak of all the pretty things that are here in the way of decorative taxidermy. On the north wall near the window and opposite it on the south, are a vast number of beautiful and tasteful objects. There are some beautiful peacock and owl screens, and some charming effects are arrived at by putting half a bird against an appropriate background in a frame. Thus a little white heron stands against a dark blue plush or a black velvet, a woodcock against a light background, a green trogon against white, and a northern hare in winter dress against black, a shoveller and a cock of the rock against blue and white respectively. Then there are all sorts of queer and fanciful devices, in which owls are brought into play, many of them ingenious and some very pretty. One of the most spirited and a thing to see at this exhibition is a dying little white heron, pierced by a golden arrow.

A noticeable feature of this exhibition is the plaster casts of fishes and reptiles, of which there are quite a number, all of very fine. The society has also secured the loan of the working models of a number of Mr. Kenys's groups of animals, and these make a fine show.

Enough has been said to show that there is a great deal to be seen at the present exhibition, which we presume will be a financial success.

"NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN."—I have seen snow buntings since boyhood (and that is not a few years), but never until the 23d ult. saw them alight in a tree, and now "Phek Bluk" and "A waioose" sing that "it is not uncommon for them to do so." I have also been informed by Mr. J. H. Langille that he has often seen them alight on trees, but I think he still has doubts of the horned lark doing so. I said in my last that I did not doubt that "Taxidermist" saw them in a tree, but when I see them do it I shall probably be just as much surprised as I was when the snow bunting did it. In the article "Some Southern California Birds," in your last issue, the last sentence in regard to horned larks reads: "Have seen them in a tree or bush." I presume it should have read, "Have never seen them in a tree or bush."—J. L. D. (Lockport, N. Y., April 29).

"SHAMING SICK" and "WHO SAID RATS?" the well-known pictures published some years ago by the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, of London, are issued as a colored supplement to that journal of April 14. The *News* is one of the handsomest papers published, is of a healthy tone, and reflects great credit upon its editors and publishers. The American agents are the International News Co., Beekman street, New York.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

LOST ON THE SNIPE MEADOWS.

THE old adage, "two's company, three none," for once at least was not true. Although it may have applied to other parties, it certainly did not to ours.

On the 11th of September I left my house in Portland on a trip to the town of Raymond, for the purpose of spending a few days among the game birds of this State. Upon arriving on the grounds I found the birds quite thick and a prospect of good shooting. The next day I mailed a letter to a couple of friends in the city, inviting them to come up and spend a few days with me. By 9 P. M. we were making ourselves at home.

The next morning at 8 o'clock we were on our way to the Moose Meadow. It was quite dark when we arrived on the grounds and not a duck in sight. Five, ten and fifteen minutes pass. Whir, whirl! splash, splash! and four birds alight on the water not thirty yards from us. Jordan gives it to them sitting and I take them on the wing. Result two birds. Another fifteen minutes pass. Two teal silently wing by White, who is on the other side, and drop into the water several hundred yards away. I cautiously creep that way and—whir—away they go, bang—a clean miss; bang—miss for Jordan. An hour silently passes away.

The place in which we were gunning is situated thirty miles from Portland, and within a circuit of several miles there are not more than fifty houses. It is one of the best places for ducks in this State. There are three large meadows, connected by means of a brook, and the outlet of all is into Sebago Lake. The upper, or Moose Meadow, is the smaller and the best and principal feeding ground, and here the birds congregate at mornings and evenings. The center and largest is the Great Meadow, and the lower the Little Meadow.

Having watched the ducks for several mornings, I found that their plan was to come to the Moose Meadow mornings and nights to feed, and, if undisturbed, to stay there during the day, which when started to proceed to the lower meadows.

We formed our plans accordingly. Surrounding these meadows is a heavy growth of pine and oak, in which, if unacquainted, one is liable to get considerably "mixed up in his reckoning." Gray squirrels and partridges are plenty, and a few woodcock. There is one drawback to the duck shooting, and that is that the meadows are becoming rotten, and one cannot walk everywhere without some caution; but with a boat this is offset, and, if so provided, one could enjoy sport "fit for a king." There are several semi-pot-hunters there, but, with three exceptions, they do not little harm beyond getting the birds so scarce, and make them wild enough to make a good score something to brag about.

The morning of the 15th was foggy and rainy; nevertheless we started for the Great Meadow, walking along the shore and starting a few birds, which went to the Moose Meadow. We soon reached the head of the pond, and, turning right, inside of fifteen minutes we were standing on the dam at the foot of the upper meadow. We took our positions and awaited developments. A half hour slipped by with no birds. Leaving my blind, I cautiously worked my way along the side of the meadow, and proceeded to the head without starting a bird. Owing to the extreme drought of this year, the greater part of the meadows, which generally is under water, is high and, for the most part, dry. Still, one must proceed with some caution. From here I commenced to work down toward my companions, and had covered about half the distance when four ducks rose from the middle of the pond, and proceeded straight away from me, too far for a shot, but going toward Jordan. A puff of smoke, and three swung to the right; another puff of smoke, and only two proceed onward, with increased speed.

Continuing on my way I saw a lark from under a log, on which I fired, and a very peculiar foot shot, and a pair of teal, the results (only on the duck), fired. Upon covering so which I found myself well deep in the soft mud under the log, and the duck proceeding on his way. I managed to get out, and vowing vengeance on all the ducks in creation, I walked on and managed to flush a woodcock and snip that early shell on him, but marked him down, and upon again starting him he came to lag. Rejoining my companions we wended our way homeward. That evening we watched and waited, but being without a boat it was too dark to find our birds if we shot any.

The following day we visited some of the adjacent towns. At daylight the next morning we were on the meadows, and at six o'clock left for a favorite partridge ground. Dinner time found us with two ducks, no partridges and four gray squirrels. As the morrow was to be our last we decided to be absent all day. Leaving the house at 4 A. M., we scoured the woods and upper meadow, and were quite lucky. About noon we sat down on an old tree at the head of the Great Meadow, and while conversing on various topics I saw a bird drop into the brook not one hundred yards away, and notifying the others I started for him and Jordan followed. The duck rose some fifty yards away, circled around to the right and passed directly over White, who coolly brought him down, and he is now mounted in the latter's room.

About three I started for the house, but the others remained, and on the way shot a hawk measuring forty-two inches.

After supper went to the post-office, and on returning home was astonished to hear that my friends had not yet arrived and that probably they were lost. After carefully considering we came to the conclusion that if they were anywhere on the upper meadows, or in fact this side of Glover's Ridge, they could hear us; therefore I heavily loaded six shells, and going to the top of a small hill fired two charges in quick succession and eagerly awaited a response. A minute passes; again I fired. Hullo-o-o-ah!—no, that was a loon; again I fired. The echo runs through the woods seemingly with noise enough to be heard miles away. But no answer came to our waiting ears. Solemnly we wend our way toward the house.

For an hour we sit around the stove, and then the host and his wife retire, but for some time I sat with my head in my hands and my elbows on my knees. About 9:30 an hour I awoke when I hear whir and imagine I hear Jordan's voice. "Never they come, and I am not mistaken, for it is them, and a more dilapidated and thoroughly tired out

couple was never seen, but they were happy, for five ducks told the story of their skill. After they had stowed away their supper, we draw our chairs around the stove, and White told their adventure as follows: "After you left Sam he hunted me up and together we started to wade to a small island, and easily reached it, not going over our knees. A small blind stool on one side, and of this we at once took possession about 5 o'clock. One of the green-winged teal started out of the lily pads (which are two feet high) and swims out into open water. I take a careful aim and fire, but he never kicks, and lies motionless on the water. As soon as retrieved we settle down again, but before sundown manage to get a diver. As soon as it grows dark the fun begins. The birds fly in all directions. Whirr! on the right, whirr! on the left. A long black streak can be seen in the northern sky, which soon develops into a flock of twenty-seven ducks, which I took to be black ones.

"Yes," said I, interrupting him, "they are black ones, and come from a small pond away over in the woods, where they stay during the day, and come to the meadows to feed at night and depart before daylight."

"We waited for them to pass by near enough for a shot, but they gave us a wide berth." We gathered up our birds and started to return to the shore, but to our surprise we could not see it. We had been looking at the bright sky so as to get the outline of the birds against it, and on looking into the dark were blinded for a few moments. Taking a long stick in one hand we felt our way toward the shore, which we succeeded in reaching in about a half hour. Once on shore another difficulty presented itself, *z. e.*, which way was home? Luckily we had set our compass before leaving, and holding a match we soon found the requisite direction. We struck into the woods and traveled for some time, then we stopped and lit a match to make sure.

We were traveling very nearly in the right direction when we struck the old logging road which leads from the main road to the meadow. This we followed till we reached the tall pines where they logged last winter, and here we lost the path while in this growth, for it was as dark as night, and here we hunted our last match in order to make sure of our course, which, luckily for us, had been nearly correct. Stumbling on, over stumps and fallen trees, first one and then the other was ahead, and the hind one had to take the bushes as they switched back, which was very pleasant; speaking now and then to make sure we were together, at last we came out on the shore of the meadow.

"Yes," said Jordan, "and I swore that it was some one we had not yet visited, but White said it was the Great Meadow."

"We walked up the shore of the meadow until I found the rocks where the road comes in. Turning in here we followed it as long as we could, and several times we found ourselves in the brush, but managed to strike the road again, and after about a half-hour's work we came out in the main road. Our trials were now over, for in fifteen minutes we were here. Now, I move we go to bed, for it's most eleven."

The next morning was spent in packing, and our host, who owned a good horse and double-breasted wagon, offered to deliver us at our respective houses in the city for one dollar each, and we gladly accepted his offer. SMALL.

OUR WOODCOCK SHOOT OF 1882.

I know a lot of the readers of *Forest and Stream* are crack shot, good talker and lover of the Irish red, to come and have a hunt with us for woodcock, which invitation he accepted, and we had a right jolly good time. On his return he had published in *FOREST AND STREAM* an account of the trip. That was the time when we "got 'em."

This year he came again and we didn't "get 'em," so I will undertake to tell it this time, and although he dubbed me "little one" last year, I shall not do any more, and call him "giant," if he is over six feet tall and wears No. 12 boots.

From September 1 to November 11 Charlie and I had watched our favorite grounds for woodcock, visiting them as often as twice a week, and some days we did not see a single bird. The most we saw in any one day were four, and we had about made up our minds that there were no birds this year, and that we were going to give up and record this as an all year dog run, woodcock and English snipe as there did not appear to be any. On Monday, November 13, we heard that so many woodcock had been flushed by persons out walking the day before that we said, "It is all right; they have come at last and we must be off." We telegraphed Will. "If you have faith enough, come on and we will go to the hill to-morrow." It was quite evident to us that he had the necessary faith, as he arrived with the 2 P. M. train in the morning and was ready, and very soon after we took another train. I have remarked before that he was a good talker. After the usual hand-shaking and looking at the dogs, he cocked his hat on the back of his head and opened up: "Say, we'll get 'em to-morrow; they are here. I saw them shooting last on the river; saw them from the ear window, and just as I left home a farmer's boy brought in several woodcock and the woods is full of 'em. Oh, it is all pleasant to-morrow we will then." He then they will then they warn side hill in the young alders. 'Til bet this minute there are fifty birds in the piece in front of the old school house." And so he talked on until the brakeman shouted "Jordan." We picked up our gun cases, and, taking the dogs by their chains, alighted.

The first man we saw was our genial friend, the Doctor. The Doctor's house is a two-story frame building on Jones street. As to the size of it, in the talk with his wife, and also his general opinion of all of the Doctor's friends that he is doing himself a great injustice in not securing a patent on it. I have known every room in this house to be full, yet when some of the Doctor's friends would drive up, he would say, "Drive around to the barn; then come in and stay all night." I wondered where they would sleep, but the Doctor invited another room was added to the house and prepared for guests. This building has store-room, Doctor's office, sitting-room, dining-room, library, and sleeping rooms *ad infinitum*. The Doctor's wife is one of those large-hearted women who occasionally meet with, just as ready and willing to entertain the Doctor's friends as he is to have them entertained. The Doctor—why every one knows him; his name is household word for miles around, and he spends a portion of his summer vacation, he has hosts of friends, and many of the guides will testify to kindnesses shown them in visiting the sick, extracting teeth, and relieving their suffering.

On one occasion while at his house, having returned at about seven in the evening from an all day's hunt, he found that there was a call for him to go and see Mr. W., living about five miles from the village. The Doctor says, "Well, I am glad of it, as Mr. — was here yesterday and wished me to come and see his hound." And he did go; made both calls, and it appeared to me that he was more particular in his treatment of the hound than he was of Mr. W.

The Doctor marched us to the dining-room, and after a good hearty supper we returned to the office, where we enjoyed our pipes and the evening passed pleasantly talking over the past, and receiving calls from our old friends Messrs. White, Allen, Jay and others, and our good Methodist brother that always says, "Well, look at all the dogs." And, by the way, there was quite a show. First, there was Charlie's Don, (Old Reliable) and I shot a brace of field trial winner, and a first-class dog on game. Will had Stump, a red Irish, winner of first prize in New York in puppy class in 1882, and first in open class in Washington in 1883. The Doctor's Fred (Laverack) and my red Irish Daisy (litter sister to Snapp) and Jay's water spaniel. At 10 o'clock we took a short walk to give the dogs a little exercise and see what the weather prospects were for the morrow, and then retired.

We were up in the morning and found that the Doctor's wife had made breakfast ready for us, and as usual (never forgetting the dogs, she had the pudding ready for them) the lunch basket and jug of coffee for us. Now, the Doctor's wife is a firm believer in the coffee sign as to the success of a day's hunt that she never allows a sportsman to leave the house without it. The morning was clear and cold (but we had known woodcock to be here later than this), and the black ponies took us along at a rattling pace, and we reached the hill about 10 o'clock. Charlie and Will left us to hunt up on the south side. Doctor and I were to ride on a quarter of a mile further and then hunt the north side, and we were to meet at the old pond. John was to wait for us with the team at the old school house.

We climbed over the fence; Fred and Daisy went to work, quartered the ground high and low, and at last there was a faint showing of game. Daisy stopped, half pointed, but it was a false alarm, and she started on the way up, and did not find either woodcock or grouse. This was not at all encouraging, as this piece afforded us some very fine sport last season. We separated again, Will and Charlie locating on the north side of the pond, the Doctor and I on the south side, until we again met at the school house, and after comparing notes we found that we had drawn another hawk. We all climbed into the wagon and started for the piece at the head of Green Bay. "This was our last place for woodcock, and the Doctor remarked, "Look here, boys, I told you there was no use of hunting for woodcock; they have not been here, and this is an off year." We were soon satisfied of the truth of this, for we hunted this cover thoroughly, and not a bird did we find. In this piece last year in about one hour we bagged twenty-five woodcock.

We returned to the wagon, and after spreading down robes and blankets sat down to a lunch such as can only be prepared by a woman that knows the wants of hungry sportsmen. In Will's report of our hunt in 1881, he failed to mention the fact that his red Irish Larry ate up all the lunch, and when he jumped out of the wagon to hunt the first piece, he had the empty basket hanging on his neck, and if the present owner of Larry should happen to read this, I wish he would call to mind if at the time the dog was purchased he was warranted by Will to "eat up all the lunch." After lunch we started off on our last place, which I wish there were no woodcock, we will start and try the grouse in a small piece on our way home." We did stop and try them. "They were up in trees, would not lay for the dogs at all, and we killed just one, although Will declares that he knocked off both wings and legs of another with his "far-killing" Greener, and from the appearance of a pine tree (and since reading "Mark West's" account of his grouse hunt) I have concluded that Will used his right barrel to take off the top of the tree, and his left to knock the bird over in an adjoining town, as we could not find her. But we did find this little grove full of snags, and if snares were ever thoroughly torn up and destroyed, these were then and there. This was the last of the day's hunt, and we drove home. Total number of birds killed in eight hours' hunt, one ruffed grouse. I hope that this will never be accused of slaughtering game in this day's hunt.

The next day the Doctor's professional duties were such that he could not be with us, and we thought we would try for grouse, knowing that there had been a brood or two raised in one of our favorite woods; but it was a hard place to get a shot at them, the woods being almost entirely young pines. Here we go; Will working on the edge to my left and Charlie to my right. We had just started and the cover when Charlie came in and said, "He's on, here he is," and just at that moment out they go right over my head, but not a bird did we see. The puppies looked a little surprised. "What is that you say? Old Reliable surprised? No, no, you don't know that dog or you never would ask such a question." There he stood, straightened out at full length, without the slightest motion of a muscle, making a picture that can't be described with a pen. You stand and see it, Charlie steps and off goes the bird without giving us a glimpse of him. We hunted this piece for two hours, the dogs doing some very fine work. Charlie and Will each killed a grouse, and I didn't bring a bird to bag. Methinks I hear some reader say, "Well, I can't see where you had any sport in that hunt." There is just where you are mistaken. I own up that I am not a good shot, and Charlie has often accused me of watching the dogs and allowing the birds to fly away, to which charge I am obliged to plead guilty.

To me a day's sport with rod or gun is not the number of fish in the creel or birds brought to bag.

"Game bag flat, with naught to boast of,

Barely took an ill-timed sneer,

Every well and favored marksman

Levels not a sleek-skinned deer."

It is the rest from all business cares, the knowing that for a time, at least, that ledger and ledger balances are not to be thought of, and I can never recollect the many benefits derived to soul and body from these excursions to woods and lakes. To me they are numberless and they never end. I take my place at the desk ready for duty, and while at work my thoughts will carry me to the dog side all day long. In the morning I will get up at 6 o'clock, and when weary from the labors and cares of the day I return home, and while seated around the cheerful fire with my wife and boys, one of the boys will say, "Papa, now for a story. Tell us about your first visit to the Adirondacks, or Obed's falling to sleep watching the runaway on Old Whiteface, or your quail hunt

in Ohio, or your first visit to the woods of Michigan;" and this is why they never end, and I will know that—

"I am richer, wiser, stronger,
For these brief relaxing spells,
And the voices of my dear ones
Shall seem sweet as Euter Bells."

And as has been said before, among the multitude of blessings vouchsafed me by a kind Providence I count my passion for hunting and fishing chief, and I am sure that I am healthier and happier for having found pleasure in my excursions to mountain and forest, lakes and streams.

PLANKERS.

Hudson, N. Y., April 24, 1893.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

Editor *Forest and Stream*:

I do not desire to take part in the pleasant though spirited discussion going on in your columns as to the relative merits of the breech and muzzle loader, for it is already in the hands of those competent to handle it. All the suggestion I would make would be that a match between the two classes, with the usual conditions, be shot, except that there should be no wiping after each shot. That is really the true test of the two systems, for a rifle is useless, except as a toy, that cannot be used with sufficient accuracy under those conditions. The muzzle-loader, being to a certain extent cleaned in the act of loading, is apt to have the advantage, but it will point out where the defect lies with the breech-loader.

My object in writing this communication is, however, to utter a mild protest at the patronizing and *ex cathedra* criticism of your correspondent "Penobscot," in the issue of April 5, in regard to Major Merrill's opinions and experiences on rifle matters. I am aware that gentlemen are fully able to take care of himself, but I cannot refrain from "dipping in an ear" where he may not think proper to do so. Major Merrill is, by education, profession, opportunities and extended experience, superinduced by a careful study of the subject, a rifleman in the highest sense of the term; a rifleman of nearly half a century's experience, most of which has been obtained among the big game of the frontier; a rifleman, in my opinion, who has forgotten a great deal more than most of us younger riflemen ever knew. In truth, he may be designated as the Nestor among the riflemen of the eastern States, and therefore behooves "Penobscot" to be a little more cautious in his criticisms.

Now, what are Major Merrill's opinions on rifle matters? I always read with care what he writes, and this is my understanding of them: He admits the superiority of the breech-loader, with all its defects, as a weapon of war, or where dangerous game is encountered, and where rapidity of fire is essential; he claims the superiority of the muzzle-loader for accuracy as a target rifle, where the rifle is allowed after each discharge; he claims the superiority of the muzzle-loader for accuracy either at target or game, where consecutive shots are fired, without wiping, and claims this latter is the true test of any rifle.

Now, how many experienced riflemen are prepared to take issue with him on each of those three positions? All will agree with him on the first position, and there will be few to dissent with him on the second, with the breech-loaders as at present constructed. As to the second, wherever you find a rifleman of experience who disagrees with him, you will find an equally experienced one who agrees with him. There will be a great many who think that in the hands of equally skillful riflemen there is very little difference in accuracy where wiping is allowed. I take it, there are few riflemen who will disagree upon this with the above views.

Now it seems pertinent to inquire from what standpoint of experience does "Penobscot" fulminate his criticisms on Major Merrill's opinions: "Upon what merit doth this our Caesar feed?" and in prosecuting this inquiry we will take his own account of it. The amount of game he has killed offers no criterion from which to judge of the extent of his experience, for it may mean twenty or it may mean fifty. The first statement or opinion given that causes a doubt, at least as to a looseness of observation, is that the deer (and so on to be the Virginia deer) comes to "a dead halt at the end of every leap." In this he will find few if any to agree with him who have seen many deer run. The deer's feet are, at times, at "a dead halt," especially when at a slow gait, leaping over brush for instance, but his body is always on the move, and when going at a good gait its movement is very uniform. When at full speed his feet, like those of a race-horse, scarcely appear to touch the ground, and he goes like a shot.

His next statement with regard to hunting in weather whose temperature is -42°, and without gloves, will astonish those with much experience in hunting in cold weather; for so I understand the words, "fingers frosted from contact with the blustering steel barrel." I think it will be the general verdict that anyone who goes hunting in such weather without gloves, and very warm ones at that, knows very little about either cold weather or hunting; in fact, that he needs a guardian. Furthermore, manipulating a breech-loader without gloves would result in the same "blistering" experience by contact of the fingers with the steel of the lever and the trigger-plate and lock.

Now let us test the soundness of his judgment as to the best rifle for deer hunting. He has only used two breech-loaders, the Winchester '73 and the Martini '40 caliber, both repeating rifles, to both of which he gives high praise, with the preference to the latter, and thinks it "by far the best hunting rifle for forest shooting in the market." Now I say, such are the last arms a man of solid experience would take into the woods for hunting deer, premising at the same time they both are very good rifles of their class. In timber you rarely get a deer, and one good caliber, better matter where you put him in the body—hams, hunch, lungs or shoulder. There are such rifles. No rifle, however, shooting a solid ball of small caliber is that rifle. It is simply cruelly to hunt deer with such rifles, unless the animal is shot through both shoulders, or through the heart, or the spinal column is touched, the chances are it will hide in the bush to die a lingering death, unless there is snow on the ground or you have a very large snow-drift. A wind lung shot, in a few instances of fawns, being literally shot to dogs. I know instances of fawns being literally shot to dogs of grown deer that were mutilated by as many shots and then getting away in full view on the open. Such instances are in the experience of all who have hunted deer much with the small caliber solid ball, and this paper has frequently been full of such experiences. If "Penobscot" will read that most excellent book, Mr. Van Dyke's "Still-

Hunter," he will find the subject fully treated in this regard.

Furthermore, it is generally conceded among those who have tried both of the above that the good single-loader is superior for killing large game in the hands of hunters equally experienced. It is also less liable to accident, for it never shoots except from the muzzle.

It should have occurred in a moment to one of his supposed experience why the 73 model Winchester had such a high trajectory instead of ascribing it to his "shallow grooving, slow twist and bullet short in proportion to its diameter."

Whereas the true cause is its short barrel, light ball, thin, smooth charge (forty grains) behind it and comparatively large caliber.

It would seem impossible to get a flat curve for any distance from such a combination. Just why the Marlin forty-caliber has a flatter trajectory is that all the elements of its make-up are more favorable in this rifle, smaller caliber, longer powder charge, heavier ball, greater powder proportion and longer barrel.

This review of "enob-cock's" communication is made with the most kindness and respect, and as a reminder that his experience with the rifle is not of such a character as to enable him to criticize one with Major Merrill's extended experience.

C. H. I.

THE "SCREED" IS CONCLUDED.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I know that some builders talk of ten-pound emoes in "ads." I just want to meet one in the North Woods. No, when they talk thus they lie under a mistake. Sickness, haps and mishaps, from piled-up railroad trains to pneumonia, meet us at every turn; but, accidents, sickness and death aside, I am as sure to make that cruise as you are to turn in when you start for your berth, and my sceptical friends, who already have \$200 accidental insurance on me, are not going to let me off. Though, as it is only \$7.50 on the \$1,000 for six months—well, I think it a business investment. I hope, if I am caught in a blizzard on Riquette, Long Lake or the Tippers, and the eggshell swamps me, they will pardon my persistence if I happen to scramble ashore by the help of the air cushion, which I shall always have aboard, and, if I am drowned, will they, remembering they have had a winning thing of it, kindly pay me a liberal percentage to Mrs. Nesmick, my deceased Johnny? No, boys, I have been fairly drowned twice. No man born of woman was ever drowned three times. It wouldn't take a strong rope to hang me, but a bear trap on one leg and a grindstone on the other wouldn't drown me in ten fathoms.

And "Picket" pays his last respects to me in a few "last words." It is hardly worth his while. Of course not. But a few last, superfluous words to show up the utter absurdity of "Nesmickian philosophy" may be enjoyed by his utterly utter friends, men of means, so to speak, men who can afford the "best" of everything. Things not to be had by "men of moderate means." Just so. Now, by the sharp way in which "Picket" ignores my remarks on the destruction of game, forests, etc., and catches at my question, "can a counterfeit, then, be worth more than the original?" and by the cunning way in which he catches at my words, "old pictures, diamonds and dogs, I judge he is a New York legal sharp." He misses his dog, rightly. He says "a thing is worth what it will bring in the market." I will be as brief as possible.

Firstly, I will answer my own questions, to wit: The "counterfeit presentation," if it be a picture, may be worth, in popular estimation, much more than the original. If it be the counterfeit of a guinea, or golden eagle, or a dozen other things, then not. The value of a picture depends on the taste and fancy of the purchaser. I don't quarrel with it.

But, "a thing is worth what it will fairly bring, etc." If this were true, the toe-nails, shin-bones and skulls of saints and apostles, with bits of the "true cross" (chipped from a gate-post, probably) would have a steady and appreciable value. In point of fact, they are each and all rubbish. An old Roman coin (really worth \$3.20) would be worth \$500. A pair of glass eyes, one of the true forked snipe, would be worth \$5,000 in China or Corea. Actually it is worth as much as the same weight of forked parsnips. No more. There was a time—not so long ago either—when sharp business men in Holland paid \$10,000 for a single tulip bulb. What would it be worth to-day? Could anything go further to prove the childlikeness of the adult brain? And our Simian ancestry? And all this arises from what I said about dogs, and the value of a name.

And I repeat it and can prove it. From the days of Homer down to the present time the dog has had his admirers and advocates. He has been the pet of peasant and prince, and mostly a nuisance to their friends and neighbors. He is at best a half-reclaimed savage, with an always present tendency toward retrogression, surreptitious mutinon, and upping the heels of the casual stranger. I know whereof I speak, and I have a right to speak of the dog. The first dog of a person's property I ever owned was a dog. This was fifty-six years ago. From that day to this I have never been without a dog—sometimes as many as ten; often three to five. It was hard to take in a law that outlawed my pets, as property, making it legal for any one to kill them when found at large without a muzzle. I see the justice of it now. I see, too, the absurdity of mixing up our pets as property, with gold, horses, diamonds, etc. Legislators and courts have some peculiar ways. In the other world, hounds and slaughter them *en masse*. The public paying the cost, as a measure of public safety. State Legislatures do not pass laws against the horse, ignoring him as property, and binding the State to pay for the sheep he may kill. They do all this as regards the dog; and wisely.

As to "Picket"—the best are scarce, and only to be had by men of means." True as regards gold, bonds, city lots, diamonds, etc. Not true as regards the dog; he is an exception.

There are several millions of dogs (see census report) infesting this land; spreading rabies, destroying sheep and cattle, and, in a general way, making intolerable nuisances of themselves. Perhaps in twenty, as a herder or hunter, may have some pecuniary value. If the other nineteen-twentieths were dumped outside the Gulf Stream, it would be a blessed boon to the country. (Try a vote on it).

Comparing a first-class picture with a dog is an utter absurdity. Comparing a Raphael or Titian with a dog raiser and trainer, is worse. It does not require a high order of genius to run a dog yard.

As to "Picket's" offer of getting his "choicest eyoodle," I am afraid I cannot meet him. His choice eyoodles seem to have cost him considerably more than \$100 each. My C. is only valued at \$10. I would add too, that if, however, "Picket" will consent to stake his "choicest eyoodle" against a healthy, young yascutus, terms of meeting, etc., to be left with the editor of FOREST AND STREAM, I will do my best to interest him. And, with fun for all, and with malice toward nothing less than hydrophobia, I take leave of the "Screed." NESMICK.

NOTES FROM ROCHESTER.

IN the occasional notes which I have sent you during the last five or six years, I recollect but few from which it was possible for the reader, if he were a sportsman, to derive any satisfaction by hearing of a place, not remote from civilization, where game could be called abundant. I rather think that many of your correspondents have had the same experience, and that a considerable proportion of the interesting communications you receive detail events of the days that are no more, when birds were abundant and the shooters less numerous. From your city correspondents especially it is rare to hear of good shooting at their doors, and when an opportunity presents itself, to record a contrary state of facts, one should not fail to "make a note of it." There has been, and is, an extraordinary flight of snipe over this part of the State this spring. Several satisfactory bags have been brought in by residents of the city, but the most sport is said to have been enjoyed by a gentleman who got rid of over forty cartridges and shot eight snipe. The market shooters, as usual, have had the cream of the sport. Two Ontario countymen sold over a hundred snipe here within the last ten days, bringing in over fifty on two occasions. Hartman, of Greece, a hard hunter, has bagged over sixty, and numerous cases are reported in which non-professional shooters have been well rewarded for their labor in tramping the wet fields for "winged flies." Snipe have not been so abundant for several years.

A great many ducks have also been taken in, and while I was in a blind on Round Pond, on the shore of Lake Ontario, last Friday, waiting for ducks, I saw a flight of hawks that reminded me of those described recently by one of your New Jersey correspondents. In the space of about two hours, more than twenty hawks went past the blind, flying from west to east. None of them came within gunshot, but they included several varieties, large and small. Some of them were very, almost white, a color I never saw on a living hawk before.

While I was waiting the marsh for a widgeon that came down suddenly, it occurred to me that if one were to carry in his boat two light boards he could use them for walking on marshy ground, where neither man nor dog can go at present. By carrying one board and walking on the other in succession, one could go safely over almost any quagmire. I heard yesterday of a man who had been so roughly informed on this subject, that the wild pigeons are nesting in Southern Missouri, and he thinks there is little chance of a flight east of the Mississippi this spring. He expects that they will go into British Columbia.

Robert Tanguay, the widely-known Franco-Irish-American sportsman and inventor of fishing tackle, has returned from a six month's visit to Florida, where he had a world of adventure on field and flood. He has "hung out his shingle" in the form of a fish in the Massasoit Hall block and resumed fly-tying, an art in which he has no superior. He is ready at any time to lay down the most delicate fly that ever deceived a "spotted beauty" to tell of a fight he saw in the St. John's River between a porpoise and a shark, or some other noteworthy incident he beheld. I was slightly astonished when he told me that the breast and drumsticks of the lilttern (known generally by a less euphonious name) are quite spatchable, but he got on very well as a sportman when he said that "we eat everything except buzzard in Florida."

Charles Green, whose excellent guns you advertise, has increased the capacity of his manufactory and opened a show room on West Main street, where the sporting events of the day are duly disseminated and new campaigns planned.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 28.

M. C.

RUFFED GROUSE.

(Read before the New Hampshire Fish and Game League, by Dr. Henry Wheeler.)

THE subject of my rambling talk before you to-day, will be the ruffed grouse or partridge, *Tetrao umbellus*, which is found in all the wild, mountainous sections of our country, from the extreme north, far into the Caucasus and as far south as Georgia, and in fact, all over this vast continent to-day. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, every hillside and sunny valley, even the mountain tops, were alive with these birds. In early spring, on a warm, snappy morning, you could hear the drumming of the old cock birds in almost every direction. A very peculiar but pleasant sound, winding off like the rumbling of distant thunder.

When a boy of fourteen, my home was in the Green Mountain State, and with an open bird-gun, three feet long, of Revolutionary fame, I could easily bag eight or ten birds before dinner. But now, with riper years and experience, with my noble Gordon setter and breech-loading gun, I could not bag as many in two days.

The birds commence pairing in March and April; their nests are very rudely formed, but the most solitary places are chosen for incubation, and the hen lays from eight to twelve, and sometimes fourteen, eggs. The young leave the nest almost as soon as hatched, and follow their mother bird in search of food. One of the most wonderful sights I ever witnessed in any game bird, was when the mother and her brood had been suddenly surprised; her hasty, warning note sent every chick beneath a leaf, and by careful search I could not find nor scare from their safe retreat a single bird. I looked with perfect astonishment as she, with a peculiar, chucking sound, threw herself almost beneath my feet, hopping over my gun, and in a twinkling, as though hardly wounded, thus seeking to allure me away from the presence of the young birds. And through this shrewd, cunning and deceptive strategy, she outwits the crafty fox, the cunning weasel, the perfumed pole cat, and a host of other enemies. The majestic old cock bird does not assist the hen in making her nest, or caring for the young, neither does he half protect them against their destructive enemies, but prelates on some old log or stump on the sunny hillside, and pleases to ravine, he may be heard drumming away at a time. If the weather is clear, it can be heard a long distance off and the sound is pleasant and fascinating, especially to the farmers' boys. The cock resorts to the same spot, if not disturbed, during the whole breeding season, and adopts this poetical way of calling the hen into his august presence, and in fact

is the only sure method that he has of wooing his mate from her cold retreat during the period of incubation.

I have no objection to saying that the partridge, if not mated, can show a finer and larger number of young birds the first of September, than any other game bird with which I am acquainted, when we take into consideration their numerous and destructive enemies.

The male birds associate together in small bands until the autumn, when they mingle together indiscriminately, young and old, and ought to be thoroughly protected until this takes place.

Andon says that late in the autumn the partridge makes partial migration from the northwest to the southeast. I have no doubt of this, for in some seasons when the birds have been shot off, or have been scarce during the fall, we find on the approach of winter there is a goodly number again.

Audubon also denies the commonly received opinion that several of these birds can be shot from the same tree without disturbing the others, shooting the lowest ones first. In this opinion I shall beg leave to differ.

My friend, Mr. Powers, our late successful fish commissioner, once pointed out to me a tree from which he shot seven partridges, one after another, and said, jocosely, it was not a wonderfully good day for partridges, either, but the tree was an exceptionally good one. The flesh of the ruffed grouse is white, and far more juicy and delicate than the prairie hen, and when cooked by an old woodsman, or an expert in the culinary art, rivals the woodcock, some birds exceed in point of flavor. I prefer the woodcock, but either one will tickle the palate of a hungry sportsman, and is the most delicious repast ever set before king, prince, potentate, or even the Game and Fish League of New Hampshire.

Annihilate snares, and thoroughly protect this most beautiful and valuable of all our game birds, from January 1 to September 1 (October would be better), and in a few years they would be comparatively plenty again. The snare is the most destructive mode of capturing the ruffed grouse. More than one-half of the birds brought to the markets in our larger cities, are taken in this way. I was in the interior of Maine a few years ago, and went into the back room of a village store where there were some five hundred partridges nicely hung up awaiting transportation to Boston market. I carefully examined the birds, and did not find a shot mark on a single one. Maine has since passed a law which exempts the taking of 1 1/2 bushels of ruffed grouse, to protect them from an occasional wine-shooter and sportsman from other States, but really against the partridge hunters and boys within her own borders.

The next mode of capture, in order, is with the terrier or em, crossed with the spaniel, which, when well trained, will follow the scent of a partridge unerringly, and when the bird takes to wing, will rush through the woods as lively and give voice as freely as a thoroughbred cocker spaniel, following the bird until it takes to a tree, then the tone of voice changes from a yap, yap, yap, to a full-throated bark, which is kept up incessantly until his master approaches, when the bird falls an easy prey to the most ordinary skill. I have a friend in the country who has a dog of this description, who, with him and an old muzzle-loading gun, can capture more partridges in one day than any three of our crack shots, over the finest setters or pointers, and two hundred dollar breech-loading guns, in the same length of time. The best and most objectionable method I will mention, is by shooting on the wing. The true sportsman or a well-trained setter or pointer. The former I consider far preferable. He should be of ripe age, steady and stanch, with nose fine enough to find and point his bird from thirty to fifty feet, as it is almost impossible for a dog to approach nearer, even in the most favorable covers.

These wild birds are always on the wing, and at the least intimation of danger they are on the alert. Their start must be the nerve, quick the eye and unerring the call that brings this lightning-flying bird to bay when once on the wing. It would be a crack shot that could bring down five ruffed grouse in a single day, and would be spoken of in the best papers as something wonderful, and I would make my best bow to the sportsman who could do it, and invite him to join the Manchester Shooting Club.

The true sportsman, who seeks health and pleasure, will be satisfied to bag half a dozen grouse, or woodcock, in one day, and will return home rested and refreshed, with an appetite that will do justice to the trophies of his skill. There is something intensely exciting in this kind of sport which is indescribable. It thrills through every nerve and muscle, eye, the very soul itself, of the sportsman. Watch your noble dog as he stands stanch and steady, with his nose within thirty feet of every ruffed grouse, with nostrils dilatating at every nerve and muscle rigid, eager, flashing eyes, waiting for his master to give the word to flush the bird. The sportsman and his intelligent dog are now in perfect harmony, equally sharing the pleasure of the moment and anticipating the next. The picture is worthy the pencil of the finest artist and a place in the gallery of art. Now the word is given the dog to go on; he creeps cautiously and callie toward the bird, which takes to wing as quick as the lightning's flash, but is handed by a steady eye, and as the report of the breech-loader is reverberating through the air the fluttering of the grouse is heard in the thicket close by. The dog, which is now at charge, is ordered to seek the dead bird, eagerly springing forward carefully picks it up and brings it to land without disturbing a single feather. This, gentlemen of the Game and Fish League, is true sport, such as only the true sportsman can fully appreciate and enjoy, and will not endanger the extermination of the beautiful ruffed grouse, the gamiest bird of the forest.

PHILADELPHIA—April 26.—Snipe shooting until the late storm, which our farmers call the yearly catbird storm, had been quite good at the Delaware and Maryland grounds south of Philadelphia. The birds had settled down and seemed contented, but since the blizzard they have become very restless and do not sit still, and in some places have entirely disappeared. Some sprigged ducks are still on the marshes, and we will doubtless have them with us until spring weather sets in warm, which this season will come suddenly.—Homo.

In an interview with Dr. Carver, published in the *Daily Palladium*, of New Haven, April 16, the champion marksman expresses his sentiment on pigeon shooting as follows: He said that he had noticed that there were many more birds in the air than he shot rather than the so-called city pigeons. For his part he did not like to shoot live pigeons out of humane sentiments, and he would advise that the cruel practice be discontinued. He said he had gladly tried the champion cup into the melting pot if it would break up the cruel system. It was as much of an exhibition of skill in shooting at a target as to shatter clay pigeons as it was to send quivering birds to their death.—Alec.

MISSOURI.—Norborne, Carroll County, April 23.—This is one of the best, if not the best, resorts for snipe and general wildfowl shooting in Northwestern Missouri. Game has not been plentiful this spring, but some of the local hunters have been averaging their five dozen snipe a day for the past three weeks. The biggest bag I have heard of was eleven dozen killed in one day by two guns. I have been trying some Kynoch perfect brass shells, and find them anything but perfect. They persistently miss fire, expand after a few shots, and when crimped are an unmitigated nuisance, as it takes five minutes to get them into the gun. I tried a hundred. Am off to California in a few days, where I hope to tackle some grizzlies, etc., next winter.—F. W. B.

BALTIMORE DUCKERS.—The Harewood Ducking Club, of Baltimore, Md., whose club grounds are at Harewood on the Gunpowder River, below the railroad bridge, numbers twelve members. The club score for the season from Oct. 16, 1882, to April 10, 1883, shows a total of 1,968 birds, divided as follows: 37 canvas-backs, 1,323 redheads, 134 blackheads, 88 widgones and baldpates, 309 coots, and 129 miscellaneous, including mallards, teal, crowsills, etc. One swan killed weighed eighteen pounds.

THE GRADY BILL was defeated.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absences from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

—ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing grounds. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

"Like Briny for whom the Fowler spreads his net,
And trazes them in with whistler and a stele:
Or fish when bayted hookes old Anglers set,
Which luten, brings them some unto their bale.
So that old Angler-for-mens-oules, some wymes
With sweetened baytes, and some with suble gnyms."
—Sir John Stradling, "Ditties Poems," (1625).

PIKE FISHING IN FOX RIVER.

IN a river of some breadth and unequal depth, even "fishers behind the net" score good luck sometimes. Though I am late with this sketch, several others having preceded me on the subject of wall-eyed pike in response to your invitation for contributions, yet I may have the good fortune to be admitted to your royally generous columns.

Fishermen are usually practical men, and I have noticed that the articles on this subject have not been of a theoretical or scientific character, but have had their birth in actual experience. The fish under discussion I have had the sport of catching and the pleasure of eating. The Fox River (Ill.) wall-eyed pike are as plentiful as black bass, and though not quite so gamy on the hook, they are, to my taste, no less sweet and luscious on the plate. I recall one morning in the summer of 1880 when three friends drove up to my house in Batavia, with the shout, "All aboard for South Elgin fishing grounds!" Being too fond of the sport to allow such an opportunity to pass by unimproved, I abandoned my projects for the day, jumped into my fishing regiments, seized my fly-hook and rod, and joined the merry company, who had so kindly reserved a seat for me in their carriage. The morning was beautiful and the drive of eleven miles up the river delightful. We stabled the horses at South Elgin about ten o'clock, and then tried for bass, first with the fly and then with the spoon, until noon, with poor success. Neither would lure them. After luncheon we took out our rods and casted into the river. With these for bait the fun commenced. One after another we landed them. This moment it was a bass and the next a pike—a genuine wall-eyed. Sometimes three or four would be taken in one spot in quick succession, several of the heaviest weighing four pounds each. It was easy to distinguish between the bite of a bass and that of a pike; the bass would take the bait quickly and move off rapidly, while the pike was more deliberate, and when we "struck" and the fish felt the hook, he would at first resist, and struggle with a violence equal to the bass, but tire out and yield sooner, seeming to lack the power of endurance that the bass possesses.

We enjoyed three hours of exquisite sport, and at four o'clock reeled up our lines and unjoined our rods with a feeling of reluctance, for the fish were still biting nicely. However, each of us had about as many as we could conveniently carry back to the village where the carriage was (we had fished a mile down stream), and drove a drove of eleven miles before us. It is hard, though, for a real lover of the sport to stop fishing while the fish seem unwilling that you should. But then any humane man, out of charity for the fish, and consideration for his fellow men who may fish after him, will stop when he has enough, and not stay to kill just for his own self-gratification.

—Apropos "Does the maskinogee leap?" Yes, I've seen 'em, no mistake!
H. H.

PATERSON, N. J., April 21, 1888.

WHAT A DAY BROUGHT FORTH.

IT did seem to my impatient spirit that spring would never come. I had looked over my tackle carefully, found my faithful rod all right, packed my fly-hook, reel and ball-box carefully in my reel, had my old cod looked over, and was in every sense ready for the first of April and its attendant trout-frying. But imagine my disappointment when that day opened a veritable "All Fools' Day"—sour and wet, with patches of snow visible on the neighboring hills-tops, telling of snow water in the streams and general bleakness. So what could I do but nurse my impatience and wait for better weather. In a few days it came, and two or three pleasant days made me resolve that "Providence and the weather permitting," the morning of April 10 I would find me working of the accumulated biliousness of the winter, and trying, at least, to infuse that happiest time of all the year to me—the trout season.

Thanks to our new baby, who, like others of his kind, is an early riser, I was up betimes on the morning in question,

and could have shouted like a boy when I looked out upon the breaking of a fair day as one could wish to see. The rosy fingers of the dawn were mellowing the east, and the birds were singing in that joyful strain that ought to soften the heart of the most confirmed misanthrope. Everything pointed to an auspicious time, and, swallowing a hearty breakfast, I was soon climbing the mountains to the east of the town.

When the six o'clock whistle sounded, I was eight hundred feet above the plain, and, pausing for breath, took in the beautiful scene below me, than which no lover was ever vouchsafed to mortal eyes. I will not attempt to describe it, that valley stretching away toward the Genesee, dotted with villages, hamlets and sinuous water courses. But as I stood on that lofty summit all aglow with my unworldly exercise, the soft sun brightening my face, I was happy and thankful to a kind Providence for the privilege accorded me of living in so beautiful a world, and having health and inclination to enjoy its beauties.

While resting, I was attracted by a rustling in the leaves over the fence in an adjoining wood lot. Peering through the fells I saw two large raccoons on the ground rooting like hogs for last year's acorns. So silent were they upon their foraging that I at once made up my mind they were just out from my window, and although a bestial creature lay in my hip pocket, I was content to walk toward them in peace and watch their motions. Yet within about twenty-five feet, I heaved a small rock in their midst, and watched them scuttle away on their plantigrades, only to stop within easy gunshot and gaze at me wonderingly.

Leaving the "coons" to themselves, I took a brisk gait, and in half an hour was beside a stream that for many years has yielded sport to fishers in this county. The rippling brook, beset by busy fishermen, straggling feebly through the alder and sumach to hold its own, and keeping up nobly, despite its manifold harassments.

With trembling fingers I adjusted my tackle and, with a good fat worm for bait (don't talk to me of flies in April), made my first cast and drew a blank. Moving down the stream I found more or less level overhanging the water, and after repeated casts no results I came to the conclusion that I was too early in the season, and, wasting no time in regrets, started for the main stream. Stopping at the house of a farmer friend, through whose lands the stream ran, and who kindly allows me the privilege of fishing, I received the cheering intelligence that the water was very high, and to fish would be folly. Nevertheless, I started for the bank-full creek, and was soon busy casting here and there, but nothing rewarded my efforts. All the old holes I knew so well were totally obscured by the rushing torrent.

Arriving at an abrupt turn in the stream, where ordinarily the best pool for trout was located, I mechanically made my cast, thinking meanwhile of the sport I had enjoyed at the same place in times past, when suddenly came that delightful shock that no fish but the speckled trout can send tingling through one's nerves. Down below the supple-wooded, and in another moment an eight-inch lay on the bank, with me as the only fisher in the visible "first trout of the season." I admired the beauties of my prize a moment, then consigned him to my basket.

Encouraged by my success, I went to work with renewed vigor, and by dint of careful angling had by noon ten beauties, the largest fully nine inches in length. Thinking this would do for the first time, I reeled up and started on my four-mile walk as happy as though my success had been pronounced in the case of our first and only delightful lay-out! Wasn't I strengthened in body and mind by this communion with nature? Didn't I have trout enough for a nice breakfast for the little family? And, best of all, hadn't I got rid of that consuming trout fever that had been so persistently eluding me for a month, and all in a legitimate way, too? Yes, indeed. Now I could go about my daily duties, for a time at least, without being harassed by visions of angling that could not be realized.

The time is coming when trout fishermen must learn to be content with small baskets and large enjoyments. The success with rod and reel must be made secondary to the delights growing out of the outing. The guild must let "books in the running brooks" supply the place of trout. Then, and not till then, will the full delights of angling be ours to enjoy, and I have written the above little sketch of a day beside some of those waters to which I will not for non-augore's sake fish where trout are scarce.
H. W. D. L.

SHAD.

WE have several times expressed a personal preference for the shad as a table fish above any fish that we know. This, of course, is to be modified by certain conditions, as: the fish must be a large one of six pounds or over, fresh run, and properly cooked. A small shad is always dry and flavorless. The following poem by George Alfred Townsend (Gath), written from New York to the Cincinnati Enquirer, we think worth repeating:

"Shad are now caught here. In an old country shad would come in with a fete day. The world has not their equal for fineness, indescribable frothiness like a watercress, and delicacy, yet with satisfying potency. One shad is the measure of the representative family. The father's partiality is shown to the shad in the home. From birth to bones the shad's epic is like a silver spirit—less, less, translucent, unresisting, like the passage of the moon through the rivers and the sea. Migratory, but with childhood memories of locality; fruitful religiously, and even in the dream of young children and large gentle families, they seem like the spring laubs of the water, grazing the infinite fields of sheen. What dangers they pass through, going and returning, the water-cress in the time of Terod never had. Provided with nothing to make haste with, with tiny teeth and miniature fins, they course the ocean like the silver galleons of old days, beset by pirates but protected by the saints. Although the royal guest at feasts and poor men's tables, they are, like all enduring utility, peasant-born. The martyred menhaden is their cousin; the herring is their step-brother. To see them caught is like seeing angels fall—so peacefully, so fashioning, and in the butcher's shambles they are like children, not to be struck by the light of skies. This is my only poem on spring this year."

With four feet of snow at Connecticut Lake, and the Connecticut River being frozen by this lake, the water is cold and slow in coming. In conversation with a prominent dealer, who handles about 50,000 each year, he says the shad increase in size every year. In 1852 they were very small, and decreased in size for a few years, and for a

time the dealers began to think that they were going out the little end of the horn. They catch many which weigh seven pounds, an occasional "barren" one weighing ten to twelve pounds. When the shad get up to Holyoke, Mass., considerable fun for the fly-angler is expected. They take the fly, a special one, quite readily. With 200 feet of line and a six pound shad, you can get one and get it in "boy's play" to land your fish; the water being very soft and many boulders in it, the chances rather favor the fish. "Whops," or alive, are cheap, selling for about ten cents per dozen; they are used for dressing for land when they are much cheaper.
ERIC FRICK.

HARTFORD, Conn., April 28.

THE SUNDAY FISHING LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream.

I desire, as one of the many, to enter my most earnest protest against the recent act of the Legislature, which emphasizes and attempts to galvanize into life the long-since dead-letter-law making it a crime to go fishing on Sunday. I consider such act to be pernicious in its effects and reprehensible in its character, and I very much question whether any action of the Legislature for many years could be more so.

While it must always be conceded that religion and the keeping of the Sabbath (a part of religion) is entitled to the utmost love and veneration, it should be likewise observed that nothing can be more hurtful to both than even the appearance of hypocrisy in such matters. It would be difficult to find any amusement, pleasure, or recreation more innocent and harmless in its effects than fishing. Thousands are infatuated with the rest, absence of care, solitude, peace, and excitement of hope and fear that accompany it. They leave it with regret in the fall and look forward to its coming in the spring. Many of our ablest, most prominent and best men, including many of the clergy, whose names might be mentioned, have become stern votaries of its pleasures and influences, and have spoken in the highest and most eloquent terms of its healthful and beneficial tendencies upon body and mind, as the result of the open air exercise, and the sweet rest, and the noble thoughts and reflection. It would be pedantic to cite them.

If any pleasure or pastime is permissible on Sunday, it seems to me this should be. It has nothing akin to "work" or "labor." It is "rest" in its clearest sense, carrying with it full opportunity for the admiration of nature and deep reflection upon the goodness of the Author. It affords an escape for one day in seven from the noise, haste and life of the world, especially in cities, and prevents temptations to other pleasures of more questionable nature. It with that determined zeal which seems to be chronic with the enthusiastic fanatic to do what does not belong to him to do, and which produces effects directly the opposite of what he claims, a Legislature solemnly, at this day, enacts that it shall be a crime to indulge in this recreation on Sunday.

The motive for this legislation is somewhat flimsy. It cannot be the question, "What are men to do on Sunday if that is based on voluntary action, not compulsory; besides, why permit public excursions, open gardens, Sunday excursions, boating, and a host of other matters, each one of which is clearly less innocent than fishing? How come it that cars are run, engines worked, boat-houses kept actively employed, and a host of other activities allowed, on the same platform as week days, in pointed defiance of Exodus xvi, which says, "Work not, and labor of man, words and cattle." Will any man have the effrontery to call these works of necessity or charity, as contradistinguished from fishing? Certainly none but the bigot, and the characters of whom Mazzetta speaks as motivated in their opposition to bull-hailing, not by the pain to the bull, but as antagonistic to the pleasure of the spectators.

Let these men who talk about "moral grounds" honestly answer the question, "What are men to do on Sunday who toil from early morn to dark during the entire week, compelled to do so for wives and children? To whom Sunday is the bright spot of their existence. For them it was designed; to give them a right to be protected in the enjoyment of it, against the oppression of the wealthy and powerful, who, but for the high mandate, would give them no rest or recreation. Are they to follow the footsteps of these rich Sabatarians who have six days of virtual leisure? This is the logic of it."

Such laws are evil in their effects. They engender a hatred to their authors and a determination to despise and defy a religion so oppressive. Well may a legislator announce himself as "an old fogey" advocating such a law based on the principles of that class of Puritans who came to this country because they were persecuted for being religious, and whose descendants are now attempting to compel others to adopt their crude, severe notions. Such laws never have been and never can be, wholly enforced. The multitude will not obey them. The few who are reached look upon the thing as despotic, and detest the despot. No country has force sufficient to carry them out, and therefore they become mere disgraceful, as confessed weakness.

As for their effects on the subject, an anecdote is not out of place. During the Scotch rebellion a woman applied at one of the stations to obtain forage for her cow. She was presented with an ironclad oath of allegiance, and was refused because she would not take it. "Well," said she, "if you think to crush the rebellion by starving my poor old cow, go ahead. When that dies, I'll fight you till I die of starvation myself." So we say, if you can make religion by taking away the happiness of the poor, go ahead. Their self-solace of recreation is a necessity and charity to them. They cannot and will not follow the train of mournful, long-faced, pharisaical teachers, to whom many innocent pleasures are sins and laughter and bright smiles offensive; who revel in self-castigation, sackcloth and ashes, and come threatening with their (!!!) influence those who are otherwise unwilling to bow to their notions of what the true design of the Sabbath was.

No one will dispute that necessity and charity are exceptions to the Mosaic law. The courts have so decided. In one of the cases of prominence the judge distinctly says: "The object of the law is not the enforcement of the conscience, but the protection of those who desire and are entitled to the day." "Is this only the rich? 'It is a law of nature,' says the judge, 'that one day in seven should be observed as a day of relaxation and refreshment, if not for public worship. We cannot see a necessity and charity to them. They cannot and will not follow the train of mournful, long-faced, pharisaical teachers, to whom many innocent pleasures are sins and laughter and bright smiles offensive; who revel in self-castigation, sackcloth and ashes, and come threatening with their (!!!) influence those who are otherwise unwilling to bow to their notions of what the true design of the Sabbath was."

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Religion and oppression, forbidden by the constitution of this country.

The Legislature has the power—that they should properly have the power—to regulate the Sabbath, can hardly be gainsaid. But that is a regulation to prevent a fisherman compelling a person who don't like it to go fishing, or in other words, preventing any person improperly interfering with another's peaceable observance of the day. It is a power which should be exerted, keeping in view the beneficent object of the Creator to distinguish Sunday from the other days of the week; and the feller, who needs it, may have recreation at any other time, when he should not be forced by the oppressor, who does not need the recreation, to do any manner of work, neither he, nor his man servant nor his maid servant, nor his cattle, nor the stranger within his gates.

The Sunday divine law is to check legislators themselves, and prevent them from oppressing the poorer classes and taking from them the "recreation and refreshment" they are entitled to, and any interference with them and their innocent enjoyment is a violation of that higher law, and should be so regarded. OMEG, New York.

BLACK BASS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Read before the New Hampshire Fish and Game League at its Hon. Officers' Meeting.

THIS game fish, *Micropterus salmoides*, or as classed by Dr. Henshall, *Micropterus dolomieu*, the small-mouthed bass, now so well known to every fisherman in Central and Southern New Hampshire, was a stranger to our waters but a few years ago, and is to us the substantial result of the labors of the fish commission, and that board of gentlemen will pardon me if I say their introduction is the only practical result in which the fisherman has shared the benefit. To be sure we have had demonstrated to us that the salmon may ascend our rivers through the several winding fishways, and being relieved of the obstructions which exist in the sea, but he would be an erratic fisherman who would visit our streams in the almost forlorn hope of capturing a specimen of this excellent fish; while in nearly all of our streams and lakes he may well expect to meet with success in bass fishing.

Bass were first introduced by the fish commissioners to our waters, from Lake Champlain in 1848, James Massabie, Silvanus, Penacook and Fitch, and in 1870, Wilson's and Pellet's, and they were stocked in 1870 and 71 waters in Meredith, Canada, West, Concord, Dover, Hillsboro, Mansville, Hillsborough, Warner, Sutton, New London, Andover, Loudon, Croydon and Concord were supplied. Previous to that time I learn that they had been placed, by private enterprise, in ponds near Wolfeborough as early as 1844 or '65, and about the same time in Milton Three Ponds in Milton. Since 1871 about eighty waters have been stocked by the commissioners, including Black and Contoocook rivers, until now every stream of considerable size, south of Grafton county, is well stocked by the fish raising out from ponds and lakes. All this has been accomplished without the aid of artificial hatching. Indeed, as Seth Green, that veteran authority on fishing and fish, well says: "Their natural increase is so great and their growth so rapid that it is better to be an object to fish-hunters to attempt their artificial propagation."

That the wonderful increase and prosperity of this game fish should be a cause of congratulation to every true sportsman would be expected, and that every lover of fishing should rejoice at the result, we would well believe; but, strange to say, the grumbling and croaking of some, either from malice or ignorance, have raised a cry against the bass, and prejudiced many against the fish that should be its warmest adherents and friends. I have tried to analyze the reasons for this cry, and can only reach one conclusion. It is an absurd, silly, and unwarrantable cry.

The detractors of the fish are unable to catch them, for no one who has ever felt the rush of the bass, listened to the click of the reel and hissing line, seen the gleam of the fish as back and forth he rushes to escape from the cruel steel, watched him as he leaves the water with a mighty bound and with bristling fins shakes his open jaws to relieve them of the hook, and thus in ever-varying devices fights long and hard against the fate, that at last weak and exhausted, he rests in the landing net, could ever join the ranks of those who mourn the introduction of this fish, that by his peculiar fitness for our waters must be many years be acknowledged the game fish "par excellence" of America. The time allowed to me is too limited to be occupied in a criticism of those who say "Bass won't bite," and fear that chubs, suckers, horn-ponds, pickerel and flat sides will be exterminated by them, except to say that by a careful study of the bass and the use of suitable bass tackle, they are enabled to see their mistake, they will then be as strong adherents to the right as they are now opponents. The habits of the bass should be studied well by the fisherman. Leaving their winter quarters in deep water, about a month or six weeks before spawning, they can then be found in shallow parts of the lake or pond in schools of large numbers, but soon afterward pair off and prepare for breeding. The spawning season in this State is from the first of May, according to the lateness of the season, the spots varying in their nests being a gravelly or sandy bottom or rocky ledge in from three to six feet of water. These beds or nests are saucer-like depressions, usually about twice the length of the parent fish, and formed by the bass by fanning and scouring from the bottom all refuse and vegetable matter with the fins and tail. Here the female deposits her eggs, which eggs are hatched in about eight to twelve days, the young when hatched being nearly perfectly formed and about one-half inch in length.

The instinct of the bass amounts almost to parental affection in the care of its nest, and later in the defense of its young. When frightened from the bed they at once return and resent the presence of anything thrown upon it. Taking advantage of this characteristic of the bass, some persons that pot-hunters take them in large numbers by dropping the bait upon the bed and keeping it there till the fish, as if in sheer desperation, swallows it to get rid of its obnoxious presence upon its hatching-ground. An instance of this kind of fishing came to my knowledge last season, where a young man caught seventy pounds of fine fish in one afternoon, in Wakawan Lake, in Meredith.

Leaving the spawning beds the young grow very rapidly, a year old measure from four to five inches, and at two years weighing about a pound, and gaining about a pound per year until they reach their maximum weight. Six to eight pounds are said to be the limit of their growth,

although I am inclined to think that under the most favorable circumstances they will grow still larger, as in a large, deep duck pond or lake well supplied with food.

In the winter when bass are doubtless hibernating, burying themselves in the mud, crevices, or rocks, under weeds or stunted logs in deep water, as you have all observed that with the increasing cold they work into deeper water, and upon the arrival of winter are seldom caught.

Knowing this much of the growth, increase and habits of the fish, it is each man's own fault if he fails of bass fishing. Select some gravelly or rocky point or ledge, which runs out boldly into deep water, get a boiler and some shelving rocks and a few logs, and cross your sport with a few places of large bass; get your boat into position quietly, making no more disturbance than is absolutely necessary in anchoring and fishing, with face to the sun to avoid as much as possible the shadows of the rod upon the water, and then keep quiet, devote your whole attention to fishing. I believe quiet and careful fishing to be important if you would be successful.

One would think the man who started out for trout accompanied by a band of music to escort him around the lake or down the stream, yet many good trout fishermen fish for bass as though the fish were both blind and incapable of hearing. While less timid than the trout, which darts away at the sight or sound of a strange object, the bass is hardly less suspicious, and while standing his ground holdly, he seldom, if ever, is captured while his suspicions are aroused. For this reason his opponents, fishing for hours, perhaps, in plain view of the fish, sing and shouting the time away, which by so doing he is obstructing in, and willfully and foolishly coming into the boat, are heard on all sides, saying, "Bass ought to be cleaned out, they won't bite."

No reasonable man would expect a game fish to do so under these circumstances. That they are thus wary makes a breeze that will ripple the water almost a necessity, and one of the requisites of a good day for bass fishing.

One other word about the time to fish. Don't fish the next day after a severe cold storm, when the water has been disturbed and is cold and cheerless. Bass bite best when the water is warm. Select a day after three or four days of extreme heat, when there is a fine ripple on the lake, and you have the model day.

For bait the helgramite, frog, minnow, cricket, grasshopper, worms and shrimp can be used, but I have found them successful in the order named. The helgramite, a flattened and spindle-shaped worm, generally two or three inches long, has six legs and two pairs of antennae. The body is composed of rings, has a fringe that has the appearance of legs, with two hooks for a tail. They feed upon decayed wood and vegetation, and can be found under flat stones, snaken plank and other submerged objects in the shallow portions of a stream. They are a reliable bait, living a long time on the hook, and can be kept alive a long time in a box of damp, decayed wood. Frogs are easily obtained and they are a very desirable bait. The striped or grass frog is preferable, when the body is about an inch long. Hook them lightly through the skin of the back or through the body between the hind legs, so as not to injure them, and allow them the free use of the legs to swim about in the water. When rightly hooked, they will swim as readily as though not attached to the line, and make a very tempting and attractive bait. I have seen a bass rise for a frog swimming in this way, from a distance of thirty feet, as nearly as I can start at an attractive day.

When using the frog, or other large bait, be patient, and do not strike your fish too quickly. He will often start away with the bait and then stop in a manner that will lead you to believe he has dropped it, but on drawing up the line you will feel a succession of slight jerks; it so let him have it longer, for he lifts the bait crosswise or reversed in his mouth, keeping your thumb on the reel so as to feel his every motion, and when he starts away after this short pause, then strike and you have him well hooked. Then, of all times, the angler must keep cool. Don't hurry your fish; the longer he plays the more sport you have. Give him only as much line as he takes in his rushes and recover it as quickly as possible, being sure to keep the line taut at all times unless, after one of his magnificent bounds from the water, you lower your tip as he falls to recover the strain again as soon as he is in the water.

When he is thoroughly exhausted, and not before, take in your fish, being sure to bleed him as soon as he is in the boat; then if you keep him in the shade, when dressed and on your table you have a fish of which you may well be proud. A short, light rod is the better bass rod, a nine-foot lancewood rod with ash butt being the best I ever used for bait fishing. A rod of this length can be made light and easy to handle, and yet as strong as desired. It is elastic, yet firm, and is well adapted to a fish with more ease and security than when longer and, as a consequence, heavier. Always have a good working reel with about a hundred feet of line and a good supply of leaders and hooks.

Of the great variety of hooks I have found the Smeek hook the most desirable, although the sprat and the O'Shaughnessy hook will always be found reliable. I will not discuss the fish as a fly-fishing fish, since I have never learned that in fishing in this way any different rules should be laid down than those that govern fly-fishing for trout or salmon, and for the additional reason that I have come to believe that the larger fish are more likely to be captured by bait-fishing.

When well equipped, treating the fish as an intelligent inhabitant of the water, and a prize well worthy of capture, and his own captive you need make the best of it, and all your earnings as a sportsman, one can find no better or more desirable sport than angling for this fish, that pond for pond is the gamiest fish in America. He is eminently an American fish, with habits and characteristics peculiarly his own. With a hardiness far surpassing the trout, combined with all his dash and vigor, the strength and leap of a salmon, to which he has joined a system of fighting known to no other fish, the bass, I believe, is entitled to take the place of trout loved out, that are very becoming, less by force of circumstances, occasioned by climatic changes, the gradual drying up of trout streams and the increasing number of fishermen, that from all parts of the Union crowd into our State during the summer season.

In what I have written I have not intended to eulogize the bass, but simply to give him the credit that I believe belongs to him as an excellent game fish, and one that is destined to be the fish of our state, and if by this short essay some one who is now his opponent should be led to fish more understandingly, and thus meet with success, I shall be satisfied.

LAKE SUPERIOR FISHING GROUNDS.

NOTICE that "Angler," in a recent number, inquires about trout fishing in the vicinity of Duluth, in case time does not permit of his going to the Nipigon. If he will leave the boat at Bayfield, Wisconsin, he will be central to some good fishing grounds; both trout and bass. About one day's drive from Bayfield will bring him to the Brule of Woods River, said to be one of the best trout streams in Wisconsin, and which is visited by St. Louis anglers every season. The little river has fine pools, which afford the dy-caster a fine field to try his skill.

The country is wild, and a camp outfit will be in order; also a boat or material to make a raft. Bass fishing is not good, but the fish are plenty, and fine ones, too. On the road will be passed Pike Lake, one of the finest lakes in the Northwest for bass fishing. I have fished in many of the Michigan lakes, but this, in the language of our teamster, "lays over" them all for bass. There are plenty of deer, and if the angler is possessed of a shotgun and ordinary skill he can have some grand sport jack-rabbit shooting.

If after landing at Bayfield he prefers easier work he can take the tri-weekly tugboat to Isle Royal, up the north shore, and will be assured of some fine sport and the largest speckled trout in North America, not excepting the Nipigon beauties; or he may take a sailing yacht and skirt along among the Wisconsin lakes, and return to Wisconsin Bay, forty miles, with fine fly-fishing for large trout in the deep, shady holes along shore until he reaches the mouth of the Brule (Iron-Isle) mentioned, and which he may then ascend with his small boat for river fishing. Or if the angler would new fields explore, he can take his outfit aboard the train of the new railroad just completed to Bayfield within the last eight months and go back in the Wisconsin woods where he will find most of the little streams stocked with more or less speckled trout. There are good hotels in Bayfield, with fish and wabson every day. It is a high, dry, healthful location, with the best water and central to any amount of hunting and fishing grounds. At least I found it so last August. C. W. E.

BOWLING GREEN, APRIL 24, 1883.

TROUT FISHING.

I HAVE been fishing, and after getting on the much abused angler-worm from the cellar, where it has been carefully and patiently taken care of during the winter months, and setting rod and reel, I started for a favorite stream. Everything seemed in my favor, but my hopes were to be crushed. On coming to a favorable place where the brush was too thick to progress, I gathered up my big boots, stepped in and waded a short distance and made a cast. As my line and wadding worm went over a little fall, off went a nibble. With considerable "supposed" caution I made one step, and the entertainment began. Kercheck! Down went the supposed fisherman, and some of the contents of body and high kicking would have secured a large share with the man could they have been respected in the tumble. I had by a very nice movement stuck my rod in the opposite bank, and after gathering up myself and rod, I found the tip broken, not a very fine condition of things.

But to my "speckled beauties." On getting my line in hand I found that the fish was making things somewhat interesting. He must be a "whopper;" if he breaks away he would weigh two pounds sure. Now a dash under a rock, then under a log, now sinking. "Now you must come in and see your humbly servant. Oh! what a fine sucker!" Could my friends have seen my "pliz" they would have said I was about to visit a dentist. After going ashore and leaning against a stump I took a very careful inventory of dry goods, and found that wet goods were considerably ahead. My collar was the only thing dry about me. The music which issued from the base of that old stump was not "Finch" music by a long chalk. "No! but never gone, also my pet angler-worms, rod broken, wet to the skin, and somewhat lame from the contortions, what to do was an important theme. After mature thought and considerable exertion "Home, Sweet Home" came to my mind. Did I tell anybody? Not much.

A short time after I tried it again, and in endeavoring to eclipse all previous efforts in securing a larger creel of fish, I gathered up all the implements of warfare, including the "No. 13" and "No. 14" hooks, which were undoubtedly manufactured in the upper story of the factory, for they seemed to have an inclination to "ascend upward" on the slightest provocation. I will warrant them to get three falls out of five on any ordinary occasion. On reaching the bank of a very nice looking stream I made my maiden cast, which consisted in casting myself, with the aid of the No. 13 and a cly bank, into the raging water. Landing without undue exertion, I had a difficult piece of engineering and after the absorbing process was completed I made a break for the bank and at last stood on it. After getting drained I heard voices, and turning my moistened optics I saw some ever-prevalent "small boys" were with me. Small boy says: "Tell in, Mister, didn't yer?"

Fisherman: "How the dickens did you know I was fishing?"

Small boy: "O'mars seed you coming down the road, and shakin' it. Oh, boys, there is that city fellar again; now you go out and see he does not break his neck."

Fisherman: "Now you run home, little man, for there is liable to be an accident to some member of your family right away."

Small boy: "An't you the fellar they make so much fun of, and say you can't catch frogs nor nothing, and so."

Fisherman: "Get away, a far here, and busten, too."

Small boy: "I'll go home and get you to come down, for everybody says you fear down more faces and scare the fish more than a menagerie."

Fisherman: "Not another word," and away skips the future president.

Another very difficult cast and away goes the line. In passing over a stone something seizes the bait, and the reel is humming, until my line is all over, and I busten, too. A few feet more I do not stop the unknown, and I wonder what under the sun I have hooked, and I keep running down stream. Something has got to be done, or we shall be down to the Gulf Stream. Another twist, and had there been a young cot at the other end I could have stopped him just as well.

Ha, ha! he slows up a little; now for the work, for I must have considerable of it in an hour. As there has not as yet appeared considerable of it in an hour, I very carefully I begin to reel in, and another start down the stream follows. Not receiving any rations nor boat, it was imperative to have an understanding with the other end of my favorite line.

When you get in that deep water you and Pickle Pickle

AN ALL-AROUND ROD.—"Nessmuk" has defied the accepted tenets of the rod makers, and added a fly-typer where the rod makers thought it did not belong. He writes: "The rod is ready for pickerel, bass or trout. Of course, it is not a perfect fly-rod—no general rod can be. But it will take, first, pickerel, second, bass, third, catfish or haddock, fourth, trout, either with bait or fly. I take no stock in fly-casting tournaments. Don't care to throw more than twenty-five feet of line, with five foot leader. Usually much less. Have my own notions about flies and "casts." My favorite cast is fall-fly, large, well-cleaned red anglerworm, with bit of white pork for head. Two feet above, a red hackle, queen, or royal conclusion, according to water and above that by years' experience has proved to me that the best fly will take three-fourths of the trout. Red hackle is next best."—**NESSMUK.**

TENNESSEE NOTES.—The glorious and wise law-makers in our General Assembly repudiated one-half the debts, compounding with the defaulting State treasurer, licensed gambling at poker, seven-up and horse racing, and amended the very lenient fish laws so as to permit gigning, seining, trawling, etc., to be carried on at will. Fishing and hunting may be considered dead here for years to come, and our sportsmen will either have to seek recreation elsewhere or burn up their tackle and accoutrements, for they will never need them more in what, with rational protection, would be the finest place for game and fish on the American continent.—**J. D. II.**

SALMON IN OREGON.—Vanhooker Buttricks, April 18.—The salmon catch this far is reported as very light, \$1.10 being paid by the canneries for each fish. Four years ago fifty cents per fish was the price. Few if any salmon reach the Portland market. It was informed yesterday that there were 350 miles of seines stretched in the Columbia River every night except Sundays. Comment is unnecessary.—**T. E. W.**

Books.—Mr. Westwood has written an introduction to the "Secrets of Angling," by John Denny, which will accompany a reprint of that poem. Mr. W. Satchell will print it, as also a new edition of the same gentleman's "Chronicle of the Complete Angler." The Orange Judd Co. have republished the "Scientific Angler," by the late David Foster, with notes by W. C. Harris.

CARE OF WORMS.—Good, lively bait can be made in the following way: Wrap up some of the common earth worms in a piece of carpet or flannel cloth, put them in a box full of dirt, and leave them for two or three days. At the end of that time they will be a bright scarlet color, and when you open the cloth they will spring about one-half foot in the air.—**M. L.**

THE TARPUM AS FOOD.—A correspondent writes to know something of the edible qualities of the tarpum. We have never eaten it, and do not remember to have seen any allusion to its taste quality. It looks like a good, wholesome fish, and doubtless many persons have eaten it. Who can give us some information on the subject?

ROUTE TO THE NEPIGON.—Prince Arthur's Landing, Lake Superior, April 14, 1883.—In answer to "Angler," re "Route to Nepigon," in your last issue, come by way of Duluth and Prince Arthur's Landing, and take boat to Nepigon, Good fishing anywhere from month of river up stream.—**J. J. O'G.**

BLACK BASS IN THE POTOMAC.—Falling Waters on the Potomac River is said to be a prime ground for black bass. This point and all the way up to Williamsport, on the same stream, I am assured, can't be beat for large fish.—**Homo.**

The GRADY BILL was defeated.

Fishculture.

SALMON FOR THE DELAWARE AND HUDSON. LAST week the United States Fish Commission sent a carload of 25,000 salmon fry to the waters of the upper Delaware, and the shipment is to be followed by another of the same size. Prof. Baird intends to test the possibility of acclimating salmon in both the Delaware and the Hudson, and has sent some of the salmon from the Cold Spring Harbor hatchery in the head waters of the latter river in a few weeks. The fish are the Eastern salmon, *S. salar*, the eggs of which came from the salmon breeding works of the United States Fish Commission at Bucksport, Maine. It is well known that the rivers of Connecticut and the southern limit of the salmon at the discovery of the country, but it is possible that in the Hudson and the Delaware the difficulties in the way of the salmon were merely mechanical. The falls on these rivers presented a bar to their ascent to the streams above, which contains insect and crustacean life necessary to the growth of the fry, as well as suitable spawning grounds. By placing the young in the trout brooks in the Adirondack region they should find all the conditions requisite to their growth and descent the river to the sea at the proper time. There seems to be no good reason why the rivers named may not become salmon rivers in time, if the stocking is carried on for a few years. The experiment is comparatively inexpensive and is well worth trying. Should the fish survive and return, they will be captured in the lower portions of the rivers, for the obstructions above forbid their ascent to the brooks. We shall watch the trial with great interest, and hope that our people will realize the value of the fishery and return, they observe that show the presence of salmon in the rivers. Stray salmon have been taken in the Hudson as high as Troy, and a few years ago some four or five thousand fish were placed in the Delaware and several adults were afterward taken, showing that the temperature and chemical conditions of these rivers are not fatal to this fish.

"My election to the United States Senate has been a great satisfaction to me, of course," said Mr. Crane, of West Virginia, to some friends who were congratulating him recently; "and I, of course, am very grateful to my friends for it. But I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that neither it nor any of the steps I may take in my political career has given me so much genuine pleasure as the fact that my bound pup took the premium at the dog show the other night."

In the will of the late Richard O'Connor, Falls of Schuylkill, Pa., is a provision to the effect that \$10 a week be paid for the support of his dog Spot, the remainder of his estate being bequeathed to the German Catholic Society of his home.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 8, 9, 10 and 11, 1883.—Westminster Kennel Club, Seventh Annual Bench Show, Madison Square Garden, New York City. Entries close April 23. Chas. Lincoln, Sup't.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1882.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C., started by close July 1, for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17, for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y. December, 1882.—National Field Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

THE NEW YORK SHOW.

THERE are, including the puppies, 1,120 entries for the Westminster Bench Show next week. These entries are distributed as follows: 41 mastiffs, 49 St. Bernards, 5 bergs, 1 bundle, 8 Newfoundland, 20 greyhounds, 5 deerhounds, 113 pointers, 159 English setters, 50 black and tan setters, 97 Irish setters, 7 Chesapeake Bay dogs, 6 Irish water spaniels, 8 field spaniels, 45 cocker spaniels, 10 foxhounds, 10 beagles, 6 dachshunds, 71 collies, 23 bulldogs, 56 fox-terriers, 80 terriers of different breeds, 40 pugs, 6 King Charles spaniels, 2 Blueheims, 2 Japanese spaniels, 6 Italian greyhounds, 26 in miscellaneous classes. The judges, as already announced, are: For Irish sets, black and tan setters, John C. Higgins, Esq., Delaware City, Del. For English setters, pointers and foxhounds, Maj. J. M. Taylor, Lexington, Ky.

For spaniels and small non-sporting dogs, J. F. Kirk, Esq., Toronto, Canada. For mastiffs, St. Bernards, bergiunde, greyhounds, deerhounds, dachshunde, and other large non-sporting dogs, James Watson, Esq., New York City. For collies and beagles, Dr. J. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.

FORM AND COLOR OF SETTERS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Col. Stuart Taylor condemns the setters and pointers exhibited in New York last year, because, with many other things, they were "not in the line." Now, I think, if in this he speaks in accordance with the highest standards, for which he professes such deference. "Stoneheuge" says the chest should be "deep rather than wide." Idstone says, "I dislike a wide chest—I never saw a fast dog with a wide chest." "The dogs that knock up and retire to hunt in bad weather are always square-built, wide-chested ones. Those with a deep chest, ragged ribs, and which are as narrow as a rail, are always ready to gallop and never trot, which is a sign of distress." At the first trial in the field ever held, the worst goner was the stoutest and sparest dog there * * * while Dandy, a ragged, narrow dog, hunted bravely in spite of his "weak appearance" upon which some of the bystanders insisted. It has the view expressed by these authorities been discarded?

Col. Taylor also says the dogs at the New York show of '82 were a "wretchedly colored lot." I wish he would be more specific in his criticism, and tell us just how their color was faulty. From the catalogue the 172 entries of English setters may be classified as follows:

- Black and white, blue belton, etc.....58
- Black and white, blue belton, with tan.....41
- Orange and white, red and white, etc.....29
- Lemon and white, lemon and black, etc.....12
- Liver, liver and white, liver and tan, etc.....12
- Black, black and tan.....3
- Color not given.....3

The colors Col. Taylor particularly objects to seem to be lemon and white and liver and white. There does not appear to have been any preponderance of either. By the way, speaking of liver color, it is a matter of fact that whenever the time when liver and white was not a recognized setter color, I think he is mistaken. He speaks of it as a color only for spaniels and pointers. But it is generally believed that the setter is a spaniel. A "setting-spaniel" was formerly called a **PICKER.**

BREEDING FOR SEX.

THAT there is a very general desire among breeders of domestic animals to possess the power of regulating the proportion of males to the sexes at will, I think, made evident by letters on the subject which appear from time to time in your Journal and others devoted to the interest of stock owners. In regard to poultry, one tells us that the more globular-shaped eggs will produce pullets, and that the more oblong cockers; while another says that if the eggs are looked through by a strong light, so as to show the position of the seminal clot, a whole clutch of hens may be secured by rejecting those eggs showing it in the center, and selecting those wherein it position is at one side. I presume we may brush aside both theories as purely fantastical.

In regard to dogs, we are constantly being reminded of the old, and I had thought exploded, theory, that the sex of the progeny is determined by the position of the male when the alliance takes place—that is that if the embrace is permitted during the early days of heat, the whelps will be mostly bitches; if about the middle of the period the sexes will be about equal, and if toward the end nearly all will be male pups.

In your American contemporary, FOREST AND STREAM of the 8th ult., a case is recorded of a litter by the well-known collie Marcus; the dam of the litter having visited him at the commencement of her heat, the result was nine puppies, all bitches but one.

I remember some months back seeing a letter in the Journal from the Rev. E. Spencer Tideman, recording a somewhat similar result. I think more than one instance with his Dandie Dimonts; and all of your readers must have had instances in support of the theory brought under their notice.

I must say I can place no faith in the theory dependent for support on comparatively isolated facts when I find that the results are opposed to the largest collection of facts at our disposal.

The swallow does not make a summer—and if I may digress for a moment, neither do I live for September, 1881, that number left my house, and beaten back by the gales, which readers will remember as exceptionally severe at that time, returned after being away just a month—returned to find their home occupied by the sparrows, who had filled it with hay and bits of string, and a piece of the latter getting cut, crawled around the leg of one swallow as he left after an inspection of the nest, he himself suspended for a short time, and so in perfect safety, with a few stragglers, he remained after a short fly round, disappeared, and I presume, that all, and to return to the dog question, it appears to me that to establish the theory, none but males in the one case, and none

but females in the other case, should be produced; or otherwise the theorists have contradictory fact to deal with which they will find hard to explain.

But if it would be considered a very convenient thing if we could arrange the comparative number of the sexes at will; but I fear the theorists have in this, as we are all apt to do; in so many things, allowed the wish to be father to the thought.

Dairy farmers would take very good care to secure good breeding seasons, if they had it in their power to secure all they calves; and dog breeders, who sell, would take care to have mostly dogs, and only enough bitches to secure what they consider a sufficient multiplication of their particular variety.

Fortunately, as I think, fanciers can do nothing of the kind any more than they can produce colors at will by exposing to the vision of dogs excited by the sexual passion, such as they desire the progeny of the union to exhibit; for, however incredible that theory may be, I suppose it has, in most intelligent inroads, melted like snow before the sun of a clearer knowledge and a higher appreciation of the wonders of creation, which is as natural and appropriate result.

To come to collated and registered facts as to the relative numbers of the sexes in dogs, there is one point which, in considering the figures I propose submitting, should not be lost sight of, although I can not pretend to say it has any effect or influence upon the result. The fact, therefore, that in the system of dog breeding that prevails, the dog is compulsorily more polygamous than he would be in a state of nature, or perhaps it would be more correct to say that procreation in the case of dogs comes from whelps from which are restricted to a comparatively speaking few that are of necessity polygamous; while the generative impulses of others are compulsively repressed. Darwin gives the births of 6,518 greyhounds consisting of 4,407 males and 2,111 females; that is in the proportion of 110 males to 100 females.

I have lately counted up the number of puppies of all breeds (but, practically, greyhounds, foxhounds, pointers, beagles and some other breeds are excluded) to be 3,491, consisting of 1,947 males and 1,544 females, or a fraction over 4 per cent. excess of males.

What the proportion might be in a state of nature or even under domestication had unrestricted intercourse between the sexes, I have no means of knowing. I do not think it is a reason for supposing that the proportion would be materially altered. What we want is a far larger body of facts, and I wish now to appeal to you, sir, to give us the result of the registration of puppies in your most valuable record of these interesting events. If I remember rightly, your registry has been in existence some three years, and the figures accumulated must be great. No doubt in your registry, and that of your contemporary, there will be some duplicates, but not, I should think, to the extent to make it necessary with conclusions to be drawn from the facts recorded.

I think, too, it would also be of great benefit if we could have statistics, from the heads of your several departments, of the number of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, rabbits, cage-birds and poultry, as these embrace all the monogamous and polygamous.

I should be glad to see the opinions and the experience of breeders expressed in your columns on this very interesting and important subject, so that by the free interchange of thought and of acquired knowledge we may each add to the store of the other.—**Hugh Dalziel in Live Stock Journal.**

NEW YORK FIRE DOGS.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 252.]

MAKE J. MCNAMARA, driver of Engine No. 23, at 235 West 41st Street, over a mile high, a carriage and Nellie. She is about four years old. She does not run to fires, but has been taught to trip the lever which connects with the machinery that unlatches the horses and throws open the doors of the engine house and catches a rubber ring in the little dog jumps up and catches a rubber ring in the neck of the instant her weight pulls it down the machinery is set in motion. She then darts behind the two horses in their stalls, which are situated on each side of the engine, barks at them until they go to the pole and then runs back into the carriage yard behind and drives the horse to the hosecar. When the reporter called at the engine house Foreman David Conner permitted Nellie to "trip the horses" a number of times. All six horses are well trained, especially the off-lying horse. In five seconds' time Nellie would pull down the lever, and the horses and retire to a place of safety on the stairs. The horses were hitched to the pole and the men were at their posts in exactly three seconds.

One of the most famous dogs is Jack, a three-year-old coach dog, who was born and brought up in the city. He is wonderfully intelligent. Jack belongs to Hook and Ladder Company No. 6, at No. 71 East Canal street, of which John H. Kehoe is foreman. Jack goes out with the fire. He is first to hear the buzz of the telegraph. If up on the third floor when the call comes he is the first member of the company down. He never dresses, but goes to the fire as he is. Jack always follows the fire engine on the first flight of stairs, and is an ordinary Christian, but in his anxiety to get to the horses he will roll down the second flight. He drives the horses to the pole and runs ahead of them, barking. Jack is known to thousands of persons, and his barking informs them that the fire is near. He has been seen to jump up and down in a game better than a man could. Jack is always first in the building. At night he looks for the fireman's light, and often when the smoke is thick and he cannot see the men know they are about by hearing him sneeze. If there is a fire and the apparatus does not go out Jack sits down and howls in his disappointment and cries as if his heart was broken. Sometimes the horses step on him, but he gets on three legs while the fire out, but often when he feels home he is laid up for the day. He has been seen to jump up and down in a fire escape and walk up and down a peaked roof that was at an angle of forty-five degrees. He will go anywhere the men do. At home he is fastidious, disliking the smell of the smoke which is high above him. He has been seen to jump up and down Jack goes across the street, where he sets up a howling until the clearing is over. But at fires he does not mind the densest smoke or the heaviest shower baths. About a year ago Jack was in a fire in Cold Spring Harbor, where he was on the fifth story down to the floor beneath, but he was not injured. A short time after this there was a fire at the corner of Albany and West streets. The water was about five miles deep in the office. Jack saw a large anchor in the room, which he proceeded to accept. The smoke became so dense the men were driven out, but Jack refused to leave and the men had to go back and carry him out. In domestic life Jack is looked upon as a great success. He frequently accompanies the family to dinner, and sits at the table, and is so well seated at the table, and it is said his manners are refined. So socially among his own kindred he is a great favorite, and if all the stories told of him be true, he is "one of the boys" and the first of his kind. He was first reared in the fire company and the first to startle the men. Shown at the fire, he is a barber shop a block off they always hear Jack's warning bark in time to jump out of the chair and to catch the apparatus as it runs out.

One remarkable dog that have died in the service, Bill, of Engine No. 17, is remembered by the whole force. He was a large black mouzel, and originally belonged to State Senator Bauden when he kept a baker's shop in Ludlow streets between Broome and Delancey streets. One of the boys of the Bill away from the shop, and he was finally manialed with the company until 1880, when he died. He was then buried with much ceremony in the yard back of the

headquarters of the Fourth battalion in Clinton street. When Bill was initiated into the service he became an enthusiastic fire lad. His owner mourned his loss, and on one occasion sought him at the engine house and carried him back to the bakery. There he remained for several weeks, but one day fate happened, as the engine was being started, something big, the excitement was too much for Bill's nerves. He made a preliminary circuit around the baker's shop and plunged, *à la Bateau*, through the large glass window, the crash of glass was terrific, and the damage done very great. The Senator was much increased. He ran out on the pavement, shaking his fist at the dog, shouting "Go it, you black, black fire dog, and don't you ever come back again!"

About two years after Bill joined the Fire Department he met with a serious accident. He ran out on the second story window of one of the houses on Cherry and Rutgers streets. The last drove the line down and poor Bill fell from the scuttle ladder to the ground floor. Both of his hind legs were broken. They were set in splints and he again was able to get about. He broke out in the vicinity way much for the plucky dog. He slipped to it on his splints and then managed to crawl home, but he was laid up for many months afterward. He would have nothing to do with any fireman save those of his own company. He was greatly interested in the fire department and found Bill at a fire and sent him home. He would ascend a ladder to the first floor and work him through the building to the roof. Nothing could hinder him from going to a fire. He was his essential as the engine was started. He was on the second story window of one of the houses on Cherry and Rutgers streets to join the engine as it went by. During five years of Bill's stay in the service he had a small spaniel as a companion. This dog was named Major, after Chief Bates, when battalion chiefs were ranked as majors. The dog was killed by a bullet after Major and backed him in all his fights. Major was run over and killed in Avenue C by Engine No. 11 when going to a fire.

Met was a mongrel with a slash of collie dog in his composition. He was the old timer of the force. He was a remarkably intelligent dog, and possessed a large slice of originality. He joined Engine No. 25 in 1867, and was called Met, an abbreviation for Metropolitan, after the name of the department. He died in 1879, and was buried in the cemetery of Engine No. 6 at the Sixth Ward Hotel fire 1888. Met was still and handsomely mounted in a glass case, and is now in the possession of Jim Ballantine, of Engine No. 30. One of Met's peculiarities was a decided antipathy to all policemen. He would endeavor to clean his teeth on the leg of every "cop" that came in his way. This was so well known that the Broadway squad would give the street a wide berth when they heard Engine No. 30 and Met on the way. Although he would be so sure of himself, he was never known to attempt to molest a woman or a child. His special delight was to carry off as trophies the coat tails of guardians of the peace. In the days of this pioneer fire dog it was the custom to carry the dogs of the department to the old and old Post-office towers. Although the bells in Trinity and St. Paul's were very similar in sound, Met was never known to have mistaken them once. But, although he had the power to distinguish between the bell sounds for the fire world and in the next, a neglected education, he was never known to be out of the stables. He was a brave, fearless dog, even to foolhardiness. He created a great sensation when Gunter & Son's fire store was on fire, the same night that St. Patrick's Cathedral was burned. Met was on duty at the fire, and, along the burning corner of the roof, much to the anxiety of the guests of the St. Nicholas Hotel and the thousands of persons who crowded Broadway. They expressed so much alarm lest he would be killed, that he was obliged to carry him down.

Among other dogs in the Fire Department is Major, a large, seventy-pound coach dog, of Engine House No. 13, in North William street. "Major" is too fat to run to fires now, and he is confined from the department. He is a dog of the free-lunch route, and at Tom Deady's bidding, going to a neighboring bakery for rolls. Nellie Gray is the name of a half pointer and half coach dog at Truck House No. 1. She guards the place, and is very particular. Her owner has a cat some time ago that would jump upon the driver's seat when the gang somoned and go to all the fires. Chief Reeves, at Engine No. 30, in Spring street, near Varick, owns a remarkably intelligent black setter. And there is a fire dog at Engine House No. 4, in West 12th street. He is a dog that is used to go to fires, and Boat No. 33 now owns a Newfoundland dog of great intelligence. —New York Herald.

THE BLACK SETTER.

"STONEHENGE" in his "Dogs of the British Islands," describing the English setter, says: "The color of coat (value five points) is not so important in English setters, a great variety being admitted. These are usually classed as follows in order given: (1) black and white, ticked with large splashes, and more or less marked with black; known as blue belton; (2) orange white, freckled, known as orange belton; (3) black and white, with small spots of black and white; (5) black and white with slight tan markings; (6) black and white; (7) liver and white; (8) pure white; (9) black; (10) liver; (11) red or yellow." "Stonehenge" is regarded as the highest authority. He puts the color of coat at five points, and names black as a true color for an English setter, yet a black setter has never had a chance to win in our past bench shows, although there have been perfect types of this handsome setter shown time and again. Almost the first order the judge gives is: "Take those black dogs out of the ring!" and they are taken out disgraced. Now, why is this? It is because the black setter is worthless as a beauty, or as a field dog? We think not.

The best setters we have ever seen in the field have been black. We have shot over them for a month at a time with only Sunday and a day now and then for rest, and they have been fast and strong when all the other dogs were worn out. Whether on the Western prairie or in the Connecticut swamps, we have found them the same—true, honest, staunch and athletic.

The first field trial run in this country, we believe, was won by Mr. H. C. Fritchett's Black setter Knight. Dogs like Mr. Ernest Mau's Kate, known in years past to almost all the sportsmen who shoot in Florida; Mr. Newton Clark's Sam; who ran so well at the Eastern Field Trials some years ago; Mr. Halsey's Sport, well known to Long Island sportsmen, are of the class of black setters. Although there are many more of this race equally good, it is the black setter that we look at, yet they all have the same stigma of being black naps. The judges in the past have banished them in disgrace because of their color, and value of color is five in one hundred points. It is a pity that owners of dogs of this type, you that, although your black setters are very handsome, are true types of the English setter, according to the highest authority, are first-class field dogs, in short, have all the good qualities which make a bench show dog, but that you banish them, yet you cannot win even a mention with them. But this year the W. Stunister Kennel Club have offered a special prize for the best black setter. This is a step in the right direction, and I trust that owners of dogs of this type will get for them a favor which has long been withheld, and which none deserve more fully than the black English setter.

WOOD POWDER.

New York, April 24, 1888.

LEWIS AS A TRAINER.—Pittsburgh, April 28, 1888.—Editor Forest and Stream: I have just read Col. Stuart Taylor's remarks on Lewis in your issue of 23d. I have no

intention of acting as the champion of Lewis, or anybody else, nor do I know anything about the constitution of Young Bill, and there is something about their whole lot of dogs that I never understood, but the reference to the lost collie (Mr. J. W. Burgess's Flora) conceals the very important fact that she was a dog of the same breed as Taylor's dog. It is his own case to bring up a matter in which, for courtesy's sake, I will say he is uninformative, I am at a loss to see. Lewis never told me why he did not inform Mr. Burgess of her escape, but I can easily suppose that he was unwilling to do so while he had hopes of her speedy recovery. I know he had indications of her loss posted up all around the neighborhood, and spent all his spare time hunting her; and I can find it very excusable for a man just starting in business on his own account to be unwilling to face the loss of a dog. As to Taylor's dog, I think an animal would be found, a remark on this particular subject would have come with a better grace from Mr. Burgess, as the bitch is certainly a grand one. I do not know how she escaped, but do know that she is the wildest animal I ever saw. I was with her at the Washington hotel, and she brought her out of the kennel to show me her improved condition, and in five minutes she was through the fence and two hundred yards away, and Lewis had half an hour's chase for her. How she got out I don't know, as the gates were all shut, and all the setters were running around without getting out. Lewis took my Tiny four months since, when he was a savage, and dangerous to approach when kennelled, and to-day there is no gentler, more trusting and faithful dog in the world. (He is a mastiff.) I have seen Lewis in the city in the winter and spring, and I have always found him hard at work; his feed is abundant, and I know is well and thoroughly cooked. He made a great mistake in taking so many dogs after the Washington show, but he expected to get good pay, and this he could not get. I wanted Mr. Lee's Turk to go into his hands, but his engagement with Creole stopped him, and I had to surrender my claim on him for Tiny, as Turk was too big. I have no complaint from Mr. Lee of Turk's condition. My Tiny is a picture of health. Dr. Alsop's Bantock (mastiff) is in Lewis's hands, and she is as fine as silk. So I will try to offset Col. Taylor's attack on a man just commencing business for himself, and will try to do so by pointing out to you some more confidence in Lewis than in any other dog man I have met; that I know he is careful, and that I prove my faith in him by now putting up at his place kennels for four months, and by carrying on my business as usual. I have no trainer has his dogs under better control, and none can be kinder or gentler than he is. I have never seen nor heard of him doing more than sniffing a dog's ears, although I have no doubt he can, and uses the whip when necessary, although it just means the same to the dog as it does to the man. I have no personal interest in Lewis further than a friendly one, and have told him of things that I thought he was wrong in, but I do protest against such an unjust attack as Col. Taylor's. I have no objection to his attacking me, but I respect of a man trying to make a start in life for himself. —W. WADE.

April 30.—I desire to add to mine of the 23d inst. First I will show you a picture of Lewis, but without having had any communication whatever with Lewis on the subject, and secondly, that I have seen Lewis since, and to my great surprise, he says that he never had a line or word from Col. Taylor on the subject. This leaves Col. Taylor in the position of having attacked a dog he never saw, and to my great means of making his living, without giving him a single chance for explanation or defense. —W. WADE.

MY WONDERFUL DOG.—Oxford, Me., April 30, 1888.—I have been reading a report of "Keenard's" wonderful dog, and as I have a very wonderful dog myself, I will give you my experience. I have a dog of the name of "Keenard," whether he is a bloodhound, beagle hound or a barnyard hound I don't know, not being versed in dogbery; but this I do know, he will chase anything from a cat to a fox that will stir him up. I have a dog of the name of "Keenard," who is very intelligent, and has a little fun, and I was not disappointed. It was good running, and Dick was soon off singing at every board (he has got a double-pointed mouth). I made up my mind to be a fox, and I had a dog of the name of "Keenard," who is very intelligent, and has a little fun, and I was not disappointed. It was good running, and Dick was soon off singing at every board (he has got a double-pointed mouth). 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boom being very long. From the accompanying diagram it will be seen that this class of boat when hoisted is virtually a flat-bottomed craft, and is anything in the world but a cutter, which the writer has called "Fendeur," a splitter, or "Fendour," as we say in English, a cutter, which in the general sense and with respect to the principles involved means a vessel whose speed is mainly due to her facility for cutting the water, her comparatively narrow sectional area offering but little resistance, such a boat being narrow and deep.

Typically opposed to this class are those of great beam and light draft, or what is the same thing, those boats which have a comparatively large and broad sectional area.

It is manifest that boats of this latter class cannot rely for their speed upon the facility with which they cut through the water, but on the contrary are forced to depend upon the ease with which they glide over its surface.

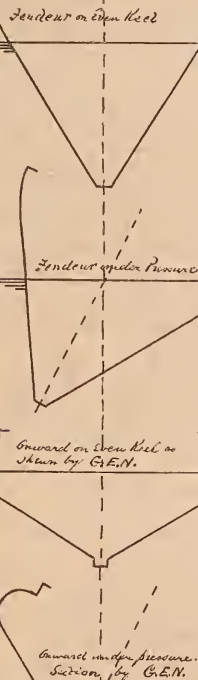
All yachts and smaller-sized sailing craft fall, by virtue of their shape and weight, into one of these two classes. These two factors determine the displacement of the vessel as well as the relative position of the centers of gravity of the vessel, and the displaced fluid upon which the stability of any floating body depends. No mere similarity of detail of any kind in construction will render similar in principle two boats belonging respectively to these two classes. They may both be, for instance, straight-timbered, as in the case of the Fendour and the Onward, but they are as widely separated in the principles governing their action as it is possible for them to be. The Fendour pattern, and all the deep-draft boats, depend for their stability upon the low position of the center of gravity of the entire system, while the class for the same property depend upon the buoyant effort of the displaced water, which is crowded away by the submerging of the lee side of the boat.

Carrying the analogy a little further, it will be seen with respect to the displacement of these two classes of vessels, that while one in all positions has the figure of the displaced fluid symmetrically divided by a plane through the stem and stern posts, or nearly so, the other only fulfills this condition when on an even keel; in all other positions there being a great difference in the amount of water displaced on either side of the plane referred to, until, in the extreme cases, when the light draft boat is hoisted down, we find the displaced fluid almost entirely to one side of this plane. To illustrate this ask how often boatmen have looked over the windward side and seen the upper edge of their centerboard above water? and how few, on the contrary, ever saw an iron keel in that position? Did it never occur to them to consider at such a time what were the relative displacements of two such boats? In all discussion of nautical construction it should be ever borne in mind that we are dealing with mechanical forces. Their intensity, points of application and direction give us the results. The principal factors determining these points are the displacement of the vessel, and the figure or shape of the displaced fluid, as well as its position with respect to an axis or plane of symmetry.

These things make a boat's stability.

F. J. PATTER.

[We give below the midship section of the Fendour as it appeared in our issue of the 8th February, and a copy of the section our correspondent "G. E. N." sent us of the Onward, the original of which will be found in our issue of February 22.]



The Fendour section, and the section represented by our correspondent "G. E. N." to be that of the Onward, are also shown carried to the same angle as our correspondent, "F. J. P." has shown the corrected section of the Onward. Reading carefully the comment of "F. J. P." on this type of model, represented by Onward, as compared to that of the Fendour type of model—independent of the difference shown to exist in what the Onward is to that which "G. E. N." represented her to be—we need only add that all our correspondents on this Fendour type of model will feel satisfied that "F. J. P." has not alone made it plain that Fendour would have a safe sea-going boat, while Onward belongs to that class of model which are dangerous even in the hands of experts, but that his knowledge of the principles which should guide the naval architect is based on a thorough cognizance of the subject at issue.]

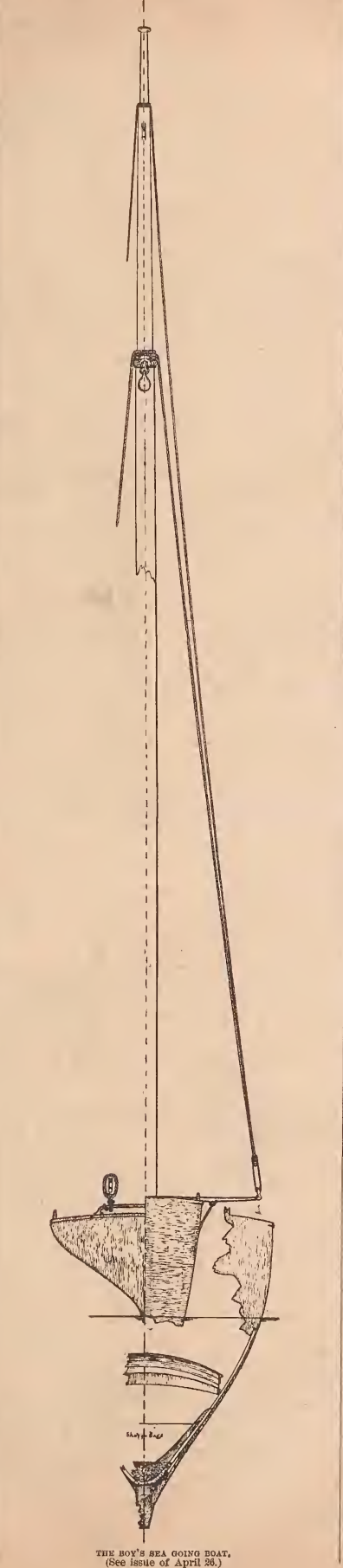
THE RATING OF YACHTS BY SAIL AREA AND LENGTH.

THE following remarks appeared in the London *Field* from the pen of Mr. W. Baden-Powell, of canoe reputation, will be read with great interest by all our leading yacht committees.

FOREST AND STREAM has repeatedly advised that the rule of admittance known in America as Commodore Lee's be adopted. It is a rule of admittance adopted after much investigation by the officers of the Seawanhaka Y. C. of New York, and found to work well with the many classes of boats that meet in our races—some deep and narrow, with lead keels and small area of canvas, and others of broad and shallow proportions and large area of canvas.

We quoted the Seawanhaka Y. C. rule in our issue of April 12.

Mr. Baden-Powell is evidently right in his conjecture that large displacement and small sail area will be the result. This will encourage good modelling and insure good sea-going qualities, if the design is properly calculated and balanced. It will not at the same time give all the prizes to the man who spends the most money for lead



THE BOY'S SEA GOING BOAT.
(See issue of April 26.)

and canvas, as long, narrow and deep boats with any quantity of lead will pay for their ability to carry more canvas than those ballasted in a manner which will leave them ships to start with, and ballasted in such a manner that the ballast can be removed for the purpose of lightening their hulls for races, or in the case of grounding where it is not pleasant to stop.

The boat with staidal stability alone will be heard no more of, as yacht owners will soon be tired of paying for the maintenance of crews if they cannot have accommodation somewhat equal to the cost of maintaining such flat iron byes of model.

Mr. Baden-Powell's remarks about ketch rig versus yawl rig, scarcely call for comment further than our protesting against advising any more hideous rig than the yawl rig being supplanted by the ketch rig. If a man is afraid of his ability to take the mainmast of a cutter when it blows hard and the sea is rough, and keep her under command until he gets the trysail onto her, or if he wants to save the expense of an extra hand for reefing, or if he is afraid to spoil his cutter by rigging her a yawl, but a ketch rig belongs to traders, not yachts.

To do away with these wretched rigs it would be best to rate any rig a cutter if she was not over fifty feet on the water line. Mr. Baden-Powell writes as follows:

"since it was announced a week ago, that the first step had been taken toward taxing sail area, many bright visions have been enjoyed by those who, so to speak, inhabit the yacht racing world. The fantastic nature of some of these visions is simply marvellous. With one it is the solemn funeral of the whole yawl family; with another, the glorious ascent to warmer regions of those spar-breaking spirits, Jib topsails; while with a third, the complete annihilation of the 'Dead March,' especially decreed for the condemned 'lead masts.'

"That a rating by sail area \times L \times W length, may, and probably will, have a beneficial effect on racing is hard to actually judge. The precise result of such a rating—in regard to its effect on construction equipment, and performances—can only be asserted on conjecture. Apart from any possible influence of a rating—of any particular rig, probably the straightest conjecture is that such a rule will foster large displacement, small sail area, and moderate ballast (using the last two terms advisedly, as in comparison with the present forecast, under the tonnage rule, of extraordinary displacement and lead keels; not by any means that it will place 'uffers' on a footing with 'creaks'; the common or garden variety of performance can do that, for those who are unspornisally enough, to 'enjoy witnessing such farces or to benefit by them.

"The question of rig allowance or rating, if carefully considered. Under the rating rules up to the present, time success has chiefly been gained by 'setting every stitch of canvas to woo the freshening wind,' and it would be advisable to insist on lead to keep every stitch of canvas drawing. But will not the effect of the proposed rating rather incline our hearts to set less canvas, and perhaps to carry less lead? If so, we at once come to those yaws. What she leaves off her mainsail and topsail she puts on in her mizzen. Now a very small reduction of the jib and slight increase of fore-foot will keep the balance of center of effort and center of lateral resistance right, so as to permit the reduction of the mizzen and its spars to 'swear-by' in such a rig—which is practically a saug cutter—40 reverts both to a yawl's allowance and also allowance for smallness of sail area. From a seaman's point of view, I have always had an aversion to the yawl rig, and naturally dread giving a bad rig benefit which may tend to foster its being, and cause it to increase and multiply. I am well acquainted at a certain tonnage, and under the existing racing rules, the yawl rig, if not a necessary evil, is, at any rate a successful evil: a 30 or 100-ton cutter's main boom is not a pleasant size of stick to handle, and at say 120 tons of modern construction—well, the sooner she's turned into a schooner or yawl (for racing) the better for life, limb and peace of mind, and probably for success. But the question of limitation is the small yawl, why she should be pondered to, and encouraged by fine allowance for 'inferiority' of rig, I can't imagine; it cannot be said of her, as with a cutter her boom would be dangerously large and unmanageable. If, however, it is acknowledged to be an inferior rig, why should it be penalized by racing?

"The really saug and useful rig for cruising is the 'ketch,' a thoroughly seaman-like rig. Why should not a ketch boat have an allowance, intermediate between a yawl and a schooner's allowance, or even a schooner's allowance?

"If inferior rigs are to be penalized by a time allowance for 'inferiority' in the classes of 80 tons and under, then certainly create the 'ketch' class with suitable allowance, and in a short time, no seaman would be found owning a yawl.

"But the important question now is—if racers are to be rated, for time allowance, by sail area \times length, must not the minimum area of mizzen, compared to area of mainmast, be fixed? If the sail to mizzen in a schooner, be clearly defined? If not, 'sail area coupled with rig allowance' will soon produce, at all tonnages, especially in the small classes, 'schooner' with a mainmast and fore-plans, but with a small 'swear-by' foremast and foresail, and 'yawl' carrying the smallest apologies for mizzen.

"In my opinion the yawl's mizzen should not be less than a quarter of her mainsail area; the 'ketch's' dandy not less than one-third of her mainsail; and the schooner's foresail not less than half her mainsail.

"Yaws, ketches and schooners of under 80 tons' measurement, should receive the 'rig allowance' only when competing in 'cruising' or 'cruiser' matches. Of course, 'cruising' races are not of the same nature, and upward must be tolerated, though the arbitrary allowance between rigs creates no true test of relative speed in different states of wind and sea. Class racing should be all means 'straight racing'—'fancy' allowances for supposed inferiorities, the prizes should go to 'perfection,' not to 'imperfection.'

"The proposed rating by sail area, multiplied by length on the load line, will not be far off being a 'rating by stability'; it is as simple a rule as could well be put forward, and, at any rate, is well worth trial; curves of stability and data as to the center of effort should be used in racing yachts and 'fast cruisers' would produce more accurate results, and perhaps satisfy theorists; but for practical and quick working at regattas, the simple sail and length rule is best.

"It must, however, be borne in mind that this 'rating' rule is only put forward for the purposes of time allowance at present, and the suggestion is accompanied by a recommendation to amend the existing rule by tonnage rule. If the rule is freely utilized during this season, simple data will be at hand to guide in the consideration of its future status—whether as a time allowance indicator only, or as the rule of classification or power gauge."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—(Continued.)

F. LAKE, Minn.—Can you give me a few hints for catching salmon said to have been planted in Minnesota lakes? Should I fish deep and in what month? Ans. If the fish are there they should rise freely in June or July, or you might try trolling for them in deep water if the waters about the shores are warm.

M. L. New York.—Can you tell me of a good place to go fresh water fishing, within 25 or 30 miles of New York City? 2. What kind of fish will there be at the Fishing Banks in May, and what the best time of year to go there? Ans. You had better go to Long Island streams. Perch can be taken in Croton Lake. After June you can take black bass in Greenwood Lake. 3. Porgies will be on the Banks in May, but not as plentiful as a month later. The fishing is usually good here all the summer.

A. J. New York.—Will you kindly let me know if it is impossible to drown a fish when it is in the water on a line? Ans. If a fish is towed behind a boat, after it is tired and cannot rise its mouth open, I think that it would be drowned. Ordinarily a fish is reeled in exhausted, but not drowned. We think it possible to drown a fish under the conditions named, because the breathing apparatus is stopped by what on the action of the gill covers, which open and close with the mouth.

GUY FLINTS, Norwich, Conn.—"J. A. S." asks for gun flints. I have a flint-lock gun that was carried in the war of 1812, that is in good order yet. A few years ago the gun and a handful of flints came into my possession. If "J. A. S." will send me his address and a stamp to prepay postage, I will send him a couple. I tried the old gun on woodcock once, but found it rather slow for snap-shooting, but I did manage to kill one quail, the bird going straight from me.—J. R. Tracy.

C. R. W., Hialeah, Idaho.—Suppose two gun barrels are identical in respect to material, gauge, and style of bore; with the exception that one barrel is 30 inches long and the other 32. Will the 32-inch barrel shoot better, or show shot a great deal more than the 30-inch barrel? If charges to be used in both? Ans. Practically there may be no difference; for actual service in the field one gun will do just as well as the other; the 32-inch barrel will have a slight advantage over the shorter one. A charge suited to the shorter barrel will also practically do for the larger one.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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With its compact type and its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

SELECTING THE TEAM.

ON Monday morning next, at Creedmoor, will open the series of four competitions which are to determine who shall make up the American team of 1883. The general preliminary conditions of those test shoots are already well known through the notices which have been sent out calling upon riflemen to compete. The committee in charge have fixed an admirable working plan for each day's work, and every precaution has been taken that the shoots shall be scrupulously fair to each contestant. On each day the six ranges will be fired over, seven shots per man at each. There may be practice up to 10 o'clock, but none from that time until the opening of the competition at half-past 10. Then the men will be called to the firing place by lot, two at a time, and fire through their seven rounds alternately. No one except the scorer will be permitted within twenty-five feet of the firing point, and it will thus be a test of individual merit of the most exacting sort. Fair weather is to be hoped for, and then with these scores before them there ought to be no difficulty in determining who are the most available men to put into the team ranks.

It is imperative that no time be lost in having a captain selected to head the team, so that practice on a sensible no-sing basis may be at once proceeded with. Time is short, and while the shooting thus far this season has been most encouraging, yet it is idle to suppose that victory at Wimbledon will be ours unless to that individual ability be added the strength which comes from a united front against the dangers of tricky winds and shifting lights. Luckily, there is to be no experimenting on ammunition by each man for himself; that senseless proceeding has been cut off and uniformity on this very important point was assured from the very start. The Americans have been granted a very important concession from the original conditions in the use

of the windgauge, and the absurdity of having a match fully a decade behind the times will not be repeated as in 1882. British conservatism has been broken down to this extent, and it now remains to be seen whether or not our team can secure a winning score. If defeat comes, then it is difficult to see where another match is to come from. With the return of a victorious American team there ought to be no trouble in keeping up a series of international shoots.

The forlorn hope of a victory which many of those who watch rifle practice here indulged in last year has changed to a very fair prospect of a successful trip this year. With shooting appliances greatly improved, the men have shown a steadiness which augurs very well for an excellent result. It is now merely a question of individual merit and a long, strong pull together. The rifle will do everything which can reasonably be expected. It is not one whit behind the English weapon, so that the question now is whether the twenty odd years of persistent drill and practice before the butts which each member of the British team will have enjoyed can be overcome by the pluck, intelligence and hard work of the American. With a good team system put into play we feel safe in looking for an American victory.

THE RIGHT MEN FOR THE PLACE.

THE interesting relation of his Arctic adventures narrated in FOREST AND STREAM by Lieut. Fred'k Selwata, teaches more than one lesson. One of the most important of these is in strong confirmation of the views set forth by our correspondent, Mr. J. C. Hughes, in our issue of June 29, 1882. In this communication the author called attention to the folly of placing the attempts to reach the high northern latitudes wholly in the hands of men who by education are unfitted for a struggle against adverse circumstances on land. He says:

In connection with Arctic expeditions that have from time to time been undertaken by various countries, one especial feature has always presented itself to my mind. It has always appeared to me that the expeditions have not been composed of the right kind or stamp of men, and I have always, when reading the journals of any expedition that has fallen under my notice, been strongly impressed with the belief that, had the members of the expeditions referred to been composed of a different class of individuals, much better results would have been obtained, and much suffering and, in many cases, loss of valuable life avoided. My idea is that such Arctic expeditions should include a certain proportion of a class of men commonly known as North American trappers, who for a trip of this nature possess certain qualities eminently fitting them to assist in undertakings of this kind.

Were we shrank not among the bravest of the brave, they would naturally shrink from undertaking a voyage that at any time is liable to be changed to a land or ice march, when all their nautical lore and experience does not tell for much, and perhaps be thrown upon a land trip in an inhospitable country where to save their lives might be a matter that would tax the abilities and best efforts of even of the very natives of the country, viz., notwithstanding a life of study of the various contrivances possible to be accomplished, have often sufficient to do to eke out a scanty subsistence during the long and dreary winters of northern latitudes.

Reverse the position and place men of the type of Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, Joe Meek and other prominent trappers, at sea in a vessel of the best class, equipped and fitted with all the appliances that science could suggest and money procure; leave them to their own devices, and what would they make of the situation? Go ashore further, place them at a moment's warning in mid ocean in a ship's boat with scanty supply of provisions, insufficient supply of water, and what would they accomplish, or be expected to accomplish under such circumstances? And yet the hardy and intrepid navigator cast upon the ice is placed in almost as bad a situation in many ways as the landsmen would be in the former mentioned case.

One very noticeable circumstance is apparent to readers of the various narratives of all former expeditions, and this is, that so such men as Eschberg or Espinoux, Joe, who accompanied Capt. G. F. Hall, were due the salvation of the party, who, unaided by their efforts, would have surely perished by starvation, while Hans and Petersen, in the voyages of Kane and Hayes, showed no less prominence in their admirable fitness as members of a northern expedition. Indeed the annals of all the different exploring voyages teem with abundant evidences of the necessity of incorporating men of different classes in parties of the kind alluded to.

While reading Strain's narrative of the trip across the Isthmus of Darien, which terminated so disastrously to several of the party, I could not help being struck with the disadvantages he labored under for want of practical men as a component part of the command, for, while they were traversing a country having considerable game, the rivers of which affording a generous supply of fish, although provided with arms and ammunition, they were unable to secure enough food for their maintenance, and while possessing personal bravery, indomitable courage, ability to encounter and endure great hardships, a large portion of the command died from hunger, after the loss of their simple and only fish hook. Had such men as I have mentioned been attached to the party, how long would it have taken them to make other fish hooks out of portions of their guns or camp utensils, bones, etc.? The knowledge that a piece of wood or bone, pointed at both ends, tied by the middle to a line, and when baited, laid alongside or parallel

to the line, but when swallowed by a fish and a sharp twich given would become a toggle fastened in the fish's gullet or maw, and consequently with gross feeding fish, such as catfish and others inhabiting tropical waters, becomes one of the most efficient fish hooks to be had, might have been the means of saving the entire party. Spears, cat's, nets, traps and other appliances would have been within the scope of such men, who would have needed nothing but the wood that grew on the banks of the streams and an ordinary knife to fashion them into appliances for the capture of fish and game. Many of the animals of North America being nocturnal in their habits, seldom offer an opportunity to mankind to secure food by shooting them, but traps, when set by experienced trappers, meet the difficulty and supply food and clothing obtained by no other means.

Nobody ever makes a trip, takes a hunt with, or remains in the company of an experienced hunter and trapper, without learning new wrinkles and contrivances. Books do not treat of forest lore as they do of other sciences. The only place to obtain education in this branch is the school of experience, and the study is of such magnitude that it is never completed. Necessity being the mother of invention, perhaps there is no other class of men who are so often placed in positions requiring for success ability to adapt themselves to circumstances; hence the value of their services in all matters requiring prompt measures, decision, and capacity to make the best of the situation. How important it is, therefore, that the very best material should be selected for all such hazardous undertakings as Arctic explorations.

How many men of even average intelligence can procure fire without matches and when procured, does it strike one man out of a thousand, when needing fire for warmth at night (clothing being insufficient), that the proper plan is to build two or more fires, and lie down between them and thus almost do away with the necessity for blankets at all? No, it does not; but he builds one big fire that he can't get near, if fuel be plenty, and the unfortunate person presents the unhappy condition of being nearly roasted on one side, while being nearly frozen on the other, and after various feats of ground and lofty tumbling, morning returns to find him more tired than when lying down the night previous. Many other examples of the devices, contrivances and shifts appertaining to a knowledge of forest life might be introduced here as illustrative of the correctness of the theory involved in this article, but those mentioned will perhaps suffice.

There are representative men of the class spoken of who will leave the settlements, make a trip through an uninhabited region (occupying months in duration) alone, and live well and be glad, vary, no matter how rigorous the season or inclement the weather, where to a party provided with a much better outfit such a journey would simply mean death by starvation, unless some of the party were skilled in the mysteries of woodcraft. The one would live, so to speak, upon the fat of the land; the others would scarcely see a bird or beast on the trip.

It is enough in all reason to send out men who are willing not only to have the dangers of the seas with which they are acquainted, without endangering their valuable lives in a land or ice march of which they must, from the condition of their past lives, know little or nothing.

It may be said that the natives of the country are the best persons to be had in the capacity of guides, hunters and auxiliaries. This is decidedly wrong, the argument being good to a limited degree only. The white race the world over is superior as a class to any other; they are better skilled in the use of firearms, means of travel, endurance, and in many other ways. What a white trapper would learn in a few days in Greenland would enable him to discount the average native in anything, except perhaps the management of a kayak or something of like nature. Then there is a moral courage that is associated with education and civilization, that frequently is of the utmost importance, which in matters requiring decision of character and judgment, more than makes up for a large amount of physical courage, since superstition, going hand in hand with ignorance, renders the uneducated native of very little account in many affairs.

The heroism of seamen is too well understood to need any praise, but from the very conditions of their education and training, it is apparent at once that they are at a great disadvantage when forced to face on land a condition of things which might appal even the natives themselves. They are not accustomed, as are the trapper and mountaineer men of the West, to depend for their comfort, and even life, on the country and its indigenous animals. They know nothing of the game and fish, nor of its habits, and so may starve in the midst of plenty. That landsmen, and especially those brought up in the rough school of the mountain and forest, would add inconceivable strength to any Arctic expedition is very clear.

If we remember the story of the hardships and dangers undergone by the early explorers of America, we see an analogous condition of things; the early Spanish and French explorers in Florida and the South, though passing through a country swarming with game and abounding with fruits and vegetables, often starved to death, or only relieved their wants by robbing the Indians of their maize.

How different is the case in the last Franklin search expedition. Lieut. Selwata and his men lived on the country, adapted themselves to the customs of the natives, took lessons from them in hunting, house building, dog driving and a dozen other subjects, and really underwent little or no suffering. This shows very clearly what can be done by men thrown on their own resources, who take advantage of every circumstance, even in the frightful climate of the extremest north.

The article from which we have quoted has been exten-

sively copied throughout the country, without any credit to the author, however, and upon the text thus furnished a number of sermons of considerable length have been preached. The closing articles of Lieut. Schwatka's series make a reference to it, at this time very appropriate.

Although the U. S. Government has in no way recognized Mr. Schwatka's important services in the Arctic, other nations have been more appreciative. The French Geographical Society has awarded him the triennial gold medal for Arctic exploration. This honor has fallen three times before to Americans, Dr. Kuee, Dr. I. I. Hays and Captain Hall having each received it. It is interesting to note that this medal was awarded to Mr. Schwatka over Professor Nordenskjöld. As has been well said, the only order Schwatka had conferred upon him by a grateful republic was an order to join his regiment.

ADIRONDACK SURVEY NOTES.

XVII.—YOUNG FROGS.

IN Harrigan's play of "McSorley's Infation" when the hero of the piece wants the nomination for corouer and addresses a meeting of colored men, he says: "When the learned gentleman who spoke last kem from Africa—" and when the whole meeting rises to smite him, he exclaims: "Hould on, gentlemen; it is not of the gentleman himself that I'm speaking, but of his pra-historic progenyators." So it is not of the frogs themselves that I propose to write this time, but of their "pra-historic progenyators," the tadpoles.

Whether you call the larval frog a tadpole or a polywog, for the names vary in different places, it is a queer fellow. What round, well-fed punches they have, and what an innocent look beams from their eyes, and how they wiggle off in schools from the warmest water they can find near the shores when you approach. A serious-minded person once asked me: "What is the difference between a tadpole and a polywog?" I answered him that it was a disputed point among naturalists: that one school held that the animal was a tadpole only in its first few days, while it had external gills; another, that it was a polywog for some months, until the legs sprouted and the tail began to shorten, and then it arrived at the tadpole stage, but that the latest authority, the learned Rana Palustris, held that the tadpole was the male and Miss Polly the female. This left him room to ponder on differences and to practise some original investigation.

One day I was down by the outlet of a pond with a landing net collecting small fishes, and among the weeds and other things there were some tadpoles at every haul. They were remarkably fine ones, and in the hope of finding a specimen far advanced toward froghood, I sat down and looked them over. Some boys came down to see what was going on. They were bright little fellows, full of questions about everything around them, and of course they wanted to know about the polywogs. I never could find it in my heart to gny a boy of that kind. Bless them, if their minds would always remain as bright, and their love of nature always cling to them, how happy they would be. So I gathered them all around me to tell them about the tadpoles, when one opened the subject with, "Now, honestly, Mr. M., are these polywogs really and truly young frogs?" "Yes, really and truly, they are young frogs. See! here is one that has its legs already visible under the skin." They could not quite make it out, however, and with a scalpel I removed the skin and showed them a rudimentary limb. That ransed their desire to know all about them, and I was led into a lecture on the subject, and had a most attentive class, for the boy is always a naturalist, and only by the withering touch of "business" does he lose his taste for natural history. This is what I told them:

In April the frog lays her eggs in the water. They are surrounded by a jelly-like substance and all hang together, making a bunch often three times as large as the frog that laid them. They float among the weeds, usually near shore, and hatch in a week or ten days. The green scum that you see on the water, and which is called by many "frog spawn" and "frog spittle" is a vegetable growth with which the frog has no connection, except that it grows in the water where he lives. When the eggs hatch the larval frog is shaped much as these tadpoles are, but the gills are outside of the neck; they are afterward inclosed by the outer skin which closes around them, leaving this little opening for the water to pass out. The change from a caterpillar to a butterfly is not more wonderful than the change from a tadpole to a frog. The whole structure is changed. A frog is a lung-breathing animal that was formerly elassed with the reptiles, but is now, with the tritons, salamanders, toads, etc., in the class Batrachia. These are all cold-blooded vertebrates whose nearest relatives are the fishes, and whose young are all tadpoles. Now there is no definition of a fish which can exclude a tadpole, and we only deny that it is a fish because we know that it comes from a batrachian egg and will in time change to that higher class. It has a fin, as you see, all around its tail; it has a skin like some fishes, and now you see where I have laid its head open there are beautiful gills. You may have heard people say "a tadpole grows some legs, his tail drops off, and he is a frog." That is all true except the tail part, this is absorbed, not shed. The tail is of great use to the tadpole, but the frog is a good swimmer without it, and it would be a great waste of material to throw away the tail after grow-

ing it to such a size. The fact is, that the tadpole first sprouts a small pair of hindlegs, then the forelegs appear and the tail begins to shorten. After this, the little sucking mouth which you see in the tadpole, which is formed for sucking the slime from plants and the flesh from dead fishes, begins to change into the broad mouth of the frog, which is better adapted to catching insects. These are the external changes which any careless observer may note, but more wonderful changes are going on inside. The gills are also being absorbed, and a little pair of lungs are growing, and at first the adolescent frog comes up to the surface and takes a mouthful of air just to try his new lungs and strengthen them. In time the gills are gone, and he can breathe the air at any time. The intestines are changed from this great convoluted mass, fitted to a vegetable diet, to a shorter arrangement, better fitted to a carnivorous menu. So, you see, boys, there is more in the growth of a tadpole than you thought for, and if you will only watch the growth and habits of all living things, you will not only be interested, but will better understand your own life.

The boys showed the greatest interest in the dissection and the explanations and will never forget the lesson. No doubt they will instruct other boys in the beautiful changes that are going on in the larval frog and teach them to see beauty even in a polywog.

I have been tempted to write out this incident because I have found boys of sixty years old who have been fishing all their lives who knew no more of tadpoles than the class I found that July day on the shores of Clear Pond. They had a tradition that a tadpole became a frog, somehow, and they believed, but never absolutely knew it, because they never took the trouble to keep some specimens and note the change. They were content to take the word of others that the change was made, but only had an indefinite idea that to grow legs and lose the tail was all that was requisite. Some of these jolly old boys, I hope, will be glad to know what I told the young boys who were my students for half an hour, and whom I hope to meet again with an increased appetite for knowledge of nature and of the "pra-historic progenyators" of frogs.

F. M.

THE "WINTER TALKS ON SUMMER PASTIMES," which were contributed to our columns by the late George Dawson, have been collected into book form, and are published by the Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

The Sportsman Tourist.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FREDK SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

VI.—Dogs and Dog-Sledging—Part One.

I DOUBT very much if there is a domestic animal in the world that is so essential to the welfare of a people as the dog is to the natives of the north, especially those of the American Arctic.

It is the horse for drawing vehicles, their male for packing their effects, their hunting dog for the chase—and by the chase alone do they subsist—and in ease of great extremity the bitter morsel by which they avert starvation.

"How large are the Esquimaux dogs?" is a question I have been asked more than a score of times for every Esquimaux dog I have ever seen. I always answer that they are about the size of a rook. There is a general impression among people of the temperate zone that these dogs are a distinct breed, and that a description of any one taken here or there would, with very slight modifications, serve for any. The Esquimaux dogs are about as distinct a breed as the breed of cats at home, although a far more useful animal in every respect. There is a sort of general similarity in their pointed, wolfish ears (if they have not had them broken in wrinkles over food, as the great proportion of those that I have seen in North Hudson's Bay seem to have) and in their shaggy coats of warm hair. But, after all, I have seen them when full grown of all sizes, from a small pointer to a small Newfoundland, and with coats as shaggy and beautiful as the latter and again as coarse and straight as the veriest mongrel; while one may have a muzzle like a fox and another a mug like a bulldog, although the latter is rarer and a medium between the two very common. A dog patient visiting the Arctic would have to bring every color that he had ever used with all the combined breeds at home, while one who trusts these animals would find enough variety of dispositions to exercise the brain of a genius. So different are their sizes that the native dog-driver generally has a harness for each, and he always knows its assignment when the dogs are hitched up in the morning for the day's work, as the collar of one that would pull his ears as it was put on might be almost too large for the shoulders of some little runt that had been dwarfed in his puppyhood by too good or bad treatment.

The big dogs lord it over the smaller ones in a thousand disagreeable ways, although their pugnacious insolence does not always reward them with the best to be had. If in the way of food the morsels be made very small, the active little fellows will be almost sure to get the greater part of it, for the very first reception of food among a number of them is a tussle among the belaguerers, in which the conservative, or rather the harrier, wins. This the native dog-driver knows, and as his partiality is all toward those that do the most work—that is the big fellows—such distributions are not very common. Another source of common annoyance to the little dogs and the masters of both, is when the snow-house is completed, and its long passageway of snow blocks has been built, and the little ones crawl into it for the night's rest, in which they are usually not disturbed by the larger dogs unless a storm comes up and then they are sure to want this protected berth, and walk in to take it on the general principle that "might makes right." A fight of course ensues, for even the small dogs, knowing the inevitable result, feel that they can hardly give up such a warm berth without some show of rights. The result is that the snow block closing the igloo door is generally knocked in, and

the inmates, or some one of them, gets up, stick in hand, and with vigorous blows clears the passage of all dogs, without regard to "age, sex or color." This is repeated at interesting intervals throughout the night if it continue stormy.

I believe I have already said, in a former article in the Forest and Stream, that the well-trained Esquimaux dog never barks in the presence of game, and that, seldom barks at all; but it must not be inferred thereby that they are not a noisy race. Their half-starved condition keeps them in a chronic state of belligerency, growing and fighting over everything that bears even a resemblance to food. During the night, especially those cold, bright, moonlight ones so common in the Arctic winter, they will frequently utter a very strange concept of prolonged howl, which makes sleep almost impossible. The native driver, awakened by the fearful din, may attempt to suppress it by sharp shouting "Yager! Yager!" at the top of his historian's throat. This in the small closed igloo sounds not unlike a 15-inch gun in a turret, and one feels like the small boy that would rather have the chills than take the eulogistic. They are particularly prone to these midnight revels when tied up, a course which it is necessary to pursue in the early autumn to prevent them scavenging after the snow has begun to melt, and grazing near by, and driving them away. At this time they are razzled, so that their howling noise may not frighten the game, and unless some very energetic canine liberates himself, the sleepy man may have comparative quiet.

Every time they are harnessed to the sledge, the first crack of the whip to start is a signal for what might be called in frontier parlance "a free fight." The first dog struck makes a hell-gent spring for his nearest neighbor, who in turn retaliates on the next, and so on until, like the proverbial row of upright bricks, they are all down in a matted mass of hair, harness, and howls, which the native driver at once proceeds to unravel with the butt end of his whip. Having taken their preliminary "bitters," they are then ready for a serious start and trot along the rest of the day in a manner worthy of Barnum's happy family.

They are generally a most unbearable nuisance. Two or three heads can always be seen nodding about the road, or stealing anything eatable that may be left unwatched for a moment, and then ensue a noisy wrangling over the capture which generally ends in some big aggressive dog, when, by the way, has not risked getting his head broken at the igloo entrance, walking off with the spoils, unless speedily recalled by the inmates, which in case of eatables, unless of unusual size, is very rare. While traveling the inmates are not quite so much of a nuisance, but are large enough to hold everybody when properly "spooned," and store all the harness, meat, and so forth, in as small an igloo as possible alongside. When everybody has retired the dogs commence their engineering to get the contents, scratching away as if for dear life, until a punter-like yell from the native driver frightens them away; but he is very lucky indeed if he is not compelled to get up once or twice during the night and repair some damage they have done. This can be forestalled by pouring water on the snow, converting it into ice, but with the careless indifference so characteristic of the Esquimaux, they seldom do this until the dogs have demolished several small store igloos and stolen their edible contents. When one reflects that these animals are only fed every other day even when there is plenty of food for them, and oftentimes only every third or fourth day, if the canine larder is not very full, their voracity is easily more than satisfied.

On King William's Land at one time, the dogs of Henry's party returning from Terror Bay to Gladman Point, were seven days without food, doing hard work all the time; the party itself, meanwhile, being nearly three days without anything to eat. I have known them to eat sole-leather, pistol holsters, canvas gun-covers, oil-cloth clothes, tarred rope, cloth saturated with grease, and *en route* to Back's River had them devour a pair of India-rubber over-shoes that I was depending upon for summer wear, as if their consciences were not sufficiently elastic without them. We had been fortunate in securing a few reindeer while returning homeward along Back's River, most of which we found well inland from the river, and it was also this fact, added to many other reasons of a sporting character, that induced my natives to ask me to leave my baggage behind. This season I was very fortunate in securing a few rapidly disappearing fish that we had bought of the Esquimaux at the mouth of the river, gave the poor dogs but few scanty meals, which, coupled with the razor-edged weather in the depth of an Arctic winter, told terribly upon them, and before we had left the river we had lost one fine dog, and so drained the vitality out of the rest that we increased the mortality to twenty-six out of fifty-five, which was equal to Chapin's. It was, I believe, indeed, to be compelled to notice the silent sufferings of these faithful companions as they slowly fell by the wayside, with a seeming devotion as if this sacrifice was self-imposed to aid as much as possible on our uncomfortable journeyings.

Ravenous as they are, tearing everything to pieces not actually wood or iron, or falling fearlessly into the igloos in quest of food, they are faithful respectors of their human companions, not even ones attempting to harm the little children who wander innocently among them, pelting them with toy whips, when half an hour afterward they would be savagely tearing a dead starved companion, limb from limb, to secure the hide, which was nearly all that was left of him. Every time one of the party entered the igloo they wedged themselves in along with him, so tightly that it was almost impossible to move, hoping thereby to steal some stray morsel of meat and when such a motion made was intently watched, and if it bore a resemblance to giving them anything eatable, they would make a rush that would pile the pack around you in a most alarming-looking but harmless way, until something else drew their attention in another direction. These facts have sometimes led persons to believe that "assault with intent to do bodily harm" were the motives actuating the Esquimaux, with the exception of the fact that the Esquimaux dogs has been that when starving, if they desire to make a meal off of their human allies, it would take more effective means to prevent it than those recorded where the imagination of the writers conceived that their lives were in danger. The Esquimaux of my acquaintance knew of no such cases.

The endurance of the Esquimaux dog is his most conspicuous quality of character. He is a creature who has no more resemblance in tenderness of flesh than the Indian squaw of the West, carrying her two-bushel basket of potatoes strapped over her head to the Agency building a couple of miles away resembles a Fifth avenue belle, with just enough strength to roll her eyes in her head at the mention of the last novel. I have more than hinted at this already in the previous paragraphs, but have not given the

most conspicuous cases by any manner of means. On the 14th of October in 1879 one sledge of my party, with thirteen dogs, I believe, found itself at the head of Sherman Inlet, essaying the Dangerous Rapids at the mouth of Back's River, fully one hundred miles away and across a perfectly unknown country. That day we fed our dogs a tolerable meal only, for not a reindeer had been seen since in early October the forming ice in Simpson's Straits had allowed them to cross on their southward migrations, and our supply of sealion was getting low. One of those doubtless stories, which I think that knowers do not meteorological law except that of persistence, now set in and continued in its varying moods until the 7th of December, during all of which of course we made very slow progress. Eight days after, on the 22d, we again felt them very lightly (having fed them four or five days before the 14th of November), for we were now in a hilly country, hardly knowing when we would reach the rapids. Seven days after, on the 29th, we gave them a tolerable feed, as we now for the first time saw our way clear to our desired point. Again, on the 5th, six days after the last feed, we reached the rapids, tore down a native cairn of fish, and as the natives were absent, put a knife and a few trinkets in the debris of the rocks as payment, according to the custom of the country, and gave our poor polar puppies a most regular feed. Not one fell by the way, although the nineteen of them were so thin and weak that I can only say that I think they were truly equal to any half dozen of them before we left the head of the Inlet, when they were in the best condition on my trip of nearly a year in length. I doubt if there are a dozen dogs in the temperate zone that would have lived half way through that ordeal of three weeks in the depth of an Arctic winter.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THOSE BONINS.

HERE is a hand to "Piseco" for revising the old memories. I wonder how many of the readers of his lively paper in the FOREST AND STREAM for April 26 ever saw the Bonin Islands? Here is one. And how his descriptions melted away the long hard years between, and brought me face to face with the old scenes. I can see it now; the volcanic islands, crowned by their eragry tops with tropical verdure, and a brood of cullow islets scattered about them like the little Lord's castles, and the low hills and palm groves; the huge black hills and towering spurs of the Susquehanna and Saratoga mirrored in its glassy bosom. June, 1853; that was long ago. "Piseco" doubtless remembers the Saratoga, but not likely her captain's clerk. We were there on our way with Commodore Perry to Japan. He was at the Bonins in quest not of the Holy Grail, but of a coal station; the rest of us were after whatever might turn up. Four days of novel adventure. Did some fishing, too; not with split bamboo, though bamboo was plenty enough, but with cod-line and seine. To be sure we did not have a Kanaka fairy to pilot us, nor get penned up in a sea cave by a shark; but we visited the cavern all the same—the one at Port Lloyd I mean—and chased crabs on the beach. We crawled through, too, for this cavern has a small opening from its inner channel directly across the reef, and I remember tugging from a seam in the rocks close by a very respectable specimen of an opal.

The seine gave us abundance of mullets, and trips in the third and fourth cutters to the reefs outside brought in chelonids enough to make turtle soup for the whole ship's company for weeks. Two or three of those enormous armor-plated sea turtles were carried to sea with us, and when the men were washing down decks in the forenoon it was a favorite amusement to trot out the turtles and have a ride, or two, on their backs. How much the turtles enjoyed it I never informed us, but doubtless it was better fun than being steamed up in the ship's coppers for sure.

One calm, lazy afternoon, the first lieutenant proposed a fishing party outside. The captain's gig was borrowed for the occasion, and into the stern sheets he stowed himself, the doctor and I went to the fore, and the rest of the crew on board's crew put us on our fishing ground in a very few minutes. And there we lavished all our seductive arts, but only one solitary fish would persuade to leave the briny and "come in out of the wet." That one I had the honor of catching, and a gorgeous craft he was as he came sailing over the thwarts. We were fishing in some eight or ten fathoms. Looking over the side the perfectly limpid water showed us the floor of the ocean, or rather a submarine garden of rainbow-hued coral, and shoals of what appeared at that depth to be minnows, as variegated and as brilliant as the coral. At last a nibble! I could see the tiny spot of gold as he cautiously essayed a lunch off my hook. Another nibble, and I had him! And he darted toward the surface with more *modesty* and less volition than he was accustomed to. He was about as long as my finger when he so suddenly left home, but when I laid him to rest on the bottom of the boat he was twelve or fifteen inches in length, and from stem to stern one glowing splendor of scarlet, more brilliant than any goldfish I ever saw. "Good for you, scribble!" "Isn't he a beauty!" "Rah for our side!" We held a naval court martial over our prize, and concluded to send him on board the flagship and let Mr. Fleine (the artist of the expedition) make a "sketch" of him. "That was what he wanted," said the "Piseco" will look in Commodore Perry's Japan Expedition, Vol. II., page 111. (Description, p. 257), he will find that fish on a reduced scale, but accurately so respondent as in life, but a tolerable "skateath."

No more nibbles, and so we landed on the little rocky islet just off the southern head of Port Lloyd. It had no beach, and its eragry sides went sheer down into the transparent depths. A low jagged point gave us a chance to handle ashore. The boat rose and fell with the surf. We had to watch our opportunity, and jump. The feet were accomplished, and no bones broken, nor a single soul hurt in the sea. We found the little island supporting a denser population to the square acre than Belgium or even London—not quite the same genus, but enjoying life just as much, and attending strictly to business. Most of the inhabitants were "setfing," a monotonous life, I fancy, but producing plenty of dividends. They showed no signs of fear—but I am ashamed to say that because they did not know the species we belonged to. Not one of them got away from her nest, even to make her manners. And we strolled among the myriads of gannets and sea gulls and shags, so densely crowded that we could scarcely move without stepping on them, leisurely examining their plumage, discussing their habits, and even handling their eggs. They meanwhile kept up a constant gabbling and chattering, which was their way of expressing their indignation. We did not kill a bird, but left them to their peaceful business of populating

the cliffs and waves. That was the nearest I ever came to actually attending Chauncy's assembly of Pookles.

We left these charming islands Saturday morning, June 18. The last thing I did on shore was to fill all my pockets with lumps of chalcodony, which lay scattered among the pebbles on the beach. Some of them were beautiful specimens; and, as I was showing my treasures, after I got on board, Lieut. — said eagerly (peace to his ashes! he cried at the right word, but his tongue slipped) "Now, clerk, when you get back to the States, will you take some of these stones to a dilapidated man who has the initials 'J. S. S.' I did, and that 'dilapidary' did some elegant work. And some of my lady ladies wear those chalcodony to this day. J. S. S. BANGOR, ME.

Natural History.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

RESPECTING the adaptation of animals to their surroundings, a circumstance takes place in British Columbia partaking of the marvelous, but which is a "true bill" nevertheless. Pigs living upon the clear water rivers learn to dive after the salmon lying dead on the bottom of the streams, and the interesting sight may be witnessed of a sow diving for a salmon, and when obtained taking it ashore for her little ones.

Again, wolves (*Canis lupus var. occidentalis*) in the summer season, live to a great extent on the numerous berries growing in this part of the world, a matter of surprise to many, as the wolf is generally considered to be strictly carnivorous in its habits. I have not been fortunate enough to see the animal myself in the act of feeding, but have been informed upon the most trustworthy statements of others who have done so, and I have seen the excrement of wolves containing a large amount of berry seeds, upon islands where there were no dogs, and where it was thus impossible for it to be theirs. I do not know that the latter ever partake of this kind of food, though it is possible that they may, as it is stated that dogs in Italy play sad havoc with the vineyards when gaining access to the grapes there growing.

In this region fresh water does not appear to be an article of necessity to the fish-eating deer (*Oreamus columbianus*), as on some islands of the Coast Range, where there are desolate of fresh water, deer are found fairly plentiful. They drink salt water, or do the heavy dew afford enough for their requirements?

Perhaps there is a grain of truth associated with the popular idea that bears lick their paws. Along toward spring the outside cuticle of the soles of bears' feet becomes hard, dried, and dead, and peels off in large pieces, leaving the soles of the feet with an exceedingly soft and sensitive covering. While the sole is becoming detached, it appears to annoy ursus, who endeavors to assist the course of nature by tearing it off with his teeth, and then licks the soft sole with his tongue. Perhaps he derives the same pleasure from this that the average boy enjoys in nursing a sore toe, or an elderly party in petting a favorite corn. The nutriment, however, to be derived from this barbaelical feast, could be obtained equal to the amount of blood that could be extracted from a turnip. This circumstance may have given rise to the story.

On emerging from his den in the spring, the bear is a "tenderfoot" in the literal acceptation of the word. Those persons who have had the outer skin of the palms of the hands and soles of the feet peeled off after recovering from scarlet fever, will keenly appreciate the bear's unhappy condition at this period, and until the soles of his feet become again hardened, he does not travel far from his den, and which place he nightly returns until "well healed," and if found before this time, becomes generally an easy prey to the hunter, who has the black gentleman at a considerable disadvantage at this particular season.

The tappen or plug which seals, so to speak, the intestines of bears during hibernation is not confined to this animal alone, being also found in the racoon (*Procyon lotor*); but on account of its small size in the racoon, the animal is not so conspicuous, and consequently not so often noticed.

The early arrival of waterfowl from the north is not the harbinger of an early winter, as many suppose, and which idea has in fact ripened into a very general belief. The birds are not driven southward by the stress of weather in the hyperborean regions to seek more favored climes, but an early migration is due to an early spring and warm summer. The birds, in fact, do not migrate southward, but rather an opportunity of gaining their arctic haunts much earlier than in average years, and the warm weather accelerating the production of a young brood, the latter are, therefore, strong in body and wing at an earlier date than is usual, and when thus ready, the natural migratory instinct impels them to take their southward journey. It is due more to this than any other cause that we occasionally have an early arrival of waterfowl in the fall. Of course, cold weather is a factor in causing all birds to leave localities, where ice and frost deprive them of their customary food, but the first-named circumstance is really the main one.

This matter was brought to my notice by a valued friend of mine, whose long course of observation on the Atlantic coast, in California, the Rocky Mountains, and here, entitles his opinion to the greatest consideration; and my own experience satisfactorily as to the correctness of his views in respect to autumnal migration. The birds, if alone the only incentive, we should have all the waterfowl at about the same time, but any person who is familiar at all with their flight is aware how they come straggling along, the vanguards being weeks ahead of the rear of the army.

There is no great difference in individuals of the same kinds of ducks and geese, consequently the weather would affect all alike, and we would then have, if severe weather were the governing factor, the same general migration, similar to that enacted in New York city, on the first of May by "the lipped without feathers" of Plato.

The transmission of physical defects, such as stumpy tails, etc., to their progeny, is of common occurrence in dogs; but a remarkable case came under my notice a short time ago. A black and tan terrier bitch was lamstrung by accident. The pups she afterward bore, were all well formed, but one of her pup's pups, *i. e.*, her grandson, was born with the same defect that the grandmother suffered from, and in the corresponding hind leg was as lame as was his grandmother. The limb was as useless as if the taddon achilles had been severed by a surgical operation.

A very interesting anecdote was related to me of a Hudson's Bay trader (since deceased) by name Allard, combining, through one event the record of a remarkable ease of acci-

dental death, an illustration of erudility of native races, and the adaptability of some men to turn a trivial circumstance to important personal advantage; the story runs in this way:

One time when Allard was traveling from Astoria, in Oregon, to another trading post of the Company's at Vancouver, now a garrison town of the U. S. Army, by canoe, manned by an Indian crew—at that time the only means of travel in that then wild region. While turning a point on the river, a flock of swans (*Cygnus buccinator*) then and still plentiful on the Columbia River, were surprised and took wing. The Indians, though armed with the trade guns furnished by the Hudson's Bay Company, made no attempt to shoot them, as they had not learned to shoot on the wing at that early period.

Allard, however, playfully lifted his paddle, took imaginary aim at the flock, and uttered a loud "Bang!" when, to the astonishment of all, the leader of the flock tumbled down on the surface of the water, and, after struggling like any wounded bird, by the time the canoe reached him had given up the ghost, and sank into the canoe, to add to their scanty supply of dried salmon and hachweed. The wily trader was too shrewd to show any signs of surprise at this unlooked-for occurrence, and treated the matter as if it was a commonplace affair, but at camp that night, being of an inquiring turn of mind, took his knife and cut up the bird himself for the purpose of ascertaining if possible the cause of death, and was successful, the solution of the apparent mystery being this: The swans had been feeding on their favorite food, the "wampus" of the Chinook Indians (*Scyllaria variabilis*), and a large bulb had lodged in the throat of the unfortunate bird, and death resulted from suffocation. Allard wisely kept this fact a secret, and in this way turned the matter to profitable account, his supernatural powers, manifested in such a marked manner, giving him great prominence among the Indians. Taking care not to attempt a repetition, and resting upon his easily earned laurels, he went afterwards down to Indians of that locality by the soubriquet of The-man-who-shoots-the-swans-with-a-paddle. J. C. HIGGINS, NEW WESTMINSTER, British Columbia, Feb. 22, 1882.

THE SEA-SERPENT.

THE following extracts from the *American Monthly Magazine*, of 1830, or thereabout, are interesting in connection with the articles already published by us in reference to the sea-serpent.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 2, 1817.

"MY DEAR SIR—The description given in our newspapers of a sea-serpent, lately seen in and about Cape Ann Harbor, has brought to my recollection one of this species.

"On a passage I made from Quebec, in 1787, in a schooner of about eighty tons burden, while standing in for the Gut of Causo, the island of Cape Breton being about four leagues distant, one of the crew cried out, 'A shoal ahead.' The helm was instantly put down to tack ship, when, to our great astonishment, this shoal, as we thought it to be, moved off, and as it passed athwart the bow of our vessel, we discovered it to be an enormous sea-serpent, four times as long as the schooner. Its back was of a dark green color, forming above the water a number of little hillocks, resembling a chain of hogheads. I was then but a lad, and being much terrified, ran below until the monster was some distance from us. I did not see his head distinctly, but saw the small boat had hid myself in the cabin, said it was a large whale, and I had hid myself in the cabin, said it was a large whale, and I had hid myself in the cabin. I remember the tremendous ripple and noise he made in the water, as he went off from us, which I compared at the time to that occasioned by the launching of a ship.

"My venerable friend, Mr. —, of your city, was a passenger with me at the time. He will corroborate this statement, and probably furnish you with a better description of this monster, for I well recollect him, and was standing at the bow of the vessel, with great courage, to examine it while the other passengers were intent only on their own safety.

"At Halifax, and on my return to Boston, when frequently describing this monster, I was laughed at so immoderately that I found it necessary to remain silent on the subject, to escape the imputation, of using a traveler's privilege of dealing in mere romances."

On the evening of September 9, Capt. James Riley was at my house, and said that he knew Capt. Folger of Nantucket, who was occupied on a whaling voyage in the Southern Atlantic Ocean, about twenty years ago. On the cruise he saw an animal of uncommon size floating on the sea, off the coast of Brazil. Capt. R. then commanded a very large French-built ship, and the floating carcass was four or five times as long as his vessel. It attracted the attention of several whalers, who secured it, and had brought away great portions of the flesh. He visited the body of the creature and satisfied himself that it was an enormous kraken. He hauled all his boats upon it, and his men ascended it and lived upon it as if it had been a rock or island. They remained on it and near it for the purpose of killing the whales that came to devour it. In this they were so successful that by continuing there they took whales enough to load their vessel and complete their cargo. The back of the kraken was high and dry enough for them to stand upon, and they remained on it for their game. And when from this point of observation they discovered a whale coming to make a meal, they lamed their boats from the top of the dead kraken, and made an easy prey of him. The substance of the monster's body was skinty, membranous and gelatinous, and destitute of the fat and blubber for which the whale is remarkable.

At Cape Weyle, being on a voyage from London to Archangel, in the year 1803, saw floating on the ocean in about the latitude of 68°, a mass of solid matter of a dirty, whitish color, which, when he descried it, and for some time after, was believed to be an island of ice. On approaching it, however, he ascertained it to be an animal substance of an irregular figure, as if lacinated, decayed, and eaten away.

The remnant of the carcass was nevertheless full as large as the brig in which he sailed, whose capacity was one hundred and eighty-nine tons, and length seventy feet.

This enormous body was the food of animals both of the air and of the water. For, as he sailed within a few rods of it, he saw great numbers of gulls and other scavows, sitting on it and flying over it, those which were full retiring, and the hungry winging their way to it for a repast. He also observed several calcareous creatures swimming round it; some of them were white as a bird's milk, and exceeded the vessel in length. Others were smaller, but appeared to belong to the grampus and porpoise tribe. He considered them all as regaling themselves with its flesh.

Near one extremity of this carcass he distinguished an

appendage or arm hanging down into the water, which, from his acquaintance with the sepia, he concluded to be that of the animal, being probably the only one left after the rest had putrified or been devoured.

Such was likewise the opinion of a navigator of much experience and long observation in the vicinity of the North Atlantic then on board, who remarked that the corrupting lump was intolerably fetid and offensive to man, and would, if the brig was suffered to run against it, impregnate her with the foulness and stench for the whole voyage. She was accordingly kept to the windward of the lump, thus avoiding it, but the stench was, notwithstanding, extremely noxious and disgusting.

On conversing with mariners in the White Sea, such occurrences were spoken of by them as too common to excite much attention or any doubt.

Afterward, while at Drontheim, in Norway, Capt. N. disclaimed with practical men concerning things of this kind. The prevailing idea was that such drifting lumps were by no means uncommon, but that the purpose of fragments of whale squids; that these were sometimes borne away by the Macström current, and engulfed and dashed to pieces by its whirlpools, and thus these broken trunks and limbs sometimes cast on shore and sometimes tossed about on the sea.

It is supposed that squids and whales inhabit the same tracts of ocean, because the former furnishes food for the latter, at least for the ecaudates, orco, and other toothed and voracious species.

SPRING BIRDS OF NEBRASKA.

BY A. HALL.

52. Common Crow—*Corvus frugivorus* Bairr.—This species is a very shy bird in Ohio, but here it is quite tame, and takes but little notice of man. They are often seen following the plow in the fields.

53. American Magpie—*Picus rustica hudsonica* (Cob.) Ridg.—An irregular visitor. I am told that they were quite common years ago, but now they are rarely seen in this vicinity.

54. Blue Jay—*Cyanocitta cristata* (L.) Strickl.—This species is rare in this vicinity, but once seen, April 30.

55. Kingbird—*Tyrannus carolinensis* Id.—Common; breeds. Arrives in May.

56. Arkansas Flycatcher—*Tyrannus verticalis* Sw.—Saw this species in open prairie, perched upon weeds, watching for their insect prey. Habits like the preceding, but not so common.

57. Say's Pewee—*Sayornis sayi* Bd.—Saw this species only on wooded streams. It was very shy and I was able to procure but one specimen.

58. Night Hawk—*Chordeiles pictus henryi* Cass.—The night hawk is exceedingly abundant here. I have counted upward of fifty at one time as they were darting about in their catching insects. When perching, this species sits lengthwise of a limb, generally roosting upon a tree, while the whip-poor-will roosts upon a log or the ground. These two species are often confounded, but are distinguishable by the conspicuous white wing bars of the night hawk. This variety, *henryi*, is lighter and grayer on the back than its eastern representative, but there are no other marked differences. It nests upon the ground, and lays but two eggs.

59. Belted Kingfisher—*Ceryle alcyon* (L.) Boie.—Common, breeding upon suitable streams of the West. Nests in a hole in bank, excavated by the bird. Eggs pure white.

60. Hairy Woodpecker—*Picus rufinus* L.—A regular migrant, but not abundant. Specimens taken.

61. Red-headed Woodpecker—*Melanerpes erythrocephalus* (L.) Sw.—Not uncommon in spring. I saw no woodpeckers in this vicinity until April.

62. Golden-winged Woodpecker—*Colaptes auratus* (L.) Sw.—Abundant. Breeds in May.

63. Hybrid Woodpecker—*Colaptes hybridus* Baird.—Abundant in company with preceding. Examined several specimens. The one now before me has red maxillary patch (black feathers hardly noticeable), wings and tail underneath, yellow orange, shafts reddish. I may be wrong in placing this as a distinct species. Would like to hear from some one upon the subject.

64. Red-headed Woodpecker—*Colaptes merriami* Sw.—This species is rather rare here, but I succeeded in taking an undoubted specimen of this species.

65. Great Horned Owl—*Bubo virginianus* Gm.—One specimen taken. I think its occurrence here accidental, as there is no heavy timber suitable for breeding.

66. Short-eared Owl—*Isto asperipennis* Pall.—Resident and abundant. Breeds in May. Found nest in hollow of willow stem, fifteen feet from the ground, in which about two feet from the top, upon decayed wood, two white eggs were deposited. This species generally nests upon the ground in burrows.

67. Burrowing Owl—*Speotyto cunicularia hypogaea* Cs.—This species is exceedingly abundant, breeding in the burrows of the prairie dogs. On approaching one of these dog towns, you will see these little owls perched upon one of the innumerable little mounds that mark a village, standing erect upon their long legs, and nodding until their heads almost touch the ground. They are quite tame at first, and are then easily secured, but after a few shots, they become very shy and fly up out of range. I never saw them take to the holes unless wounded. I dug into several of these holes for eggs, but failed to obtain any; I succeeded in finding one, however, within a foot of the entrance of a hole. It was pure white and fresh. This was last week in May.

68. Marsh Hawk—*Circus cyaneus hudsonicus* (L.) Cs.—On the great plains of the West I saw this species in great abundance; skimming about in all directions in quest of mice and small birds upon which they subsist. The nest is placed upon the ground and is composed of dry weeds and grass only. The eggs are five in number, of a dull white color, with light bluish taint. Upon approaching a nest of this species the old bird flew off and crept about just above my head, uttering in rapid succession the notes *hoo, hoo, hoo*, and as soon as I had retired a few rods, she at once returned to her eggs. I did not remove them for several days, but visited them daily, and at each approach the same performance would be gone through with. Occasionally the female would fly off and bring her better half to the rescue, but he being a great coward kept at a respectable distance.

69. Swallow-tail Kite—*Elaenoides forficatus* Cs.—A regular visitor. While walking along Wood River one very windy day, I saw a fine specimen of this beautiful species dart into the brush and light upon a small tree, and as he sat there struggling with the wind, I easily crept to within

easy range and added another rare bird to my list. This is the only one I saw.

70. Lesser Falcon—*Falco mexicanus* Licht.—This species is apparently not very abundant in this locality. I saw but two, and they were following up the streams. It was impossible for me to shoot one even to get a shot. The pair I saw flew directly over my head, but before I could raise my gun they were out of range.

71. Richardson's Hawk—*Falco richardsoni* Ridg.—Not uncommon. Plumage lighter on back than its Eastern ally, but no other marked differences save about same.

72. Sparrow Hawk—*Falco sparverius* L.—Abundant. Breeds. The Ohio hawk which offers a homony on all hawks, ought to be banished so as not to include this beautiful and useful species. The sparrow hawk kills great numbers of mice and noxious insects, and therefore should be protected instead of being killed.

73. Swallow's Hawk—*Buteo swainsoni* Bp.—This species is very abundant. Among migrations almost every tree contained one. They were quite tame, and easily approached. They do not tarry long before leaving for their breeding places in Northern Dakota and Northwest.

74. Long-legged Hawk—*Archibuteo lagopus sancti johannis* (Gm.) Ridg.—This species is very abundant in winter, and subsists entirely upon mice, frogs and small rodents. It seldom if ever preys upon birds.

75. Ferruginous Long-leg Hawk—*Archibuteo ferrugineus* Licht.—Breeds in Nebraska, but is accidental. One was taken near Grand Island, Neb., in winter of 1881.

76. Fish Hawk, Osprey—*Pandion haliaetus* Sav.—Not uncommon on Platte River.

77. Golden Eagle—*Aquila chrysaetos* Cuv.—An irregular visitor. I received a fine specimen of this species in the flesh, shot January, 1881, from my friend F. W. Powell.

78. Turkey Buzzard—*Callisitta voca* L.—Common. Arrives from the South early in April, and probably breeds.

79. Carolina Dove—*Zenaidura macroura* Bp.—Abundant, nesting upon the ground, on the banks of wooded streams. Found one nesting in trees.

80. Sharp-tail Grouse—*Pedicularis phasianellus columbianus* Cs.—This species is no longer a resident of Northeastern Nebraska, where it once used to breed. A few winter in company with the prairie hen, breeding in North Nebraska and Dakota.

81. Pinard Grouse—*Caprimulgus rapido* Bd.—Abundant, and becoming more so every year, notwithstanding the destruction of thousands of eggs every year by prairie fires. I found several nests of eggs destroyed in this way.

82. Virginia Partridge—*Ortyx virginiana* Bp.—The quail, or Bob White, is quite abundant, but is confined mostly to thick wooded streams. I have, however, seen them far out upon the open prairies. They are seldom shot by the residents who say that they are too small to kill.

83. Killdeer Plover—*Charadrius vociferans* Cass.—I was very much disappointed in not seeing more plovers. I had expected to get several species, and this is the only one of the family I saw. The killdeer arrives the last week in March, and breeds in May.

84. Avocet—*Recurvirostra americana* Gm.—My friend F. W. Powell shot a fine specimen of this species upon the Platte River in the spring of 1882.

85. Wilson's Snipe—*Tringa wilsoni* Cs.—Apparently not very common. I took two specimens, male and female, which were the only ones I saw. They probably breed upon the Platte.

86. Wilson's Snipe, English Snipe—*Gallinago wilsoni* Bp.—Apparently rare in spring; but one specimen was seen on the Platte River.

87. Semipalmated Sandpiper—*Ereunetes pusillus occidentalis* Cs.—Common in winter. I have examined several of this so-called Western semipalmated sandpipers, and I think it identical with *E. pusillus* of the East. Would like to hear from others upon this subject.

88. Least Sandpiper—*Aerotromas minutilla* Cs.—Common on Loup River, feeding upon the mud bars. When standing perfectly still upon these bars they would run around me like chickens.

89. Baird's Sandpiper—*Aerotromas bairdi* Cs.—This species arrives from the south in small flocks in April, and is the most abundant of the family.

90. Great Marbled Godwit—*Limosa fedra* Ord.—A common migrant, frequenting the sand bars of the Platte.

91. Greater Tattler—*Totanus major americanus* Gm.—A regular migrant; common. This species is easily identified by its long, yellow legs—hence the name. Frou the throat of one I took a fish three inches long.

92. Lesser Tattler—*Totanus floripes* Gm.—Regular migrant, common.

93. Bartramian Tattler—*Bartramia longicauda* Cs.—Commonly known as upland plover. Arrives last week in April. Breeds in May. They are very tame and are often killed by the herders with their long whips.

94. Long-billed Curlew—*Numenius longirostris* Wils.—Common on the Platte, and also upon dry places, where it feeds upon various insects. It utters a prolonged whistle that can be heard a great distance. Breeds on the Platte in June.

95. Eskimo Curlew—*Numenius borealis* L.—This species arrives upon the wheat fields in April in small flocks and is then very shy. I succeeded, however, in shooting five by getting a horse between myself and the flock and urging him sidewise until within easy range.

96. Great Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias* L.—A common migrant, seen on wooded streams only.

97. Zetteren, Sandpiper—*Botaurus nigritans* Cs.—Common. Breeds in May.

98. Whooping Crane—*Grus americana* (L.) Temm.—A common migrant. While camping upon the Platte River, I had a good opportunity to watch these beautiful birds as they came in from the prairies every evening. Usually fifteen or twenty were seen together, flying close to the water's edge in single file. They would alight upon a sand bar at a distance of perhaps fifty rods from me, carefully folding their beautiful wings and strutting proudly about. This species is very shy, and impossible to take with an ordinary shotgun. I offered a bounty of five dollars apiece, but failed to secure a single specimen. The white crane arrives about the middle of March, and none are seen here after April 20.

99. Sandhill Crane—*Grus canadensis* (L.) Temm.—This species is as large as a turkey, and is very good eating. They seem to delight in mounting high in the air, and soaring in a regular manner as the turkey buzzard, uttering, as they go, a coarse, rolling, rattling note, somewhat like that of the tame pigeon, but very much louder. They breed upon the Platte in June.

100. Carolina Rail—*Porzana carolina* (L.) V.—A very rare

migrant. I saw but one specimen on the Platte. My friend, F. W. Powell, is a very close observer of birds, tells me that he never saw it before.

101. Coot, Mud Hen—*Fulca americana* Gm.—Common. Breeds upon small lakes near Loup River.

102. White-fronted Goose—*Anser albifrons* Gm.—A rare migrant. One specimen was taken upon the Platte by F. W. Powell in spring of 1881.

103. Snow Goose—*Chen hyperboreus* Boie.—Locally called here. It is the most abundant of all the geese I saw upon the Platte, and the most difficult to shoot, as they fly very high and seldom come within range. As they sit upon the sand bars they look, in the distance, like huge snow banks. They leave the Platte for their northern breeding places the last week of April.

104. Canada Goose—*Bernicla canadensis* Boie.—Regular migrant, but not so common as the following. Locally called "Mississippi goose."

105. Hutton's Goose—*Bernicla canadensis huttoni* Cs.—Same as preceding, but smaller. Hunters who make a business of shooting geese for their feathers tell me that one man has been known to kill forty in a single day with a shoulder gun. I saw hundreds of them sitting upon the ice early in March. All geese leave the Platte by the last week of April. I do not regard a spring goose as fit to eat. They are lean and taste very fishy.

106. Mallard Duck—*Anas boschas* L.—Regular migrant. A few remain to breed.

107. American Widgeon—*Mareca americana* Gm.—A regular migrant, but not common.

108. Green-wing Teal—*Querquedula carolinensis* Steph.—A common migrant, frequenting the small streams. Are considered worthless as food, being too small.

109. Blue-wing Teal—*Querquedula boschas* Steph.—A regular migrant, but not so common as the preceding.

110. Shoveler Duck—*Spatula clypeata* Boie. Saw them in company with teal. Not common.

111. Merganser—*Mergus merganser* L.—A common migrant.

112. Hooded Merganser—*Mergus cucullatus* Bth.—Occasionally seen in winter, but rather rare. Mr. T. W. Powell shot a pair in the winter of 1880.

113. White Pelican—*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos* Lath.—Occasionally seen on the Platte River.

114. Franklin's Rosy Gull—*Chroicocephalus franklini* Rich.—Rather rare. Saw a small flock of five flying up the Platte River, which were the only ones I saw.

THE MAINE TAXIDERMIST LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Maine Legislature of 1883 has repealed "all acts and parts of acts authorizing the appointment of taxidermists," and also Section 17 of Chap. 50 Pub. Laws of 1878. Chap. 50 relates to "game and birds," and Sect. 17 reads as follows: "The provisions of this act shall not apply to taxidermists commissioned by the Governor with the advice of the council, to take and kill birds for scientific purposes, provided they kill the birds for such purposes only."

Since law has been enacted as a substitute whereby the cause of science may be legally advanced, and so far as I can learn, the only argument in favor of the repeal of this law was that it had been violated and its privileges abused. Such an argument can be applied to some of our most wise and beneficent laws, and the policy of total prohibition of reasonable privileges not only fails in practice to remedy abuses, but really aggregates evils, and increases the mischief arising therefrom. Yet the aggressive zealots of the law, so often arising, and punished even with constantly repeated examples before them, of the fallacy of their theories. Upon such a reasoning one might advocate a perpetual close time for game, because the privileges allowed by existing laws have been, and always will be to some extent, abused; and, indeed, the constant efforts for the enactment of more rigid laws, so often urged by theoretical zealots, and so often arising, and punished even with constantly repeated examples before them, of the fallacy of their theories. Upon such a reasoning one might advocate a perpetual close time for game, because the privileges allowed by existing laws have been, and always will be to some extent, abused; and, indeed, the constant efforts for the enactment of more rigid laws, so often urged by theoretical zealots, and so often arising, and punished even with constantly repeated examples before them, of the fallacy of their theories. 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birds, and among these correspondents are gentlemen of scientific attainments well known here and elsewhere. Are all these persons to be classed with poachers, absolutely prohibited by law from further observations and study of our birds, or obliged to restrict themselves to "hawks and crows"?

I have been in the habit of obtaining birds for study, often preserving their skins and skeletons, either for my own ornithological collection or for that of the Portland Natural History Society, of which I am a member. As for game, I am not loath to seek it elsewhere than in the State of Maine, but with the greatest that I am prohibited the continuance of the study of natural history at home. I am already an involuntary offender against the law, and am likely to be so in the future, by "having in possession" specimens of insectivorous birds.

Birds are sent to me for identification or examination, freely killed ones as well as skins, from North, East, South and West, often from regions far beyond the limits of Maine or New England; yet now I am liable to arrest and a heavy fine for having in possession any "insectivorous" bird. What shall I do when dissection reveals to me insects in the stomach of a bird in my possession? Even the shrikes or "butcher-birds," which attack canary birds if exposed in their cages at windows, and kill many of our small native birds, are insectivorous, and cannot now be killed either for scientific purposes or as a nuisance, except under the liability of heavy legal penalties. The law now stands as follows:

"No person shall kill, or have in his possession, except alive, any of the birds commonly known as larks, robins, swallows, sparrows, or orioles, or other insectivorous birds, crows and hawks excepted, under a penalty of not less than one dollar nor more than five dollars, for each of said birds killed, and the possession by any person of such dead birds shall be prima facie evidence that such person killed such bird."
—[Approved Feb. 26, 1883.]

This enactment, and the repeal of the taxidermist law effect a legal prohibition, under severe liabilities, of the practical study of ornithology as applied to the larger part of our small land birds, forbids the capture or possession at any time of such birds, for any purpose whatever, and provides a penalty for shooting some of our game birds, even in the open season provided by our game laws.

Such extreme measures are to be deplored by all who have a practical, scientific and knowledge of this subject. To the advocates of such prohibitory laws leaving no practical ground, or sympathy with, either field sports or scientific study, probably there will seem no room for regret at these recent enactments. But all better informed persons deplore such extreme and undesirable measures. As a class our farmers are always interested in the protection of little birds, yet they have sufficient intelligence to know that it is only by the scientific observations of those desiring their attention in the study of ornithology that the public generally is informed as to what birds are beneficial to agriculture, and what ones are injurious to crops. And to learn this it is necessary to kill many birds, at all seasons, and by dissections learn just what forms the food of each species in certain districts, what kinds of birds subsist upon noxious insects, what ones subsist upon grain, birds, etc., and many other facts of which a thorough knowledge has not yet been fully developed.

Even the old taxidermist law, imperfect in some respects, may be deemed preferable to the extreme laws recently enacted, if energetically enforced. The enforcement of the old taxidermist law in regard to "scientific purposes only" would alone correct many of the alleged abuses.

To those inclined to commit abuses, if there are any such among our taxidermists, this new law will barely prove an even countercheck.

Others may hold such extreme laws in open contempt, and the large class of ornithological students, sportsmen and others taking a practical interest in birds, who feel under a moral restraint and strive to respect our laws, will be the ones to suffer by being deprived of favorite pursuits.

Let our birds be protected by practical laws, such as can be enforced. Such laws should be framed with all the liberality consistent with the object in view, and then will be supported by the public, both in sentiment and deeds.

I would suggest to all interested in the subject that active steps be taken toward remedying this matter as it now stands by presenting a bill for enactment at the special session of our Legislature next August. Provision should be made for the appointment of taxidermists as heretofore, and it might be well to provide that all such appointments should be made upon the recommendation of an officer or the officers of some natural history society incorporated in this State. A clause prohibiting the taking of moose, caribou, deer, woodcock, grouse, quail, dusky ducks, woodducks and Bermanian sandpipers, or "upland plover," for any purpose whatever, except during the times allowed by the current game laws of the State, would be a guard against attempts to shoot game under false pretenses. A well drawn law properly presented to our Legislature by some one thoroughly informed on the subject would probably be readily enacted.

EVERETT SMITH.

PORTLAND, MAINE, APRIL 28, 1888.

HOW SNAKES SWALLOW.

SPeAKING of snakes and their elastic throat capacity, it occurs to me that sixty years as naturalist and half a century as taxidermist would not usually bring several points of interest under an eye not totally blind. By practice a man will sit or stand motionless longer than he can at first believe possible, and it is only when this art is acquired that animal life is fully over-reached. They seem to recognize life in a great measure only by motion.

I have had a creature touch my boat with his nose and pass on only a little suspicious. I have had a humming bird bring suspended within a foot of my own nose for half a minute looking me squarely in the eye, and as I did not even wink, return to flowers within an arm's length, with the very proper conclusion, You look like a man but I believe you are only an old stump.

Snakes approach their victim like the hour hand of a clock. There is no perceptible movement. One little spot of the body moves, while all the rest is fixed. The head moves by an impetus from the tail, perhaps, and when striking distance is reached, the muscles are relaxed for the final spring. This is made with no regard to what part of the object is reached. If a frog is caught, as is often the case, by a hind leg, that leg goes down first, while the body follows in a bunch. If a snake catches a neighbor by the head, as the water snake, lately referred to, was caught, he goes down head first; if

caught by the middle, as I once knew to be done, he is swallowed double, and in this case the swallower was but six inches longer than the swallowed. The seven red squirrels I took from the body of my black snake followed each other head first, a most positive evidence of fascination, since it is hardly possible that such unbroken succession could be the result of any other process. But the snake is not the only creature that swallows "big things." I once cut from the throat of a hawk the foot, leg, shoe and a shorter blade of the entire of a muskrat. I once took from the neck of a weasaver a snake thirteen inches long whose head girth was double that of the duck. I cut from the throat of a heron a chicken as large as a woodcock, and sat almost an hour as "Crowner's quest" before it got through my thick skull what those soft yellow feet and bill belonged to. This capacity for extension is common among birds and reptiles, owing to the flexibility of the posterior connection of jaws, or mandibles, they being held together by muscular contraction, and not by bony joints as in mammals, distension does not produce dislocation.

B. HORSFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

NOVA SCOTIA SPRING NOTES.—As I expected, our spring has commenced earlier than usual, and I think it will be generally found that after a steady cold winter like that we have experienced, which is a somewhat rare phenomenon in our province, the succeeding spring will have a fairly even temperature. The first croaking of frogs, which is both animal and vegetable life. The first harbinger of spring, a snow-bird (*A. hyemalis*), put in an appearance on April 30, and, on the 31st, the first creeping thing observed was the well-known caterpillar, of *Pyrrhoxestia isobella*. The temperature, however, hardly rose above 32 degrees until April 3, when, with the thermometer at 38 degrees in the shade, and a warm sun making itself felt in sheltered south aspects, the common housefly and a few other species of *Diptera* began to buzz about the windows. The first "murmuring" willow (*Salix*) began to open its catkins. April 5, song sparrow (*M. melodia*) first heard singing. April 6, white-clover (*T. repens*) leaves just opening. April 7, plenty of robins (*T. migratorius*) about. April 10, thermometer at noon 57 degrees; a lovely, warm, summer-like day. First croak of frog heard this season, about 6 P. M., in a neighboring swamp. Last year the first croak from that place was heard April 18, so that the frogs awoke from their winter slumber eight days earlier this year than last. This is unusual occurrence, for from close observation for many years, I have found the time of first croaking to vary, as a rule, but a few days either way.

In 1875, first heard April 18; in 1880, April 16; in 1881, April 17; in 1882, April 18. In some especially early seasons I have heard them even a few days earlier than this year. In 1865 I registered April 6 as the date, but that is the earliest I have. On April 12 the first purple grackles, called here "swamp robin," (*Q. porphyrio*) appeared. This was a close, damp day, with a heavy southwest wind, and thermometer at 55 degrees. In the evening we had a perfect serenade from croaking frogs in the swamp. April 13, first butterfly (*V. antipus*) of the season seen—one of last year's stock. April 15, a glorious day, with the thermometer standing at 60 degrees in the shade, and 94 degrees exposed in south aspect to the sun—a general awaking of animated nature; woodpeckers hammering, frogs croaking, several *Culex* and *Aedes* larvae (one very large) about the mud-vents of insects, especially small *scarabæ*, filled the air.

As last, therefore, after one of the most severe and steady cold winters we have experienced for years, we may congratulate ourselves that we are commencing a glorious spring, which I trust may prove the forerunner of a still more glorious summer. I must not omit to mention a singular fact in regard to the Northern migration of the wild geese this spring. Not a single flock has been observed passing over this portion of the province up to date, which they kept to the eastward outside the coast line, or have they taken a line more to the westward—over Maine and New Brunswick? I have never known them to fail us before.—J. MATTHEW JONES, (Fern Lodge, Nova Scotia.)

A PARTRIDGE MYSTERY.—It is hardly safe to brag of personal charms and accomplishments; it is apt to exaggerate, but I do think a good deal of my eyes, especially when directed along the gun barrel with game in the distance. Once, however, I must acknowledge they came near proving a failure. I was out shooting warblers in May, looking at trees to get a better thing than I saw in my hand. A partridge almost under my feet. I thought nothing of it at the time, but the next morning in the same place, up flew a partridge in the same manner. Looking down I discovered a nest full of eggs. "Well, old Biddy, I came near stepping on you; I will keep away and not disturb you again." The third morning I thought I would look at the bird on her nest. There was a cow path not five feet from the nest, which was close against a pine tree, and along this path I had passed a dozen times without seeing her from her home. I walked slowly along the path, looking squarely down on the bird, but saw nothing. "Well, that is great, anyhow." I turned about, walked again past the tree, and was again at fault; I could not see the bird, I did not see the leaves about the nest, "I could not see nothin'!" Like Rip van Winkle, I began to doubt whether it was me or somebody else. A third time I came abreast of the nest and stopped. I stood in the same nervousness and could see nothing, but here the bird got up herself and winked. I saw to motion of the eyelid, then I saw the bird. Now, "my brethering," if you can explain this phenomenon please do so, for I cannot. I will only forbid personal allusions as to what might have been the cause, and say it was nine o'clock A. M., and I had no empty flask in my pocket.—B. HORSFORD (Springfield, Mass.)

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—One female tiger (*Pelis tigris*), one male leopard (*Pelis pardus*), one male oryx antelope (*Oryx leucorhinus*), two crowned cranes (*Grus coronata*), one male *Colinus*, one male *Chalcophaps indica*, two black storks (*Ciconia nigra*), one crested pelican (*Pelecanus onocrotalus*), one rhea (*Rhea americana*), seven male swans (*Cygnus olor*), two summer ducks (*Querquedula*), one female and two male mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*, six male and six female), one male American wildgoose (*Mareca americana*), two yellow-bellied songsters (*Labrus lutescens*), and two towhees (*Spizella breweri*). Received by presentation—One male Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), two opossums (*Didelphis virginiana*), one red fox (*Vulpes canadensis*), one woodchuck (*Spermophilus*), one great horned owl (*Bubo virginianus*), one mockingbird (*Mimus polyglottus*), one duck hawk (*Falco columbianus*), two blackbirds (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), one red-winged blackbird (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), ten alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*), ten water snakes (*Diplocheilus fasciatus*), one black snake (*Coluber constrictor*), one water snake (*Agkistrodon aquaticus*), one green snake (*Opheodapsis major*), one king snake (*Lias carolinensis*), one blacksnake (*Agkistrodon constrictor*). Born in the garden—One snake named *Agkistrodon constrictor*, one snake named *Agkistrodon constrictor* (*Coluber bethleemensis*), and one young dove (*Cathartes aura*).

NORTH AMERICAN REPTILIA AND BATRACHIA.—Number 21 of the Bulletin of the United States National Museum consists of Dr. H. C. Yarrow's Check List of North American Reptilia and Batrachia, with a catalogue of specimens in the U. S. National Museum. Such a check list as the present was greatly needed, for it is nearly eight years since Cope's similar publication appeared, and within that time there have been many additions to that list, and many new discoveries, especially changes in it. Happily the work has fallen into good hands, and has been well done. Dr. Yarrow's qualifications for the laborious task which he has just completed are well known to laborers in the field of science, and the pamphlet shows everywhere evidences of ability, experience and general fitness for the task. The collection of reptiles in the institution has been divided into two series, called reserve and general collections. In the former are included all the type specimens that have been described by the earlier writers on North American herpetology; all those specimens identified by Prof. Cope, at the time he studied the entire collection of the museum; specimens of the same species from different geographical areas; specimens which show abnormalities from the type descriptions or variations of color or scale formula. This collection now embraces 469 species and over 4,000 specimens—an unrivalled collection of North American reptiles. In preparing this list the geographical limits of "North America" have been somewhat extended, and for Dr. Yarrow's part these have been drawn from the extremity of the California peninsula easterly to the mouth of the Rio Grande, forming its southern boundary. The nomenclature and classification employed in the list are substantially those employed by Prof. Cope in his list published in 1875. Besides the bare check list, the following important lists are included in this paper: Check list of the reserve and general series of North American Reptilia and Batrachia; notes on Testudinata; list of specimens of North American Reptilia and Batrachia deposited by the National Museum; and indices to the generic and specific names of the Reptilia and Batrachia mentioned, to their common names, to the localities whence they have been obtained, and to the contributors to the collection.

TENNESSEE OWL.—Portland, Me.—This little owl of the north, but slightly larger than the common Scudian owl—that is the smallest owl known in the New England States—is not a very common species within the limits of the United States, although it may be a regular winter visitant, and it is not improbable that it will be found breeding in the northernmost part of New England. I am indebted to Mr. Montague Chamberlain, of St. John, N. B., for notes concerning the occurrence of Tennessee owl in some of the New England States. One shot by Mr. James Garnett, of Garnett's Stream, ten miles east of St. John city, in the middle of August, 1880. Mr. Garnett shot another at the same place December 31, 1881. Audubon recorded the occurrence of this species at Bangor, Me., "in the beginning of September." For a note of its capture in spring I am indebted to Mr. A. M. Tufis, who obtained a male specimen taken at Dexter, Me., in April, 1877; also a female specimen taken near Lynn, Mass., November, E. S. Dyer, writes me that he obtained one taken in Penobscot county, Maine, January 15, 1882, and two taken in the same county January 23, 1883. Two were taken near St. John, N. B., and sent to that city February 17, 1882. Mr. C. A. Creighton has informed me of one taken at Waldoboro, Me., in January, 1881. And I am indebted to Mr. Ralph Miller, of Portland, Me., for a specimen taken by him alive, by hand, in this city, March 3, 1883.—EVERETT SMITH.

THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE ENGLISH SPARROW.—The question as to whether the English sparrow is an insectivorous or granivorous bird is receiving a great deal of attention at the hands of scientific bodies and the farming community throughout Pennsylvania. The opinion prevails that it is granivorous, and it is only when it is out of living when there are no birds or seeds to subsist upon. At a recent meeting of the West Chester Microscopical Society, an organization having among its members a number of gentlemen well versed in ornithology, the merits and demerits of the English sparrow were fully and freely discussed. The sentiment of the society appears in the following preamble and resolutions: *Whereas*, Outward observations and post mortem dissections have demonstrated that the English sparrows are not insectivorous birds, but are destructive to some of the cereals and the buds of the plum, peach and pear trees and grape vines; therefore, *Resolved*, That our Senator and Members of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg be requested to urge the repeal of all laws that prevent the destruction of English sparrows.—OCCASIONAL.

VULTURES IN MAINE.—Portland, Me.—In the autumn of 1874 two vultures (*Cathartes aura*) were seen in the town of Standish, Cumberland county, Maine, and one of them was caught in a trap. My friend N. C. Brown, of this city, has publicly recorded the capture of a vulture of the same species in Union, York county, Maine, in December, 1876. Another specimen was taken at March 1882, near Mt. Pleasant, in East Fryeburg, Oxford county, Maine, by Mr. Abel Sanborn, who reports the fact to me as follows: "A dead lamb had been thrown out, and was visited by the 'turkey buzzard,' which I shot through an auger hole in my barn." This is the third vulture of record as taken in Western Maine. Its skin has been preserved.—EVERETT SMITH. [The capture of this last specimen was announced in FOREST AND STREAM of April 30 last.]

THE LATE MIGRATORY BIRDS.—We shall doubtless have this spring a migration of all the late-coming birds in a body, as it were. May 5 to 12, when the season is an average one, are the dates the writer has always looked for the warblers in. If the birds do not appear in their usual order, gradually, but the backwardness of this season will delay the little songsters until the last moment, when they will all go through together. So, likewise, may we expect the spring flight of shore birds, especially the robin, snipe, brown-buck and black-breasted plover, and those who will kill them in May must catch them during the few days they will be seen on the coast.—HOMO.

THE MURRES.—In my closing remarks about the two species of murres known on the coast of Maine (FOREST AND STREAM, April 19, 1888) there occurs an error in application of the descriptions of the "Tomia." "Tomia of upper coast" should have been "Tomia of upper coast," and the short-billed species (*brunneicollis*), and "Tomia" (rather than "Smith") applies to the long-billed species (*tride*).—EVERETT SMITH.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such interesting and desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

TRANSATLANTIC NOTES.

INCLOSE some extracts from a letter received lately from a friend, who is now traveling in Europe:

"I have been away now more than eighteen months, and can hardly realize that it is so long a time. Last winter we were quite busy traveling in Egypt, going up the Nile to the second cataract, and in the spring through Palestine and Syria to Greece and Constantinople and up the Danube to Vienna.

"On the Nile I found game birds much less plentiful than I expected to see them, although if one took the time a good deal of sport could be had along the banks. There are a great many birds of fine plumage, herons, penguins, cranes, etc., and any quantity of pigeons.

"We traveled through Palestine and Syria, camping out on our way to Damascus, and in one section of the country we passed through we secured up any number of quail; but as I had neither dog nor gun it was only an aggravation.

"Here in France [writing from Paris] guns generally used are of 14 and 16-bore, 12-bore are rarely seen, and 10's are absolutely unknown.

"Waterfowl shooting in France is very little, if any, practiced. I see ducks hung up for sale, but they come from Holland. The only kind I have seen have been redheads, and another that is mallard or looks like it, the red call at about one dollar each. Partridges, which are considerably smaller than ours, bring about seventy-five cents each, and quail, at this season, forty-five or fifty cents each; earlier, when more plentiful, thirty cents each. A great many pheasants are sold here. I don't think we have them in America, at least I have never seen them; they are birds of fine plumage, larger than our partridge (ruffed grouse), and much better eating, and sell at eight or ten francs each. All kinds of game and poultry here are sold by the piece, and as you can judge are very dear. M.C.

THROUGH THE WILDS OF TUCKER.

HEARING of an undiscovered country in the Cheat River district in Tucker county, West Virginia, I assembled three congenial spirits to accompany me in an exploration and hunt.

Ed. J. Clair, Syd, and myself left here on September 27, via the Pittsburgh division of Baltimore & Ohio Railway, and after four hours' ride along the banks of the Youghiogheny River, through some very grand and lofty mountain peaks, we topped one hour at Cumberland, Ind., for dinner and change of ears, and at four in the afternoon were bowling swiftly toward Rowlesburg, W. Va. There we disembarked, to the immense edification of the well-dressed passengers, for we were truly most wonderful to behold. Ed. J.'s gold-rimmed spectacles sadly accorded with his toggery, which was made up of a part of painfully ragged and short trousers, a blue shirt with worn, a battered rubber hat and a satchel slung to it, and a ten francs each. All dressed much after this fashion, Clair and myself excepted, for we two were distinguished by heavy leather leggings and two murderous looking rifles, his repeating Winchester, and mine a .45-caliber Sharps.

The train moved on amid three rounds of applause; and here we were at a place that looked the "abomination of desolation"—a wooden platform well whitened with wind and rain, two wretched wooden benches which answered the purposes of general stores, post office and doctor's office. This scene was enlivened by four plain farm dwelling houses perched prominently upon the ledges of the surrounding rocks—and well, we saw five men walking around languidly and smoking home-sawed tobacco in the leaf.

We procured some crackers and cheese, but failed to get a team to move our luggage to St. George, the county seat twenty-five miles distant on our route. After a short parley we decided to leave our saddles and blankets to be hauled over the next day, and we would move to St. George by means of the poor man's steed—"shank's mare." We slung our rifles across our shoulders, placed our revolvers prominently in the belts and started to foot it, 12.20 P. M., expecting to make the town by dark (7:30 P. M.). We were in good spirits, for the day was bright and warm, but after the first seven miles up and down innumerable wild spurs of the range we began to talk less and perspire more. At the eighth mile we came to a place where the road branched, and all concluded that we must have bread or blood. The former being more after our stomachs we knocked at the door, which frowned upon us from its second story down in all its faded country glory. The first knock brought no response; at the second a small girl came to the door. She stared at us for nearly one minute and then said, "What do you want?" We insinuated that we would like to buy some dinner and have some milk. "We have bread and apples, but I'll see." Soon a large girl came to the door, and said, "Yous folks 'll have to take dry bread and apple butter." "Bring it out," we chorused, and soon we were refreshed and prepared to do the rest of the twenty-five miles.

Again we trudged along the monotonous road, lined on either side by dense forests of oak, beech and hemlock. About three o'clock in the afternoon a drizzling rain came on and added to our many discomforts; and at four o'clock we were all wet through to the skin. By this time I had contracted a severe cold and my back and legs ached fearfully. But I bore up until darkness set in; and then told the boys I was unable to go further on account of my luck. As happy fortune would have it, we now saw a small light through the brush, away down the mountain side; and going to the log shanty we engaged a mule from Mr. John Gordon, the bearded proprietor, and in his company the procession moved on, your humble bestriding the mule.

At 8:30 we forded the Cheat River twice and entered the populous town of St. George. Being too tired to look about, we stopped before the hotel, a long two-story white frame, with flagstones in front of the porch, and entered the common room of the house, which was destitute of carpet and furniture, if we except two old chairs and a kitchen table. Mr. Hawkins, the proprietor, greeted us each by a hearty shake of the hand, and said: "Clear me, and supper will be ready in ten minutes. My ole woman won't expectin' you, but I'm

glad you've come. Set down and take off your shoes." Soon we had dried our clothes, eaten supper, and were ready to retire. Clair and Ed. were assigned a double bed next to Syd, and myself, and at eleven o'clock we were gratefully tucked under the sheets. At midnight we were aroused by a smothered groan from the next room, followed by horrible imprecations while the wall resounded with peculiar knocks. This continued until daybreak, and then we dressed and called upon our restless neighbors—a sight pitiful to look upon. Ed., completely dressed, was seated stonily upon the only chair of the apartment, smoking a cigarette, while poor Clair, in his shirt and socks, was making a bloody onslaught upon an aggressive bedbug.

"Hello, fellows, what's all the racket about?" we cried as we entered. "Well, come to the bed and look. I'm going to leave right after breakfast," said Musty Ed. "Look at this sheet," he continued: "we have been fighting lugs ever since we went to bed, and I killed thirteen with mine own hand. You see Clair is half frantic," and indeed, he looked hideous, his face covered with bites and a dangerous light in his eyes.

After breakfast we met our friend Gordon, of the night before, who had come up to offer his team. At 8 A. M. we were all under way in a two-horse springless wagon, and old Hawkins waved us a farewell as we rolled out of town. At the end of the first three miles the road was simply a trail six feet wide, winding along the edges of tremendous precipices, and through fertile bottom lands watered by the beautiful little river Cheat, which we crossed six times within the next thirty miles. This river is so grandly picturesque that it deserves special mention. It originates near the St. George region, drawing its volume from many small mountain creeks and springs. It is very shallow and pebbly in some parts, and very frequently we find deep, quiet stretches of perhaps a half mile in length fringed on either side with noble trees and hemmed in by the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge. The river in places is very swift and contains plenty of trout and black bass. For two hundred and fifty miles it flows onward through this unbroken wilderness and empties into the Monongahela River four miles above the town of Geneva, W. Va., and one hundred and four miles above Pittsburgh, Pa.

The end of our journey was the region thirty miles from St. George, called "The Canaan," or as the natives pronounce it "Canaan." We had covered twenty-five miles of this rocky road without meeting a single team, when we espied an old square log shanty to the left of the road in a small clearing on the mountain side. "Guess we'll have to hunt here, fellows, unless you can take such a notion," said the man in the shanty, who had just finished his house while the rest watched the team. When we were close by we saw a hoary-headed fellow working away at a sawhorse, his old flannel shirt thrown well open, showing his hairy bosom, while his feet were displayed in all their pristine glory, naked and large. We saluted, and he, with a cool nod, continued to saw. "Can we put up here for the night?" we quavered in weak voice.

"Go about the house and see the women folks, I ain't got nothing to do here," he replied, and he finished his work, we knocked at the back door and found his wife, Mrs. Long, very old and very homely, but withal very pleasant. She said we might stay, but added, "We keut give you much."

Up we came with the team, unhitched near the front door and tied the horses to the wagon wheels, giving them some oats which luckily we brought with us. We sat upon the front door and looked at the old breech-loading shotgun, and soon the boys began to come in from the field. The clans gathered steadily until we had an admiring crowd of six people, who proved to be members of the immediate Long family. There were Jake and Pete, and last, but not least, among the boys Charles, a cadaverous rustic of eighteen summers. The boys, as usual, gathered around the guns and examined the Winchester carefully; but popular favor seemed to settle upon the old breech-loading shotgun, and we saw Mr. Jake, who was rigged like his companions in a short pair of pants and a nondescript garment which looked to me like a cotton flannel night shirt, took me aside and spoke as follows:

"If you men want to get shot of that 'air shotgun, I kin sell it for you."

"Ask Syd," I replied, and soon S. was undergoing a confidential examination. The old man in the sawhorse, the patriarch of the clan, then looked at the breech-loader coldly and said "he had seen them new-fangled guns twenty years afore," which was an astounding revelation to us.

After each man had fired a ball at a knot on an old tree, the old woman opened the door and invited us in. "Come in, men, and eat; you hev been tolu yonselfs aroun' a heap, and I ain't got much though."

We needed no second bidding, but went in and sat solemnly down to the feast of hot chicken, hot cabbage, and corn pone. The old man and the two boys pitched unceremoniously into the viands, and used their knives in place of forks, and being in Rome, we followed suit. After our meal was finished, Mrs. Long called the two young ladies of the house in, and they shyly sat down to the dismantled tables, and made a clean sweep. About half-past eight that evening some neighbors from South Fork arrived, and soon we were deep in the pleasures of "an apple paring, clothing scanty, were good workers, and we all pored away in silence. This monotony was broken twice by Pete informing Chas. E., Sr., that "Ball Duncan would be over tomorrow to git them potatoes," which piece of information the patriarch acknowledged by a grunt.

At 9 P. M. we monopolized the only lamp and ascended the rickety stairs to our bedroom. Here two unattended beds stared us in the face, but we had learned our lesson at St. George, and all fought hard for the third couch in the middle of the floor, preferring it to the beds. Luke and Ed. were the lucky fellows, so I proceeded to undress, or rather to dress, for the coming fray. I buckled my leggings tightly, put on an extra coat, and enveloped myself in a rubber blanket. Then I climbed upon the undisturbed bed clothes and sought pleasant dreams. Owing to these precautions I lay awake, and was fully up and under by the next day. We pushed on to Mr. John Eason's house, upon the top of the Alleghenies, and in the heart of the Canaan region. We found he had been burned out completely, but had rebuilt his house and barn upon a smaller scale. He was unable to keep us all in his one extra bed room, so, as we were five miles from the next neighbor, I slept in the hayloft. At midnight or thereabout I heard a faint rustle in the hay. I lay still and listened. A faint sawing rustle came on, and I saw a large copperhead snake near me, and if I move he will spring and bite. Five minutes more of suspense, and I rose quietly, revolver in hand,

and to my intense relief found it to be one of Eason's old foxhounds, which had come up to be company and snout. Next morning a cold drizzle and plenty of mud made the outlook anything but cheerful, and notwithstanding that Eason assured us of some black bear and a couple of bucks back on the mountain, we concluded to beat a retreat from this howling wilderness. After breakfasting upon some Eason's venison steaks (our first decent meal since leaving Cumberland) and after a pleasant chat with Mrs. Eason, who was, like her husband, an educated and refined person, we left at nine o'clock and stopped for a short time at Long's to trade my Sharp's for a little black bear. Chas. E. said, "I kalklate 'll fetch some hear meat in with this 'ere. If yous fellers want to get shot of your shotgun, I kin sell it." From here we passed slowly to Cumberland and thence to Pittsburgh, sadder and wiser men. E. P. HODGERS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TRAP AND FIELD SHOOTING.

"The time of the singing of birds has come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land."

NOTWITHSTANDING we have no game laws in this State worth the name, the approach of warm weather gives our bird and animal sportsmen a season of great activity. Mating has about commenced, and there is a quail enough left in all parts of our country to raise an abundant crop of young. If the weather shall prove propitious for incubation and rearing, and no enemies shall prey upon the eggs or chicks, we may reasonably hope, when November comes, to have the opportunity of using many a shell in the field. Indeed, in some localities the remaining birds are more numerous than they have been for several years past.

Our summer pastimes will soon perhaps give me such patience enough to wait for frost for shooting, and will, in consequence, commence at an early day to rig up our trap and try our skill at puff or glass balls. I confess I do not like either, and would be glad to get some of another kind, which I have seen advertised—made somewhere in New York—but the place of manufacture of which has escaped my memory. The one I allude to is not the clay pigeon, but the explosive ball, and you can, perhaps, give me such information as will place me in communication with the manufacturer or some dealer from whom they can be had.

We have no club here, and can raise only four persons who can be relied upon to enter the lists for a friendly competition. For this reason, and for us other—and we have other reasons—we have no contests for medals, badges, prizes, pools, or any wagers. We shoot "for the fun of the thing," and need no special inducements to "try the sides of our mutant." Our ambition is of that barren sort which delights only in honor. "The almighty dollar" does not sharpen our vision or steady our nerves. Sometimes when one or more of us get away from home, and meet with those who need the other incentives, we try to be not deficient in politeness, and get up a "serab team" to shoot against obedient adepts. In such cases we do not expect any success, and are content to come out of the contest about the middle of the week that we have achieved "glory enough for one day," and are fully compensated for the loss of the "entrance money." None of us have guns larger than 12, and nearly all use 16's. This size is ample for small game, and being light, our physical powers are exactly suited. We want no chokebores, but guns which will allow considerable margin or freedom of aim. Of course we do not calculate on killing at long range except by accident, and our success has never been any reason for our success.

In our trap shooting we pull the string for each other, and the party who sits at the cord acts as judge. Nor do we care very much if the butt of the gun is a little above the elbow, or, indeed, how the gun is held, so that it is below the shoulder. In other words, we allow all the advantage which a sportsman takes when he is in the field hunting birds. On that arena such stringent rules are not recognized, and our contests have never been any reason for our success. In our trap shooting we pull the string for each other, and the party who sits at the cord acts as judge. Nor do we care very much if the butt of the gun is a little above the elbow, or, indeed, how the gun is held, so that it is below the shoulder. In other words, we allow all the advantage which a sportsman takes when he is in the field hunting birds. On that arena such stringent rules are not recognized, and our contests have never been any reason for our success. In our trap shooting we pull the string for each other, and the party who sits at the cord acts as judge. Nor do we care very much if the butt of the gun is a little above the elbow, or, indeed, how the gun is held, so that it is below the shoulder. In other words, we allow all the advantage which a sportsman takes when he is in the field hunting birds. On that arena such stringent rules are not recognized, and our contests have never been any reason for our success.

"BALTIMORE DUCKERS."

AN article in the FOREST AND STREAM of May 3, headed as above, and giving a free advertisement to a place on the Gunpowder River, locally known as "Harewood Farm," is calculated to mislead a portion of your readers. In the first place, there is no such club in existence as the "Harewood Ducking Club." Ten gentlemen did pay a small fee last season for the privilege of shooting at this place, so cleverly advertised. I am personally acquainted with the "members" and will never be induced to do it. I can name five of the ten, whose addresses for the entire season did not number 800 waterfowl, of every description—coots, old squaws, baldpates and redheads. I am quite intimate with two of the "club," one of whom told me this morning, that he had not killed as many as fifty ducks during the season, and that he was in the blind one day in every week. This gentleman says he has had enough of ducking shores on which market gunners are privileged to shoot. "The man in occupation at Harewood is a market hunter—he sells his duck. That so many ducks were at Harewood as is claimed in the article alluded to, is doubted. Certainly not half that number were brought to bag by the "members" from this city, and they, everyone, live here. But as the renter and his brother were in the blind from daylight until it was too dark to shoot, and permitted the decoys to remain out on Sundays as well as every day and night in the week, they may have killed ducks that none of the "members" know anything about.

The writer of the puff already alluded to, forgot to state that tolling is the chief feature at Harewood, and that a majority of the ducks were killed in that way, and not over decoys, for when the winds are adverse and the tides are low, the decoys are high and dry, and so remain for hours. Now, some "true sportsmen" consider tolling fun. I regard it as being exactly the same as shooting quail while yet sitting in a boat in a cove—on their own terms.

The shooting privileges at Harewood are for rent. The writer has been informed that it is the intention of the man who rents this farm, to endeavor to get up a club of New

York or Philadelphia sportsman, and reserve the privilege for himself and brother to shoot as heretofore.

My advice to whoever rents it is to expressly stipulate that no one save members of the club are to be permitted to fire a gun on the shore under any consideration.

A shrewd market hunter, up to the sharp practices of a black duck shooter, would rent to a club of gentlemen for three or four hundred dollars—enough to pay expenses if the ducks do not come in remunerative numbers, as often happens—and by casually remarking as the contract is being drawn up, "I would like to reserve the privilege for myself and a friend to shoot when none of you gentlemen are around," will manage to sell more ducks than the ten or a dozen gentlemen will kill during the season. Has not this been the experience of every sportsman who has been caught in the trap so ingeniously laid?

GUNPOWDER.

THE GAME OF CALIFORNIA.

NOTWITHSTANDING the enterprise and extensive circulation of your paper, I have noticed in its columns few any account of the sportsman's paradise, California. I do not believe that any State in the Union is favored with such abundance and variety of game, both small and large, as this.

From the little striped chipmunk—a minute simile of a squirrel—to the ponderous grizzly bear, almost any species of game native to North America may be found. For game birds we have numerous varieties—valley quail, mountain quail, doves, pigeons, grouse and sage hens, and for water-fowl almost everything desirable from the swift little teal to the wild goose, honker and swan. Our rivers are stocked with many kinds of fish, principally salmon for two or three months of the year, salmon trout, whitefish, suckers, catfish and shad, the two last having been transplanted from other waters, while our mountain streams afford unequalled trout fishing, and contain several species of brook trout both large and small. Were I granted space I could not do half justice to the subject in describing the many varieties of game and fish in the forests and streams of California, and will confine my remarks to such sections of the State as I am the most familiar with only—the foothills and mountains.

The northern portion of the State is for the most part broken and mountainous. From the Coast Range on the west to the Sierra Nevadas on the east the country is broken and comparatively thinly settled. There is ridge after ridge of high mountains and lesser hills, and comparatively little land that can be utilized, except as a range for stock. The mountains are mostly covered either with heavy timber or dense undergrowth, according to their altitude. Throughout these mountains game abounds, comprising deer, bear, grouse, quails, rabbits, etc. In some sections trappers succeed very well in their season, the best grounds for fur being high up the mountain streams.

For deer and bear, probably, the counties of Shasta, Siskiyou, and Trinity are not excelled by any in the State, although the chances of success in hunting are somewhat more difficult than in sections where the game is less abundant but more easily accessible. During the fall and winter deer are driven from the mountains into the valleys by storms and snow, and generally seek localities where the mast is heaviest. They are tamer at such times than others, and are often found within sight and hearing of the settlements. It is no uncommon occurrence for residents of the valleys to be able to hunt in the mountains, to shoot deer, or occasionally a bear, from their doorway. In fact, I know of a stockman, who, when he desires a venison, has only to keep a lookout in the morning and evening and wait for one to come within gunshot, and he is rarely without a supply of such game in his larder. So plentiful are deer in places, that they make themselves obnoxious by their raids upon gardens or grain fields, paying their visits by night. An angry farmer in such a county, finding his corn trampled in fact they frequently choose the highest points, and in fact their crossing places, and ignore a gate even when left open. A hunter will stand outside a fence, look around awhile, flap his mule-like ears, wag his piece of a tail, and then merely loaf upward and alight upon the inside with exceeding sang froid. He will then express satisfaction with another wag of his tail, and proceed to prospect for such game "trucks" as he may prefer.

Many parts of the country, however, where deer were once plentiful, they are now scarce or extinct, and, unless the laws provided are more strictly enforced, they are likely to be entirely exterminated in time. Although the mountains afford a comparatively safe retreat, the deer are driven out by snow to the valleys and foothills, and are there killed in great numbers. Parties frequently kill them for their hides alone—making a profitable, although despicable business thereby. The result of this is a becoming obvious, and all true sportsmen are endeavoring to enforce the laws and prosecute these infamous characters in the future.

The Sacramento Dec is an able ally of the sportsmen of the State and is doing good work in denouncing transgressions of the game laws and in aiding to establish such laws as will protect fish and game from unlawful destruction and extermination, and its efforts are greatly appreciated.

I have found over a large scope of our country and occasionally through the mountains, that many of our sportsmen are endeavoring to enforce the laws and prosecute these infamous characters in the future. The California lion is the most destructive of our mammals. They attack cattle, colts, hogs, or almost any kind of stock and frequently do much damage, although they are not plentiful except in some parts of the mountains. The so-called lion is little different from a tiger, of a light red-yellow color, long tail, and about the size of a large dog, only longer, and is cat-like in stealth and treachery. It is said they seldom attack persons, but to hear one howl, and know what it is, is sufficient to terrify a person considerably. I have heard them when alone in the mountains, several miles from everywhere in particular, and I have been terrified—to state it mildly—and have regretted that such unnecessary animals existed.

The bear is like that to a human—a woman, in distress, and I blantly proclaim that there is nothing soothing about it, and to make it worse you can't tell exactly where it comes from, nor how far off it is. They are not good to eat—but they are good actors. They are game in one sense, but are not much sought after. I do not seek any—always inclined to leave them alone—or together, or any way to suit themselves. So I abstain from arraying their affairs before the public.

I intended to detail a hunting excursion, but will reserve it for a future letter, as this is already long. E. A. C. SALTA, California, April, 1883.

GAME AND FISH PROTECTORS.

SECTION four of the law reads: "For the purpose of the more effectual enforcement of the provisions of this act, the game and fish protectors shall be subject to the supervision and direction of the commission of fisheries, who shall divide the territory of the State into protection districts and shall assign to each protector his district, and shall have authority, also, to assign for temporary duty in any district, a protector from any other district. The said commissioners shall require of each protector, at the close of each calendar month, a report in writing, and in detail, stating the service performed by such protector during the last preceding month, including an account of the suits commenced at his instance, the disposition made of such suits, the result of any brought to trial, and the condition of any undisposed of; and no payment for services performed, or traveling expenses paid by any protector shall be made until the claimant shall present to the comptroller, in addition to the usual oath of performance and payment, a certificate from the said commissioners that he has made the report required by this act and has in all other respects faithfully performed his official duty. The commissioners of fisheries shall report to the Governor all cases of dereliction or neglect of duty of any protector which shall come to their knowledge, together with such evidence as they may have touching the case, and the Governor shall have authority to remove from office any protector so reported to be delinquent, after giving him an opportunity to be heard in his defense."

TEMPERATURE AND SHOOTING.—In the report of the Chief of Ordnance for 1882, which has just come to hand, we find the following interesting report of some experiments made at the Frankford Arsenal: "During December, 1881, and January, 1882, very extensive experiments were undertaken to determine why our velocities obtained in summer were so much higher than those obtained in winter, when the same charge was used, the only seeming variable being the difference in temperature of the atmosphere. Some 326 velocities were taken, with the cartridge and rifle both warm and cold, the air through which the bullet passed being about the same temperature. With the cartridges and rifle warmed by a temperature equal to that obtained in summer, and cleaned between each shot, our velocities were 1,356 feet; and with cartridges and rifle cold at a temperature of thirty-two degrees, the cartridges being kept at that temperature long enough to insure the same case having that degree of heat only, gun not cleaned between shots, we obtained only 1,295 feet velocity; a difference of some 61 feet. We also found that the pressures under these different circumstances varied between 29,300 pounds when warm to 25,050 pounds when cold, and the fouling varied from 7.6 grains with cold gun and cartridge to 5.4 grains with warm gun and cartridge; our conclusions from these experiments being that the effects of the use of both cartridge and rifle are to decrease the amount of the fouling and an increase in the pressure of the gases and the resulting velocities; also, that the temperature of the air through which the bullet passes has very little effect upon the velocities, and that care should always be taken to have cartridges and rifle at a uniform temperature when taking velocities."

THE GUNNISON COUNTRY.—During the year 1880 I spent about eight months in the Gunnison and San Juan country in Colorado. My headquarters were at Mountain City, about sixty or seventy miles from Leadville. Such a paradise for large game I have seldom heard of. My "parl" and I had a cabin on the banks of Castle Creek, which emptied into Roaring Fork River, two streams of which I could tell many wonderful trout stories. There were three German brothers, who were working a claim seven miles above on the Maroon Creek. Theo. carried a Sharps rifle, Jim carried a breech-loading shotgun, an excellent shooter, too, the other one carried the day with his revolvers. They started bear one afternoon about five o'clock, but had not been gone more than an hour when they came back very much excited, saying they had killed a grizzly bear. It seems that when a mile and a half from the cabin they heard bushes crackling behind them and saw the bear following them. Theo. fired at once and struck the bear in the right side of the face. Jim, scared nearly out of his senses, fired his barrels of his shotgun loaded with buck-shot and fortunately broke the bear's backbone. They soon put an end to him. Three such scared Dutchmen are seldom seen. The bear was a very large cinnamon, and we all had a feast on bear steak.—P. S. (Buffalo, N. Y.).

ONONDAGA COUNTY, New York.—I believe I could yoke in with "Nessmuk" on many points. I observe he don't have the "whisky bottle" among his equipments, and own that I am at a loss to understand why so many sportsmen cannot go out for a day's shooting, even at glass balls or clay pigeons, without a whisky bottle or a keg of lager. I have been fox-hunting the past winter where some of the party were often carried home by the foxes, going with wonder that some men objected to fox-hunting. I have had such hunting parties, and concluded they didn't care to have their sons acquire a taste for hunting and whisky combined. Game of all kinds has nearly left these parts. We found where four partridges had been eaten by foxes this winter, and I believe foxes eat more than are killed by sportsmen.—NOVICE.

NOTES FROM COLORADO.—Como, Colorado, April 30.—Duck shooting here in South Park has been rather poor this spring. The ducks have been plenty, but very wild. However, I have shot twenty in three days' hunting. Most of the ducks are redheads, mallards and gray ducks. Yesterday I drove to a lake six miles from here to dig me a blind, and saw the first flock of curlew I have seen in the park. I find it very difficult to judge the distance of game at this altitude (9,500 feet). The air is so clear, that the game appears much nearer than it really is. This makes duck shooting much more difficult than on my old hunting grounds, on Lake Champlain.—F. B. J.

DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.—May 3.—I have found plenty of duck down the Mississippi, that is as far as I am. The first day out from Louisville I saw three flocks of mallard, the third day out while I was sitting on the boiler deck I saw three single ducks, four pairs, and nine large flocks within a half hour; the fifth day out I saw seventy-five ducks within five minutes and within four miles of Vicksburg. I expect to see many more before the trip is over.—JEM.

SNIPES SHOOTING.—The snipe have made a late appearance on the Jersey meadows this year. Mr. Justus Van Leugerke was out on the first of the week, and reported nine killed out of ten found; and this in the wake of two other gunners. In Connecticut, we are informed, Lyme is a good point for snipe shooters. Go to Clark's Hotel and engage the services of "Bill" Flint, who is a good guide for the Essex meadows and the Ely meadows near by.

A GALA DAY.—Muncy, Pa., April 22.—The oldest sportsman that you've met for many years so many ducks have not been seen on the river at this place as on Friday last. It was a grand old holiday for sportsmen. The little steamer Full Moon, owned by Captain John M. Bowman, steamed down on Muncy Dam, a beautiful sheet of water, and on their return home the captain and party shot forty-seven ducks.—FULL MOON.

MISSISSIPPI.—Brookhaven, April.—Quail shooting the past season was unusually good. The freedom of this section is one of Bob White's most harmless enemies. Neither his trap nor army musket has much to do with the extermination of our favorite game. I know of but one turkey in the county who shoots on the wing, and he being an industrious fellow spends very little of his time hunting.—I. L. G.

TEXAS QUAIL.—Indianola, Calhoun County, Texas, April 30.—We are having a very cool, backward spring, and there are some ducks here yet. If some of your readers wish to shoot quail they ought to come out in this section; across the bay from us, three miles, there are thousands, and they are hardly ever shot at.—A.

THE OWL CLUB has been organized at Lynn, Mass., for the promotion of gunning and fishing. The membership is limited to eight. The constitution is printed in a dainty little pamphlet, with a design on the cover like a *Psi Upsilon* initiation card. We wish the *Bubo* a long life.

BLACK FLIES AND MOSQUITOES.—To the many repellants already noted in these columns, we add another, namely, citronella, the oil of the lemon verbena. This is agreeable to use, has a pleasant odor; and our informant tells us it is as effective as the oil and tar combination.

THE SEDALIA GUN AND SHOOTING CLUB held a meeting at the Park, Sedalia, Mo., last Monday. The officers are: J. W. Trader, President; E. C. Evans, Vice-President; J. C. Parmerlee, Secretary; John Montgomery, Treasurer; F. Houston, Attorney.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

SPEAKING of digging a blind "reminds me" of the novel method of concealing himself used by an old friend of mine. "Bank" was possessed of an extraordinarily large understanding, and was never known to black his boots. When duck hunting, he would lie down on his back, and put his feet up in the air, which would effectually screen him from the observation of the ducks. In this way he would often come home with his bag well filled, where others would utterly fail. F. B. J. COLORADO.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

"Fishing, if I, a fisher may protest, Of pleasures is the sweetest; of sports the best, Or exercises the most excellent; Of recreations the most innocent. But now the sport is marred, and wot ye why Fishes decrease, and fishers multiply." —Thomas Bastard, in Collier's "Poetical Decameron," Vol. 2, p. 105.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE.

Editor Forest and Stream: Will you accept a short story? I was going to add "a fishy" one, only some might object that adjective in its wondrous sense, and imagine that truth was not the basis of the narrative, which it certainly is.

Colonel D. T. and Mr. II. were spending a few days at their fishing and shooting lodges on the island of Long Point, Lake Erie, some time ago, and one afternoon were quietly yet quickly, capturing some fine green bass, and enjoying their sport.

The Colonel hooked one that he deemed a three-pounder, and gave the gamy fellow plenty of time and line, inasmuch that uninitiated onlookers might imagine almost that he was flying a kite in the lower world, or exercising some fractious phantom cot, which, like the solar eclipse this year, is invisible to us; but nevertheless the Colonel's head, like his band, is calm and cool, and experience has taught him the value of the maxim, "a lost fish is cheaper than a broken rod." At last he does its work, and the apparent three-pounder begins to show himself on top of the water. I say "begins" because it took quite a while to show all of himself, for he was no longer a three-pounder, but a thirty-pounder; he had grown in the struggle; he had likewise changed his name from bass to muscogelon. A wonderful life he must have led during the past ten minutes. Silently did the gentlemen look at one another, then at the fish. Quietly did the attendant exchange the landing-net for a gaff-hook. Not a word was spoken; not a muscle moved, only the color in the angler's face, yet I doubt if all the glory fields of glory through which the gallant Colonel had passed found him thinking more in the same period of time, than did this change in his piscatorial luck. The gaff-hook is softly lowered by a somewhat shaky, excited hand, and the fish is also lowered by a somewhat similar disposition, and both disappear, the first into the scow and the latter into twenty feet of water, and

once again the Colonel finds himself obliged to exercise his patience and discretion, but at last succeeds once more in quieting his prisoner sufficiently to bring him in view, when strange to say, his no longer the same thirty-pound muscogee, but he was retreated within the skirts of the three-pound bass again.

Oh! horrors! Is my mind wandering? Is it April? Are my eyeglasses telescopes, that I have turned end for end and seen deceptively? or are any other kind of glasses to blame and account for the phenomenon?

We give it up, as the Colonel did, in a sort of "laissez-faire" manner, and content ourselves watching the hand lower the oar, and fiscally get it, and take possession of the first supposed three-pound bass.

If I may be allowed to speculate on the above, I should guess that the muscogee mistook the bass for bait and caused the whole mistake, which when discovered he disgorged and so did the Colonel disgorge (not the bass), but a few words and epithets.

POET ROWAN, Ontario.

QUIET SPORT.—II.

BY MILLARD.

KISSING the lily-pads, waltzing with ferns and butter-cups, nodding to every bush, rippling the lake and deliciously pugged with the resinous odor of pine and balsam, came the early morning breeze. The morning light shimmered over the lake, and struggled among the trees long before the rising sun gave it a few hours of solidity. "Birds with music-finding bosoms" were pouring forth their treasures of wild melody; and then came the softest blush in the east, as our cook prepared to struggle with flannel flap-jacks.

Such mornings belong only to the forests, where each one comes "like a maiden's love, full of bloom, purity and freshness." There is wine in the air, which produces an exhilarating effect, but does not put your eyes in mourning. It is not associated with headaches, nor will it cause you to be fined ten dollars as a promise of future good behavior. It is a cordial of almost incredible virtue.

Cook's flap-jacks were light and tender, the coffee clear, the bread tolerably light. Roy had caught four fine trout, which the cook hurriedly disguised in a salt and pepper suit, with pork trimmings; and we scattered over lake and inlet and outlet, as we fancied.

Ward, as we remarked when we left the staid old town of Grosvenor, was a real lover of the woods, but he was a plebeian angler, ignorant of the niceties of fly and fighting and break of the trout. He knew naught of trout fishing and excellence. The slimy angler worm, the fat grub, and the dull third and steady pull of bottom fishing, were to him the beginning and the end of his piscatorial experience.

He had always spoken depreciatingly of the little imitation gnats, fine flies, and light rods, but had been prevailed upon to invest in an outfit, and had accordingly provided himself with a most formidable lot of fishing tackle, always insisting that he expected to derive about as much sport and pleasure as a mosquito would extract from a snow-bank. But when he saw the ease and grace with which Glen delivered his flies, the intensity of his faith in his own ability to perform as well, and the fervor of his zeal approached the sublime. He knew he could do as well with an hour's practice. He paddled his raft to one of the favorite parts of the lake and commenced to flourish his flies, which he did as awkwardly as a cow would dance on ice or a nun eat corn from the cob.

Glen, without speaking distance, advised and cautioned him, and noted a gradual improvement in his method; and after he had snapped off a few flies he thought he began to get the "hang of the thing," and took it up—*in fact* went it alone. It was a fishing day every inch of it. The trout were in feeding mood all around, but Ward missed three rises with an accuracy and precision real to wonder. His roscate pretensions were fast vanishing. His patience and his fly-book had been well tested, and he began to think fly-fishing was not as easy as his fancy painted it. There he was, during the long morning, crouched on his raft, a premium specimen of a piscatorial misadventurer. Mr. Micawber would surely have stopped waiting for something to turn up: Job would have lost his submissive reputation and said, here, old fellow, take my hat, and Patience come down from off the monument and goak to bed. All these things were his. His raft would surely have been awarded no honor above highly commended.

After long waiting, and when even he had commenced to fidget with anxiety, presto! a flash, and he had accidentally struck. The trout's movements were quick and subtle enough to disconcert a tyro, and he had his own peculiar way of dealing with matters and things. As he "flashed from the full-fished water" our friend was not polite enough to drop his tip like a gamester. The handsome fellow deserves your most respectful bow. Do not let him injure his tail by having it come in contact with your leader, Ward was suddenly seized with a nervous and excitable paroxysm, and consequently his first impulse was to grow the least mite pale, which paleness rapidly developed into as near an approach to whiteness as a living face can. His looks changed from eagerness to uncertainty, from uncertainty to despair. He was as badly off as a man with two doctors on his wrists. As his position of his position and surroundings increased it showed that his case had developed into buck-ague—the tip of his rod broke, and the leader parted. "Great Cæsar dead and turned to dust; could that little trout have escaped and left me thus?"

Ward was as pious at home as he was excitable here. He read his Bible in preference to Boacacio, and his walk was upright. Let us draw a veil before him and forget the strong, nervous Saxon he employed in deploring his ill luck, lack of nerve or needless excitability. He did not relax in expressing his own opinion of himself, but we will, for others have forgotten themselves. The rise, strike and escape were so sudden that it seemed a dream, but here's the tangible evidence that mischief had been done. A man as sadly demoralized as the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance after his attack on the windmills, a missing leader and a broken rod, were more than circumstantial evidence of trout's late presence in the air.

Despondency reigned supreme in his corporosity, and deprecatingly dubbing himself the Jonah of the party, he paddled aboard to seek the comfort the shanty afforded, and there we found him when our morning fishing was over, and we returned for a bite and a loaf until the late afternoon fishing on the lake. As Ward's rod was broken and there were several others to be repaired, Roy, a good amateur workman, offered to supervise the putting of them in order. It was a delightful lounging place; and not thoroughly

rested from yesterday's tramp, we employed our time between loafing and the little trifles that help make a camp a pleasant place.

Beds of boughs were made; the roof of the shanty patched up; some underbrush, which had a bad habit of switching us as we went to and from the lake, cut out; the spring was deepened, and several seats were built; the great master job was the table which the cook erected yesterday, for it was away up in the air. It was a grand looking off place for the birds. If we leave it so, perhaps some one will stumble across its magnificent ruins in the ages yet to come, and will say of it: "There were gnats in those days, for here is the evidence of their one-time existence. How wonderful, and to what lofty dwarfish growths have we descended. How they would have mortified the deodades of the human corpus. However, as posterity had never done anything for us, we consulted our own convenience, by chopping off a few feet from the table and lowering it to a level with our chins.

Meanwhile Roy was busily employed in repairing the rods that had suffered during the morning's sport.

*Twixt the camp-fire and the shanty sat the expert tackle-mender.

In the land of spruce and hemlock,

In the land of running water,

Mending fishing-rods of bamboo,

Rods of lancewood and of greenheart.

Some were prying and some were planing,

Busted at the tip or root-place,

While some others scarcely scratched were.

He was thinking as he whittled,

Whittled on the joints and whistled—

Doing these three things at once—

Of the sport he'd have to-morrow,

When the morning sun was shining,

Shining if it wasn't cloudy;

If 'twas cloudy, all the same,

When it rained we've higher water.

Out to catch the Fontinalis,

Speckled brook-trout, prince of fishes,

Would the old man surely chance it?

When the old man goes a-fishing,

When the brook water is higher,

Its waters creeping up the bank,

"Whirling round and round and downward,"

You can shout your affirmative.

You can take your affidavit.

He would take his rod and chance it.

Where the rod was badly damaged,

Where the pole was busted badly.

He'd kind er' paste it up with glue

And use a quantity of silk,

Winding round and round and tying,

And then kind er' kalsomine it,

Kalsomine it with some varnish

That be carried in a bottle.

Soon the rod grew convalescent,

Eye-and-by-grew well as ever;

Then the old man stopped his whittling,

Stood erect and stopped his whistling,

Handed Mr. Ward his greenheart.

"There's your rod, old fellow, with a new lease of life, but don't do any more quick, heavy lifting with it. A slight movement of the wrist produces a wonderful movement in the tip of the rod, and it will serve you many a good turn if you treat it right."

ANGLING FOR WHITEFISH.

IN your issue of April 26 is an article on angling for whitefish. I have seen a great many whitefish taken in various ways, with pound nets, gill-nets, seines and with spears. Some were taken with the hook, or rather I do not know of one instance where this fish has taken the hook. They are sometimes hooked in the body and taken from the stream in that way, but that is not of very frequent occurrence. I know of different persons who have angled for them in the Detroit River in the fish pens where there were thousands of whitefish, and I do not know of one instance where they have been successful in taking one. It is an established fact that the fish does not feed on animal food. I have made inquiries of different fishermen on Lake Erie, Lake Huron and Lake Michigan, and only one opinion is found to prevail among them. They say the whitefish will not take the hook.

This fish is sometimes speared through the ice at night, by cutting a hole about two feet in diameter out of the ice, and three feet underneath, the object of this being to better facilitate the landing of the fish. The hole made, a stake is usually stuck in the ice to support the light. Everything being ready, the spear is taken in hand and developments awaited. The light attracts the fish, and as he slowly rises to the surface, the fisher ever on the alert, plunges the spear into him and the fish is taken.

The natural home of the whitefish is the great lakes and rivers, although they will live in inland lakes where the water does not reach a very high temperature. The average weight of this fish is about two pounds, although I have seen specimens taken that weighed from twelve to fourteen pounds. It is possible that there may be instances where this fish has taken the hook, but it is not probable. A great many persons have confounded the whitefish with the lake herring; and in fact if you take a whitefish weighing one and a half pounds, and a herring of the same weight, it would require an expert to tell which is which. They are nearly of the same color, their fins and scales are nearly the same, and a whitefish and herring weighing one and a half pounds each would be nearly of the same structure or form. There is one way by which the whitefish can be distinguished from the herring. The upper part of the whitefish's mouth is the longest, which is the reverse with the herring, the lower part being the longest. The herring are often taken with the hook during both summer and winter, and I do not think it matters what kind of bait is used. They are a very good food fish if taken when the water is cold, but if taken during the months of July and August from streams where the water is warm they have worms in them. This fish is not to be compared at any time with the whitefish. Those who cultivate whitefish for their sporting qualities will find their labor lost. But as a table fish it has no superior among our fresh water fishes.

MARTIN E. O'BRIEN.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.

[We have been told of two or three cases in which the lake whitefish have been taken on the hook, but such occur-

rences are unusual, and we presume, accidental. We know, however, that the Rocky Mountain whitefish will readily take a fly, for we have caught a great many of them in Montana in this way. Standing on the rocks in one creek we have, in three successive casts, taken, on a red lily as a tail fly, a trout, a grayling and a whitefish.]

WOODMONT ROD AND GUN CLUB.

WE supplement the frequent notices in these columns of the Woodmont Rod and Gun Club of Washington, D. C., with the following particulars, which are extracted from the Washington Star.

The character and purposes of the club will be pretty well understood by its title; but they are still further emphasized by its corporate seal, which includes as its appropriate device an antlered deer's head and two conventional dolphins on a shield, which is supported by a heraldic scroll bearing the legend "Protect and Enjoy." This is in plain English, as it ought to be, in order that the honest unlettered hunter or angler may be able to understand it without securing the services of an interpreter or referring to an English-Latin dictionary on the fly.

Like most of the successful and useful organizations of its class, the "W. R. & G. C." was born in a modest and humble way, though its founders took the wise precaution of starting at the beginning a well-located and ample field for its operations. This was found in a large old estate situated in Washington county, Md., bearing the appropriate title of "Woodmont." It lies a little above and nearly opposite Great Cacapon station, on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, about one hundred and sixty miles west of Washington. The original purchase consisted of 2,028 acres, but this amount has since been considerably increased by later purchases, and in order to extend the hunting privileges as well as to properly protect game, etc., the control of a large additional acreage has been secured by lease. The estate is situated on the north or left bank of the Potomac, as already stated, and extends from the river on the front to the old National Road in the rear, and from the base of the Tonoloway Mountain on the east to the crest of Siding Hill Mountain on the west. Less than ten years ago this estate was offered for sale for \$22,000, but of course it cost the club no such sum. With the exception of about one hundred acres the entire estate, with its leased dependencies, is heavily wooded with fine large timber, and in places with heavy undergrowth, which furnishes a most excellent cover for game of all kinds to be found anywhere in that section of the country. Deer and turkeys are by no means scarce, while small game, both fox and quail, are plenty in the woods, and in season ducks are plentiful on the river.

The advantages presented by Woodmont as a resort for anglers may be at least partially understood when it is stated that the estate has a frontage of three-quarters of a mile on the famous Potomac fishing grounds in the vicinity of Dam No. 6. The locality affords opportunities for both deep or still water and rapid water fishing. Below the high water runs for several miles over a rocky bed, thus furnishing a long stretch of tumbling cascades, circling eddies, and quiet pools, ever greatly affected by game fish of all varieties, and always so tempting to the angler's eye. Above the dam there is a level or pool extending some three miles to the westward, in which the water is always deep and still, and beyond this lake-like sheet of quiet water shoals and a swift running current are met again. All these are much fishing done by members of the club or its guests. In fact, there was seemingly less than the usual indulgence, whether numbers or time be considered, yet the catch for the summer added up 1,296 bass, weighing 556 pounds, or nearly half a ton in all. Perhaps the majority of these were taken with live bait, but a very fair proportion fell a victim to the seductive fly—not a few of the members declining to use any other device.

In addition to the bass, trout, having been there for nearly thirty years, may now be considered as acclimated and thoroughly at home, the Potomac at this point has been liberally stocked during the past two years with land-locked salmon, and large numbers of young brook and California trout have been placed in the streams emptying into it in that locality. It is too early yet to judge of the final results of these experiments, but a number of small salmon were taken last year, showing that there is every reason to believe that the enjoyment of the angling fraternity will be soon and greatly augmented from this source.

The living accommodations of the club consist of a large new and fine club house, situated on a high bluff, overlooking the river and a beautiful range of country beyond, which cost, with its substantial fittings, about \$6,000. The building contains a fine club room, a large dining hall, a magazine room, store room, three room-servants' rooms, and ten large fire chambers, all comfortably furnished. In front, and running around each end of the building, is a covered portico twelve feet deep. In the rear of the main building, and connected therewith, is the kitchen, and also ample quarters for the superintendent and his family. In connection with this establishment there is a stable and other necessary outbuildings, an excellent cement-lined cistern, holding more than 12,000 gallons of water, and an ample stock of excellent ice. Near the center of the estate, two miles back from the river, and in the midst of the best shooting, is a comfortable hunting lodge, containing six rooms, suitably furnished. This and two or three other houses situated at different points on the estate are occupied by the game wardens of the club, who look after its interests generally, and see to the enforcement of the game and fish laws of the State.

Already the efforts of the organization in this direction have been productive of the most encouraging results. Immediately upon entering upon proprietorship it turned its attention to the general protection of game in the vicinity, under the provisions of the Maryland laws, and the prevention of poaching on its own premises, which are formally "posted," in accordance with the requirements. Through its means the trespassing and law-breakers have been arrested and punished so that now close seasons are beginning to be observed, and private rights are respected to a greater extent than ever before. In consequence game has steadily

and rapidly increased on the estate, not only by natural increase and the protection of its own premises, but by additions to it from other and more frequently hunted sections of the country; and the woods may now be said to be fairly well stocked with deer, turkeys, pheasants and all kinds of small game.

To make all these advantages available frequent and quick means of access are of course necessary. These have happily been secured through the valuable co-operation of the management of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which was not slow to see the benefits which would accrue to itself from a liberal policy in this respect, but was wise enough also to realize the fact that the only real estate and other property of a club is an object, not merely the pleasures of its own members in view. Understanding the extent to which the propagation and preservation of food supplies is becoming a factor in national economy, it has shown every disposition to aid and encourage, the club in its efforts in this direction, and to afford its members and their guests every accommodation possible. It has accordingly arranged a half rate fare and issued special round trip tickets, good until used, for the benefit of the club, and all trains are directed to stop at Great Cacapon station, for arriving and departing members, when requested by one of them to do so. Under this excellent programme members may leave Washington by the 10:15 A. M. express, and be on the club grounds by 2 P. M., in time for a good afternoon's gunning or fishing; or after angling or hunting all day, they may leave there after 6 P. M. and arrive at home by 9:30, in time for a ball or party or a good night's sleep.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Company has also afforded all possible facilities to the club, and through its friendly aid and that of the railroad company, telephonic communication between the club house and the railroad station, a mile distant, has been secured—a matter of convenience to the members of the club and their guests.

The members of the club who first started it as a private association soon saw the necessity of a stronger and more flexible organization, in order to hold real estate and otherwise better carry out its objects. With this end in view a special act of incorporation was procured from the Legislature of Maryland in March, 1882, and under this charter it now exists and carries on its affairs. By the terms of its constitution the membership is limited to thirty-three, and the initiation fee is now fixed at \$500. To each member one share of stock is issued, the possession of which entitles him to all the privileges and advantages of the club and a proportionate share of its property, as in other corporations. If, however, he sold or disposed of as other stock, in open market, but under the by-laws can only be transferred back, in the event of resignation or death, to the club, at such price as may be fixed by the committee of management. This provision is necessary, as anyone can see, to secure only a desirable membership; and in order to still further insure harmony and congeniality in the club it is provided that a single member's objection voted shall prevent the election of any applicant for membership.

At the present time the roll call contains twenty-nine names, leaving only four vacancies, and these, it is understood, the club is in no hurry to fill. The members at this date are as follows: F. A. Ashford, A. W. Bacon, Marcellus Bailey, John A. Baker, J. H. Baxter, R. J. Bright, R. C. Drun, B. E. J. Ellis, Earl English, A. H. Evans, R. D. Evans, T. Harrison Garrett, George H. Gould, H. W. Guice, C. M. Williams, Lee F. B. McGuire, W. C. McIntyre, D. M. McKe, Warner Miller, Crosby S. Noyes, H. F. Picking, George M. Robeson, George P. Rowell, Thomas Russell, Frank Taylor, J. M. Tinker, W. C. Wood, Levi Woodbury.

To the most of the gentlemen comprised in this list the people of Washington need no introduction; but for the benefit of strangers it may be said that it includes prominent private citizens, members of both houses of Congress and distinguished officers in the military and naval services of the country. As would naturally be the case, most of them reside in or are identified with Washington, but the list also comprises enough of membership belonging elsewhere to give a distinctly liberal and cosmopolitan character to the club, the prime objects of which are good fellowship, healthful recreation and rational enjoyment.

It need scarcely be largely secured, not for its members alone, but for their friends as well, who from time to time are entertained by them. Indeed, hospitality has already strongly marked the history of the club so far. Among its guests, or guests of individual members last summer, were many persons distinguished in all walks of life, including the President of the United States, and the coming season promises to be even more brilliant and pleasant in this respect than any that has preceded it.

At the annual meeting of the club, held Thursday evening, the following officers were unanimously elected: President, S. H. Kaufmann; Vice-president, E. H. Picking; Treasurer, Thomas Russell; Secretary, W. C. McIntyre; Committee of Management, the president and treasurer, ex-officio, and Messrs. Levi, Woodbury, W. C. McIntyre and F. B. McGuire.

By the official reports presented the club was shown to be at a prosperous and flourishing condition, financially and otherwise, and measures were taken by the meeting, which was unusually full and spirited, to make still further additions and improvements, which will greatly increase the value and desirability of its fine property and promote the comfort and enjoyment of its members and their guests.

Before adjourning, the thanks of the club were unanimously voted to the retiring president, Mr. A. H. Evans, in recognition of his long and able devotion to the interests of the organization, of which he has been the chief and active officer since its foundation several years ago.

THE STATE IN SCHUYLKILL.

THE Philadelphia Fish House Club, which is better known among the members of the association as "the State in Schuylkill," gave a banquet and fifty-five anniversary feast at the club house, on the banks of the Schuylkill, near Gray's Ferry, on the 2d inst.

Organized in 1732, the society has kept up a line of feasts yearly. The territory of "the State" is on the east bank of the river, and was once famous for its fishing grounds. Coal tar and the poisonous refuse from the gas works has long since driven every vestige of the finny tribe from the stream. Not that the organization still holds to the old site, and what is lacking in the way of fish in the Schuylkill is brought to their kettles and pans from more fertile waters. Every member of the club, no matter of what calling, and every invited guest, be he president of the United States, general of the army, admiral of the navy,

person or prince of the rain, is obliged to don a white apron and a straw hat and do his part in the cooking and providing the refreshments. The party partake of the world renowned and seductive fish house punch, that originated and was first "brewed" at the club house. Yesterday a grave judge was observed peeling potatoes, a person picking strawberries, a prominent lawyer opening oysters, and a noted statesman scaling shad for planking. Under the trees a large kettle boiling and sending off its savory steam of cooking chowder was stirred by one of Philadelphia's gentlemen, having two sucking pigs as they were being barbecued.

The dinner was rated a success, and when the sun set the American flag was lowered from the "castle," as the fish house is called, and the "citizens" and their guests left their "State" sober and in good spirits after an enjoyable day.

Honio.

THE UBIQUITOUS SILAS.

IN THE FOREST AND STREAM of October 13, 1881, page 1213, was published a little sketch taken from the Kings-ton *Freeman* and duly credited, entitled "A Shady From Life." It was as follows:

"The subject of these lines is usually found in the barroom of a country hotel. Old and weather-beaten is he, with the grime of toil upon his wrinkled hands, and his aged form bent with the weight of years. He is conscious in the dim, unlighted way that he has been hardly used; that in the battle with fate he has received some blows below the belt, which have effectually removed what little hope he may have had of sunning the light. And now, from the summit of his eighty years, he looks back over the long and dusty way he has trod with weary, aching feet, and drearily wonders how he has succeeded in climbing so high. Even now he can be seen at Man's Hotel, on the Saugerties road, in the taproom of the famous old hostelry, sitting in an armchair tucked back against the wall, his few silver locks covered with the remains of a straw hat, his ruddy face trousers supported by one suspender, and his feet thrust stockinged into a pair of cowhide shoes. He has succeeded in finding, in the barroom, a few dollars, and he has a bag which he has hidden at some time in the dim past contained tobacco, and his trembling fingers search for the morsels which have collected in the corners of the bar, and he has a look of intense interest in the face and the inside of his leather-like cheek, with an expression of intense satisfaction. After patiently listening to the conversation of a couple of snags returned from a fishing trip to the Schoeples, the fossil suddenly becomes insistent with life. "You fellows can't catch no fish!" he vehemently remarks. "Why not?" "Well, I don't know how," and he warns to the subject and the blood commenced to move in his unmyx-like veins, he continued, patently and proudly, "I don't see us in'n' any new-fangled fish 'em, no, s'pose you 'er dobsis an' I'll pull 'em on my line when I'm arter bass; jis' give 'em a grasshopper an' I'll pull 'em out faster'n y'e kin take 'em out of the water. I've been fishing 'em for a long time, an' I've got 'em on the face of one of his listeners, confirmed his remarks by an appeal to a friend: "I'll leave it to Silas Jones over there." "See, Silas, ain't it so?" and Silas solemnly affirmed it was true as follows:

"The aged Walton went on: "I seed a feller—sort of stretchy chap—down 't the bridge 'tween the dam an' the mill, an' he had a pole an' a fish that he darn fool stood turnin' the handle 't that little clock, an' the fish runnin' round 'em 'round 't the little fishin' pole, an' he said 't the God's truth, Silas!" To which forthwith interrogation Silas nodded vigorously: "if he didn't monkey an' monkey," continued the aged Walton, "I don't see us in'n' any new-fangled fish 'em, no, s'pose you 'er dobsis an' I'll pull 'em on my line when I'm arter bass; jis' give 'em a grasshopper an' I'll pull 'em out faster'n y'e kin take 'em out of the water. I've been fishing 'em for a long time, an' I've got 'em on the face of one of his listeners, confirmed his remarks by an appeal to a friend: "I'll leave it to Silas Jones over there." "See, Silas, ain't it so?" and Silas solemnly affirmed it was true as follows:

"The "study" may be recognized as the faithful delineation of a character, such which we are all more or less familiar. The sketch is in truth so lifelike that we believed when we first saw it, as we do now, that it must have been taken from the living subject by an "artist on the spot." We can conceive of no good reason for questioning the actual occurrence of the incident, in 1881, as here recorded.

The New York Herald of April 29, 1883, reported, under the caption "A Lesson in the Gentle Art," the following: "Two well equipped New York fishermen stepped into an old fashioned barroom on the north shore of one of our lakes. As they took two empty glasses on the bar an aged person, who sat tucked back against the wall, remarked:

"You fellows can't catch no fish." "Why not?" inquired one of the two. "I don't see us in'n' any new-fangled fish 'em, no, s'pose you 'er dobsis an' I'll pull 'em on my line when I'm arter bass; jis' give 'em a grasshopper an' I'll pull 'em out faster'n y'e kin take 'em out of the water. I've been fishing 'em for a long time, an' I've got 'em on the face of one of his listeners, confirmed his remarks by an appeal to a friend: "I'll leave it to Silas Jones over there." "See, Silas, ain't it so?" and Silas solemnly affirmed it was true as follows:

"The *Herald* neglected to give the date of this occurrence, but we determine very nearly when it must have happened. As the first session on Long Island did not open until April 1, this little scene was enacted subsequently to that day. Again, it must have been in the last of the month, for the *Herald* is a newspaper, and would not publish as news anything that was much more than forty-eight hours old. Its enterprise as a news gatherer has made the *Herald* one of the modern wonders of the world. It does not deal in stale intelligence nor in stale news. The meteor, that, that intelligence may be taken from the *Herald* of April 29, 1883, and be accepted as proof positive that the facts happened just as there narrated, and at a date closely approximating that of the paper's issue. Moreover, the report is so lifelike that we are compelled to acknowledge its truthfulness.

Now a careful reading of these two accounts will show a most remarkable coincidence of details and a marvelous similarity of language in the conversation. There is here, in fact, a very close identity of words and phrases, and different and independent writers, which so far as we know is unparalleled by anything recently published, unless it be in some of the translations of the *Dies Ire*, or by the biographical labors of certain friends of Bret Harte.

But the most astonishing part of it is the ubiquity of Silas, who is on hand in the Ulster county barroom in 1881 and again in the Long Island hostelry in 1883, ready in each case to back up whatever he is saying, corroborating the same, and in each case to be accepted as proof positive that the facts happened just as there narrated, and at a date closely approximating that of the paper's issue. Moreover, the report is so lifelike that we are compelled to acknowledge its truthfulness.

to out, and it appears that for some inscrutable reason this unfortunate Silas is bound to him—as Chang to Eng—and must ever follow in his peregrinations, nodding vigorously in a never-ceasing St. Vitus dance affirmation. We shall not be surprised to find the two bobbing up serenely in another barroom next spring, and by and by, perhaps in about five years from now, they may reach the Rockies, where the old man will try the big fish.

WHAT THE FISHERMAN SAID.

Editor Forest and Stream:
In the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM you publish "A Momentous Question," in which you quote a story of a man who had some hooks in holes through the ice, and another man came in a sleigh and pulled out a big fish and made off with it. In your editorial comments you wonder what the fisherman said. As the man drove off before the fisherman could reach him, the latter must have spoken in a loud voice, in order to be heard, and I imagine that he shouted something in it is strain: "Bless your dear old hury, you blessed fellow, if you come this way again don't hurry off so, and I will make it pleasant for you. May be fish sit easy on your stomach, bless you." At least he could have said this.

O. K.

Editor Forest and Stream:
What did the fisherman say? Why he never uttered a word. As I am the profane old fellow who found that the boys had loosened the tail-board of his wagon and led his apples into the street to hear him swear, he just stood still and looked amazed. When he was asked why he made no remark, he answered: "No use; I couldn't do justice to the subject."

Editor Forest and Stream:
The fisherman might not have said much, but his pantomime would have been worth seeing. R. G.

THE PIKE-PERCH.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I see in your issue of April 26 a communication from Mr. O'Brien, of Milwaukee, Wis., in the course of which he states that I have manifestly confounded the pike-perch with grass-pike or pickerel. Mr. O'Brien gives as his reason for making this statement "that the pike-perch never goes on shoals or enters creeks, but inhabits deep and clear water."

It is plain to me that Mr. O'Brien has been misled by the words Cypress Creek and Mussel Shoals. I suppose that the former term suggests to him a sluggish, muddy stream, with banks knee-deep in ooze; when, in reality, the stream in question is a deep, flowing rivulet, with bluffs of limestone and gravelly bottom, and when underlaid by freshets is as clear and pure as spring water. Mussel Shoals, too, is the name applied to a portion of the Tennessee River extending over forty miles in length, and consisting of rapids and shallows, varied with deeper water. The fish of which I spoke was caught in a trap at the Bainbridge Ferry, at the foot of the shoals. I did not see the fish taken from the trap, but saw it afterward in Florence, where it was sold by the capor and I "assisted" at its consumption.

I do not claim to be an authority on fishes, but I certainly know the difference between the pike-perch and the pickerel, the widely differing dorsal fins of the two fishes being sufficient to distinguish them to even the most superficial observer. The pickerel (*E. velutinus*) never is found here, so far as my observation extends, of greater length than ten or twelve inches, and in other than sluggish streams and ponds.

The pike, or, as it is sometimes called here, the jack (*E. lucius*), is sometimes taken in the same water in which we find the pike-perch, *Lepomis americana* of DeKay, and *Stizostedion americanum* of Girard, but in the streams of this vicinity they are rare, and I have never seen one caught here that would weigh over three pounds. WILL.

TENNESSEE.

VERMONT TROUT AND DEER.

IN Vermont they have plenty of deer remaining in the upper town of Essex county, and I have seen the tracks of caribou, but New Hampshire is my hunting resort until Vermont has an open season. Of trout they have an abundance to supply future camping parties at all the lakes, ponds and streams I shall mention. Within a few hundred yards of the water lives "Uncle Steve," one of the wealthy few of this village, and as fond of fishing as of money. He continues to make excursions after trout in various directions. Recently he said to me: "Do you want to go fishing with me to the handsomest body of water out of doors? Forty years ago I went to the top of Montaduck Mountain to look out a route for a sabbie line, which I located through to Little Averill Pond, which is nearly a mile long." That is where he wished to go. The country about it is unchanged; the same good old woods. I have been to "Uncle Steve's" lookout within a few days on snowshoes. The pond is one of many in that unbroken wilderness, fifteen by twenty miles in extent, and forty years have not destroyed its valleys and mountains. If they had wiped out the degenerate sons of the race of crust hunters there would be no more desirable breeding ground for deer in New England.

In here is the source of Castbrook River, of Quebec, and of the Nulhegan River, which runs in other parts of the State, to Grand Coulee. Last autumn Amass Ward, the guide, gathered several hundred pounds of spruce gum, using Leach Pond as a home camping ground. He said a sure way to return there was to follow the deer trails until they became well defined and led to the pond, which is one and one-half miles from Little Averill and sixty rods from Averill Lake, four miles in length and over a mile in greatest width. The northern stream outlets in Canadian settlements. For wild grandeur, bold headlands, and large trout on rocky shores, go to Little Averill, three miles south of which is Lewis Pond, another summer feeding ground for deer.

Leach Pond is twelve miles from this village, which is thirteen miles by stage route from North Stratford, on the Grand Trunk Railroad. Ward cut a trail from Leach Pond to the Nulhegan River, which, he says, is alive with trout in its smallest branches. There are four miles of "dead water" in the stream, and it is most often visited. I do not know that a party of sportsmen have ever explored it. Several years since a party of farmers and their help went out by compass. One man cut his leg and was carried home on the back of his workman. They did not return to get the trout which they reported in great numbers. Using Leach Pond as a camping place, which can be reached with a backboard

wagon, daily excursions can be made to the various others, and not make long journeys with camping outfits, which must be the way of doing it, as there are no palace hotels, with fly nets and trout looking for a fisherman.

COLEBROOK, New Hampshire.

NED NORTON.

SMELT WASHED ASHORE.—The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press of May 5 reports a hard night for the smelt; Last Wednesday night was a disastrous one for the smelt in our lake. Thousands were washed in with the drift wood and cast upon the beach of Burlington Bay. Two men who were on hand at the time gathered up fifty dozen, taking them in their hands as the waves rolled them in. A south wind blowing fresh from the heavy sea, and the next morning the beach presented the appearance of a general shipwreck. The drift wood laced the sands, piled up in high, low windrows. In the midst of this lay the mangled bodies of the unfortunate smelt, several hundred occasionally in the run of a few feet, and as many more buried beneath the sands. What a ghastly parody on the act of swimming, these creatures of the deep wrecked in their own element and cast up by the waves. Some wily fishermen thought themselves fortunate to capture a few dozens of these wretched smelt in a day's fishing, and had well concluded the species were dying out. The sudden appearance of several thousand thrown up in one night would not certainly be an argument in favor of this theory. The greater part of the fish were stranded on what is called Job Reed's Bay on Rock Point, and what the destruction was in other parts of the lake we are unable to say. Before these fish were much sought after for food this general destruction in wind storms was of frequent occurrence, and the farmers who owned the land adjoining the lake were accustomed to gather them up and feed them to their hogs. This might appear to be a reversion of those days of plenty. It is likely that a large school of smelt allowed themselves to drift in from the lake and being caught before they were aware on the shallows, and entangled and bruised amid the churning drift wood thus met their untimely fate.

TROUT IN THE ROCKIES.—Como, Colo., April 30.—I see in your paper of April 19, a communication from Rice, Colo., in relation to trout fishing. Now many of your readers may be in Denver the coming summer with limited time and still a desire to see something of Rocky Mountain trout fishing. To such I can suggest a very pleasant trip that will only consume a day of their time. Rigged with your rod, line and flies, take the morning train on the D. S. P. & F. R. R., and get off at either Buffalo, Pine Grove, or Estabrook, in Platte Canon. If you select the last-named place you will find yourself at the head of Deer Creek Canon, through which you have just passed. The train arrives there about 11.30 A.M., and you can return on the down train which leaves about three o'clock P.M., which will give you about three and a half hours to enjoy the fishing, and also the scenery, which at this point in the canon is grand in the extreme. If you wish you can wait and return on the night train, which leaves Estabrook at 3.30 A.M., and arrives at Denver at seven o'clock A.M. Of course you will not expect to fill your basket in so short a time, though a few miles higher up the Platte I have often taken from ten to twelve pounds of trout in an afternoon, and I have no doubt the same can be done near Estabrook. If you have not an outfit with you, a convenient place to buy will be at Clark & Boswell's gun store, Taylor Block, Sixteenth Street. There you will find a good assortment of fishing tackle, and the proprietors being well acquainted with the ground over which you will fish, can advise you as to just what you will want.—F. B. J.

THE BEST BAIT FOR TROUT AND BLACK BASS.—I speak from the experience of thirty years, and I never saw anything equal to it. Take the neck and head of a speckled or red fowl; cut the neck off down to the breast, and save the skin with the feathers on. Do not remove them until you want to bait your hook; then cut a strip like a worm and remove the feathers, but do not remove the little bright, glistening hair on the neck. This hair is a most enticing odor, and being tough, hangs on well and looks like worms. I have caught a basket of trout with one bait. Sometimes you may want a bait like a bug or grasshopper, or a large miller; this you can closely imitate by leaving on one or two feathers. Sometimes by cutting from the wattles, near the bill, with a feather or two, or a piece of the comb and a piece of the little feathers attached, will lure a trout when nothing else will. Thirty years ago I used to save two or three necks of fowl for this purpose, and about the middle of the fall, so that I could have them in the spring, when 'twas difficult to get worms. They are so much better than worms, but a fresh neck is somewhat better than a salted one.—GEORGE WILLIS.

BASS FLIES.—We have lately seen some new bass flies devised by Mr. A. N. Cheney, which are very showy, as bass flies should be. At the opening of the season we hope to test their merits on the capricious bass. It is a matter of regret that this fish is so unreliable as a riser to flies, for when it is in the mood to take them there is no gamier fighter. Mr. Holberton will soon issue a plate of "Standard Bass Flies," as a companion to his trout flies, and no doubt it will make a very bright picture with its large and gaudy colored imitations of insects. It is now in the printer's hands, but will require to be colored by hand, as was his former plate.

FISHING IN RICE LAKE AND TRIBUTARIES.—The Ottawa government has set apart for the propagation of fish during the space of three years that portion of the Ottonabee River from Lock's Bridge, Peterboro', to its inlet at Rice Lake, the waters of Rice Lake and tributaries, with the River Trent down to the Bay of Quinte, in the Province of Ontario. These reserved waters are placed under the special charge of Chas. Gilchrist, Esq., fishery officer, Harwood, to whom application for permission to fish must be made. Foreigners will be required to pay at the rate of \$1 for each angling permit for the season.

A MAMMOTH COD.—The largest specimen of the common Atlantic coast codfish (*Gadus morhua*) I have seen was displayed at the market in this city April 11, 1888. It was caught by a boat fisherman off Wood Island, about twelve miles from Portland, April 9. I noted the following measurements: Length (central), 66in.; length of head (opercular flap), 17.5in.; girth of head, 32in.; weight, 100lbs.—EVERETT SMITH (Portland, Me.).

MAINE SALMON.—Augusta, May 4.—The following is from the Kennebec Journal: "Salmon are running quite freely in the Penobscot River, according to information by private sources, and they have been offered in the Bangor market for seventy-five cents per pound. It appears that in the new fish law in this State, protecting trout and land-locked salmon, the little salmon proper, were overlooked. A land-locked salmon under nine inches in length cannot be taken and sold, but sea salmon of any size may be taken and sold. The commissioners and wardens find that the little salmon on their way to the sea, in the Penobscot, are taking the bait freely and being caught, but the new statute which reads 'land-locked salmon under nine inches in length' cannot protect them. It is a curious fact that the Penobscot is the only river of the United States that runs eastward, the salmon ascend and descend to the sea. Formerly nearly all New England rivers were stocked with these valuable food fishes. This river is the only one left where the true sea salmon eggs could be procured for propagation. Every State in the Union must come to the Penobscot for salmon spawn for restocking rivers that have been unwisely depleted. Prof. Atkins in the government hatching grounds at Orland, has had wonderful success in propagating salmon. The fecundated eggs have not been a part of the world, and were successfully hatched. Even the rivers of Australia boast of Penobscot salmon, the eggs having been shipped there."—JAMES.

SOUTHERN SUCKERS.—We have in our Alabama streams three distinct species of the "sucker-fish." The first and most choice species is a large, well-formed fish, of dark color, with fins inclining to red, which we call "red horse." In the late winter and early spring this is a fine table fish. The second species, in size and quality, resembles the first, but is entirely white in color. This we call the "white sucker." The third species is more unattractive in size and appearance than either of the others. The back inclines to a dark gray and the belly to a bright silver in color. It is shorter and flatter than either of the other species, with a more pointed bump on the back. Its run is a little later than the others, and it is not inclined to take the hook, but is taken in great quantities in "fall traps." It is by no means equal to either of the other species as a table fish. This fish we call carp—*Catostomus*. There are these different species, properly named? If not, what are their correct names?—E. M. STEVENS. [We think your names are correct. The suckers belong in the family *Catostomidae*, but there are nine or ten genera. The name "red horse" is applied to two or more large suckers with red fins and tail; the genus is *Myxostomus*. The "white sucker" is probably closely related. Your carp may be one of the "carp suckers," genus *Carpoides*; if so, it has a very long and high dorsal fin. We doubt if either one of the fish you mention belongs to the genus *Catostomus*. The latter has small scales.]

THE TARPUM AS FOOD.—Manchester, N. H., May 6.—In your issue of the 3d a correspondent asks regarding the edible qualities of the tarpum. While securing points in favor of the tarpum as a game fish and studying the chances of his capture with rod and reel, I instructed a friend living in Florida, whom I knew lived within fifteen minutes' walk of a large pool which always has tarpum in it through the winter months, to capture one of them by hook or crook, any way to get him, and send me the fact regarding the quality of the flesh, weight and strength of the back, and the contents of its stomach. He captured two in one evening with the graius, or lilly iron, one weighing 150 pounds, the other somewhat smaller, and he says: "They are very good eating, tasting quite similar to shad. Their stomachs were filled with green moss, which grows on the bottom of the river where caught. The latter portion of the sentence would indicate that they did not eat much, but since we live in fresh water pools, although I know they will take a smaller bait when trolling, and often a spoon. I believe if angled for with a cane rod about seven feet long with a reel hanging from 700 to 800 feet of 21-thread line, from a boat with a good man to propel it and throw the fish, their capture would be possible, and would give the most exciting sport to be had anywhere."—A. B. DODGE.

Fishculture.

THE VIRGINIA COMMISSION.—We have the annual report of the Virginia Fish Commission for 1887. It contains most excellent cuts of the Spanish or bay mackerel; the Northern weakfish, or gray trout, the Southern weakfish, or salmon trout, and of the halibut on the dam on the Rappahannock River, near Fredericksburg. The cuts are those drawn at the Smithsonian Institute, by the U. S. Fish Commission, in which every fin ray is of the proper length and can be counted, making it easy for any one to identify the fish. The Commission has achieved many important results with a small appropriation. Black bass have been colonized and increased until their capture in the Shenandoah, Rappahannock, James, and New rivers, is a chief attraction to summer visitors besides furnishing a large amount of food to the people of Virginia. Brook trout have been planted to a limited extent, but in quantities to compensate for the drain of unlawful fishing. The land-locked salmon has not proved to be adapted to Virginia. The California trout promises to be one of the most valuable additions to the warmer States. The planting of shad has been followed by results commensurate with the work done, while the German carp fills an important gap in the food fishes by occupying large areas of water in which the native fishes do not thrive. It will find a congenial home in the muddy streams of Southside, and a portion of Piedmont. The results of some experiments in the transportation of carp in a limited supply of water, by Col. McDonald, are given, and they show that very little is necessary. Then follows a list of the most important food fishes of Chesapeake Bay, with notes of their habits, migrations, etc.; a short note on fishways, with notices of those built in Virginia; and some general recommendations as to future legislation concerning the control of fishing. There is also a tabulated list of all fish planted in the State since 1874; a list of water plants for carp ponds, by Lester F. Ward, and a similar one by F. L. Yeakim, which originally appeared in FOREST AND STREAM. It is a very interesting and valuable report.

GOLDEN IDE.—Mr. E. G. Blackford has received from Germany 480 small golden ide, or gold ore, as they are sometimes called. One hundred of these were a present from the Deutschen Fischerei Verein, and the remainder were purchased. This is a beautiful fish, much superior to the common gold fish.

THE LONDON FISHERIES EXHIBITION.—The London Daily News of April 17 says: "It is a significant fact that the first exhibitor to put in an appearance at the great International Fisheries exhibition is John Chinnaman. His country is something remote of any that will be represented, but he is something more than a passing curiosity in his part of the world, and while others are taking a preliminary survey of the ground he is patiently progressing with the decorations and furniture of his department, getting ready his junk models, nets, diving bridges and traps. This is the result of an accident, but an example of one of the qualities which make the Chinaman a formidable rival all the world over in the field of labor. The exhibits in most of the other departments are not yet unpacked. The first consignment from the United States as we expected to see was from the States of Maine, and Sweden, Newfoundland, and the Bahamas are among the countries which have taken time by the forelock. The Canadian exhibits, which will be brought by ship to the point of London, are expected to arrive. As one of the Horticultural Gardens' ponds is in the rear of the Canadian section, it is intended to have an Indian float in a birch canoe to show how the apparently crank little craft is handled and how fish are speared. Manitoba and the northwest territories have not been able to contribute, but there are exhibits from Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the provinces of Ontario and Quebec. The Canadian section will be rich in wonders of natural history, the stuffed birds and fishes of the country will be seen in his collection at the Horticultural Gardens. If the Canadian specimen arrives in safety it will therefore be the veritable No. 1 of its race. The latest cargo of exhibits, which arrived yesterday, was from Italy, and they are thus deservingly by our Naples correspondent." An interesting party of English naturalists arrived in London will be the collection of marine animals contained in three hundred and fifty bottles or tubes sent by Professor Dohr, director of the Naples Zoological Station. By new specimens forming a fine natural museum. Among the specimens are immortalized in spirit with very little or no safety of their original beauty of form. The alteration of the original date fixed for the opening from the first to the twelfth of May will make Whit-Monday the first public day, and the crowds that will necessarily be expected to see the exhibition will be the necessarily untired staff. The entire business, however, is being admirably managed, and the members of the executive committee, with Mr. Birbeck, M.P., and the Marquis of Salisbury, have been very successful in their efforts. The Prince of Wales also, a constant visitor, and student of the practical preparations in progress. His Royal Highness was there yesterday, and inspected his own pavilion, expressing his satisfaction at the arrangements made. The Princess of Wales, who is attending the opening ceremony in her carriage, should see not on the 12th of May be sufficiently recovered to walk."

SALMON CANNING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.—The Delta Cannery is the largest in British Columbia. Commencing operations only five years ago, its business has assumed such proportions that it now employs a force of over 400 men, 280 Chin and 140 Indians, and is fishing out its contents of thirty-eight boats and nets, two seines, one steam tug and four scows. The cannery is 160x120 feet square, two stories high, and in some respects the most completely furnished of its kind in the world. It is provided with a boiler sixteen feet long and four feet in diameter, twelve tanks, two retorts of 3,360 gals capacity each, filling and soldering machines, four laquer baths, and every convenience for the rapid and thorough performance of the various operations necessary to the canning of salmon. The water in the tanks is heated to this most excellent article of food. Chinamen, under the supervision of experienced white foremen, are employed for the canning process, and Indians for catching the fish, receiving for their services \$12.00 per month. The cannery is supplied with the daily catch per boat ranges from fifty to three hundred salmon, the fleet sometimes bringing in twelve or fifteen thousand. This season the run has been so extraordinary that the Delta Cannery put up 1,280 cases in a single day, and 6,000 cases in six days. Messrs. Page & Ladner, the managing partners of the firm, showed me their product for the last month, amounting to the enormous quantity of 35,000 cases, or 153,000 pails, of the finest quality. The water in the tanks is lower for the height of over five feet, the largest number ever packed by any one establishment during the same period of time. Two hundred and fifty barrels of salmon, or about 13,000, were also salted within the month. The company ship their product to the coast of California, to the firm of Welch, Ribbet & Co., of Victoria.—Nelson H. Children in "Guide to British Columbia."

THE NEBRASKA COMMISSION.—The Fish Commission of Nebraska has issued reports for 1881 and 1883 in one pamphlet. The hatchery at South Bend Station promises to be the largest and the most complete in the West. The ponds and black bass have been constructed, and also a dwelling for the superintendent. The rainbow trout and whitefish have been introduced in the waters of the State. The Commission has been successful in the acquisition of the necessary literature and probable result of efforts to stock the tributaries of the large streams with this desirable fish—the brook trout. The result of actual experiment shows that the natural elements of the water in nearly all the streams in the State will support this species of fish, but in the thickly settled portions of the State nearly all the streams, especially the smaller ones, have been destroyed for this purpose by the too common practice by the settlers of constructing their cattle yards and hog pens adjacent to and over them, thus rendering the water filthy and destructive to nearly all kinds of fishes, native as well as others. For these reasons and others that may be named, undoubtedly the streams in the northern and western portions of the State, except those of the arid region, are well adapted for cultivating both trout and salmon. Many trout died in the ponds and are believed to have been killed by parasites in the gills, but no specimens were preserved in alcohol and therefore the cause of the loss was not ascertained. The Commission has a considerable showing of work done on the small appropriation allowed.

ROUTES AND NOTES.

CAPE MAY TO ATLANTIC CITY.—A summer note-book. Published by the Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; full of information about the Jersey coast, including the places, routes, fares, routes, etc., including maps, fishing waters, etc., etc.

A PARADISE FOR GUNNERS AND ANGLERS.—Published by the Passenger Department of the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore Railroad Company. The "Paradise" is the Delaware and Maryland Peninsula, concerning which the book is full of information. Both of the routes mentioned may be applied to the Pennsylvania and Baltimore Road Company (Philadelphia or New York).

SHORT LAKE, IOWA.—A descriptive sketch. By whom published is not stated, but we presume by the Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway (Cedar Rapids, Ia.).

SUMMER RESORTS IN NORTHERN IOWA AND MINNESOTA.—Information for the gunner, angler and the invalid. Published by the St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Paul Short Lines (St. Louis, Mo.).

DETROIT AND THE PLACERS RESORTS OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN.—A guide to the lakes of the State, and the resorts of the State of Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad (Detroit, Mich.).

All the above are sent free on application to the roads publishing them.

to none, as the older boats of odd sizes would in a season or two disappear from the racing course, and be used for cruising only, while no good purpose would be served by perpetuating their models.

THE COMING CANOE SEASON.

THOUGH the continued cold weather has kept back the opening of the canoeing season, there is every indication that there will be more canoeing done this year than ever before. The demand for boats of all sizes ever, and the increasing interest that canoeists are taking in rigging and fitting their own craft is showing good results in the improvement of sails, reefing gear and similar details. The members of the most of the 1882 season have been generally prosperous. The condition of the Canoe Association is in every way gratifying. In the matter of boats the increasing requirements of the more experienced canoeists have set the hullers to work with good results, as some of the later models show, and at Stony Lake this season we may expect the finest exhibition of small pleasure craft ever seen. While cruising is so much in favor as ever, many long voyages being projected, racing is becoming more of a feature, as the clubs increase in membership and in suitable craft, and though the club programs are not yet announced, there is plenty of sport in store for those who delight in this most fascinating form of seamanship.

NEW YORK CANOE CLUB.—The fleet is now in position and the house open and a few of the boats have been out. Mr. Schuyler opened the season with a cruise from Bayonne, N. J., to the C. C. quarters at Eighty-sixth street, and thence down to the club house, with his new canoe Freak, built by Mr. Byles, of Bayonne. She is a very handsome specimen of the modern canoe, 16ft. by 30in. with a broad centerboard of copper and two large hinges. Mr. Newman will sail an Everson canoe of like dimensions, while Mr. Stokes will use one of Ruhlston's, also 16ft. by 30in. beam, with centerboard. This canoe will carry a full complement of about 2000, with a lot of mutton dandy, the mainmast being fitted to lower in a manner devised by the owner. Another new centerboard canoe will also be added to the fleet, 14ft. by 21in. with a good deal of the French in its model, the board being of galvanized iron, twenty-five pounds weight. Her sails will be balance line, 50 and 20ft. Of the old boats the Dot has been much improved, and Mr. John's canoe has had bulwarks changed, a new deck with higher crown added, the pointed harling cockpit now so popular put in place of the elliptical well and the hull last fall, but her entire pricing skipper being now in England there is no telling what he may bring back to take the cup with this season.

THE FRI.—A correspondent on the Pacific writes to us as follows of a phase of the sport that is new to many of our canoeists who are confined to the inland lakes and rivers. "Had a delightful day last week in my canoe, with my new dipper in his, out by the fort, where the tide runs in from the Pacific, making a swell that hid us from each other when it came exactly between us, so that nothing but the peak of the mainmast and the flag on the mast were visible, and this for some time. Mr. St. John's canoe has had bulwarks changed, a new deck with higher crown added, the pointed harling cockpit now so popular put in place of the elliptical well and the hull last fall, but her entire pricing skipper being now in England there is no telling what he may bring back to take the cup with this season.

SOMETHING NEW.—Mr. Tredwell is building a new boat for competition in the races of the Thames Valley Sailing Club, which, as an English boat from the Power will be watched with interest by canoeists. She is 15ft. on waterline, 18ft. 6in. over all, 1ft. beam and 21in. deep, with a smaller midship section to the last, keel, but more freeboard, an overhanging bow and counter stern. She will carry two chine lugs.

SHADOW CANOE.—We shall very shortly publish the lines of a shadow canoe, from which the boat may be built.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

- R. G. C. Haekesaack, N. J.—The new New York game law was unchangeable.
O'Grady St. Simoa's, Ga.—To preserve Demagogues steel gun barrel, use vaseline.
W. L. M. Lynn, Mass.—For plan of Barnegat saek box see our issue of Oct. 6, 1881.
J. L. S. Hackstistova, N. J.—The best quality of muslin. Sample of weight posted to you.
R. E. B. and R. F. G.—For taxidermist's tools apply to Geo. Tlemann & Co., No. 67 Chatham street, New York.
C. B. New York.—For the concentrators apply at the gun stores, for address see our advertising columns.
PHIL.—Please inform me where I can procure carp for stocking a pond? Ans. Write to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C.
A. J. McH. Louisville, Ky.—In fishing for bass in small streams throughout Kentucky, use minnows and crayfish for bait.
G. C. W., New York.—Rattles may be used in chokebore guns, provided the ball fits the choke; it is not an altogether safe practice.
G. W. R., Georgetown, D. C.—You do not state the distance at which your targets were made, but if at 40yds. they are very good; above the average.
D. P. G., Charlestown, Mass.—You will find that the shell that fits the chamber will give you better shooting. The shell should not be shorter than the chamber.
D. P. G., Charlestown, Mass.—Four hundred and fifty dollars should put her out of the builder's hands, and her sails and ropes should be covered in forty dollars.
J. S. Lawrence, Mass.—Suppose ten men who shoot at glass balls vary from forty to eighty per cent, how would you handicap them to shoot for a prize? Ans. Handicap from three to five yards.
TWO READERS.—The disputed shot in the target which you submit counts as a bullseye shot just as much as the shot in the center of the bullseye. The rule is that the shot counts if it cuts the edge of the ring.
C. L. W., Hartford, Conn.—We do not know of any house that handles high back canoes. You may, perhaps, secure such a craft by writing to Thomas Nichols, Oldtown, Me. He builds high canoes to order.
F. H. G., Sacket's Harbor, N. J.—With sails laced to booms the foot should be cut straight. The English style of loose-footed sails which are cut with a roach are not laced to booms, but are fastened at the clew and tack only.
F. W. P., New York.—There are several rifles of which the barrels and stocks are well separated. A call at the gun stores which are near you will give an opportunity of examining the several styles and selecting the one that suits.
D. W., Montrose, Minn.—If the Chicago firm lacks enterprise enough to advertise their artificial lures, we advise you to patronize the gentlemen whose wonderful concentration of preposterous words has lately graced our advertising columns.
J. B., Wakefield, Mass.—Will a rifle ball penetrate deeper at 100yds. than at 10yds.? If so, what is the cause of it? Ans. Under certain conditions it will, the greater penetration resulting from the less velocity, which causes less reaction in the object struck.
W. H., M. D., Onneme, Ontario.—Keel sided 5in. and moulded 5in. amidships, tapered to 2in. at ends in the siding, and moulded 7in. aft. and 5in. at fore end. Stem and sturpost sided 3/4in. at head and tapered to 2in. at heel; frames sided 1in., and double moulded 1 1/2in. at heel and 1in. at head; spaced 30in. apart, with a steamed timber 1/4in. at heel, and 1in. at head between end frame; planking, tubed 5/8in.; clump, 1 1/2in. x 4in.; plank, 1 1/2 x 3/4in.; keel bolt, 5/8in. diameter; floor pieces, 1/4 in. of hacknack, 1 1/2in. sided; deck beams, 1 1/2in. deep and 1 1/2in. sided; deck, 3/4in. thick.

DOCK FISHERMAN.—Section 285 of the New York Penal Code reads as follows: "All shooting, hunting, fishing, playing, horse racing, gaming or other public sports, exercises or shows upon the first day of the week, and all races during the same of the day, are prohibited."

HUMBOLT.—1. A heavy gun does not shoot better than a light one, other things being equal, and having the same charge. 2. We have not tested the powder. 3. For snipe use No. 12 shot; for teal Nos. 8s or 10s. 4. For your 13-gauge gun try a load of 8lbs. powder, 1/2 two pink-shots on it, and 3/4oz. to test shot. 5. Very proportionous of powder and shot, and test your gun at a target to determine the best load for it. 5. Humbolt Bay, California, is an excellent region for snipe.

G. H. O., Hudson, New York.—You may obtain quail, prairie chickens and rabbits by leaving your order with Chas. Reiche & Bro., Chatham street, this city. The quail should be liberated in the following manner: The birds are put into cardboard boxes, a peck in each box, and taken at night to the designated place. Here the boxes are put down on the ground in the dark, being open at one end. Some food is spread upon them and they are left. The birds remain quietly in the boxes all night. In the morning they come out, but there is nothing to frighten them, and they begin to feed. At night they come back to the boxes for shelter. In this way they become accustomed to the locality and remain there. Prairie chickens (painted grouse) have been put out in the western part of New Jersey, where, however, the undertaking is still an experiment. There are no reasons why they should not thrive here, provided they have sufficient protection from gunners.

J. H., Cascade, Va.—Two friends are divided on the subject of the difference between the jack and the pike. One contends that the jack has four fins under the throat, while the pike has only two; also the eyes and scales of the jack are distinctly larger than those of the pike. The other insists that they are the same fish at different stages of growth. Which is right? Wherein do the pike, jack and pickerel differ from each other? Ans.—If we were certain just what fishes you referred to we would have no difficulty in answering. Esoc bicetus is called jack in England and Virginia when below ten pounds and pike when exceeding that weight. It is the pike of Canada and the pickerel of New York. Its ventral fins are abdominal, and therefore its pectorals are the only pair "under the throat." The Stizostedion vitreum is called wall-eyed pike, and pike in New York and other parts of its ventral fins are thoracic, and being under the pectorals it has four fins "under its throat." If your jack and pike have no spinous rays in the fins they are probably the same fish at different ages. Popular names are so mixed that we are not at all certain which fishes you refer to.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

WATERPROOF SHELLS.—One of the greatest desiderata in shot cartridges is to have them impervious to water. We frequently have inquiries as to where such are made, and give below some solicited correspondence received by the U. S. Cartridge Co. of Lowell, Mass.: "Fort Wayne, Dec. 7, 1882. The fifteen U. S. Cartridge Company's shot shells that you gave me for trial test, I most conscientiously say are not exceeded by any that I have used, and I believe that I have used nearly every make. I gave the U. S. shells a thorough trial in wet and dry weather. They failed to swell under the same circumstances that I have had other make of shells bulge. I have loaded and discharged each shell three times, and will again reload them for use. I believe and am fully convinced that they are the best shells made, and are all that are obtained for them by the U. S. Cartridge Co. of Lowell, Mass.—J. F." Another correspondent, Mr. Geo. F. Farmer, of the South Shore Shooting Club, at Chicago, states: "I capitalized in nearly five feet of water, and my open shell-box lay for half an hour on the bottom. My U. S. shells were not at all swollen, although somewhat soaked where the paper was bruised in turning the shell. They chambered as well as ever."

"Coming events cast their shadows before," remarked the seer to the young Highland chief. That backache and lumbago of yours may be prophetic of something worse. Prevent them now by using BROWN & CAIRNS' POWDER LASTERA before another day is out. If other plasterers have failed BAINSON'S will not, for it is totally unlike them. All druggists. Price 25 cents.—Ad.

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FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

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These are "the best dogs in the world," and their name is legion; we all know a man who owns one of them, perhaps we have an interest in one of these animals ourselves.

This suggests another point which has been lost sight of in the spicy correspondence referred to. The subject has been treated as if a sportsman's dog were simply a machine to facilitate the capture of game, whereas, much more than this, he is an intelligent companion, upon whom is bestowed a vast amount of affection which he reciprocates. This accounts for the prohibitory price at which he is held; it is dictated not by cupidity, but by praiseworthy sentiment. This feeling is as universal as the ownership and companionship of dogs. There is something radically wrong in the soul of the small boy if he will for gain betray his four-footed friend; we have a deep commiseration for the individual of mature years who, prompted solely by sordid greed, parts with the tried and true companion of his field excursions.

THE RIFLE MATCH TRIALS.

WITH the opening of the formal trial shoots between competitors for places on the American team, the outlook becomes more and more encouraging. Very well sustained scores have been shown by many of the contestants, and although the field is not a very large one to select from, it is quite evident that the committee will have no difficulty in drawing together a body of a dozen shooters which the British team will have hard work to beat. We hear of no complaints thus far, and it seems likely that the men will go on the team because of their ability as shots. With such a team, organization and discipline will be easy. Riflemen respect a brother shot who can stand fairly and squarely up and heat them round for round on the record, and they are willing to step down and out when the record is against them; but no team can be brought into a good working body when it is gathered up by a series of appointments. Rivalry is too large an element in the success which has heretofore been met with by American riflemen to permit it to be placed aside now. With a team picked out as the team of 1883 seems likely to be, there will be no long-continued chorus of grumbling in case of defeat, and only the more hearty congratulations in case a victory should reward the efforts of the visitors.

It will be remembered that in the match of last September the scores of the two teams stood 1,973 points for the British and 1,805 for the Americans, or averages respectively of 164 and 150 points per man, there being twelve men on each team. It will be seen how much above this average the scores are now running for the leading twelve. Bald comparisons of figures are, of course, very misleading, but in the present instance the showing made by the men now practicing at Creechmoor has behind it some real elements of strength. A year ago the preliminary practice was marked by some very unsatisfactory features, which we hoped at the time to see eliminated when the organization of the team was brought about. Instead, however, new elements of discord were introduced, and incompetency at the head produced a natural result in a scattered effort on the part of the men. The lessons of that fiasco have been well learned, and a suitable arm having been carefully prepared, the men were required to use it, and thus make the trial now going on one of men, rather than an exhibition of the experiments which they might be induced to try.

With the next issue of the FOREST AND STREAM it will be pretty well known who are to be on the team, and then some calculations may be made as to their inherent strength as a shooting body. The captain, too, will have been chosen in all likelihood, and then the programme of effort will be mapped out, and the general plan of the campaign decided upon. It is to be a military team. The members will take along only weapons of the military class, except perhaps in a few cases, where some attention will be paid to small-bore practice with a view to entry in the several exacting individual matches on the Wimbledon programme. It is certain that no other team match will be shot than the one for which the men are organized and sent abroad. It will be an event of more than usual importance, for it will be the first time that a body of armed American soldiers have invaded the soil of the mother country. It will be an opportunity worth the seizing for an exchange of courtesies between the American militiaman and the English volunteer. Nearly a half million of men are represented in these two squads who, in a few weeks' time, will face the bullets in the presence of thousands at that well-known common which, for two decades past, has been the central rallying point for all that was valuable in modern rifle practice. The match has

already opened the eyes of many to the inefficiency of our local rifles and military riflemen. The match will, at least, act as a guide toward the better arming of troops, whether regular or volunteer. How generally that guidance will be followed remains to be seen.

THE BURRO AND THE BEAR.

Heels and the Jack I sing, who first on Mariposa hills, etc.

—After Virgil.

TO the layman the formalities of the law are mysterious and awful. The court and its satellites, the counsel for the opposing parties, the spectators, and even the building itself seem all parts of a gigantic and insatiate monster, which devours alike the substance of the well-to-do, the hard-earned earnings of the poor, and the scanty savings of the widow and the orphan. It is never satisfied. It always cries for more. Often it foments quarrels and disputes which might well enough be adjusted in a pleasant and friendly way, without recourse to its terrible process.

It is in the older sections of our country that the law is most to be feared. In newly settled regions and on the frontier, the sense of justice innate in the human heart makes speedy decision in criminal cases, and in those where one individual has wronged another, the rifle or the six-shooter is the sharp arbiter of quarrels. There are none of the proverbial delays, no interminable cross-examinations, no long-winded speeches or proxy charges, no locking up of juries, no appeals or requests for a stay of proceedings; above all, no fees to be paid the court, no retainers to counsel. The settlement is short; there are a few sharp reports, a little whizzing of balls, and the plaintiff or defendant either falls, or limps away, satisfied, or, at least, willing to wait until such a time as he can get the drop on his opponent and make his appeal with better chances of success. In older countries there is a sadder state of things. It takes years to try a simple suit, and usually costs the parties more than the amount in dispute. Besides the wrath that one naturally feels at being deprived of his money, there is the law's choking suspense and anxiety of the delay—that hope

both body and soul. The man who has been wronged by a bear, and who has seen his property destroyed, and his life in danger, will look fondly at them as they walked out from corral to go down to water, and at evening after supper he would sit and smoke his pipe and contemplate them, finding each day a new beauty in some favorite heifer, steer or calf. They were fine cattle, and their owner was justly proud of them. None were sick; none died. They increased, flourished and grew fat. In the winter they fed upon the yellow grass upon the hillside; in spring, when the gentle rains had caused the alfalfa and alfalfa to send up tender shoots, they stood knee deep among the luxuriant and sweet-smelling herbage. But all this was too pleasant to last. A serpent entered Eden—and a grizzly bear Mr. Black's corral. Night after night the fattest and sleekest of the calves were ruthlessly torn from the sides of their helpless dams and hurried away into the fastnesses of the mountains. Day after day their owner saw in the once mild and placid eyes of his herd a stern, hunted look, an expression of appeal which wrung his heart. Mr. Black was in despair, and, determined at any cost to be rid of this fiend of a bear, he published an advertisement offering a reward of \$50 to any person who would kill it.

On Bull Creek in Mariposa county resides a Mr. Opie, who is the possessor of a jackass, which is, no doubt, as dear to his owner as Mr. Black's horned cattle were to him. This burro, like most others, is fond of having his own way, and when confined in stable or corral, and the idea occurs to him that he would prefer to extend his wanderings beyond those limits, he proceeds calmly to kick down the walls of the enclosure and thoughtfully strolls away in search of drier sage brush or more thorny grasswood. Now it happened one night that Mr. Opie's burro, having, as usual, demolished the barriers between himself and freedom, strayed in a meditative frame of mind to the corral in which Mr. Black's cattle were confined. On reaching it he gazed mildly at its occupants, and then gave himself up to a contemplation of the beauty of the scene. The clear stars looked down unwinkingly on the plain; high in the heavens rode the glorious moon. In the distance rose the mountains, bare near their base, but higher up clothed with chapparal and higher

With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

DOG SHOWS AND DOG PRICES.

OUR esteemed correspondents who have been discussing the prices paid for dogs appear to have overlooked one important factor in the growing appreciation of canine property, namely, the bench show. The direct result of such an exhibition as that given in the Madison Square Garden, this city, last week, is to stimulate the public interest in dogs, and stimulate the market for them. With the improvement in breeding has come a wider appreciation of the several strains, and a correspondingly greater demand for well-bred animals.

An instance illustrative of this came to our notice the other day. A gentleman, who took no special interest in dogs, and was rather inclined to ridicule his friends who did, was induced by one of those friends to visit the Westminster Bench Show. He entered the Garden indifferent at best; he came out of it an enthusiast, a thoroughgoing one, too. His suddenly acquired fancy was not confined to any one breed; it took in the whole show. This new "dog man" is to-day the happy possessor of a bouncing St. Bernard infant and a cocker spaniel. The spaniel, he maintains, is the only really and truly cocker in America, and in defense of his claim he is prepared at any moment to go off somewhere and establish a new cocker club all by himself.

Our correspondents aforesaid will understand that this gentleman has a long purse; and he is only one of a multitude of visitors to the bench show, who immediately or in the future become buyers, and by keeping up the demand keep up the prices. There are not enough St. Bernards bred to-day to anywhere nearly supply the call for them.

But while celebrated prize winners, blue bloods, and fashionable pets of the hour command prices virtually putting them above the reach of men of moderate means, there are thousands of better dogs which their owners perhaps bought for a song, but would not sell for a fabulous sum.

still with dark pines. Scarcely a sound disturbed the quiet of the night. The long drawn howl of the coyote was silent, but in the *accquia*, the water murmured softly its little song. All this our hero observed and enjoyed; but as the sweet smell of the stacks reached his nostrils he remembered that life was not made for dreaming, and walking to the corral, he leaped against it, and with scarcely an effort, threw down half a dozen lengths of fence. Then he entered and began to eat Mr. Black's hay.

While all this was going on, a grizzly of remarkable size and ferocity was pursuing his way down a cañon toward the corral. He did not stop to contemplate the calm loveliness of the night, but went hurriedly along, for he was hungry and he remembered a particularly large and fat calf that he had twice unsuccessfully tried to catch. This time he vowed he would secure it. The corral reached, he found the fence down, and entering, looked about him. There, beyond the stacks, in the moonlight, reposed most of the cattle, but nearer, and in the shadow, he saw the round buttocks of what he supposed to be the coveted fat calf. Quietly he slipped up behind it, and rose on his hind feet to seize it, when suddenly a pair of heels flew up from the ground. One of these bit Bruin directly upon the chin, breaking his jaw and teeth, and causing him to see 1,500,000 more stars than were at that moment visible in the heavens; the other broke his right foreleg. The patient burro then laid back his ears, and proceeded to further maltreat the unfortunate and astonished bear, and with so much energy did he carry on the assault that in a short time the wretched beast was chewed and kicked into those ursine happy hunting grounds, where, it is to be presumed, the jackass brays not and his long ears are never seen. The bear being dead, the burro went back to the stacks, and, as he munched Mr. Black's hay, meditated on the mutability of affairs upon this mundane sphere, and especially on the uncertainty of life.

The sun rose bright and clear over Bull Creek next morning, and shone upon two individuals who left their respective dwellings at about the same hour. They were Mr. Black, who wished to inspect his cattle, and Mr. Opie, who was anxious to find his jack. In due course they met at Mr. Black's corral. There lay the King of the Mountains dead; there stood the somewhat scratched and torn burro, revolving many things in his mind, and still outing the hay. There could be no question as to what had taken place. The modest and shrinking ass had, single-handed, slain the terror of the district. As was most natural, Mr. Opie forthwith made a demand upon Mr. Black for the \$50 reward, which the latter declined to pay until the owner of the jack should produce a power of attorney or assignment to him of the donkey's claim, and more than this, Mr. Black then and there handed to Mr. Opie a bill for \$25 damages to corral and value of hay eaten. When the owner of the jack received this document, you might have knocked him down with a feather, he was so overwhelmed at the brazen audacity of the claim. He vowed that there was neither faith, truth, nor gratitude in Mr. Black, and hurrying to town, proceeded to bring suit against him for the full amount of the reward. His complaint set forth the facts of the offering of the reward, the killing of the bear, and the further fact that the jackass is his lawful property, and therefore he prays judgment in his favor for \$50 and costs of suit. Mr. Black, in his answer admits the allegations of the complaint, but avers that the reward was offered to any person killing the bear; that the jack is not a person within the meaning of the statute, and that if he were Mr. Opie is not his legal guardian, and in default of a power of attorney or any assignment is not entitled to sue for the recovery of his claim. He further alleges that Mr. Opie, owing the burro, is responsible for the damage done to his corral. Wherefore he prays judgment in his favor for \$25 and his costs in the action.

We are bound to confess that, while our sympathies are wholly with Mr. Opie, we think it extremely doubtful if he can recover the reward for which he sues. Even the lay mind may espay one fatal defect in his complaint, which will, we fear, render his suit hopeless, unless he obtains leave to amend. The complaint should have averred that the jack was a trained animal, and had been taught to kill bears, and that on the particular evening of the slaughter, his owner had said to him "Jack, there will very likely be a bear at Black's corral to-night, just go up and kill him for me;" that pursuant to those directions, the jack had gone to the corral; that the fence had been torn down by the bear, and not by the burro, and that for the value of the hay eaten, he was willing to pay. We opine that had the complaint been framed so as to include these allegations, Mr. Opie would have had a fair chance of success. The court would no doubt hold that should a man send out his hound to catch a fox, and the capture be made, the dog's owner would be the slayer of the animal, and, if a reward had been offered for its capture by any person, no assignment or power of attorney would be required from the hound, any more than one would be asked for from the gun had the animal been shot. So, if a sheep stealer were to send his collie to cut out a hundred animals from a bunch belonging to another, even though the dog's owner did not appear on the scene at all, he would be the thief. Clearly if Mr. Opie had put his jack on the trail of the bear, had followed him with cheers and shouts of encouragement, and been in at the

death, the killing would have been his act and deed. But it is not stated in the complaint that anything of this kind took place. So far as appears, the jack killed the bear of his own motion, and for his own pleasure and satisfaction, just as a greyhound might start out and kill a hare for its amusement, or a setter dog catch a woodcock or a quail. Hence we consider Mr. Opie's case weak.

Another point, hardly less interesting, arises. To whom does the slain bear belong? Evidently the game has been reduced to possession, and by the burro; yet it cannot be his, because the law of the land does not recognize the right of a dumb animal to hold personal—or, for the matter of that, real—property. It does not belong to Mr. Black—although captured on his land—for he had nothing to do with the killing; nor to Mr. Opie—though his burro killed it—for it does not appear that the latter was ordered to catch it, nor was Opie in pursuit at the time. There is a vast opportunity for argument opened up by the present case, and it is a question that we must really turn over to our legal and judicial readers to work out. It is certainly to be hoped that the points at issue may be carried up to the highest courts for settlement, in order that the rights of men who own jackasses accustomed to kill grizzly bears may in future be properly protected.

TRAP-SHOOTING PIGEONS.

PUBLIC attention in this country and abroad has of late been directed more than ever before to the subject of the trap-shooting of pigeons. The practice has been brought to popular notice by the large tournaments, particularly such as have been held in the vicinity of cities where the public press has commented upon them, and by certain bills to prohibit trap-shooting, introduced into the legislative assemblies. In several States these bills have become law.

We are not among the alarmists who frantically declaim that these various anti-trap-shooting movements are portents of nothing less than the downfall of the American republic and the total eclipse in darkest gloom of all our modern civilization. We have faith to believe that our free institutions would survive the shock. Nor do we see in the proposals to abolish pigeon shooting a menace to field sportsmanship; to so construe them is to find an interpretation wholly untenable. Shooting a bird sprung from the trap and shooting a bird flushed in the field are two distinct things, the difference between which is recognized by the public and by sportsmen. Among the latter there is a very wide divergence of opinion respecting the merits of the trap-shooting of pigeons; many who are most enthusiastic in praise and practice of field shooting do not approve of pigeon trap-shooting as it is generally conducted.

This simple fact that the opponents of pigeon shooting are found largely among the rank and file of the great army of field sportsmen, is sufficient to prove how absurd is the silly cry of alarm that efforts to suppress pigeon shooting are covert movements directed against all shooting. If those who follow the practice of pigeon shooting wish to hold their ground against the repeated attacks of a growing public sentiment, it is nothing less than sheer folly to misjudge and misrepresent the true nature of that sentiment. Instead of mistaking it for something which it is not, the wiser course would be to determine exactly what this feeling is and the grounds upon which it is based. These cannot be removed by boisterous buncome of defiance; but the opposition may be allayed by freeing trap-shooting from the cruel practices which often attend it. These are by no means so common nor so numerous as they have been in the past; there has been a change for the better. The barbarous maiming of the birds, which was the chief disgrace of pigeon shooting, is now, so far as we know, approved by no respectable club, whereas formerly much of it passed as reputable and proper. This particular form of cruelty, such as there is left of it, is most often the act of the handler, done without the intention or knowledge of the shooter. In fact, as at present conducted, the trap-shooting of pigeons is attended with far less actual physical suffering of wounded birds than is ordinary field-shooting. How then is the opposition to it to be explained?

POISON IN CANNED GOODS.—Considerable space in the daily press has been devoted recently to the question as to whether canned goods are, or are not, wholesome. Those who believe that they are not assert that the acids in the organic matter contained in the cans acts upon the tin, decomposing it and forming a violent, irritant poison. On the other hand, attention is called to the vast amount of canned goods annually consumed, and the fact that few or no deaths can be traced to this cause. One side shows analyses of canned goods which are evidently poisonous, and the other denies the correctness of such analyses. So the battle rages, now backward, now forward. We shall watch with interest the outcome of the dispute. Canned goods form so important a part of most camping and yachting stores, that it is in the highest degree essential that we should know all about them.

OUR READERS will confer a favor by sending us the names of such of their friends as are not now among the subscribers of the FOREST AND STREAM, but who would presumably be interested in the paper.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE LOVE OF NATURE.

AN ACROSTIC.

QUIETEST amid earth's manifold delights,
Hill though it be from the unwary eye,
Ever exulting as its joy indices,
Sweet peace bestowing from the earth and sky;
The love of Nature hath an influence holy—
Never denied 'em unto the lowly—
Usurping not, save baser passion's seat,
Teaching all hearts with kinder life to beat.

Heaven sends a calm into the troubled heart—
Into its depths a blessed peace descends,
Like dew upon the bud that meekly bends—
Like midnight silence in the middy mart.

Retire unto the woodland or the shore—
Each wave a symbol of our earthly life—
See! friend in bird or bee, communion more
Exalting than our weak, frail, feeble
Repose upon the hillside, 'neath the pine;
Voices shall soothe thee—aye, a voice divine,
O earth-weary soul, shall whisper "Peace!"
Into thy heart, dispelling every care—
Rest Nature gives, for God is there.

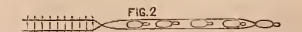
O. W. R.

NIMROD IN THE NORTH.

BY LIEUT. FRED'K SCHWATKA, U. S. ARMY.

VI.—Dogs and Dog-Sledging—Part Two.

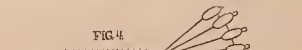
A TEAM of dogs means anything from a couple up to as many as can be hitched to a sledge, seal, walrus or carcass of a musk ox, polar bear or reindeer, according to what is to be dragged, for on the hard, marble-like snows of the Arctic winter, any animal with his hair on makes a good enough sled of its own when dragged head foremost, to dispense with that vehicle except for long distances. The manner of hitching these teams varies considerably with the country. In Siberia, the Hudson Bay country and Alaska, they are placed one after the other in double or single files as shown in Figs. 1 and 2. In North Hudson's Bay and the



Arctic Ocean around King William's Land where my travels were cast, I found the dogs hitched with traces of unequal length so as to make a V, the point forward, as shown in Fig. 3, the angle of the V being filled with dogs also. In



Greenland I understand that the harness traces are of equal length and the dogs therefore spread out fan-shape as in Fig. 4. The dog at the point of the V is called the leader



and is generally the most intelligent of the gang, although not necessarily the strongest and the best. It is only necessary that he or she should understand the tones of the voice left, when he wants to halt, go ahead, fast or slow, as all the dogs are regulated by the movements of the leader, and he or she is solely regulated by the driver's voice, sometimes assisted by gently striking the snow near its right or left side to emphasize certain commands.

These vocal commands of the Hudson Bay dog-drivers are the most fearful gibberish and tongue-twisting articulations I have ever heard, and although some Arctic writers have essayed to imitate it in English orthography, I will not attempt it, for I would just as soon try to give my readers the sound of thunder, a hen's cackling, or a wagon on a corduroy road by notes of music as to attempt this. I have never seen a white man that could imitate them well enough so far that the dogs would understand it, and therefore, hardly think it right to essay it so that my readers could. One or two of them are simple enough, however, as our whoa-a! long drawn out, means, steady! as you are! or a sort of sign of vocal encouragements and sounds funny enough at first when you hear it, to see the dogs go right on as if nothing had been said at all. In ordinary tradings a leader is considered to be worth two common dogs, and if he or she be of unusual intelligence, three.

I have already spoken of the feed used in the Arctic for their dogs, in describing walrus hide (koo) and kelp fish that are caught in the natural fish traps by the rise and fall of the tide. Should the carcass of a flensed whale—or one that has had its blubber stripped from it by the walrus—be cast ashore near their village, the dogs will be lucky, indeed, for if it be only of fair size there will always be enough dog food for several months at command. The natives say that when pressed with hunger in the summer months the dogs will devour large quantities of mud from the shores of the fresh water lakes, and thus manage to prevent starvation until something eatable turns up. Early in the spring—that is early for their climate, say June—when the young reindeer fawns are not strong enough for a long run, it is not an uncommon occurrence for a hunting dog to disappear from camp in a thickly supplied reindeer country and to be gone for several days, subsisting off of the young fawns. Parseneuk, a splendid, swift hunting dog of ours, disappeared at one time from us just before we moved to King William's Land, and coming back on th

fourth day, looked as if he had swallowed a hog. The natives always dislike to feed them nearly as long as a day's work, for they are the very largest creatures on top of the coast and require double the amount of usual whipping to get any work out of them.

The whip is just the length of the longest harness trace, so as to just touch the leader, although I should add that he is whipped less than any other dog in the team. The whip is a single long, supple lash of tanned seal (*ookjook*) skin with a very short handle, like that on the western "black-snake" whip. They are the best-trained men with a whip I have ever seen, and can strike out a solitary fore in a perfect moving compact mass of them, and cut him with the lash on any particular ear that they desire. From children up they are constantly using this instrument, and thereby acquire a versatility with it that no white man can ever equal. In some parts of the Arctic the whip is unknown, and the dogs are driven by a small, stout stick, held in the hand when not used, and hurled at any refractory or lazy dog in the team when needed. As the sledge goes by the active driver resumes it to repeat the operation when needed.

It would be useless, I think, to describe the many varieties of sledges to be found in the whole extent of the Arctic, for they vary with nearly every tribe, but I shall confine myself to those few kinds that came under my personal observation. The most primitive and simple sledge of all is one hewed directly out of the ice—bed and runners. One would think this vehicle extremely fragile, and liable to be broken at any moment; but so long as the owner keeps along the level shore ice, its extreme "corpulent" and strong construction renders it a rather serviceable conveyance; besides, it has the advantage of always having ice on the bottoms of its runners, a most necessary adjunct to the sledges of this region of the world. A sledge with ice spread evenly and smoothly over the bone shoe of a sledge can be hauled over the hard snow-drifts of an Arctic winter with ease and the first coat put on this consists of pieces of snow about as big as one's double fist dipped in water to render it slushy and soft, and the native with the open palm of his hand applies it to the runner, rubbing it backward and forward until it forms a level, smooth, and solidly frozen surface of about two feet along the runner and erimps over and binds on the projecting flanges of the bone shoe, as shown in cross section in Fig. B. This, of course, is continued the



wood screws enable them to be fastened securely, and this bone shoe is generally rounded off a trifle on its bearing surface or under side. To "ice" the sledge, it is turned bottom side up and the first coat put on this consists of pieces of snow about as big as one's double fist dipped in water to render it slushy and soft, and the native with the open palm of his hand applies it to the runner, rubbing it backward and forward until it forms a level, smooth, and solidly frozen surface of about two feet along the runner and erimps over and binds on the projecting flanges of the bone shoe, as shown in cross section in Fig. B. This, of course, is continued the



whole length of the runner. This frozen snow is opaque and looks like a mass of ground glass, and when solidly frozen, as it will be even while the man is rubbing it, the process is ready for the second coat or finishing touches, so to speak.

The native now takes his mouth as full of water as it will hold, and sends a gentle spray over the frozen snow on the runners, and this freezes almost as fast as it strikes, the sledge man at the same time rapidly running the palm of his hand backward and forward over the surface to give it a perfect polish. Sometimes he uses a piece of bear skin to save his hand the severe friction, but the last few strokes are always with the open palm of the hand.

The finished sledges and runners are so slippery as one can possibly imagine, and truly I do not think I exaggerate the comparison when I say that it is not much easier to pull a sledge nicely and properly leed over one that is not, as it would be for a horse to pull a truck with the wheels on over one that had them taken off. My largest sledge was one so heavy that it was hard work for any of us men to turn it over so that Toolooah could ice it, and it would have taken a couple and probably three to budge it if the runners were uniced, yet when the leing had been completed, I could take my little finger (and often have done it,) hooked on one of the cross slats, and work this ponderous vehicle backward and forward through the distance I could swing my arm. Several times, without noticing that the snow was a little bit uniced, we have turned the leed sledge over gently to prevent fracturing the glacial shoe, and have been surprised to see it start down the grade by its own weight. They are almost as prone to this as a well-oiled wheel vehicle on rails.

Of course such a valuable, but frail, adjunct to their most important means of transportation must necessarily be a cause for the liveliest solititude and care of the native sledge-man to see that it is not injured in any way so as to compromise its utility. In no place does the superiority of a sledge-man to such good advantage as in his ability to conduct his sledge through a low, rocky portage connecting two lakes or over the top of a ridge where the snow has nearly blown away without stripping thence from his sledge-runners against the many stones that are peeping through the snow in every direction. I have seen my best sledge driver, Toolooah, take his twenty foot sledge through a place for a couple of hundred yards where it would seem impossible to spread one's coat without covering a stone, and yet come out unscathed, but it required the work of a Hercules in hobbling the front of the sledge from one side to the other and watching the rear that it was not thrown against or over a rock. So important is it to keep this leing on the sledge-runner bottoms, that if it is ripped off by any accident the Esquimaux will stop at the first lake or river where they can get water to wet the snow and sprinkle the second coating, though they may have to dig through seven or eight feet of ice to get it.

When one reflects upon the value of this simple accessory

to Arctic sledging, and of the importance of sledging to an expedition that dears to accomplish anything in these regions, and also that this art is solely monopolized by these people, it at once shows the great advantage of having them as allies and the comparative folly of sledge journeys in rough Arctic countries without them. If a rough, stony place interposes itself where the projecting rocks are so numerous that it really becomes impossible to get through, all the persons on the party will take off their rubber coats and spread their hair side up over the stones that the runner would strike in passing by. Late in the spring, when the temperature commences to approach freezing from a much lower standard, the ice will not retain its hold so well on the bone shoes, and when it reaches melting extra precautions have to be taken to protect it. Halting to rest on a warm, sunny day, the sledge is swung around so that one runner is protected by its own shadow, while the other has a number of reindeer cloaks, blankets or anything that nature spreads along over it to get to the sun. The least little bump at these temperatures is very liable to knock off a foot or two, and then the rest is easily sealed off. When it becomes so warm that the ice will no longer retain its hold, the snow on which the sledge runs becomes of a soft consistency that allows the bare bone shoes of the runners to glide over it with comparative ease, and everybody now wants to ride on the sledge, as when walking they are sinking up to the ankles or knees in the heavy snow.

The worst experience I ever had in sledging was on Back's River in December, 1879. This stream is full of rapids which keep open the whole winter, and the rising steam from them (for they lock like huge boiling cauldrons of water in the intense cold of winter) freezes into a fine, gritty, sand-like mass of snow that covers the true snow-drifts with a mass like so much rosin, and that sticks to the sledge-runners with almost as much persistency in any temperature below -50. I once think the thermometer averaged lower than that while we were on the river. But even this was not the worst obstacle, for all the snow that had lodged on the river ice was along the cracks in the ice, nearly all of which seemed to be perpendicular to the axis of the stream. We thus had an alternation of snow and ice every few yards, and often every few feet. The ice from the river would strip that from the sledge, and the snow which was reached it would rest all over it, and additional aid from the members of the party to drag it over. Either ice or snow alone would have allowed us to proceed at a good round gait, but their alternating condition made it the most annoying and laborious work I have ever experienced, and we always felt lucky if the igloos in the morning's camp were out of sight around some bend of the river when we picked out our camp for the evening. At the very first favorable opportunity I abandoned the river and found the hill country between it and Hudson's Bay much better adapted for sledging than even its level bed.

While on the Koojmijok, a branch of the Great Fish River, during the spring so late that the ice would not stay on the runners, we found a great deal of the snow on the river ice mixed with sand, blown from the banks during high winds, and this acted like sandpaper on the bare bone shoes, and was so much more annoying than those shoes to about half their usual thickness and felt a little bit uneasy that they might break under hard knocks, which they did do several times, but never enough to seriously compromise us.

In a great many parts of the Arctic it is impossible to procure the bone from a whale for sledge shoes, and then the wet snow is applied directly to the bottom of the runner, and before its application is mixed with boggy mud full of rot sticks and grass, and the hind end of those shoes to its mixture when it can be obtained is the undigested mass taken from the stomach of a reindeer. Among the Netschilinks, who confine their sledging to the coasts of the Arctic Sea, where it is of the best character, and who kill no whales to furnish them with bone, we find the runners shod with pure ice. "Trenches the length of the runners are dug in the ice, and into these the runners are lowered two or three inches, and the sledges are then dragged over them by the same distance. Water is then poured and allowed to freeze, when the sledge is lifted out shod with a runner of perfectly pure and transparent ice. So transparent is this ice at times that when the sledge is in rapid motion it may produce a peculiar optical delusion, one imagining that the sledge is some three or four inches from the ground, swinging out behind like a kite's tail in its rapid flight. Where not even wood can be procured, the ice sledge already explained is adopted or the skin of a polar bear or musk-ox may be used if it be dragged with the hair pointing backward.

The ratio of width to length in their sledges varies with the different tribes. The Hudson Bay Esquimaux use about the proportions usually seen in boys' sledges used for coasting, although five or six times as large. The Kinneqtoos of Chesterfield Inlet, can be procured, often have sledges of twenty-five to thirty feet in length and only a foot or foot and a half in width, claiming that these go over rough ground much easier than the common kind.

In putting a load on a sledge a pole at the height of a person's breast is often lashed on the fore end of the load so that it will project on both sides a couple of feet, and with a person on either side pushing on this, the sledge is easily controlled.

"How fast can a sledge go?" or "How far can you travel in a day with them?" is an indefinite question, asked nearly as often as the one about the size of the Esquimaux dog, and the reply is about as satisfactory when I say they can travel nearly as fast and fully as far as a horse. If the sledge has a maximum load (say 150 to 200 pounds per dog on salt water ice or half that on inland sledging) the party can make ten to twenty miles a day, and keep it up about the same as a light expedition of footsloggers. With a selected team of ten to fifteen dogs, with only a driver and a light sledge, we could make seventy-five or even a hundred miles a day, especially along the coast. While in the heavy, hummocky ice of Victoria Channel, I only made ten miles, with a fair load, in fourteen hours' hard work; yet I have been told of an incident where life and death hung on the rapidity of action, and forty-five dogs were hitched to a light sledge, with two speakers, drivers weighing on the team from each side, when twelve or thirteen miles were made in less than double as many minutes to rescue a lost sailor from the whaling ships in Repulse Bay.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Jefferson, Pa., May 7.—I have been spending the past week in the country, and by observation I find the quail have wintered well here. I took a stroll to the woodlands on the 4th inst., and in my rambles have seen several pairs, and the welcome notes of Bob White can be heard on all sides.—RAMBLER.

QUIET SPORT.—III.

BY MILLARD.

EARLY on the morning of our third day at Spider Lake, Roy and Glen, with one of the guides, started for another lake about three miles north, intending to remain there a couple of days and then join us again. They carried blankets and edibles, and merrily took the trail.

Ward went back to his first principles of angling, and produced his bag of worms with the remark that now he stood upon his native soil and could tell when he had a fish properly hooked; and would discard the fly for the day, at least. He admired Green's style and its results, but he did not care to learn it too fast. "Go slow and learn to peddle," was his motto, and he would give the hint of another trial on the morrow, so he will leave him at the lake and follow Dick down the outlet. It is a pretty stream, and as General Sherman said of the Rio Grande, so crooked that one cannot tell which side of it he is on. Every rod of it is lovely with its distinct and special characteristics, suggesting innumerable pictures to the artistic eye.

Varied as the tints and forms of the kaleidroscope, at each turn it seemed as if some fantastic water sprite was transposing its look and character. Here its whole surface is heckerd with ripples and foam, each ripple wearing a crown of diamonds and making music sweet as children's laughter. Away it skurries, fretting and chafing and bumping its head against boulders and fallen trees, scraping its sides on the banks until, seemingly exhausted with its headlong race, it quietly hugs the shore and in a deep and darksome pool, black as the ten of spades, which you remember is considerably brighter than the celebrated sea, it vividly reflects the far-away, but close, over-arching, ever-such, and ever-on, and ever with ripple and pool, never-falling spuds adding their tribute to its volume. "There is melody in the fall of the cataraet, and the rush of many waters is sweet to the senses," but "with all thy faults I love thee" quiet.

A few yards below an abutment of fallen trees was one of those quiet pools lying off the eddying waters, a resting place for such trout as were tired from hatching with the strong current. They could just naturally drop into it, as it were, and a trout-stained man would drop into a wayside inn and brace up a wee bit, for trout sometimes grow weary and take a rest.

There's a trout there this blessed moment, and perhaps he is having a sociable chat with the fellow who keeps the place. At any rate he has refused a variety of popular flies; and it is never advisable to waste one's time by too many casts over the same place and fish. It is better to make him aware of your intentions, but mark the spot and come on unobtrusively, and perhaps toward sunset, if you return you may bring him to your creel. Possibly sundry tricks that he has received in the past are not forgotten, and the remembrance of them makes him the more wary; for like a skillful boxer or swordsman he is only biding his time and opportunity to seize a favorable opening when he can deliver his blow and escape the return; and in a careless moment, when Dick's leader is slack and he stretches it to the breaking point, and then suddenly breaks it.

Dick gave utterance to a rather audible "Devil take my carelessness!" as he waded ashore to repair the damage, a mingled look of disgust and disappointment overshadowing the usual serenity of his face.

Some can find solace and comfort in familiar quotations for every disappointment and trouble. Others draw a temporary consolation from their flasks, and others have recourse to their tobacco pouches. Dick had no flask, and for getting any passage touching his present disaster, he turned with a sigh of regret to his briarwood, endeavoring to extinguish his disappointment by lighting his pipe, and adulterating the sweet scented air with the fumes of cut plug.

Fortune not only turned toward him the cold shoulder, but Justice raised the bandage from her eyes, surveyed the scene, gave a very expressive wink as she replaced the hand-dish and said, "Cupful served you right, young man. Next time Miss Goodie Luck offers you her summiest and sweetest favors, do not dally and trifle too long, else she may again change her mind. She is the most capricious of her sex."

By the time a new leader with its east of flies had been adjusted and his pipe finished, Richard was himself again. What did the trilling ulshup amount to? No more than the aching tooth the old wangler had put when Dick was about. Many a man of less sunny temperament would have succumbed to despondency long when Dick would have up and gone home. Dick appreciated the fact that there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and unanimously passing a resolution to be more careful, he waded into the stream with a thickly settled determination that if it were possible to capture any fish he would make the possibility a certainty, and as they began to rise he felt that there he would soon get the enjoyment of an absorbing pleasure that amply compensated him for his previous inattention. So eagerly did they rise among the ripples and the eddies in the pools and quiet reaches, coming from under banks and boulders after the enticing and swindling morsels, that they exhibited a selfishness of which a spoiled child would be ashamed.

It requires an almost fabulous amount of self-control and denial for an angler to reel up a good bag to camp when the fish are in biting humor. The reel may be filled, but the temptation for one more cast, and then another and another, is powerful, and the angler who can resist it is one in a score. The angler should scorn to fish for count, but so many of his angling days are so barren of results, and so comparatively disastrous, that he improves the opportunity when the fish won't let go. But he does it fairly, and every fish he catches is of use to him or his friends. The fingerings he gives back to life and to wisdom; the old and large ones he does not waste. That was the class of anglers to which Dick belonged. He had enough when he could have had more; and then

The angler campward tramped his pleasant way. Dick had hardly reached the shanty when Glen and Roy, with their guides, returned. They had caught what there was of the latter end of the morning fishing, but it had been barren of results. The fish they reported as more seldom than four dollar bills, and as they had none in the concrete, they got the guide to damn them as the obstructive, and could hardly explain the reason of their unexpected return, as they had announced their intention of remaining away a couple of days and had provisioned themselves accordingly; but as Roy and the guide had developed such extraordinary appetites that Glen had, as a matter of self-defense and vomitory protection to consume his share, which resulted in a complete annihilation of the commissariat attached to the expedition, and a speedy retracing of their steps was a matter of course. Supplies for two days were exhausted at one

meal and that only a lunch. Tarrare could hardly have surpassed it in any of his feats of gastronomy. They were hungry, too, when they reached the home camp. The guide said his stomach felt as if his throat were cut, and Roy and Helen responded, among others.

The complaint seemed contagious, for we all felt the insidious approaches of irresistible appetites, whose claims could not be ignored, and the cook was ordered to do his best; and no refinement of palate could be displeased at the spread he offered, barring a few unimportant items. The bread, perhaps, was a trifle too stale, the biscuits might, for some have been rather too heavy, the potatoes might have been baked instead of having been boiled, but the coffee was clear, hot, strong and abundant. The trout came on piping hot. They had changed their spotted dresses of every day wear and for this occasion only appeared in close fitting dresses of golden brown, and they were just as nice as they looked, but their beauty could not protect them.

Then we gathered around that delight of a camper, a roasting fire, and the evening programme was carried out, while the katydids were having their little twilight discussions and the owls were trying to hold the horns off the gibbous moon while the man was away, and drowning out the faint murmuring of the lake and stream. It was an exquisite evening, full of the charms that belong only to forest and stream. A light wind came across the lake, rippling into silvery furrows, and passing on, whispered among the trees and hurried up our faces. Crickets voices struggled with threadbare songs, while the old hills caught up the refrains, and doubling and trebling them, hurled them toward the settlement to annoy the good people there, if they were so unfortunate as to hear.

Natural History.

BIRDS OF NORTHERN OHIO.

BY SEYM. R. INGERSOLL.

[The nomenclature employed is that of the Smithsonian catalogue.]

WOOD THRUSH—*Turdus mustelinus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about April 23. Wilson's Thrush—*Turdus fuscescens*.—A summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Olive-backed Thrush—*Turdus swainsoni*.—Found during spring and fall migration. Hermit Thrush—*Turdus pallasi*.—Not a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Robin—*Turdus migratorius*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives along the last of February. Mocking-bird—*Mimus polyglottus*.—Rare summer resident. Catbird—*Mimus carolinensis*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Brown Thrush—*Harporhynchus rufus*.—A very common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Bluebird—*Sialia sialis*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives along the 1st of February. Blue-gray Gnatcatcher—*Poocipia cerulea*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Ruby-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus calendula*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration. Golden-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus satrapa*.—A common winter visitor. Tufted Titmouse—*Lophophanes bicolor*.—In some parts a common resident; breeds. Black-capped Chickadee—*Parus atricapillus*.—A common winter visitor; a few remain and breed. White-bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta carolinensis*.—A common resident; breeds. Red-bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta canadensis*.—An irregular winter visitor. Brown Creeper—*Certhia familiaris*.—A common resident; breeds. House Wren—*Troglodytes domesticus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Winter Wren—*Anorhynchus troglodytes*, var. *hageni*.—A not common winter visitor. Long-billed Marsh Wren—*Troglodytes palustris*.—Common in some localities; summer resident; breeds. Short-billed Marsh Wren—*Ostothorus sularis*.—Not common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Brown Lark, Titlark—*Anthus ludoviciana*.—Found during spring and fall migration. Black and White Creeper—*Mniotilta varia*.—Common during spring and fall migration; a few remain and breed. Worm-eating Warbler—*Helmintophaga cervinorum*.—Found during spring and fall migration. Blue-winged Yellow Warbler—*Helmintophaga pinus*.—Common during migration; few remain and breed. Blue Golden-winged Warbler—*Helmintophaga chrysopetra*.—Not common during migration. Nashville Warbler—*Helmintophaga ruficapilla*.—Common during spring and fall migration. Orange-crowned Warbler—*Helmintophaga celata*.—Rare. Blue Yellow-backed Warbler—*Parula americana*.—Found during spring and fall migration. Cape May Warbler—*Dendroica tigrina*.—Not common during migration; more abundant in the fall. Yellow Warbler—*Dendroica aestiva*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Black-throated Blue Warbler—*Dendroica caerulescens*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant. Yellow-rumped Warbler—*Dendroica coronata*.—Common during spring and fall migration. Black and Yellow Warbler—*Dendroica maculosa*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant; few remain and breed. Cerulean Warbler—*Dendroica cerulea*.—Found during the spring and fall migration; few breed. Chestnut-sided Warbler—*Dendroica pensilvanica*.—Quite a common spring and fall migrant. Grey-breasted Warbler—*Dendroica castanea*.—Found during spring and fall migration; more abundant in the fall. Black-poll Warbler—*Dendroica striata*.—Migrant; irregular in the spring but common in the fall. Blackburnian Warbler—*Dendroica blackburni*.—Not common spring and fall migrant. Black-throated Green Warbler—*Dendroica virens*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration. Herkland's Warbler—*Dendroica herklandi*.—Very rare; only four or five have ever been found. Pine-creeping Warbler—*Dendroica pinus*.—Not common spring and fall migrant.

Yellow Red-poll Warbler—*Dendroica palmarum*.—Found during spring and fall migration. Prairie Warbler—*Dendroica discolor*.—Rare migrant. Golden-crowned Thrush—*Sialurus curvicaillus*.—Not uncommon summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Large-billed Water Thrush—*Sialurus nabeola*.—A summer resident in some localities; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of June. Green Black-capped Flycatcher Warbler—*Myiobolus pusillus*.—Occasionally found during spring and fall migration. Kentucky Warbler—*Oporornis formosus*.—Few seen during migration; said to occasionally breed in some localities. Mourning Warbler—*Geothlypis phthaladepha*.—Rather rare spring and fall migrant. Maryland Yellow-throat—*Geothlypis trichas*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Yellow-breasted Chat—*Icteria virens*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Hooded Warbler—*Myiobolus mitratus*.—Common spring and fall migrant; few remain and breed. Canada Flycatcher Warbler—*Myiobolus canadensis*.—A common migrant; more abundant in the spring. Redstart—*Setophaga ruticilla*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Red-eyed Vireo—*Vireo olivaceus*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Philadelphia Vireo—*Vireo philadelphicus*.—Not common spring and fall migrant. Warbling Vireo—*Vireo gilvus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Yellow-throated Vireo—*Vireo flavifrons*.—Common during spring and fall migration; few remain and breed. Solitary Vireo—*Vireo solitarius*.—Found during migration; few remain all summer and breed. White-eyed Vireo—*Vireo noveboracensis*.—Not common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Great Northern Shrike, Butcher-bird—*Lanius borealis*.—An irregular and not common winter visitor. Loggerhead Shrike—*Lanius ludovicianus*.—Not uncommon summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Bohemian Waxwing—*Amphisp garrulus*.—Rare winter visitor. Carolina Waxwing—*Amphisp cedrorum*.—A common resident; breeds. Purple Martin—*Progne subis*.—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Cliff Swallow, House Swallow—*Petrochelidon lunifrons*.—A very common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Barn Swallow—*Iruando erythrogastera*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. White-bellied Swallow—*Tachycineta bicolor*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of April. Cowbird Swallow, Sand Martin—*Ocite riparia*.—A rather common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Rough-winged Swallow—*Stelgidopteryx serripennis*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds. Scarlet Tanager—*Pyranga rubra*.—Not abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of May. Pine Grosbeak—*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*.—An occasional winter visitor. Purple Finch—*Carolinus purpureus*.—Found during spring and fall migration. Common Crossbill—*Loxia curvirostris*, var. *americana*.—An irregular winter visitor. White-winged Crossbill—*Loxia leucoptera*.—An occasional winter visitor. Redpoll Linnet—*Aegialitis linaria*.—Not common winter visitor. American Goldfinch, Yellowbird—*Astragalinus tristis*.—An abundant resident; less common in the winter; breeds. Pine Linnet—*Chrysomitris pinus*.—A common winter visitor. Snow Bunting—*Plectrophanes nivalis*.—Not common winter visitor. Orchard Longspur—*Centropus lapponicus*.—An occasional winter visitor. Savannah Sparrow—*Passerculus savanna*.—Common in some localities during migration; few remain and build. Bay-winged Bunting, Grass Finch—*Pooecetes gramineus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about April 1st. Yellow-winged Sparrow—*Colinus passerinus*.—Not common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about May 1st. Lark Finch—*Chondestes grammacus*.—Not uncommon summer resident; thought by some to breed here. White-crowned Sparrow—*Zonotrichia leucophrys*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration. White-throated Sparrow—*Zonotrichia albicollis*.—A common spring and fall migrant; few breed. Tree sparrow—*Spizella monticola*.—An abundant winter resident. English Sparrow—*Passer domesticus*.—An abundant resident in the cities and towns; breeds. Chipping Sparrow—*Spizella socialis*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of April. Field Sparrow—*Spizella pusilla*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Song Sparrow—*Melospiza melodia*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of March. Swamp Sparrow—*Melospiza palustris*.—In some localities a summer resident; breeds. Fox Sparrow—*Passercella iliaca*.—Found during the spring and fall migration. Chewink, Towhee Bunting—*Pipilo erythrophthalmus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of April. Cardinal Grosbeak—*Cardinalis virginianus*.—An occasional winter visitor. Rose-breasted Grosbeak—*Goniphaga ludoviciana*.—Not common; summer resident; breeds. Indigo Bunting—*Cyanospiza cyano*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Bobolink—*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*.—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Cowbird—*Molothrus ater*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Red-winged Blackbird—*Agelaius phoeniceus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about March 1st. Meadow Lark—*Sturnella magna*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of March.

Orchard Oriole—*Icterus spurius*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May. Baltimore Oriole—*Icterus baltimore*.—Quite a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Rusty Blackbird—*Scolecophagus ferrugineus*.—Common during spring and fall migrations. Purple Grackle, Crow Blackbird—*Quiscalus purpureus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of March. Common Crow—*Corvus americanus*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of February. Jay—*Cyanurus cristatus*.—An abundant resident; breeds. Shore Lark, Horned Lark—*Eremophila alpestris*.—A common winter visitor; few breed. Kingbird—*Tyrannus carolinensis*.—A quite common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May. Great Crested Flycatcher—*Myiarchus cinerascens*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Pewee—*Sayornis fuscus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of March. Wood Pewee—*Contopus virens*.—A quite common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. Canadian Flycatcher—*Empidonax acadicus*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Parula Flycatcher—*Empidonax traillii*.—Found during spring and fall migration; not common. Least Flycatcher—*Empidonax minimus*.—Common during spring and fall migration. Ruby-throated Hummingbird—*Trochilus colubris*.—A very common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about May 9. Chimney Swift—*Chaetura pelagica*.—Quite a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Whip-poor-will, Night Jar—*Antrostomus vociferans*.—A summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May. Night Hawk—*Chordeiles virginianus*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of May. Hairy Woodpecker—*Picus villosus*.—Common summer resident; breeds. Downy Woodpecker—*Picus pubescens*.—Common resident; breeds. Abundant in the fall and winter. Yellow-bellied Woodpecker—*Sphyrapicus varius*.—Common during spring and fall migration in some localities. Pileated Woodpecker—*Hylotinus pileatus*.—Few still to be found in some localities; breeds. Red-bellied Woodpecker—*Centurus carolinensis*.—Not common resident; breeds; more abundant in the winter. Red-headed Woodpecker—*Melanerpes erythrocephalus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds. Arrives about April 1. Yellow-shafted Flicker—*Colaptes auratus*.—An abundant summer resident; breeds; a few remain all winter. Belted Kingfisher—*Ceryle alcyon*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the first of April. Yellow-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyus erythrophthalmus*.—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Black-billed Cuckoo—*Coccyus erythrophthalmus*.—Quite a common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May. Long-eared Owl—*Otus vulgaris*.—Resident; common in winter, rare in summer; breeds. Short-eared Owl—*Brachyotus palustris*.—A common resident, more abundant in the winter; breeds. Turkey Owl—*Syrnium nebulosum*.—Resident; more abundant in the winter; breeds. Screech Owl—*Nyctale acadica*.—Not uncommon; breeds. Screech Owl, Mottled Owl—*Scops asio*.—A common resident, but much more common during the winter; breeds. Snowy Owl—*Nyctale scandiaca*.—An irregular winter visitor. Duck Hawk—*Falco campestris*, var. *anatum*.—Found during spring and fall migration; not common. Pigeon Hawk—*Falco columbarius*.—Not common migrant; few remain and breed. Sparrow Hawk—*Falco sparverius*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of April. Fish Hawk—*Pandion haliaetus*.—A summer resident in some localities; breeds. Marsh Hawk—*Circus cyaneus*, var. *hudsonius*.—In some localities a common resident; breeds. Cooper's Hawk—*Accipiter cooperi*.—A common resident; breeds. Sharp-shinned Hawk—*Accipiter fasciatus*.—A common resident; breeds. Bald Hawk, Hen Hawk—*Buteo aquitinus*.—A common resident; more abundant in the winter; breeds. Red-shouldered Hawk—*Buteo lineatus*.—A common resident; breeds. Broad-winged Hawk—*Buteo pennsylvanicus*.—Not common resident, more abundant in the winter. White-headed Eagle, Bald Eagle—*Haliaeetus leucocapillus*.—A few seen during migration; breed in some localities. Turkey Buzzard—*Cathartes aura*.—A common summer resident in some localities; breeds. Passenger Pigeon, Wild Pigeon—*Ectopistes macrurus*.—A spring and fall migrant. Carolina Dove, Mourning Dove—*Zenaidura macroura*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the last of April. Ruffed Grouse—*Bonasa umbellus*.—Resident in some localities; breeds. Virginia Partridge, Quail—*Ortyx virginianus*.—A common resident in some localities; breeds. Great Blue Heron—*Ardea herodias*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds. Great White Egret, White Heron—*Ardea egretta*.—Summer resident in some parts; breeds. Green Heron—*Ardea virescens*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of April. American Bittern—*Botaurus minor*.—Summer resident in some localities; breeds. Least Bittern—*Ardetta exilis*.—Not uncommon summer resident; breeds. Turnstone—*Streptopus interpres*.—A few have been taken along the lake during migration and fall migration. Black-bellied Plover—*Sturnella helvetica*.—A few found during spring and fall migration. Golden Plover—*Charadrius fulvus*, var. *virginicus*.—Not uncommon during spring and fall migration. Killdeer Plover—*Argemone vociferans*.—A common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of March. Semipalmated Plover—*Argemone semipalmata*.—Not common migrant; more abundant in the fall. Ring-billed Plover, Ringneck—*Argemone melodia*.—Rather common spring and fall migrant; breeds in some parts.

Woodcock—*Philohela minor*—Summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of April.

Wilson's Snipe—*Gallinago wilsoni*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Skill Sandpiper—*Micropalama himantopus*.—A very rare migrant on Lake Erie.

Red-tailed Sandpiper—*Tringa maculata*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Least Sandpiper—*Tringa minutilla*.—Migrant; not common in spring, but abundant in the fall.

American Dunlin—*Tringa alpina*, var. *umbrinosa*.—A not uncommon spring and fall migrant on Lake Erie.

Semipalmated Sandpiper—*Erereutes pusillus*.—Common during migration.

Sanderling, Ruddy Plover—*Callaris arenaria*.—A common spring and fall migrant.

Marbled Godwit—*Limosa phaeo*.—Rare spring and fall migrant.

Greater Yellow-legs—*Tringa melanoleuca*.—Not uncommon during spring and fall migration.

Yellow-legs—*Tringa flavipes*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Spotted Sandpiper—*Tringoides macularia*.—Quite common summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the middle of May.

Long-billed Curlew—*Numenius longirostris*.—Occasionally seen during spring and fall migration.

Wilson's Phalarope—*Steganopus wilsoni*.—Few have been taken during spring and fall migration.

Marsh Hen—*Rallus cinganus*.—In some localities a summer resident; breeds in the swamps in the northwestern part of the State.

Parula Rail—*Rallus virginianus*.—Common during spring and fall migration. In some localities it is a summer resident; breeds. Arrives about the 1st of April.

Carolina Rail, Sora Rail—*Porzana carolina*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds.

Yellow Rail—*Porzana norboracensis*.—Not common spring and fall migrant.

Florida Gallinule—*Gallinula galeata*.—A common summer resident in the marshes; breeds.

Coot—*Fulica americana*.—A common spring and fall migrant; summer resident in some localities; breeds.

Snow Goose—*Anser hyperboreus*.—An occasional spring and fall migrant.

Canada Goose—*Branta canadensis*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Mallard Duck—*Anas boschas*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant.

Mallard Duck, Black Mallard—*Anas obscura*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Pintail, Springtail—*Dafila acuta*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration.

American Widgeon, Balpate. —*Marca americana*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Shoveler—*Spatula clypeata*.—Common during migration; few breed in some localities.

Blue-winged Teal—*Querquedula discors*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant.

Green-winged Teal—*Querquedula carolinensis*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration.

Wood Duck, Summer Duck—*Aix sponsa*.—Common during migration; some remain all summer; breed. Arrives about the 1st of April.

Little Blackhead—*Melospiza affinis*.—A very common spring and fall migrant.

Cyanus-back Duck—*Fuligula callisneria*.—Common spring and fall migrant on the lake.

Redhead, Pochard—*Melospiza ferina*, var. *americana*.—Common; during spring and fall migrant on the lake.

Buff-headed Duck, Butterball—*Bucephala albeola*.—Quite common during spring and fall migration.

American Sheldrake, Merganser—*Mergus merganser*.—Common during migration; in part summer resident; breeds.

Hooded Merganser—*Mergus cacciatris*.—Common during spring and fall migration.

Florida Cormorant—*Graculus alioptus*, var. *floridanus*.—Occasionally seen during migration.

Great Black-backed Gull—*Larus marinus*.—A rare winter visitor along the lake.

American Herring Gull—*Larus argentatus*.—A common spring and fall migrant on the islands in the lake.

Ring-billed Gull—*Larus delawarensis*.—Found during spring and fall migration.

Bonaparte's Gull—*Larus philadelphia*.—Common during spring and fall migration on Lake Erie.

Wilson's Tern, Common Tern—*Sterna fuscivittatus*.—In some localities a summer resident; breeds; in others only a spring and fall migrant.

Black-throated Grebe—*Phalacrocorax larifornis*.—In some localities a common summer resident; breeds.

Horned Grebe—*Polepeus cornutus*.—Rather common spring and fall migrant.

Thick-billed Grebe—*Polygynus polepeus*.—An abundant spring and fall migrant; in some localities a summer resident; breeds.

Great Northern Diver, Loon—*Columbus torquatus*.—A spring and fall migrant.

Red-throated Diver—*Columbus septentrionalis*.—A spring and fall migrant; not rare on Lake Erie.

make another kind of a noise. My great-grandmother he always hated, and would fly at her and pick her heels, and beat her with his wings, all the feathers on top of his head standing up straight. If everybody was up-stairs he would hunt through every room in the house, whistling all the time. When he found them and they were sitting down he would open himself up their dresses and have his wings stretched out, and fly by them as long as they would let him. He never had his wings clipped. He was called Quock, and would always come when he was called, whether indoors or out. He lived four or five years, and the family moving into another house he was put in the cellar to roost, and the first night the rats killed him. DASH.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

I MUST crave permission to add a few words to the very sensible article recently published in FOREST AND STREAM on the panther, catamount, painter, lion, cougar, puma or any other local name he may bear. This fact alone stamps unrivaled character upon an animal found in the length and breadth of both American continents, for, while the African lion or tiger may be competitors in strength, in agility he has no rival living. It is this single quality or ability I wish to consider; the length and power of his spring, whether it be to seize prey or to reach a place of comparative safety when pursued.

A gentleman of truth and candor said this to me: "I was in Canada some years since, beyond the St. Lawrence, in November. The family where I was stopping had just finished the usual slaughter of hogs and a beef for the year's supply, and had hung the beef against a pile of boards or lumber to cool off, or freeze, as is customary. A catamount (the Indian name in New England) smelled the meat from the woods close by and crept out in the night to get a piece. In pulling down the quarter of beef he upset the whole pile of lumber, which came down with a frightful noise, and he made three tremendous leaps from the spot. I saw the tracks in the snow; there was not a mark between them; I did not measure the distance myself, but a man did, and, I believe, correctly. The first jump was up hill, thirty feet, the second, horizontal, to a large rock, fifty-four feet, the third, down hill, seventy-two feet."

A leap of thirty feet perpendicular to the branch of a tree, or a forty-foot plunge after a fatal shot, and falling dead and almost at the hunter's feet, have been repeated until the veracity is not questioned, and after making all possible allowance we must acknowledge there is not a creature living whose leap compares with it.

The question then comes up, how is this superiority over other animals attained? The answer we shall find in a little natural philosophy and a mechanical law in animal economy, since the final conclusion must be that all muscular action, all the functions of life, are strictly mechanical, and that the locomotive is its best representative in existence. Mind, I do not speak of life itself, which, like, the engineer just back, directs and governs all.

The key to the above question we shall find in the coiled wire spring. This spring, pressed down on a base and liberated, leaps ahead further than any other form. The reason is very simple. Every movement of substance must start from a nucleus moved by an outside force. The coiled wire spring, when pressed down from a solid its entire length. When let loose, the first turn jumps from its base, which is the second; the second adds its force to the last, jumping from the third, and so in succession to the last, which adds its force after the whole coil is flying from the outside base of all. And this is precisely the case in the panther's leap. The forelegs and head are shot forward from the shoulder, the powerful muscles of the back straighten the curve of the spinal column from the hips, while the great posterior muscles through the Achilles tendon and over the longest lever in the animal economy, add the last impetus to a body already shooting ahead like an arrow. This serpentine flexibility is beautifully illustrated in the menagerie when the keeper thrusts his stick across the cage and orders *Felis* to jump over it. The head and shoulders rise and graceful curve over the stick, beginning to descend on the opposite side with the last impetus given by the hind feet, and the body alights gently as it rises, seemingly without weight, concussion or the disturbance of a leaf. B. HONSFORD.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE WAR AGAINST THE ENGLISH SPARROW.—The Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia will discuss at its next meeting the question of the proposed extermination of the English sparrow in Pennsylvania. A bill is now pending in the State Legislature, advocating the extinction of the pest. Mr. B. H. Warren, of the Society, has lately dissected over five hundred of the birds, and has discovered that by a very small portion of them had been feeding on insects, but found gramin, seeds, etc., etc., had been eaten. Mr. Warren has sent his report to the Academy, and it has been referred to Mr. T. B. Gentry, a prominent ornithologist of the Society. Prof. Leidy, President of the Academy, favors the bill for the extinction of the English sparrow, or its being kept within proper bounds, and considers that Mr. Warren's investigations prove the English sparrow to be far from the blessing it was expected they would be. Already, while on his way to the ornithological meeting within the bounds of the city, we expect before long to see it used for trap purposes.—HOMO.

THE TAXIDERMISTS' EXHIBITION.—New York, May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Your liberal notice of the Taxidermists' Exhibition has just come to my attention, and since I mounted II. H. Warner's Old Frank, I am compelled to make an explanation. Old Frank was eleven years old, and very fat, and furthermore was sick for a year with a tumor. Mr. Warner tried all the known medical skill to cure him, but he died, and he was turned over to my hands to chloroform. His fatness was no fault of mine, and previous to his sickness he was as good and staunch a dog in the field as ever stood on four legs.—T. W. FRANK.

MILLINERS AND SONG BIRDS.—Philadelphia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There is again great complaint on the part of those who are interested in the protection of our song and insectivorous birds of the indiscriminate slaughter of all the varieties, under excuse of killing for scientific purposes, which is done by the ornithologists and a place in the millinery stores for the ornamentation of ladies' hats. Our law allows the shooting of birds at any season of the year for strictly scientific purposes; but should not some qualification be made? Again, lads, unable to distinguish

male from female, or young from adult, spend day after day shooting song birds for their collections, when probably not one in twenty is preserved as a specimen. Speaker Layburn, of the Pennsylvania State Senate, has always taken a great interest in the game laws, and is an enthusiastic sportsman. Might not his attention be drawn to the subject?—HOMO.

ARRIVALS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, CINCINNATI, UP TO MAY 1, 1888.—Bred in garden.—One grizzly bear (*Ursus horribilis*), two aquatic (*Ovis tragelaphus*). Received by presentation.—One prairie wolf—(*Canis latrans*), one golden eagle (*Aquila chrysaetos*), one stock (*Falco americanus*), one eared pheasant (*Crossoptilus macularius*), two European pelicans (*Pelecanus aegrotatus*), one white-fronted goose (*Chrocyhalus gambelii*), two West Africa plovers (*Tringa setacea*). Received by purchase.—One Hippopotamus (*H. amphibius*), three mandrills (*Cynocephalus monomus*), one drill (*Cynocephalus leucocatus*), one adult baboon (*C. anubus*), one young mangabey (*Cercopithecus fuliginosus*), one pica-tailed monkey (*Macaque nestoroides*), one moon monkey (*Cercopithecus mona*), one green monkey (*C. callitrichus*), three orang-utans (*Pongo*), one young mangabey (*Cercopithecus fuliginosus*), one spotted cat (*Colonypus poae*), two golden agoutis (*Dasyprocta aguti*), two common pheasants (*Phasianus colchicus*), one barred-tailed pheasant (*P. versicolor*), one red-tailed eucalypt (*E. polygalchus*), one great-billed parakeet (*Tanygastus megalonyx*), four yellow-bellied loathies (*L. luteus*), two all-green parakeets (*Aratinga canicularis*), four red-bellied parakeets (*Aratinga canicularis*), five cut-throat finches (*Anadina fasciata*), four silver bills (*Melanerpes formicivorus*), two saffron finches (*Sayornis flavocephala*), three black-capped tanagers (*Tangara cyathoptera*), one black-capped tanager (*Tangara cyathoptera*), four magpie finches (*Melanerpes formicivorus*), four black-headed finches (*Melanerpes formicivorus*), two paradise whistling birds (*Vireo gilvus*), one whistling sparrow (*Sturnella magna*), one whistling sparrow, four chaffinches (*Fringilla coelebs*), two black-bellied vireos (*Empidonax vireus*), one sulphur-breasted tocan (*Rhamphastos coronatus*).—FRANK J. THOMPSON, Superintendent.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES.—III.

PIGEONS.

WHAT has become of all the wild pigeons? The vast flocks almost biding the sun as they passed over in their northern flight day after day. Why, I distinctly remember one flock that crossed over Chenango Valley, that was nearly a half hour from their first appearance until the last of the many thousands swept by. The sun was veritably obscured for the time. Many of the old inhabitants of Hamden village will recall that incident, that immense flock of swift moving creatures, stretching from hilltop to hilltop across the entire valley. And innumerable smaller flocks were in the air for days. We see and hear nothing of such numbers now.

These were high times for us boys. S. S. Conant, the able editor of *Harpur's Weekly*, was our next door neighbor, and we hunted in couples, of course. We wore of nearly the same size, he claiming scarcely by only about a half year. Both ministers' sons, and of course impeccable, but he had a grandfather, and he got a gun first. We used to take turns in shots. How well I remember that first real shotgun. Its old beehood stock, single barrel, and no trigger guard. Do you recall it, Still? Do you remember in our turns for shots, after you had killed a robin and it was my turn, and I had a good chance to kill a red squirrel and I held the stock of the gun (all that was left) fast in my right hand. As I sighted upward at the fast moving myriads and brought him down (a big one) after you were waiting so long, how mad you got? But when you knocked over that ruffled grouse running along the path in the maple woods the tables were turned.

But in pigeon time, when the leaves were just budding and all nature bursting out in her sweetest smiles, in what clouds they came. At first high up in the air, then lower, then lower, till they were in the different patches of woods.

What times we used to have! One day I inquired, "Do you remember the old smooth-bore rifle that I borrowed of Dave Hascall? It had once been a grooved rifle and had been bored out for shot. It was a good shooter, but it would not reach the clouds. The birds were flying high, and it was only now and then that we could bring one down. So in order not to strain the gun too much I mounted to the top of a big beech tree and was getting the advantage of some of the others; but these were exciting times, when the air was so full of flying squadrons, and I did not measure my last charge in that tree top with the usual accuracy. For the old bored-out went all to flinders, and I came out of that top with great acceleration. I struck four different limbs in my descent before reaching the ground, or this tale would not now be told; but when I reached mother earth I still held the stock of the old gun (all that was left) fast in my right hand. As I sighted upward at the fast moving myriads when the burst took place, the pieces must have gone directly over my right shoulder and by my head. It was a loud call, but we thought not of the escaped danger, but that our glorious fun had been so ruthlessly cut short. No gun and all those millions passing by. It was a sad day to me. Afterward Lance Beckwith (since a gallant major in the war), another of our boyhood companions, got a rifle. How we used to practice our marks with that rifle, and at how many places we were sitting so silently motionless on the trees, and at the woodchucks in the meadows and on the hillsides. What a place Deacon Pierce's hill meadow among the clover used to be. Just before sundown how we would watch for the rodents to come out to feed on the sweet roots and then by a sharp whistle make the little rascals get up to their hindquarters while we popped them over at thirty, sixty and eighty yards.

Do you remember the serape we came near getting into about Deacon Burchard's horse? Lance and I had started with his rifle after woodchucks. As we passed along near a cornfield on the flats, the corn just then in tassel, Lance, to get his hand in, he said, was practicing on the bobolinks as they for a moment rested on the topmost corn. We thought not of where the rifle ball might reach, or that the stock of the rifle beyond there was a pasture in which was Deacon Burchard's promising colt, a Morgan, which I remember. But when on reaching that part in our journey that promising quon was found in the agonies of death, with a rifle ball through its heart, it did not take Beckwith long to get back home with his rifle and take his shotgun, and when we were suspected (as of course we were), was it not through Thomas L. James (the since Hon. ex-Postmaster-general, then editor of our county paper), that the abill was proved, and we saw us on the way in a different direction, and we were hunting squirrels with a shotgun, and how

A TAME QUAIL.

HAVING read a good deal in your paper about the keeping of quail in confinement, I came to the conclusion I would tell you of a tame one that was in my mother's family before she was married. A friend of the family was in a bird store in Boston, when a live quail was brought in to be tamed, but the proprietor would not accept it, saying that there never was one tamed and he would not attempt it, and would not receive it. It was therefore given to the mother mentioned above, and by him given to my mother, who was very wild, and so he bent itself against the bars of the cage that they gave it its liberty, and in a few days it grew very tame. The bird would sit himself out in the yard, and would fly across the street into some bushes, but at the approach of a team would at once fly back to the house. When my grandmother took down the bread-pan, he knew what it meant as well as she did herself. He would follow every step she took like a dog. She would put it on her foot and give him a push, and slide him away across the floor; but he would be back again in a second, and would not leave her until she gave him a long thin strip of dough, which he would take by the end and commence to swallow. Sometimes the children would chase him and get the dough away from him, when he would commence to yell until he got it back. He would not whistle, but would

could a horse be killed by a shotgun half a mile away? Tom was invaluable to us boys in the alibi business, as the many fertile schemes concocted in that old printing office would bear ample testimony. It is a known fact that country printing offices have proved wonderful schools for starting and developing successful political puppets. How many of our great men owe their success in life to those early trainings? Is it possible that Tom's brilliant career is at all indebted to the characteristic thus early inculcated in that dingy office of making others see things as he would wish them seen? But I digress. Well, Lance, that was a narrow escape for you, and you remembered that fight of rifle balls years after at Bull Run and many a hard-fought battle field; but fewer shots really scared you as those in your boyhood days.

Talk about pigeons, why one spring they were so many, that is, they came in such myriads by platoons, brigades, whole armies, that the students of the University used to stand on the hillside and knock them down with poles as they swept up from the valley below. Pigeon stew, pigeon pot pie, pigeon broils, etc., etc., were the order at the college boarding hall. Such high living was never known in all those days of any University westward, and this particular steward was a good fellow, and his jolly face retorted in proportion. But where are all these birds now? Why we can't even get enough for our trap shooting. Instead of those vast nestings in Sullivan county, N. Y., and Northern Pennsylvania, or even Michigan or Wisconsin, the birds have been driven for a safe retreat while rearing their young away beyond the Mississippi, miles beyond a railroad. The railroads have done it. When they opened up through Central New York, it did not take long for the farmers to cut down their woods; but they had a ready sale, and when the groves with their beech nuts and acorns were gone, the birds soon went to never to return.

I have not visited the scenes of my boyhood for years, but I have heard from there, and I know my heart would be sad. Those glorious old hunting grounds where the grouse drummed in the thick copse, or the gray partridge clattered and whirled, and with a single man limb to limb in that beech wood or maple sugar bush, now are only rotting stumps with cattle and sheep feeding between. Not like gazing upon the face of a dear dead friend in his last narrow box, I want it not. Let my last remembrance of him and of those dear spots of my boyhood be pleasant. I wish not to look upon either, after death and destruction have shown their work. JACOB STAFF.

IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I STARTED a former letter with the intention of relating the incidents of a hunting trip in the mountains of Northern California, but I wandered from the narrative intended by trying to give a general description of the game, and the nature of the country in the foothills. This time I shall endeavor to describe a long trip in as brief a manner as possible, although I will intimate to start with that I am not a "man of few words." I know you editors always cry, "boil it down," but it is so easy matter for an amateur letter-writer to confuse his thoughts into a few expressive words. We are not all Shakespeares, besides, as has been said by some level-headed writer, "I haven't time to be brief."

Though much may be truthfully said in praise of the "glorious" climate of California, we have to admit that, during the late summer months, the heat is oppressive, the dust is disagreeable (at least in the inland valleys and foothills), and we cast longing eyes toward the snow-capped summits of mountains Shasta and Lassen. Especially do those of us who know the pleasures extolled by Isaac Walton, and are familiar with the use of the rod and rifle, long to leave the dust and heat and seek the cool, pure and exhilarating air of the mountains.

After a great deal of planning and delay in arranging to leave, I set out in company with a friend and an Indian last August upon a three weeks' trip, experiencing varying fortunes and a combination of pleasant and unpleasant incidents. We left Shasta in the evening, preferring to travel by night, as the heat was oppressive during the day; the moon was full and shone brightly all night, and we thought we knew the route. We procured a team and a rather dilapidated spring wagon that had seen hard service and was much the worse for wear. The horses were as unpropitious as the wagon, and the only virtue we found them to possess was that of gentleness; they were so gentle in fact that I am inclined to doubt whether such exceeding docility is a virtue or not. We were obliged to push on the lines and encourage them with the whip continually. In going down hill it was necessary to walk in order to prevent the wagon from reaching the bottom ahead of the horses. However, the poor brutes carried us through our journey safely, and I will make no further derogatory remarks, except that they both had sore necks, and we doctored them both.

We traveled eastward toward Lassen's Buttes, passing through two or three small towns, then into the hills, enjoying the scenery by moonlight, and the fine views of the ammunition and rabbit (or hare), which are a large variety and could be seen in all directions. We did not kill any—didn't expect our desire to—as they are unfit to eat during the summer, being poor and often covered with watery and sometimes wormy lumps.

As is usually the case with strangers on strange routes, we came to a junction of two roads, and, as a matter of course, took the wrong one. We went on for some distance about an hour, and only discovered our mistake when the road narrowed to a mere trail, and from that to the conventional squirrel track which ran up a tree and into a hole. We made a few emphatic and expressive remarks and retraced our way, and by morning reached Cow Creek (at the head of which stream we afterward camped). Here we encamped, rested our horses, tied some more robes on to our precarious vehicle, and took breakfast. Our cooks, before we left home, had provided us with a large basket of ready-prepared provisions, and so long as they lasted we were not obliged to cook, further than to boil our coffee. Enoch's dogged a line for fish, but we were too far down stream for trout, and he only succeeded in landing a turtle, which had swallowed his hook. He left the hook, as we hadn't time to dissect the turtle, and proceeded on our way.

It was tedious traveling now; we were tired and sleepy, very warm, and with a small range nine miles further, however, and arrived at a still much prettier well up in the mountains, where there was an abundance of hay and water.

Here we unhitched and slept in the barn until afternoon,

arising much refreshed and with our pockets full of eggs which the unsophisticated hens must have deposited therein, as we were strictly honest. We took them to the rancher's house and his wife cooked them for us, she apologizing for the smallness of the chickens, but we were well satisfied. We assured her that we were not all inconvenienced, that the hens had taken nothing out of our pockets, had not disturbed us in the least, and begged her not to mention it. We again got started, and, after climbing several steep hills up which we were obliged to walk to lighten our load, we reached the high timber and a comparatively level stretch of road. We shot several gray squirrels and some quail, but the squirrels were so free with their nuts, that we had we desired. On all sides the tall yellow pines, sugar pines and cedars, towered above us, the timber growing so dense that we would travel for miles without being able to see more than a hundred yards in any direction. Then we would come to some high point where we could see for miles up dark canons, where high mountains arose one above another, covered with heavy forests, and the Lassen Buttes in the background white with snow; miles of forest where we know there were herds or herds if we could find them, and bear that we would bag if a good safe opportunity presented itself, while away below we could hear the roaring of the cold mountain stream, and see it, like a strip of silver, stretch far up the cañon, in which we knew the trout in myriads were waiting for some fishhook to swallow. I run short of poetical expression to describe the scenery which is grand anywhere in our mountains, and will continue by saying that we reached our first stopping place in the evening. This was a log cabin in the timber by the roadside, where a man by the name of Edwards lived during the summer. He did not know us so very well, and gave us a hearty welcome. He was a good American, and took us in, let us sleep in his house for a week (we usually froze outdoors the first night, although it was August), and helped us, with our cooking, thereby proving his heart to be infinitely softer than our make of lumber.

We hunted deer for several days with poor success, only killing one. We found plenty of "signs" and numerous beds where they had recently been, but, owing to our unfamiliarity with the range and the density of the timber, we only saw three or four during our stay. I watched two nights at the "lick," an artificial one made by boring augur holes in a log and filling them with salt. Although the lick had only been made a few months before, deer had centered long lines of tracks there, and the mud had become salted, and the ground was dusty with their tracks. One track in particular inspired me with hope and patience, it being undoubtedly that of a mule deer, and was fully three and a half inches long. He had been seen at the lick, and was said to be an extra large deer even for the mule species, which weigh from 200 to 300 pounds, and are said to be a cross between deer and elk. My patience was not rewarded, however, for I saw only the tracks, and the mule deer's tracks were very bright and clear, but the changing shadows cast by the tall trees surrounding the lick, rendered it difficult to define objects, and only a hunter familiar with the ground and night shooting, could have been successful. I watched until two o'clock each night, and frequently heard the dry twigs cracking on all sides, and occasionally heard the shrill snort or whistle of some suspicious buck. I once twice saw moose tracks, which were probably deer, but that was all—all except the mosquitoes; they kept me in continual misery. Losing patience I went to camp, and returning in the morning found numbers of fresh tracks, showing that the cunning animals came into the lick either during the time I was there or after. Subsequently I did not hunt much, but joined Enoch's and the Indian in fishing, and was more successful. The creek was half a mile from camp in a deep cañon, and its banks were so rugged and steep, and there was so much underbrush, that it was necessary in many places to wade in the water to get along. The stream was clear as crystal, very rapid, and so cold as to be almost undrinkable. We tried bugs, flies and grasshoppers for bait, but with little success, and we had begun to think the fishing a hoax, when our Indian brought his sagacity into requisition. We saw him reaching under the water in the eddies, and in a few minutes he came up with a handful of "salmon" flies. These peculiar flies, or rather worms, are found attached to the under side of rocks in the still water along our mountain streams. With the shell on they are the size and shape of a small peanut. The shell is composed of small pebbles and grains of sand finely glued together, completely inclosing the insect, which, when the shell is broken open, is found to be a long, yellow worm, with wings, and greatly resembles a mayfly. They are the "C. H. I." fly, and he was correct. Although the fish would take neither common flies or grasshoppers, they took the salmon flies greedily, and we landed trout as fast as we could bait and cast our lines, the only delay being in obtaining the bait, the coldness of the water rendering that a disagreeable task. The fish were small, from five to ten inches long, with very bright brown and black spots and a red stripe along their sides. We returned to camp with about 200 fish the first day, and thereafter caught as many as we could use, and during our three weeks in the mountains we had trout at our table daily, and the last mesh tested very bit as good as the first. In camp at the cabin we amused ourselves by shooting at squirrels and chipmunks, which fairly swarmed around the place and were very troublesome, as they nibbled everything about camp, including our provisions and clothing. They are a very pretty little animal, and very tame. One was particularly large, and was a large sized rat. Then we played cards, swapped yarns with an occasional traveler, or slept.

A person going into the mountains from the valleys can sleep, and has a desire to sleep about twenty hours of each twenty-four, is hungry all the time, and if he smokes will consume an astonishing quantity of tobacco.

We started with a full supply of peculiar liquor, as a remedy for possible snake bites, but it was not needed the first two or three days. Enoch was so exceedingly fearful of being bitten that whenever he saw a snake he applied the remedy internally, and he finally required a dose every time he saw the track of anything that resembles that of a snake in the road. As a consequence we were in a snake country, minus antidote. We were not bitten, however, and only saw one rattlesnake, which we killed. It was a large one, and if we had had antidote at that time, it would have been less likely and more likely to succeed.

Things of fishing and hacking the energy to hunt where we had met with such poor success, we decided to move still further into the mountains, and headed for Lassen Buttes and Manzanita Lake. Concerning our further wanderings I will speak in a future letter. ESAT.

SHASTA, CALIF., April 8.

THE WISCONSIN DEER LAW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

A game law, which will undoubtedly be of considerable interest to some readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, was passed by our State Legislature during its last session.

In brief, it makes the open season for deer hunting from November 15 to December 15, and prohibits shipments out of the State. We think our legislators have somewhat overdone the matter of protection by cutting off the month of October. Few hunters, and especially those of the "nabob" type, will care to face the cold days and nights of November for the pleasure they would experience in a deer hunt when camping under a canvas tent, and everyone will sorely miss the month of October, the most pleasant month in the whole year for camping.

The open season last year was from September 15 to January 1; thus it will be seen that the open season is two months shorter than heretofore.

The clause prohibiting shipments out of the State is absolutely necessary in order to stop the wholesale slaughter that has been going on for years past. The early opening of the deer season in our State in years past, and the ready sale for saddles in Chicago and other large cities without the State, has tempted many Eastern sportsmen to Wisconsin for their fall sport, and since the northern Michigan (that part which is not included in Wisconsin) has been the principal shipments of venison out of the State, we have been overrun with hunters from all parts of the country, and the slaughter for the past two years has been simply terrible.

We do not wish our brother sportsmen from the East and South to think we are getting "piggyish" or that we rejoice over their loss of the opportunity to ship an occasional saddle to their homes, for such is not the case, but quite the reverse. The law was aimed at the wholesale shipments out of the State and not at the smaller ones, but it is evident that it must allow either wholesale shipments or none at all, and it has wisely chosen the latter.

The wholesale slaughter has by no means been confined to parties resident without the State, and we know of one camp of settlers not a hundred miles from Peshigo River who shipped to Chicago last year between 250 and 300 saddles and about the same number of the muzzles (over to the dogs) and about the same number the fall of '31. This camp has depended upon the killing of deer for their livelihood, and we sincerely hope that the law as it now is will force them to seek other pursuits. Other parties in the northern part of the State have killed and shipped quite extensively, but done so only under the consideration that they might as well indulge in money-making sport as well as to leave the whole to those who make a business of it, and it is safe to say that the majority of them will avail the new law with joy. On the whole the law is a great improvement on that of '31 and '32, regardless of the shortness and lateness of the season, but there is still a chance for improvement. D.

MANTWON, Wis., May 9, 1883.

HUNTING RIFLES.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The strictures of my innocent little article on the hunting rifle by "C. H. I." have given me genuine surprise. I know that they were from any intention to criticize Maj. Merrill. I concluded that under temporary aberration of mind I must have written something very different from what I intended, but a careful perusal of the article in question reassures me. There is not the slightest attempt to criticize or controvert any one of Maj. Merrill's opinions or positions in regard to the muzzle-loading rifle. I admit that my criticisms in respect to the handling of the cartridge being mostly correct, but his is all and perhaps more than Maj. Merrill claims for it, and he, as an officer and a gentleman, had sufficient intelligence to recognize these facts, and know that an answer was not called for. I cheerfully admit his right to be called the Nestor of riflemen; but would suggest, if this classical nomenclature is to obtain, that "C. H. I." be called the Ajax, and he evidently considers me the Achilles, as under no other hypothesis than my supposed invulnerability can I account for the ardor of his attack. "C. H. I." wishes to know "from what standpoint of experience" I write. It can be easily and briefly told. Forty years' practice with the rifle; a score of a little over five hundred deer, with larger game in a smaller proportion, over an extent of country extending from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean; and I hope I may be forgiven for thinking that my actual experience with the handling of the rifle in the field will compare favorably with almost any one on this coast. If I have not heretofore trusted these statements voluntarily in the faces of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM, it is because that between the choice of being considered a bragart by the gentlemen who contribute to that paper and a jessiming ignoramus by "C. H. I.," I infinitely prefer the latter alternative.

It is true that my experience has not been "superimposed" by a thoroughly exhaustive and scientific research into the fundamental laws which underlie and govern physical science, and although I have a superficial knowledge of the principles of evolution and the atomic theories, I cannot tell at a breath the bulk of gas disengaged by the instantaneous combustion of 60 gr. C. & H. diamond grain, or the chemical formula of the atoms in a .40 cal. bullet, but I have spent with pleasure and profit over twenty years in the Origin of Species, the Mean of Natural Selection, and Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, and an tolerably familiar with the play from which "C. H. I." fires his quotation at me; I am also pretty thoroughly acquainted with the laws which govern the flight of projectiles, but perhaps this latter qualification has no relation to the subject under discussion in regard to the deer, whose feet scarcely appear to touch the ground.

Vigilance and care in the use of the rifle are not to be taken for granted, and if ever I do, shall not fire at a running, for it is self-evident that if it "goes like a shot" the bullet cannot overtake it.

And then "C. H. I." declares I know very little about cold weather. This is "the most unkindest out of all." After being born and raised away "down East," where the sun is popularly supposed to be pried up with a lever; after passing winter after winter in the illimitable forests of the Adirondacks and the woods of our northern border, to be told that I know nothing of cold weather is nourishing, at least. But does "C. H. I." seriously claim that a butner with gloves, "and warm gloves at that," can open the patch-box in the breech of his rifle, take therefrom a single oiled linen patch, place it on the muzzle of his rifle, and hold upright in the center thereof an elongated bullet, till it can be driven in by the starter? If he does, then his statement is several Merrill had forgotten more than he ever knew is several

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have our publications filled with good fishing localities, and our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

GEORGIA FISHING.

GATHERING tackle, rods, and bait, last week, Capt. Ed. Peabody, our genial and ardent a fisherman as ever wet hook in babbling brook, placid lake, or rushing river, and ourself, took buggy, and sped away to "Douglass" Lake, embowered in green wood shade, two miles east of Bainbridge. Two hours of soft melting April smeltling had sweetly sunned upon old Dame Nature's face, ere we drew rein at our destination.

Unloaded, transferred our fishing gear to the boat, which was to bear not "Caesar and his fortunes," but us, and our luck, over the broad bosom of the lake that tranquilly lay before us, "a thing of beauty," reflecting from its mirrored depths the fresh green leaves of the long branched oaks, densely thumbed and leaved. Many large, literally packed with fruit, rising from its depths cast without interruption a dense shade over its face from one end to the other. We unlock our craft, seize the paddle, and with quiet strokes sped, but noiselessly over the surface. Peabody, on the alert for a good place, sings out, "Garley, there's the place," pointing to where those large oaks tower straight-boughed, high above the water's surface, and with interlacing boughs overhead, form a complete canopy of shade, leaving under a dense shade of oaks, whose branches, with uncut lovely May-haw trees, whose ripe fruit kisses the quiet waters. Quietly I lay the boat alongside an old log on the margin of the tempting spot.

Hooks are baited and cast in for finny prey. Ed gets a bite, a very shy one, that gets away so cautiously that the movement of the float is almost imperceptible. He strikes, and such a strike! Had he hung the fish, the little fellow would have landed about the same as the fish that we have "caught on" anything but worms, and saved himself from utter ruin. Getting the first bite made our friend awful high-minded, and instead of casting into the water, he sent his hook flying into a tree top. There it stuck, and we had to move up the boat to get it. This done, we try again, but get up bites.

Again we cast off, and creep from spot to spot, until we find a hungry crowd of willing, nerve biters, housekeeping under a dense shade of oaks, whose branches, with uncut logs that we find it almost impossible to use our rods. Reader, don't you wish you had been with us, just at this time! I know you do. As fast as one hook went down in the depths, away went a gallant, plucky fighter with bait and hook. A gentle pull, the steel fastens into his greedy jaws, and away he flies, making the line sing through the clear water. A long pull and a strong pull brings him to the boat, and the pretty parrot comes. For one whole hour, with uncut logs, we fly rod and steel, and take in the lively beauties, at the end of which fifty noble specimen of the perch tribute reward our efforts. Proud of our success, and somewhat hungry, we draw in our lines and turn our boat toward shore, where friends await to cook and eat our catch. Turned over to the cooks, they are quickly prepared, and then followed a feast the Gods might envy. O. G. G.

TROUTING IN THE MUSKOKA DISTRICT.

DOUBTLESS many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM have fished for the speckled beauties in the dark and turbulent waters of Muskoka and Parry Sound districts, while many more have contemplated a trip to the wild woods and foaming rivers of Northern Ontario. For the information of those who intend to come and have never made the trip, the best, cheapest and quickest route to reach the Muskoka waters is from Toronto, via Northern Railway to Gravenhurst, then by team a distance of twenty-four miles to Oakley, on the south branch Muskoka, where there is good trout fishing on the river and its many tributaries. Or, go on from Gravenhurst by steamer to Bracebridge, then by stage to Trading Lake, then on by steamer to "Cedar" Narrows, where trout and mosquitoes will make it entertaining for the sportsman. Another route from Bracebridge is by steamer to Port Sydney, at Lake Rosseau, where then by steamer to Huntsville, then by stage to Emsdale, a distance of sixteen miles. Here is where the angler will strike waters of the Maganetanaw River at Kagged Creek, where there is good trout fishing, and further on cast about seven miles by stage the Maganetanaw River at Kearney is navigable for skiffs and canoes without portage to Big Sand Lake, where there is good fishing. Another route is from Gravenhurst by steamer to the head of Lake Rosseau, where "Poulin" Frank keeps tavern. Who is he that has not heard of W. H. Pratt? If there are any lovers of the rod and gun that ever visited the wilds of Muskoka, and never heard or saw mine host of the Rosseau House, they saw but very little of the country. From Rosseau by stage to Maganetanaw village, a distance of thirty-seven miles; from Maganetanaw village by steamer to Binks Falls, a distance of twenty-four miles up the Maganetanaw River. Or, another route from Maganetanaw village, is by stage to Lake Nipissing, distance of thirty-seven miles, and when the sportsman reaches Nipissing he can choose his route and waters for his sport. By coming down the French River to the Georgian Bay, and taking a steamer from the mouth of French River to Collingwood, or Midland, or portaging across in Lakes Talon and Trout, and then into the Maitanaw waters, then down the Ottawa, or hauling the C. P. Railway at Cornwall and Lake Nipissing. Or, from Parry Sound to Collingwood, Penetanguishene, or Midland, by steamer. If any sportsman fails to enjoy himself over any of the routes mentioned, I cannot tell him where to go to find fish and sport. M. C.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., May, 1888.

degrees below the truth. Perhaps by the time that he is old enough to come out of the ranks of "younger riflemen," he will have learned that no experienced still-hunter uses gloves, but heavy y.a.n mittens, knitted so large that they can be removed instantly.

"O. H. I." states that he has only used the '73 Winchester, and the Marlin .40 cal. Where does he get his authority for this statement? If from me, then I have been guilty of a gross falsehood, for I have used the Spencer, Sharps, Evans, Wesson and Ballard, and in giving preference to the Marlin for forest shooting, I did not take single breech-loaders into account, as the rapidly with which the repeaters can be discharged, overshadows the greater force of the best single shot rifle; but on the plains it is a strong point in their favor. In his statement that no hunter of solid experience would take either a Marlin or Winchester deer hunting, if he could get any other, he condemns "at one fell swoop" the thousands of hunters with these arms in their hands, from Maine to California, many of whom have passed the most of their lives in the pursuit of large game. Either his experience has been much greater than he claims, or he has forgotten the caution in criticism which he recommends to me.

Next he says that there are rifles which will bring a deer down to a man where you hit him, and in the next breath declares that he has seen deer literally shot to pieces which afterwards had to be run down. What must be the condition of those which are brought down instantly? This statement that single-loaders never shoot except from the muzzle, may do for those who have never seen them burst at the breach, but not for me. His reasons for the high trajectory of the Winchester, after loftily setting aside my statement, regarding my rifle. Two of them are his "short and high" and "high" caliber. If he will kindly explain how he makes the former to fit the latter without having it "short in proportion to its diameter," which is exactly my statement, he will solve a profound conundrum. The shorter barrel and lighter powder charge do not exist in the 60 gr. Winchester which has also a high trajectory. His reasons for the superiority of the Marlin are, to all intents, the same as the points alluded to in my letter to the W. R. A. Co. His advertisement to read the "V. B. S." still holds, in order to learn the effects of rifle bullets on deer, is good. I expect that some one will next recommend me to read Mr. Steele's "Paddle and Portage" for information in regard to the game resorts of Northern Maine. PENOBSCOT.

JOTTINGS FROM JERSEY.

I HAVE a good excuse for my long silence. I might, of course, plead the close season and no game news, but as Essex county is in this State, and there they kill woodcock on the nest in April, that would not do. To tell the truth about it, I have had the "heat taken out of me." This winter my friend McConnell, of Sea Girt, was riding in a Pullman car, in Florida, and it is a bit of his experience, recounted by him, that has given me the setback. In the car were two "genies" with a full set of sporting tackle. On arrival at a station where there was a news stand, one of them went out and returned with a fresh FOREST AND STREAM, which he immediately began to devour. The stream of contents was first glanced at and read aloud.

"Jottings from Jersey" he roared. "Well, if here isn't another letter from that liar. You remember the one he wrote me about the New Jersey still-hunters, in which he is spinning just such incredible yarns. There is a lot of stuff about sparrow pie and I don't suppose there is a word of truth in it." This is a very mild version of the tirade as McConnell repeats it, but you have no doubt heard enough to sympathize with my determination never to write another line of natural history for publication. To this resolve I should have been faithful, at least until the incident was forgotten. If your issue of May 10 had not changed my mind. When I picked it up and read about seven squirrels inside a blacksnake, a muskrat in a hawk's throat and a chicken in a heron's neck, I felt I was safe. Reading on, I came to the "Partridge Mystery," and assurance became doubly sure. My mind is easy. Write what fact I may I shall never be even remembered as among the dealers in the incredible, while he of Springfield wields his facile pen. Thanks, Horner, for your timely rescue.

The New Jersey Legislature did but little to show its ignorance of the game question, and nothing of real benefit. If repeated the act of 1831, which protected deer for three years, and it is now lawful to kill deer between Oct. 15 and Dec. 1. The nearest approximation to game protection is in the supplement to the cruelty to animals act. Section 24 of the original law excepted from its humane provisions pigeons shot from a trap. This section was amended this year by striking out the word "shooting" pigeons from a trap, and hereafter that cruel sport must stand on its own merits before the suits of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. If we hear of somebody being sent to prison for this business we shall be more proud than ever of Jersey justice.

And that reminds me of the English sparrow. I notice that the Westchester society has ascertained that the little fellow is a fraud as to his insectivorousness and a thief of buds and grain. We are also making "post-mortem dissections" of him in this State, and we find him to be a burglar and a murderer. A day or two since a neighbor took down his martin box and found that the sparrows had killed the young martins, driven off the old ones and taken possession of the whole house.

English snipe tried to be abundant, but it was hard for them to be in fair flight by following between snow squalls. I found some near Monmouth Junction on May 4, and they are probably there yet.

It is the general opinion in Monmouth county that large numbers of quail wintered over, and that they have done well. Rabbits are also reported abundant, and half-grown ones have been seen. A.

A FOX IN A TREE.—Rock Lodge, Fla., May 6.—While in the pine woods west of Indian River, our dog began barking, and we found that he had an animal up a tree. At first we thought it was an opossum, but upon closer examination found it to be a fox. He was about thirty feet up a pine tree; the tree was straight, with no limbs until very near the top. I shot him through the ear and again in the shoulder, and he still held on to the tree. The third shot brought him down. The fox was red, standing on his hind legs, and the size of the red fox of the North. That the fox ran up the tree we think an unusual thing. Is it common for a fox to take a tree for protection?—W. H. R. [It is not common for foxes to take to trees, but we have occasionally known them to do so.]

SEDALIA GUN CLUB.—Sedalia, Mo., May 8.—The Sedalia Gun and Shooting Club met at the Park Hotel May 7. The following officers of the club were chosen by acclamation: Dr. John W. Trader, President; Dr. E. C. Evans, Vice-President; J. C. Parmelee, Secretary; John Montgomery, Treasurer; Frank Houston, Attorney. An executive committee of three, D. K. Smith, John Montgomery and J. C. Parmelee, were appointed, and instructed to secure grounds, balls, clays and traps, and have them ready by Saturday, May 12, for the inauguration of the season. After the business of the evening was disposed of, President Trader invited the club into the dining-room of the Park Hotel, where an elegant banquet was served, after which the members of the Sedalia Gun and Shooting Club departed for their respective homes, with happy anticipations of an early opportunity of trying various of the breech-loaders on the subtle and vacillating hills and chaps. The following are the enrolled members for 1883: S. C. Gold, J. W. Trader, E. C. Evans, J. C. Parmelee, John Montgomery, D. H. Smith, J. Pilkington, A. P. Mowey, J. D. Crawford, J. C. Barber, A. W. Eaton, E. W. Slocum, C. H. Williams, A. W. Nesbitt.

ROSENDALE GUN CLUB.—Rosedale, Wis., May 7.—At the annual meeting of the Rosendale, Wis. Gun Club, on Saturday, May 5, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mr. S. B. Diley, President; Mr. T. K. Gillette, Vice-President; Mr. E. C. Sherwin, Treasurer; Mr. Frank Bowe, Secretary. Executive Committee.—Mr. H. C. Grafman, Mr. S. B. Diley and Mr. T. K. Gillette.—S. B. D.

WELLS BEACH.—Dover, N. H., May 10.—I have just returned from a three weeks' visit to Wells Beach, Me., and found all kinds of sea birds very plenty, and but few gulls there. Just before going to the beach, a friend of mine sent me a bottle of oil for my guns, which I found to be the best thing of the kind I ever used on them. It can be bought of J. P. Lowell & Sons, Boston.—G. A. W.

KYNOCH SHELLS.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was surprised at "F. W. B.'s" remarks regarding the Kynoch shells: I think his gun must be at fault, or there is a great difference in the shells. I have tried one hundred of them, and have reloaded some of them several times, and have not had a misfire or any trouble getting them into the gun.—Px. (Osborne Hollow, N. Y.)

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

DR. A. and the writer were returning home after a weary row up a very muddy creek after ducks. Dr. A. espied a heron sitting on a dead log about twelve rods off, and gave a yell that he could bring him up. Slipping a heavily loaded shell into his gun, he stands up, so as to get a better sight over the tall reeds, and fires. Result: the heron "wounds his weary way," while your humble servant is left to extricate the Doctor from the multitudinous mud, with the use of an oar as a lever. HENRY.

Something has just reminded me of this anecdote of that good old angler, Dr. Bethune. Among your readers there must be some who remember him.

The Rev. Dr. Bethune, of the Dutch Reformed Church, was not very clerical looking, even in the pulpit, but in his forest and stream togethery he was something wonderful, even for the woods. A worthy woman, who had entertained him, heard that he was a city preacher. She could not make it out, he was so unlike a preacher in dress and address. However, she knew he would tell her the truth, so one day she asked him if he was really a preacher.

"Madam," replied the Doctor, "I am *verbi domini* minister." That was not English, nor was it Pennsylvania Dutch, but there was a "minister" in it, and something that sounded very like "domine." So in default of sufficient information that score, she said, "Well, where do you live anyhow?"

"Do you know where Manayunk is?" said the Doctor.

"No, I don't."

"Well, anyhow, I live about five miles from Manayunk," was the reply. Dr. Bethune lived and ministered in Philadelphia, and Manayunk, about five miles distant, was not then in its corporate limits. GEO. L. NEIDIE.

SCHUYLERVILLE, N. Y.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

A. W. B.—Use nothing but soap.

"SMALL"—Please send address to this office.

W. S. H., Camden, N. J.—We have not the address you ask for.

W. A. F., Carroll, Iowa,—Is the teal a duck? Ans. Undoubtedly.

J. P., San Francisco.—We have no knowledge of your inquiry. If you will repeat it, we will give it immediate attention.

E. O. V. W.—Copial varnish No. 2 is best for spars. Decks are usually scrubbed when the yacht is in commission. In the winter they are best coated with common bright varnish. Be careful not to use any oil, or white wash, as the varnish.

Tin, New York.—The autobiography of Davy Crockett was originally published (with excellent illustrations by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia). It has been brought out in the Seaside Library (price 50 cents). Dodd & Ward, New York, published a life of David Crockett, by John S. C. Abbot, which is the "Autobiography" clipped up and patched together again.

BOB STAY.—New list is promised shortly. It will cost \$2.50. Keels of boats should last more than seven years, if kept thoroughly dry during the winter months. If the keel and bottom of a boat is kept on the earth, especially when grass grows in one or two years, they will be found to be rotten. A yacht (raft, open boat) built in the ordinary manner, and not that carries no dead weight, will float for hours after she is upset.

OWEN SOUND, Ont.—I have to report the shooting this week of what I take to be a good species (*Merops streperus*). The following is a description of the bird: Head and upper part of neck shining green, black back and wings, wings black and white, breast and belly of delicate reddish buff color, feet red. Feet and tail, feathers on back of head elongated. Mr. Miller, our sporting jester, sent the bird to Toronto to be set up. He got it from Mr. Young, who shot it on one of the west at the back of the town. Is it a rare bird in these parts? Ans. Not a rare bird.

KINDERHOOK LAKE.

HALF an hour of brisk travel eastward on one of the swift trains of the B. & A. R. R., through pleasant farm lands and villages, and you leave the cars at cool, shady Kinderhook depot. You catch a hasty glimpse of a considerable body of water, picturesquely situated, a moment or two before the train stops, and you rightly conjecture it to be the justly famous Kinderhook Lake, the richest gem in Eastern New York.

The three rival magnates of the three rival establishments for fishermen, tourists and excursion parties, will meet you as soon as you leave your train, confusing you with flowery accounts of the conflicting charms of their several places. Joking aside, you can safely go with either of these, for "whichever" you choose will see to it that you are splendidly entertained and cared for.

For convenience sake, and for the purpose of thoroughly "doing" the lake, it will be with this special occasion to put yourself in charge of "Jorry" Clapper, the gentlemanly proprietor of "The Outlet." A two-minute walk from the depot and you are in sight of his comfortable cottage, cosily nestled down upon the left bank of the handsome stream that empties the lake, flowing from its southwestern extremity.

Once in sight of the dock, with its gaily painted boats and multitudinous fishing paraphernalia, you quicken your steps, hasten across the bridge, and, aided by the ever genial Jorry, select your "kit" and push out into the stream. A few strong pulls and you are through the railroad culvert, gliding up the creek in eager expectancy of entering the lake with every oar-stroke. The birds in the overhanging branches along the shore are unheeded and their songs unheard; the lake is the only consideration of the day, to which everything else must be subjected. Ah! the provoking willow-cowp is passed and you see the lake. Now, once again—a long pull, a strong pull, a pull altogether, and you leave the stream with its narrow bounds and glide into the lovely lake, delighted, transported, enraptured.

Rest on your oars and glance about you. Stretching far away to the north is the extreme limit of the Main Lake; let the eye wander to the east, the eastern shore, lying in the wooded point that shelters Milham's Cove, and still further down, admiring the rough, indented shore skirting Milham's Woods, until the long, high promontory with which Lake House Point terminates cuts off the view. Between you and Lake House Point is another long, narrow peninsula, reaching away to the northward from the mainland to the bounds the southern hills of the lake. This is Racker's Point, and, as you approach, strokes send your light craft skimming around it toward Lake House Point. Suddenly you glance to the southward, and there, coily secreted between the two extended points, a scene of surpassing loveliness awaits you, in that beautiful portion of this irregular body of water, the Round Lake:

"The conversation, and the poet's dream."

Cast your eye to the northwest, and here Paekman's Cove, another surprise, awaits you; a grove on the left and another on the right, add to its beauty. This arm of the lake lies parallel with the upper end of the Main Lake, but is much narrower, and of far less value as a fishing ground. The section of land dividing the cove from the lake proper, is somewhat singularly styled Paekman's Point, though it bears little resemblance to a point. The solitary stream that feeds the lake, flows through the cove, between the hills of Nassau and North Chatham, through cypress pastures, and among sloping hills, entering the Main Lake a little north-west of Milham's Cove. Above this inlet the creek, just described, is joined by a smaller one, a mere rill, that flows from a small pond to the north, bearing the distinguished and somewhat misleading name of Lake Knickerbocker; being a more preceding place for frogs, mosquitoes, and malaria, it hardly deserves so "distinguished" a distinction.

Having crossed the upper end of the Round Lake, you sail to the lower side of the two small islands, sweep around Lake House Point, and drift down the Main Lake toward Trimmer's Dock. Here, also, is a new revelation. You are now about half way down the Main Lake, the two extremes each a mile distant. Above, creeling around the head of the lake, a succession of sloping hills undulate, unevenly, to the north and west. To the south, the low country gradually shuts off, low and flat, into the Hudson Valley. An orchard and meadow border the waters on the south, merging into other farming lands, up the eastern shore, past the Lake Shore House, joining Milham's Grove just across from Lake House Point.

Your boat grates on the beach, you jump out and secure it just in time to enjoy a hearty welcome and handshake from "Bob" Trimmer, the genial proprietor of the Lake House. It is a warm, bright, and sunny noon, and with an accommodating smile, Bob leads you to the dining-room. Here you are! Fresh fish, choice steaks, perfectly broiled and smoking hot, sweet milk, pure and unadulterated, and an endless variety of delicacies from Bob's extensive garden. It is a dinner for a king, but sufficient "regality" to enjoy it with a keen relish is easily assumed.

After dinner you go to your fishing. Bob provides you with that prince of guides, the "down" who rows your craft with steady stroke to the choice fishing grounds, mitigating the wild excitement your sport occasions with timely suggestions, he aids you to capture a reasonable "mess" of the glorious bass and pickerel so abundant in Kinderhook Lake. At length, after a most enjoyable half-day's fishing, the sun goes ruddily down in the west, and, to complete the various enjoyments, John rows you over to the Lake Shore House for supper. Landlord Allen is all attention, and you bid him "good night" in a tone of that "solid satisfaction" that always follows a fine day's sport with a square meal for an epilogue. John is waiting you in the boat, and rows you silently back to Trimmer's in the dim twilight. You take leave of him here, and pull lazily for the head of the lake, to while away the two hours remaining before the train leaves for Albany. Then you float lazily back down the lake. In Milham's Grove flickers the campfire of a party of fishermen; directly opposite, on Paekman's Point, hang the colored lanterns of a camping party from the Capital City.

Just as you stand out between the two camps off Lake House Point, the full moon rises suddenly, brilliantly illuminating the western shores, and leaving the eastern shores in dark shadow. "Lovely as was the scene by daylight, it is infinitely lovelier now; something about it recalls, momentarily, that one line of Scott's on Melrose Abbey:

"Never was scene more sadly fair!"

A party of dancers are on the grounds at Trimmer's—one of the many excursion parties who haunt the lake all summer long.

There is something weird about it; the line from Scott awakens another train of thought; the camps, the dancers flitting about indistinctly in the uncertain light, smatches of song from boats all around you, all mingle together in a strange, airy fancy. It is wonderfully like a bustling in the Scottish Highlands. Then, the Lake House Point, in the soft moonlight, looks, for all the world, like Ellen's Isle, in Loch Katrine. A shadowy glimpse of the Catskills, to the southwest, adds to the resemblance, and, to complete the picture and perfect the scene, a dark boat floats swiftly past, containing a party of musicians. As they disappear in the shade to the left of Lake House Point, they strike up Roderick Dhu's famous nautic song, "Hail to the Chief, who's aye!" You, profane, you suddenly remember that it is nearly ten o'clock. Away romance, poetry, sentiment; pick up your oars and hurry along to Clapper's. With a sigh of commendable regret, you row silently to the mouth of the creek. Near the stream you rest a moment on your oars, and let the boat drift. One more burst of music reaches your ears, faint and almost inaudible; the musicians are playing the closing strains of "Bonnie Dundee." The music stops; now and ere long sing their discordant songs unheeded, and continue to flow down the stream to Clapper's, wishing all sorts of impossible wishes.

Once more you land, and Jorry breaks the spell with a bountiful supply of lemonade and sandwiches. He cheerfully bids you "Go for 'em!" while he packs your fish and other luggage for the journey home. Forgetting your splendid dinner and supper, you imagine yourselves half-finished and greedily devour Jorry's dainty refreshments. Then, alas! you go to the depot and buy your ticket for Albany; the train drives in and whirrs you regretfully back again into the crowded city.

Well, you've had one day's fishing on the lake that enchanted N. P. Willis, the luxurious day-dreamer, and where Matty Van Buren and a host of other famous old "Vans" frequently held high revels in days gone by. You go to bed thinking of the North, among the rest. Back Roderick is just proposing to leave Kinderhook Lake, when all the vision fades; you open your eyes; you are snugly laid away in bed, and the morning sun is shining in upon you. You rise, deeply regretting that it was "all a dream," perform your ablutions and breakfast on the delicious fish you captured yesterday on dearly-loved, never-to-be-forgotten Kinderhook Lake. Oh! that life was an endless holiday!

ALBANY, N. Y., May 7.

H. HUTHER JATTA.

DOES THE MASCALONGE LEAP?

IN the issue of FOREST AND STREAM for April 19, I noticed the rather surprising statement, made by Mr. E. Bruce Phinney, "that from one-half to two-thirds of over five hundred mascalonge caught by himself and friend, 'drew themselves, the instant they were struck, either entirely or partly out of water.'"

I have had some experience fishing in Canadian waters for mascalonge, especially in the same region of which he speaks. During the month of July, 1878, I spent almost every day fishing for bass and mascalonge, and my efforts were handsomely rewarded.

Since reading the article above referred to, I have thought the subject over, but cannot remember of a single instance where the fish leaped from the water upon being struck. Indeed, my experience was exactly opposite, for instead of rising they would invariably go to the bottom, and when they were taken from the water, it seemed as if they came direct from the bottom.

I remember that the difference between the actions of bass and mascalonge, when struck, was a subject of comment between the guide and myself. I could tell almost every time, without seeing the fish, whether I had a bass or mascalonge as soon as the bait was taken. A four-pound bass would afford more sport than an eight-pound mascalonge.

Why is it that the flesh of bass taken from Stony Lake is not so solid as the flesh of those taken from the St. Lawrence River and Great Lakes? The water being considerably warmer, may be one reason. During the coming summer I intend to spend about a month in this region, and will make close observations as to the habits of the mascalonge.

SEBASTIAN, O., May 7.

DR. K.

PENNSYLVANIA NOTES.

THE Pennsylvania Angler's Association has stocked the Perkiomen Creek with rainbow trout, and we are glad to learn that instead of making a promiscuous planting, the head waters, where black-barents are so plentiful, are not stocked, do not exist at all, were chosen, and the lower portions of the stream nearer the Schuylkill were properly passed. This society will do a good work for our portion of the State, and is a live and active organization. It is said that one great cause of the depletion of the Schuylkill River waters of its bass, especially the portion which runs through Fairmount Park, is the netting of the fish at all seasons of the year by the predatory people of Manayunk, Wells of Schuylkill and others, who have been violating the law annually for several years, and it is proposed to appoint a warden whose business it will be to patrol the river and arrest offenders. Would it not be an economical plan to interest some of the railroad "track walkers" and offer them a fee for every case of netting they discover. The railroad track runs close to the Schuylkill River, many miles above Philadelphia, and if the proper officers of the Reading Railroad were seen to have no doubt their consent could be procured to have the employees interested. Gov. Pattison of our State has signed the bill which will allow the Pennsylvania Fish Commission to sell the Marietta Hatchery property and to select waters better adapted, and we hope to soon hear of a new site chosen. Our trout fishermen are now all off on their delayed trips. Your correspondent received a despatch yesterday from Lehigh Valley, reading, "Come up, trout are ripe to be taken! I must stay in Philadelphia this week, and perhaps lose the best of the sport, which is only had in the Lehigh Valley streams the first week or so of the season, and the pleasant weather coming upon us this spring all at once we may expect but a very short season."

PHILADELPHIA, May 11.

Homo.

SOME SOUTH AMERICAN FISHES.

WE were recently favored with a loan of an old work, the property of Mr. Francis Endicott, the title of which is "Cyclope to South America: Describing at Large the Spanish Cities, Towns, Provinces, etc. on that extensive Continent, Interspersed throughout with Reflections on the Genius, Customs, Manners, and Trade of the Inhabitants, together with the Natural History of the Country. And an Account of the Gold and Silver Mines. Undertaken by Command of His Majesty the King of Spain by Don George Juan and Don Antonio de Ulloa, Both Captains in the Spanish Navy, Members of the Royal Societies of London and Berlin, and Corresponding Members of the Royal Academy at Paris." Translated from the original Spanish. Illustrated with Copper Plates. Dublin. Printed for William Whitson, at Mecenas's Head in Bride street, 1758." in two volumes; from which we quote:

Of fish there is a great variety daily brought from the neighboring ports of Chorillos, Callao, and Ancon, the Indian inhabitants of which make fishing their whole business. The most palatable are the corbinas, and the pegey, or sea-king's fish; but those in the greatest quantity, and of some time very palatable, are the anchovies. The corbinas and the king's fish infinitely excel those of Spain; the latter is also remarkable for its size, being generally six or seven Paris inches in length; yet even these are thought to be surpassed by those caught in the Buenos Ayres River. It is a salt water fish but very little different from that caught in the rivers of Spain. The river of Lima affords a sort of anchovy, two or three inches in length, but these should rather be called crayfish. The whole coasts abound with such shoals of anchovies as exceed all comparison, and beside the quantity caught by fishermen, they are the chief food of innumerable flocks of birds, with which all these islands abound, and commonly called guanacos; many of them are indeed alcastraces, a kind of gull, though all comprehended under the general name of guanacos. A little after the appearance of the anchovy they rise from these shoals in such large and thick flights as to totally cover them, and fly toward the sea for an hour or two, without any visible decrease of their number. When at some distance from the land they divide themselves, and begin their fishing in a very entertaining manner. They fly in a circle at a considerable height above the water, and on seeing a fish, they dart down toward their beak foremost and their wings closed, and at the end of the circle they rise from the water in a distance; after which they rise again into the air to catch the fish. Sometimes they remain a considerable time under water, and rise at some distance from the place where they fell, doubtless because the fish has endeavored to escape, thus disputing celerity with them in their own element. **

The islands of Juan Fernandez abound greatly in fish of various kinds, among which are two species not observed in any other part of this vast sea. One is a fish, which, though not absolutely in every particular like that of Newfoundland, the difference is very minute, either with regard to color, form, taste, and even the small scales observable on that fish. They are of different sizes, but the largest three or four feet in length. The other species is a fish resembling the tolo in shape, but much more palatable. From the fore part of each of the two fins on its back grows a kind of triangular spur, a little bent, but containing the back, and terminating in a point. It has a soft, glossy and hardness of a bone. At the root of it is a soft, spongy substance. This spur or bone, for it resembles both, is such a present remedy for the toothache, that the point of it being applied to the part affected, it entirely removes the pain in half an hour. The first account I had of this singular virtue was from a Frenchman, who was my pilot; but as a reason would not persuade me that such a cure after my own experience, to a circumstance seemingly so void of probability, the assertions of the man increased my desire of putting it to the proof, which I did several times, and always with success. I did not fail to communicate a discovery of such great benefit; and accordingly several of my acquaintances, who labored under that execrable pain, made a trial of it, and found from it the same happy effects; and I observed that the particular cure that, after the application of the bone to the part affected, it became insensible to pain, a drowsiness succeeded, and they awaked free from the torture. I observed that the spongy substance at the root, during the operation, became greatly inflated, and softer than in its natural state, which could not be affected solely by the moisture of the mouth, the part put into it being compact, hard, and smooth as ivory.

It is to be remarked that the spongy virtue which extracts the morbid humor, and collects it in the gum. The common length of these anodyne spurs is two inches and a half, of which one moiety, together with the root, is within the body of the fish. Each face of the triangle is about four lines in breadth. The fish is taken in the same plenty as the others. ***

These spurs on these coasts abound in excellent fish, though not in near so great a degree as those near the island of Juan Fernandez. Here are seen, in particular, a great number of whales, which come even into the bay; also a tunny and sea wolves. Among the amphibious creatures here is one known all along these coasts, and even at Callao. It is called *Pajaro Nino*, the bird-child. In its some parts resembles a goose, except that its neck nor its bill is not arched, and is something larger. It has a thick neck, a large head, and a strong, short bill; its legs very small, and its walking is not in an erect position. Its wings are small, scabbled, and nearly resemble the fins of the seal. Its tail is so small as hardly to be distinguished; its wings and whole body are covered with short brown hair, like that of the sea wolves, and generally full of white spots, though some are of other colors; so that upon the whole the bird makes no disagreeable appearance. It lives promiscuously, either in the water or on the land, and is very shy, and is often bit severely, though it is observed never to be the first aggressor. ***

These harbors or roads [Island of Fernando de Noronha] abound in fish of five or six different species; among these are lampreys and moreons, the last of an enormous size, but neither of them palatable. At the bottom of this harbor is taken a fish called cope, from its triangular figure. It has a snout unlike that of a hog, and its whole body is enclosed in one bone resembling iron, within which is a sharp edge, that is, on the two sides of the snout. The upper part of it is covered with green scales, and underneath with white. It has two small fins like other fishes, and its tail, which is horizontal, is also small. On being taken out of the water it immediately emits from its mouth a greenish froth of an insupportable smell, and which continues for a considerable

MEACHAM LAKE, N. Y., May 8.—The ice broke up May 8. Lake clear of ice the 5th. First party out from Malone the 4th. Two of the party caught thirty-one pounds of trout in one hour at the mouth of the inlet, and all hands caught good baskets of trout so far. No salmon trout yet, as we cannot get minnows for bait. The lake is very high to-day; the snow water is still running in, and at the present rate of melting will continue to run in as a matter of course yet. Everything is very backward, which indicates a long season of spring fishing. My land-locked salmon were turned into the lake April 25; the salmon-trout May 2.—A. R. FULLEN.

OWEN SOUND.—Out, May 7.—Trout fishing is here again. So far the weather has been very unpropitious. The streams are very high and turbulent.—AMBER ALE.

Fishculture.

THE McDONALD FISHWAY.—The construction of this fishway has been greatly improved. The later designs greatly strengthened, as well as cheapen, the structure, and at the same time exclude all means for the passage of fish to pass through without clogging the fishway. This is accomplished by a very simple method, and removes the only possible objection to this superior fishway. Col. McDonald, at his own expense, is removing the old iron casings from the one on Bosher's dam on the James River, and is substituting the new pattern. Concerning this fishway on Bosher's dam the last report of the Virginia Fish Commission says: "The construction of it is, in some respects, defective. The introduction of the intermediate iron plates furnish the means for the lodgment of leaves and straw, which soon obstruct the way and interfere with its efficiency. This construction was modified in the Fredericksburg way, so that leaves or small brush material entering the way would pass through it, and it may be necessary to alter the Bosher's fishway in accordance with the same result." We now learn that this has been done, and it makes the McDonald fishway the best and most complete one yet devised.

THE UNITED STATES COMMISSION.—The steamer Look-out has just arrived in Baltimore after her southern trip, and is preparing for a voyage up the Potomac. She has been cruising in the Chesapeake Bay, and has been catching and confining spawning shad, but without success, as the fish were not to be obtained in numbers. In Florida the party under Major Ferguson found a few ripe shad which yielded some millions of eggs, which were hatched and returned to the waters. Down at the Chesapeake they had no new plenty, and the steamer will follow up the fishermen and take the eggs from their fish and hatch them or transport them to the old nursery at Washington. The season in the Chesapeake promises to be a good one.—R.

SALMON IN THE COLUMBIA.—Mr. A. Booth, of Chicago, the pioneer in the salmon-canning business on the Columbia River, is quite certain that salmon are rapidly decreasing in Oregon. He believes that the stock of fish can only be kept up by artificial means. The cost to introduce 5,000,000 young salmon into the Columbia River being \$5,000, Mr. Booth offers to be one of ten to advance funds for this purpose. The yield in good seasons is estimated at \$2,000,000.

THE OHIO COMMISSION.—Toledo, May 13.—The Ohio Fish Commission has just finished planting fifty-five to sixty millions young whitefish, the product of our Ohio hatcheries for the past fall and winter.—D. V. HOWELL, Supt.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. JOHN H. DUNN & Co. will sell at auction, Saturday, May 23, the well-known and popular year-book of the Forest and Stream, for the year 1886. The sale can be had at their office, Nos. 25 & 27 Front street, N. Y. Advs.

We call attention to the advertisement of Mr. E. G. Koepig, 573 Broad street, Newark, N. J., in this issue. He has just completed a new illustrated catalogue of fishing tackle etc., which will be mailed free on application.—Advs.

Who smote the marble gods of Greece? Nobody knows. Why are Besson's Currier Rogues' Plasters ahead of all others? Everybody knows. Because they are quick, powerful and sure. Who will ride in a coach when he can travel by rail? Why will you not seek when you can be relieved to-day? For sale everywhere. Price 25 cents.—Advs.

PERHAPS in no other way do accidents happen so frequently as by slips and falls, causing sprains or broken limbs, in the simple act of walking. St. Artistic dispels the illusion that those who do not travel are safe from such accidents. Has a friend or a friend's friend, a member of the Association, 330 & 332 Broadway, New York, offers the protection of a \$5,000 policy, with \$25 per week indemnity, for \$1 member-hip fee. Annual cost of a year's protection, 10 cents. No other plan of application blank. The rich men of America are quick to recognize the value and prudence of accident insurance. As a rule, they carry large amounts in such policies, and are well served. In the event of a fatal or disabling casualty, they represent the value of Government bonds. A \$1,000 dollar policy in The United States Mutual Accident Association, 330 & 332 Broadway, New York, may be had for \$2, and continued at the rate of \$25 per annum.—Advs.

ELECTRIC CALL BELLS FOR YACHTS.—In the building of a yacht the point wherein it is applied; but the American yachtman has also a corresponding interest in the fitting up of his vessel. Being naturally of a practical mind, he makes under-deck a place to live in pleasantly, and from the costly and superfluous decoration to his elegant private stateroom there is every modern appliance tending to solid comfort. Even electricity has been called upon to aid, and now no fit-thing is more common than Longstreet's electric call bells. With them instantaneous communication is received from the cabin to the captain's room, the galley and the fore-cabin. The proprietor of a yacht, or commander of a vessel, will find a stateroom may summon a servant, or if suddenly ill, assistance. The incident may, while under the blankets, order their coffee and toast in the early morning, or their lunch laid on. In the event of a call, the bell is the greatest service, as an alarm may be instantly sent to every part of the yacht, the location of the fire given, and all aboard simultaneously notified of an accident. In the event of a fire, the bell came from the necessity for it, and emanated from the brain of a thorough yachtman. Mr. J. H. Longstreet, the manufacturer of the electric call bells, is a resident of New York City. Mr. Chio, and his apparatus has been designed with special knowledge of the needs of pleasure yachts and those who sail them. His address is Barclay street, New York City. Give him a call.—Advs.

A St. Louis sportsman spent the greater part of last summer at Thompson Junction, Brainerd, Fort Garry, Pembina, Lake of the Woods, and points along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. He has returned to St. Louis, and in a letter to us this season, he stated that during his stay in the North, railroad laborers and others made a business of gathering the eggs of water-fowl and shipping them to Duluth and other markets. This notorious traffic was carried on to such an extent that it was necessary to issue orders to the effect that no complaint of by sportsmen. Each nest generally contains about seven eggs. When hatched the proportion is about five males and two females. The sportsman alluded to states that nearly all the birds that were taken by him were males. Ten of thirteen mallards killed on one occasion were males. Of eleven teal bagged at another time but two were females. There is no market for teal, which are very small, but they are used for domestic purposes, and will lay before they are a year old. The mallards are unable to account for his strange experiences and a growing scarcity of water-fowl on any other theory than wholesale robbery of nests and the indiscriminate slaughter of young ducks.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

FIXTURES.

BNPCH SHOWS.

June 12, 13, 14, and 15, 1886.—Chicago Bench Show, Chicago, Ill. Entries close June 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1885.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close May 15 for and Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coker, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

November 20, 1885.—Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary, American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Bryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

THE NEW YORK DOG SHOW.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL BENCH SHOW of the Westminster Kennel Club, which was held at Madison Square Garden last week was much the best that has ever been held in this country, and we are assured by gentlemen who have attended many of the most important shows in England that it would compare favorably with anything that they had seen. Everything connected with the management ran like clockwork, and the club may well feel proud of the success which has attended the exhibition. No one who has been in regular attendance at the shows which have been held by the club can fail to notice the great improvement from year to year in the quality of the animals exhibited. At none of which has this improvement been more apparent than in the collies, which are sufficient evidence of the value of the bench show as an educator of the public. The "Garden" is undoubtedly the best place in the country for holding a large show. The floor which has been laid since the last show was held there is a great improvement as, done away with the dampness, which was very disagreeable.

The arrangements for handling the dogs were complete and nothing was left undone that would conduce to their comfort. They were fed with special diets, and came out at the end of their long confinement looking much better than could be expected. The building was thoroughly disinfected with phenyls, and at all times the air was in very good condition when we take into consideration the number of animals present. Most of the dogs were in excellent health, and the English and Irish setter classes were remarkable for the high quality displayed.

One of the most attractive features of the show was the magnificent display of dogs of various breeds. The collection of collies was also remarkable for the large number and high quality of the entries. The ladies' pets were also a great improvement upon those of former years, and attracted much attention. The judges were very satisfactory, and in general the case. The attendance was very large, many of the best people of New York and vicinity were present, and we are pleased to announce that a handsome balance remains after paying all expenses.

The annual club supper at the Brunswick on Friday evening was, as usual, an elegant affair. The repast was epicurean, and the responses to the many toasts were replete with wit and wisdom. A pleasing feature of the evening was the presentation, in well-kept style, of a pair of collies, of a very handsome gold hedge to Mr. Chas. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln was taken quite by surprise, but responded in a very happy manner as follows:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen—For this distinguished mark of your most highly prized consideration I cannot find words to express my heartfelt thanks. In the words of the immortal bard, I am no orator as Brutus is, but were I Brutus, I would speak as plainly as I could. It is a great gratification for this beautiful badge, which I shall cherish rather as a mark of your kind friendship, than a testimonial to any services it may have been my good fortune to render. That my acts may always be so fortunate as to meet your friendly approval is my constant wish, and only add to my satisfaction and conclusion, my thanks for your past and present kindness.

The bar of the medal bears the letters W. K. C. The usual inscription on the obverse is "The Westminster Kennel Club in the center. Upon the opposite is "From the Managers of the New York Bench Show of 1885 to our esteemed friend and Superintendent, Chas. Lincoln."

Following are our comments upon the dogs; in each class the name of the judge is given.

MASTIFFS.

MR. JAMES WATSON.

There were five in the champion class, all of them magnificent animals. Nevison deservedly won the medal. Gurth, owing to an accident which caused swelling under his jaw, was not entered for competition. We never saw him looking so well. In the bitch class there was one first prize. She is a very good bitch, but was heavy in whelp and shown much too fat. In the open dog class Tilly, who won first, was looking very well. Rover, who won second, is a very fair dog. Cato, who was third, we liked very well. He is of good type and has mastiff character. He is too small or he would have secured a better place. The bitches were perhaps as well placed as was possible. Dolly Varden, who won first, is a very good bitch, and fully deserved the place. Regina, Queen II, and the Scotch bitch, who were placed in the second position, were reversed not much fault could be found. Boedicea, unnoticed, we thought about as good as these, although she was shown in wretched condition. The puppies were a very good lot, and well judged.

ST. BERNARDS.

MR. JAMES WATSON.

Bonivard easily captured the medal in the champion rough-coated dog class. He has improved since we saw him at Pittsburgh. Monk is a grand dog, but was in very bad condition. The prize was properly withheld in the bitch class. His is a good one of the best class. Ervay, who was second, has a good head, but his body is poor. Monarque we liked very well. Marous, who was vice, we liked full as well as any of the class, notwithstanding his bad condition. The others in the bitch class were not so good. The best in the open dog class, notwithstanding his thirteen months old, by Turbo out of Snowflake; he was entered here as twenty-one months old, and by Bruno out of Fan. He is a good dog, and it is a pity that such a mistake should be made. That Harold should have had the place in the bitch class, and that the Scotch open dog class, with the exception of the first prize, was nothing extra, and the second prize was properly withheld. The bitch class was very good, and well judged. The puppies were a very nice lot and also well placed.

BEGGARS.

MR. JAMES WATSON.

The berghand, although a noble-looking dog, is a mongrel, and should never be recognized as a distinct breed. He is cer-

tainly no better than the St. Bernard or mastiff, from which he comes, and consequently is a failure as a distinct breed, and he should be relegated to the miscellaneous class, where he belongs.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

MR. JAMES WATSON.

This was not a large class, and with the exception of Mayor of Bingley, who was first, there was not a good one in it, although Netop, who got second, has a very good head.

GREYHOUNDS.

MR. JAMES WATSON.

The greyhounds were very well judged. Don II, who won in the champion dog class, is a very good-looking animal, with a capital head, a fine neck, a good tail, and a good light behind. Spring, the only other in the class, also looks well, except that he is not good in head; he also appears too stiff. Clio, the only entry in the bitch class, was disqualified for her broken leg. In the open dog class, Friday Night was an excellent winner. He is a grand young dog, well balanced, with good chest, shoulders, legs and feet. His stern is also very good. His head is a bit wide and he is a trifle thick-skinned. He was altogether the best one shown, and he rightly awarded the first prize. Dawson was a large dog, thin, and slightly won second, is a fair dog, a bit short forward, with poor feet and heavy stern. Eire, who was vice, lacks bone and has very bad teeth. Doubleshot was in good better condition than the others shown. He has a good head and fair legs; he is weak in chest and hind quarters and has bad feet. The others we did not like. In the bitch class, Fan, who was first, is a very good dog. She is very handsome, with lots of quality, and is well put together, with excellent legs and feet. Her hind quarters are a trifle straight behind. Dorothy, who won second, is also a very good looking bitch, with a good head. She was very well shown. She is also lacking in bone, and is not quite thin enough in neck; her coat is not quite so good as those of Fan, Coquette, who was vice, we liked, and thought that she deserved at least another letter. She has a good head, with the best ears in the class; her stern is also fine. She lacks in size, bone and quality. Her hind quarters are also a fair animal. The others we did not fancy. In the puppy class Honor Bright, who won first, is a very promising puppy. She has a capital head, and if nothing better she will do to show again.

DEERHOUNDS.

MR. JAMES WATSON.

The deerhounds were few and there was not a first-class one in the lot. We thought them properly placed.

POINTERS.

MAJOR J. M. TAYLOR.

We were greatly disappointed in the quality of the pointers. The display was the poorest that has ever been seen at any New York show. The Duke of Devonshire was quite a good dog. He was looking better than when at Pittsburgh. He is rather coarse and leggy, and has not a good tail. Don we preferred for the place. He is a better all-round dog than any other in the class. Foxglove is in beautiful condition, but was all out of condition. Cruxeth was very well shown, except that his coat was not quite right. Tramp was not looking so well as when we saw him last. He is very good, but his tail is not so good as it should be. He was in the bitch class, and was shown in splendid condition. The open dog class was small in numbers and weak in character. Forti and Tally Ho, who were placed first and second, were entitled to their honors. Duke of Bradford, who was awarded the prize, Foxglove in beautiful condition, was a good dog and very well put together. Nan, who won first in the bitch class, is a fine upstanding bitch of more than average quality, and fully deserved the place. Vision, who was second, is a very good dog, but is not so good as Nan, and was ruled out. Lady Gleam, who won third, was not advanced to second place, which was proper, as she is only a fair specimen. In the champion light weight class Bravo was awarded the prize. He was very well shown, and was quite a good dog, and very well put together. Nan, who won first in the bitch class, is a fine upstanding bitch of more than average quality, and fully deserved the place. Vision, who was second, is a very good dog, but is not so good as Nan, and was ruled out. Lady Gleam, who won third, was not advanced to second place, which was proper, as she is only a fair specimen. In the champion light weight class Bravo was awarded the prize. He was very well shown, and was quite a good dog, and very well put together. 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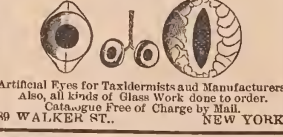
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FISHCULTURE.

EVER since fishculture was undertaken in this country there have been doubters as to its utility. Notwithstanding the successes recorded and the great benefits that have been derived from it, these skeptics refuse to be convinced. A few days ago we heard a man say that shad in the Hudson would now be more plenty if none had ever been hatched there. His argument was, that if the fish were left alone they would spawn more freely and the unripe ones captured would ripen and cast their spawn. He was unaware that the eggs taken were from fish which would have gone to market and was really so much saved, and that of eggs cast in the natural manner not one in a thousand hatched.

The same thing has been said about the salmon and the trout. The latest thing that we have noticed is a statement from a professed fishculturist, which has been widely copied, and as it pretends to come from a "United States Fish Commissioner," it seems to have the stamp of authority. The item in question we have seen in the *Cape Ann Advertiser* and the *Belfast, Me., Republican Journal*, both papers devoting much space to fish matters. It says:

"United States Fish Commissioner M. P. Pierce is not a believer in fishculture. He says the Delaware and all the large streams north of it emptying into the Atlantic were natural salmon streams at the time the country was settled, but the clearing off of the forests and tilling of the land has rendered the waters warm and muddy, whereas when frequented by the salmon they were clear and cold. The same is true of the trout streams. To attempt to restock the streams with these fish at a great outlay of money is a mistake. The labor and expenditure are almost a total loss."

In the first place, Mr. Pierce is not a commissioner of fisheries, either of the United States or of any State. He has made some carp ponds and has taken an interest in fishculture to the extent of making speeches before the legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in which he has opposed any appropriation being made for the use of the Commissioners. Why he has done this is best known to himself,

although the Commissioners of those States impute selfish motives to him.

His statement that the Delaware, and streams north of it, were salmon streams is also wrong. No stream south of the rivers of Connecticut contained salmon at the discovery of the country; but the Delaware was stocked with a few salmon some years ago, and a few fish have since been taken in it, enough to show that with liberal stocking it can be made to produce salmon.

There is one thing that is certain. Fishculture has too many grand successes to point to in America to fear being discontinued because a few skeptics or disappointed men throw stones at it. The moon is a grand success, and continues to shine, no matter how much barking is done at it.

THE SELECTION OF THE TEAM.

THE theme of all talk in rifle circles and among the outside public as well is the action of the directors of the National Rifle Association in shutting W. M. Farrow from the roll of members of the team of 1883. There is much to be said, pro and con, in regard to the act, but after all the bald fact remains that one of the best marksmen in America, if not the very best all-round shooter we have, has been shut out from a chance of adding his strength to the team, and only because some of those in power have personal spites which they wish to work out in this petty fashion.

The facts of the case are simple, and all the muddle of explanation which may be thrown about them will not change the general impression that a gross act of injustice has been done, and the American motto of fair play and the best man to the front set at naught. Mr. Farrow has been for years a member of the Newport Artillery, an organization of the Rhode Island militia. He competed a year ago at Creedmoor for a place on the team of last year, and at other matches under the control of these same directors has appeared in the uniform of his corps and won prizes. It is nonsense then to claim that he was not well known to the Creedmoor officials as a National Guardsman. Yet he was shut out from leading his valuable aid to retrieve the defeat of 1882 on the flimsy pretext that the directors had not been made officially aware of the fact that he was a member of the citizen soldiery.

The clause under a twisting of which the directors shut off Mr. Farrow is No. 10 of the "Regulations for the Selection and Government of the American Team," which says:

10. Each person entering for the competition at Creedmoor shall be required to produce a certificate from the Adjutant-General of his State, stating that he is and has been since January 1, 1883, a member in good standing of its uniformed National Guard or militia, and is a proper person to represent his State on a team.

Was Mr. Farrow required to produce any such document? No. Instead, this very matter was brought up at the first conference of the embryo team and the committee, held at the club house on the range on the morning of May 14. The fact was then noted that not only Mr. Farrow but several others of the shooters had neglected to provide themselves with such papers, and then and there, with the full knowledge and consent of the committee, this requirement was waived. Had the committee felt inclined to insist upon the display of a certificate, then was the time and that the place, before a shot had been fired. But no. Here was instead a capital chance of playing a sharp trick and profiting by their own questionable device. Mr. Farrow was lulled to the belief that such a palpable, useless precaution was not to be enforced, and when a week's good work had been put in, giving Mr. Farrow the best average of any man in the two dozen picked shots competing, when it became more than ever evident that he was really needed on the team, then it was that the little technicality dodge popped out from behind the fence, and Mr. Farrow became aware of the fact that he was the victim of something very much akin to a conspiracy.

There is talk of securing harmony on the team by the rejection of Mr. Farrow, and it is undoubtedly true that that gentleman in the past has figured in many disputed cases over the interpretation of match rules. He has also a very inconvenient way of looking a gift horse in the mouth, and this is an unpardonable offense to a company of managers, whose five-dollar trinkets appear as twenty-five-dollar trophies on the shooting prize list. In many similar ways, Mr. Farrow has incurred the lively displeasure of many of the rifle magnates, and for this he has been punished when the opportunity offered, though it does appear a great deal like splitting the face by cutting the nose off. It has never yet been shown that Mr. Farrow has ever done anything which was contrary to gentlemanly conduct, and an exercise of an

American independent course of action. He has pushed his way to the very front rank as a marksman by hard and intelligent work. He is to-day thoroughly conversant with the theory and practice of rifle shooting, and his omission from the team is a real loss. There was nothing to show that he was not actuated by the best and most patriotic motives in giving his time and effort to win a place. There is no reason either to fear that he would not have made a good working member of the team, but with some odd scores to settle and a chance to strike down a man who might have carried a particular rifle to the front, he has been sacrificed, and the squad of riflemen go abroad, not as a representative team chosen by a fair and open selection according to merit, but instead a few riflemen who find favor in the eyes of men placed in positions of trust.

There is a very bad air about the whole matter, and its tendency will be to check newcomers from taking an interest in range practice. Merit, it would seem, is not to be recognized, and it is as much a fault, it would seem, to shoot too well, as it is to shoot too poorly. The rejection of the best shot in America from a place on the team may be looked upon with favor by some of the English shots. It certainly is a step toward giving the British team another victory. A year ago it was pretty well understood that the visitors were to win, and some of the private letters sent over by the English managers before the match, would be very interesting reading in this connection. But it certainly cannot be the plan of our so-called American managers to throw another match into the hands of the Wimbledou experts.

It remains to be seen whether the other members of the team will retain their places on a body from which one of their companions has been so rudely pushed. There surely ought to be sufficient regard for fair and honest endeavor to see to it that a snub, and a very emphatic one, is given to such a contemptible little pettifoggery trick as that which cut Mr. Farrow from his hard-won place in the first eight of the American team. No rifeman can in the future tell what trap may be sprung upon him after he has done all the work before the butts which may be required, and a more flimsy curtain to hide behind than the one chosen by the majority of the committee on this international match, it would be difficult to imagine.

There is fault on both sides of the controversy, but no petty fallings on the part of an individual can be for a single instant regarded as offsetting the worse than blunder committed by the directors in their star-chamber proceedings.

FISHING ON SUNDAY.—Mr. Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, who was secretary of the Commissioners on the Code, and who drafted the Sunday sections, is quoted by the *Observer* as saying: "Section 265, on sports, is substantially a transcript of a law which is fifty years old. The effect of section 259 of the code does not seem to me to have been sufficiently considered. It really restricts all punishments for violation of either of the following sections, to cases sufficiently aggravated to be pronounced by a judge and jury 'serious interruptions of the public repose and of religious liberty.'" If Mr. Abbott is correctly reported these may be accepted as the principles upon which the framers of the law intended it to be construed. It will be seen that considerable latitude is allowed to those who choose to "be quiet, and go a-angling." They may fish, but must not make a noise about it and so disturb "the public repose." This reading of the statute, we take it, would not forbid fly-fishing, for the lure which falls upon the water lightly as a feather would not disturb this repose; but concerning bait and line fishing there might be a very nice splitting of hairs, and we are prone to think that the man who *chugs* his bait into the stream would be ruled out. Again it is clearly not permissible to pursue the fugitive herring over the hills, with horse and hound and hunting horn, as at Newport, nor to follow with hue and cry the ancient whitefish, as in certain sections of Canada. Perhaps there was just such a law when the "Complait Angler" was written, and it was to those who thought themselves oppressed by it that Walton left his parting injunction, "Study to be quiet."

THE IDEAL VIEW of the New York and Brooklyn bridge, which is opened to day, would show a tangled skein of fishing lines dangling down into the turbid waters of the East River, with multitudinous monsters ascending. We have seen no statement from the bridge trustees respecting the future angling privileges on the structure. It will now be in order to petition the authorities for permission to fish from the bridge. The only drawback to this scheme is the fact that there are no fish to be caught.

The Sportsman Tourist.

QUIET SPORT.—IV.

BY MILLARD.

ABOUT four miles north, "bearing a little west," lies another and a larger lake, where "solitary and alone" live a quiet couple, Uncle Philo and his wife, whom every visitor is pleased to address as "Anny." The lake affords no sport for the fly, but trolling is good, and many large catches are made in that way. The outlet of the lake, however, offers trout and black flies in generous quantities, and the biggest brawler with rod and reel can catch as many of the latter as the most finished expert.

Dick and Glen sighted the log house of Uncle Philo a few minutes before dinner time. Philo was hard at work following a plow which was pulled in a steady-lyerks fashion on an old black horse which the crows were waiting for. He was breaking, or trying to break up a patch of ground which he had cleared and was going to "put it into faters" if he and the horse ever finished plowing it. It was getting to be a serious question which got broke up first—the land, the horse, or Philo's voice, for the old Rosinante's ears were continually filled with "Git up, ousam ye, ye lazy creeter, git up," which was the extent of Philo's horsey profanity, but repeated so often that the horse rather liked it, and apparently was always waiting for it and trying to hear it.

Anny's call to dinner was a welcome one to all of us. "Was alooking for ye boys. Expected ye on yesterday. Sit down; sit down." Well, anny," says Glen after dinner was over. "You have not forgotten how to prepare a first-class dinner at short notice, and speaking of dinners, Uncle Philo, can you lend me the loan of your razor, for I don't know when I shall have such another chance to slick up." "Sartin, yes, I can make it go. Here it is, but I calculate you'll have ter touch her up a little for you can use it."

"Thank you, Uncle Philo, I'll touch her up a bit this afternoon before I go down the outlet."

After Glen had finished his shave, or scrape, and lounged about the house for an hour or two, he and Dick went down to the falls, over which the surplus waters of the lake plunge before they enter the outlet, and the plunge which the water does, making summer music as it rushes over on the off side and having sport when it strikes below, makes a beautiful pool on the high side and surrounded with immense rocks covered with cushions of moss, while on either shore is a perfect jungle of undergrowth, making it necessary, to fish the pool, to climb one of the aforesaid rocks, a feat which Glen presently accomplishes, though choosing one of the outer ones, where the trout could not see him and from which he opened hostilities, the rod in his hand working with the accuracy of a mathematical instrument.

He was one of Charles Reade's either-hand men, and his car in preparation extended to the minutest detail, so when the battle opened he was ready at every point. He was never headstrong, never letting his zeal outrun his discretion, but patient and undisturbed as a sphynx. He will always manage well enough, and even if the trout escape, he will give no sign of discomfiture, no matter how loudly he may feel for his lost teaching in coolness.

At the second act of the subjective this has done its work, and now, old rod, to business. Humph! two ounces at least, and not an ounce less. Little fellow, you may go home, and please tell the old gentleman there about the nice visit you have had, how sorry you were you couldn't stay longer, and how splendidly you were treated by the pleasant friend you met. Give my compliments to your big sister, and tell her how pleased I should be to see her. Good bye, Splash!

What a retentive memory the two-ounce had for such a youngster, and how he must have embellished the story of his travels as he told it with his fluent tongue, for in a few seconds came another, many times larger and older—one with a great deal of rapid transit about his style; but he was struck at sight, which is the flash of the trout. You may miss him, but if you were to wait long for his chances of escaping, Glen believes, are greater than if he met him the better part of half way. He can let go very prettily.

Every angler has his pet theory regarding the twist of the wrist or turn of the hand, and the proper time to put it in practice, but as Glen says he was taught to strike at sight, it has become second nature with him, and as he can capture rather more than a fair proportion by that method, he is not going to sacrifice it. He is going to break that trout up in business, that's what he is going to do.

That poor trout is a victim of misplaced confidence. Oh, how could Glen do it? He did it with rod and reel, and with silence and celerity. Did it because he loved it, and the trout, bowing to the inevitable, in ten minutes by the watch and chain, was ereled, and slept with us in sections that night. He was a good one. "Sold-made, game; no livered singard, no hot-house product, tame and insipid, that swished like a prize-pigeon for his food to be brought to him, but he was as good as a warrior, and a warrior he had conditioned himself by buffeting the rifts and currents and battling among the eddies for his morning and evening meal."

Into the basket went he, while Glen glew with a quiet glow of satisfaction. One's whole after life might be void of such pleasurable emotions. Even a yes that ends a wooing might be tame in comparison. To one you can always look back with a longing for its repetition. The other—well, we have heard of warriors, but people say if they were to do it over again they wouldn't do it.

Glen was contented when he had landed a dozen that a Christian sportsman need not be ashamed of displaying. In capturing the dozen he had taken some smaller ones, but scrupulously returned them. There was not the slightest particle of the "T. H." in his composition, and he could unblushingly exhibit the contents of his creel if he cared to show the results of his angling skill.

How the black flies had taken hold while Glen was too busy to accord them the reception they merited, and they had improved their opportunity of displaying their infernal tactics on his cleanly shave face.

The black fly season at that particular locality was unprecedentedly active. They all wore spurs, carried red-hot needles, and stuck closer than the scriptural brother. The millions of black flies that stabbled and sucked a hundred years ago are presented to us by descendants worthy to inherit their devilish propensities and proclivities. There has been no degeneration in the stock, for, utterly and hein-

ously depraved, without an apparent redeeming quality, they maintain the old reputation and carry on the business as originally established.

Uncle Philo and Anny were waiting supper when Glen returned.

"Massy, sakes alive! Mr. Glen, but how the pesky flies have lit outo you."

"They did rather manage to get in their work to their good advantage while I was on the rocks below the falls; but that's all right, as it was my fault."

"Your fault?"

"Yes, for I had a bottle of tar and oil but forgot to apply it, so the fault was in a measure my own. Oh, how I have bled an unconsciously suffered, if such a thing be possible, the torments of the damned while handling the rod. Suffered when I had in my pocket the remedy to alleviate the pain, but all forgetful of it in the delights of eating the fly and making the ripples and quiet pools contribute of their treasures to my eye. Put me on a runway watching for deer, and if there is one fly about he will demand and secure my attention so of all the deer within five miles."

"Don't you think, Mister Glen, that giving yourself a nice, clean shave was what drew them to you? Dick ain't scarcely touched."

"That, I think, made no difference."

"Did you find the mazor in good order?"

"Not first-class, but I touched it up on the grind-stone, and finished off on the stove-pipe. I was very careful not to nick the stove. It shaved me, but it pulled terribly hard. I say, Uncle Philo, wouldn't it be a good idea to hire it up with your old black horse, and your ploughing with the two? If your horse can pull as well as your razor, you will have a team that can walk through every stump in your clearing. But Uncle Philo, I am much obliged for the use of it, and Anny, that is what I call a way up supper, one of the kind I firmly believe in putting down."

"So said we all of us."

Before the purple tints in the west had all faded away, the roof of the scarlet Iris Club had joined us, having temporarily broken their usual adquears, and Uncle Philo's cabin was filled with a sociable party.

DAVE'S MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.

IN a former communication* we wrote that poor old Davy W. had paid his last debt—we might almost have written his first and last. He was a rare genius, and his name still "blossoms in the dust" of the Yazoo Valley; at least when there is no overflow upon its fertile fields; for even as we write, through broken barriers the great Father of Rivers, as he sweeps ever southward to the blue Mexican sea, rolls in singing waves over Davy's lonely grave. Small in stature, neither strong nor muscular, and with a somewhat "determined" stoop of the shoulders, he appeared at rather a disadvantage among the stalwart raftsmen of the Swamp. It was only when around the camp-fire, while from black and black "dudeen" the fragrant breath of the Indian weed curled upward to the blinking stars, that Dave towered above his fellows, a veritable Anak in the fields of contemporaneous fiction. Although he was generally the hero of his own story, and so managing in his manner, so self-deprecating his voice, that one never thought of him as a braggart.

His face had perhaps "once been fair," but was when I knew him tamed and weather-beaten. His eyes were yellowish gray in color, with that far-off, dreamy, India-summer look that is always associated with peace and contentment, and so slight was the division which his nose made between an eye and the other, that it almost ran into another. His hair had once been red, and with the exception of a whitish patch on the top of his head, was still of a muddy, fox-tail hue, while his beard was tawny and bristling, and each individual hair stood out fierce and defiant like the spines upon a cactus. It knew no north, no south, no east, no west—a kind of "political beard," as Dave once said of old Sol Frelley's pocket compass—"pointing to every tree in the woods, and there I concluded that Dave would never carry one of these "useless contraptions," as he called them, depending, as many old hunters do, upon the moss and bark upon the trees for guidance, when skies were "ashen and gray."

After Dave had finished the story of his encounter with the "Duteh Yawger," as before related, Ben H. proposed that we should go upon a camp hunt up on "Six-Mile" Bayou. To this Davy, on my implicit assent, and having agreed upon starting the next day, we separated.

Bright and early the next morning saw us assembled at the appointed rendezvous, with our "camp tricks" and a darkey commissary on the roof of an extra mule.

Taking our course along the eastern bank of the Sunflower, we crossed that stream at Callao, the plantation of Col. Harvey L. And here, if it will be permitted me, I would like to make a short digression: Presuming that some of your Northern readers may be ignorant of what were the qualifications requisite for the acquiring of military titles among the planters of the cotton States in ante bellum days—titles so innumerable, that had a modern Napoleon, as No. 1 did when he got Moreau at Eylau, ordered a few shells dropped among us, he would have bagged a "little general" in every pop—I will for the benefit of the future historian state, that they were bestowed in accordance with the number of cotton bales upon which the individual planter stenciled his brand. Be it understood, however, that there were no captains "in those days." The shipper of his five score bales never ranked lower than Major. When the packages of the fleecy staple reached to double that number he was promoted to Colonel, and when he rolled the comfortable figure of 500 out of his gin house, it was "Glad to meet you, General."

If there were "brevets" for the intermediate numbers, the writer knew of none, unless, perhaps, it was "Judge."

Having crossed the river, we continued our course up its western bank, and in a short time struck the Deer Creek trail, following which a few miles brought us to the confluence of "Four-Mile Bayou" and the swift-running Bogue Phuala. Forging the latter stream we soon found ourselves traveling along the bank of a dry bayou, the land upon both sides of which lay in long swelling waves covered with tall grass and a scattering growth of trees, with here and there small islands of cane upon the most elevated points. These lands are subject to annual overflows from the local streams, they remain in all their wild, uncultivated beauty, and are favorite feeding grounds for deer, which could always be found in abundance; until driven to the higher cultivated lands by the past year's disastrous overflow they were foremost and best appreciated by the "gentleman from

Africa." Pitching our camp near a clear pond that slept in depression of the bayou bed, our camp-fire soon shone brightly through the gathering twilight, while around it flitted our sable commissary preparing the evening meal. This dispatched and enjoyed, as such meals always are, we were able to sit in silence watching the white swaths from our lighted pipes as they rose slowly upon the damp night air, each, perhaps—as our sweethearts used to write they were always doing—"following the lead of his wayward fauces."

At length, having doubtless held his game, Ben H. broke the spell with, "I say, Dave, don't it sometimes make your mouth sore for those long-winded yarns you tell to come out of it?"

"O, no," Dave replied; and then very solemnly, as if the question has conjured up some sad memory of the past, he continued, "but if you watter hear it I'll tell you all 'bout one sore mouf I did have wons't."

"Out with it, then," said Ben, "if it won't make your mouth sore danger o' that!"

"O, no sorer o' that; it twan't talkin' as done it that time, no how," said Dave, and, relighting his pipe, he went on, "You see, 'twas while I wase a-lyvin' down at the mouth of 'Murry,' one day Shot Duple he come along the river an' he self down on a log what I wase a-fishin' an' begin a-tellin' me as he'd a-went down ter Ditchal's last Sunday an' a-coched a thousan' peeches outen one hole, an' rarerer one on 'em wus er hit bigger nor er bit littler than tother one."

Here Ben interrupted him with, "And I suppose you believed all such stuff as that?"

"O, no," said Dave, "I didn't exactly believe as to they bein' our same size. But, as I wase a-sayin', there wos t'other I-a-fishin' an' Shot a-talkin', when I looks up the river an' I see er fellow come down in er skiff. 'It's one of them pill-peddlers,' says Shot, 'an' now's yer chance, Dave,' says he, 'for to lay in yer doctor's grub, an' bein' as you's lookin' mighty puny o' late,' says he, 'I think you oughter take in yer eat's ration's an' somethin' extra for Christmas.' Well, sure enough, when that fellow bleded he had his skiff full of all sorts o' powders, an' as a stickin' plasters, an' sich like, right onto about twenty bushels, Shot said, 'Well, what does I do, with Shot a-sayin' all the time, 'Buy this yer, Dave,' an' 'Here's the stuff ter set you up, old feller,' but I lays in a general assortment, ten dollars' worth o' therabouts, an' with what the feller throwed in for good measure makin', as nigh as I can come at it, about er bushel an' er half."

Well, twan't no'er ten days o' two week maybe, I wos taken with cramp in my leg o' somethin', an' think, I wos, old feller, you're lucky this time, you've got plenty o' sick grub in the house. Well, I jest shet my eyes an' I run my little box in the chis' sorder chance like an' up I foted er han' down which were pills all a-iced jest like a weddin' cake. But they didn't seem to understand the business, so the next dive I foted up some kind o' yaller powders, an' I tooked about a three-fluger load on it, but it didn't faze me, then think I things wase gettin' serious, so I pitched in kind o' indiscriminate like, an' in about a week, as sure as you're alive, the whole of that physic jest sild down my waseen."

"That is what makes your eyes look so much like the windows of a drug store," said Ben.

Unheeding the interruption, Dave continued: "Well, by that time my mouf had got so sore that I don't think I could swallow another pill if the suppy hadent a' come out."

"Jes, about that time George Booker, he come along a blovin' up the river, so I runs out on the landin' and I sorter motioned for him to fetch her in, for I couldn't a spoken outen a whisper if I had a wanted to say my prayers. So when George he seed me a workin' my arms he landed her an' I went aboard. An' says I, 'George,' says I, in a whisper, 'I ain't eat a moufful for almost er month,' says he, 'What in the world is the matter, Dave?' says I, 'I god only knows what is the matter,' an' then I ups an' tells him 'bout that pill-peddler, an' how much doctor's grub I'd tooked. 'Oh,' says he, 'you're salivated.' Says I, 'that might a bin his name as far as I knows, but anyways he's about fixed me.' Then George he says how I must go down to Vicksburg an' see er doctor. Well, I puts on er clean shirt an' down I goes, an' when I gets that the first thing I does I goes straight up to old Ben Barkway's medical shop, an' I begin a whisper in him as wher's er doctor. 'Oh,' says he, 'you're salivated, come here an' take er drink o' sellers' pepperin'."

"A drink of what?" said Ben. "I never heard of that brand before."

"O, 'twan't spirits," said Dave; "'twas some kind o' salt an' water stuff."

"O, yes; sellers' pepperin' said Ben. "Go on."

"I'll tell you," says I, "twill make me appear in any better, for I knows I'm lookin' right bad," says I.

"Jest then Doctor Bulver he walks in the sto', and old Ben says he: 'Doctor Bulver, here's one of the biggest cotton planters on Red River hadly salivated, an' I want you to do your level best on him.' Then the Doctor he jest aoids me to come in the back room, an' when we got in that says he: 'Please open your mouf, my friend.' Then he shuek his head, an' says he: 'Yes, yes, pretty bad case. You must a tooked about forty poun's o' hydrargum it, broken down, didn't you?' Says I, 'I god only knows what I didn't took.' Well, then he tells me ter shet my eyes an' lay down that my back on the table, an' then he hollers ter old Ben ter fetch him er pint o' aggyforty, an' the fast thing I knowed he'd a gapped my mouf wide open an' a poured every drop o' that aggyforty down my goozle. Jerusalem, my happy home! er cup o' red hot bilin' lead wouldnt a bin a patchin' to it, an' when I open my eyes the blue blazes wase jest a shootin' outen my mouf about ten feet high, clean up to the ceiling o' the sto'. It jest burnt me out clobberin' a foller log, an' I never heers tell about sore mouves since I drunk that aggyforty, but I thinks about that pill pedder."

"I wish," said Ben H., "we had a pint of that aggyforty to start our fire in the morning."

Dave lifted his eyes inquiringly to the speaker, but if he said anything the water splashed upon his blanket, with his feet on the floor, and his head pillowed upon his saddle, was too far off in the land of dreams to hear him.

TUCKAHOE.

CLEVELAND, O., May 19.—Killed thirteen snipe May 10. Did not weigh them, but were the fattest birds I ever saw. Oil would drip from the hands while dressing them, and when I open my eyes the blue blazes wase jest a shootin' outen my mouf about ten feet high, clean up to the ceiling o' the sto'. It jest burnt me out clobberin' a foller log, an' I never heers tell about sore mouves since I drunk that aggyforty, but I thinks about that pill pedder.

*FOREST AND STREAM APRIL 20, 1898.

Natural History.

NOTES ON THE BIRDS OF ALABAMA.

BY A. M. R.

During the summers of 1880 and 1881 I was afforded excellent opportunities for observing the birds of Alabama, the first season being spent mostly in the north and the second in Montgomery county. I thus had a chance to see something of the avi-fauna of the two extremes, and the following rough notes are the result of my observations. Through the information of friends I have been able to add some remarks on the winter species.

Wood Thrush—Hylocichla ustulata.—Common in the mountains of the north; not common south of Birmingham.

Robin—Turdus migratorius.—Very abundant in winter; rather uncommon during the summer. A nest and four eggs were found in Montgomery in 1879.

Brown Thrush—Harporhynchus rufus.—Common throughout the State. Found breeding in the north during the month of June. Local name sandy muckle-bird.

Mocking-bird—Mimus polyglottus.—Everywhere very abundant. Found breeding in the north in June. A favorite position for the nest is in the thick mock-orange bushes. Three to six eggs form the complement.

Catbird—Galococcyx carolinensis.—Abundant. Found breeding near Birmingham as late as July 1.

Bluebird—Sialia sialis.—Common. Young very abundant in June.

Blue-gray Gnat-Catchers—Poliophtila cornuta.—Common everywhere, but not abundant in the lowlands of the south. Several nests found on Lookout Mountain. The gnat tree is a favorite building site.

Tufted Titmouse—Lophophanes bicolor.—Occasionally met with throughout the State.

Southern Titmouse—Parus atricapillus, var. carolinensis.—First met with on the southern slopes of Lookout Mountain; it was quite abundant, and at that time (June) gregarious; rare in the south. It very much resembles the black capped titmouse.

Blue-headed Nuthatch—Sitta pusilla.—Only one specimen observed during two summers, and think that it is quite rare. The specimen I have referred to was seen near Birmingham.

Carolina Wren—Thryothorus ludovicianus.—Occasionally seen throughout the State; young birds obtained near Montgomery in July.

House Wren—Troglodytes aedon.—Most common in the north, but met with throughout the State; breeds.

Black and White Creeping Warbler—Mniotilta varia.—Everywhere abundant; breeds.

Blue Yellow-backed Warbler—Chloris americana.—Several specimens obtained near Montgomery; none seen elsewhere.

Prothonotary Warbler—Protonotaria citrea.—Sparingly met with in the swamps south of Montgomery.

Tennessee Warbler—Helmintophaga peregrina.—Several males obtained in the extreme north; not seen elsewhere.

Summer Warbler—Dendroica aestiva.—Everywhere common; breeds.

Prairie Warbler—Dendroica discolor.—Extremely abundant throughout the State, frequenting pine woods. A nest and three eggs found in the extreme north in June. It was placed on an older branch overhanging a small stream, and gave the appearance of the summer warbler.

Golden-crowned Thrush—Sturnus auricapillus.—Occasionally seen in the north.

Water Thrush—Sturnus necivus.—Everywhere common, especially in Montgomery county, where it breeds in great numbers in the swamps.

Maryland Yellow-throat—Geothlypis trichas.—One specimen seen a few miles north of Montgomery; nowhere else observed.

Yellow-breasted Chat—Icteria virens.—Everywhere abundant. Near Montgomery nests and eggs were found as late as July 1. Local name, French mocking-bird.

Redstart—Scolecophaga ruticilla.—Rarely met with; one specimen seen in the north.

Scarlet Tanager—Pyrrhula rubra.—Occasionally seen in Montgomery county.

Summer Red Bird—Pyrrhula aestiva.—Everywhere very abundant; in the extreme south they are even more numerous than the cardinal grosbeak. Strange to say, I found no nests, nor could I hear of any, though the young birds, in their varied plumage, were very plentiful in June and July. I frequently noticed these birds darting after flying insects in the manner of the flycatchers.

Barn Swallow—Hirundo erythrogastra.—Everywhere common, nowhere very abundant.

White-bellied Swallow—Pechiprictus bicolor.—Occasionally seen on the Alabama River.

Bank Swallow—Cotyle riparia.—Common; breeds.

Purple Martin—Progne subis.—Most abundant of the family; bred in colonies in bird houses erected for the purpose. Nesting season, May.

Red-eyed Vireo—Vireosylva olivacea.—Occasionally met with throughout the State; only species of the family observed; breeds.

Loggerhead Shrike—Lanius ludovicianus.—Common north and south; a nest and three young birds found near Montgomery in June.

Field Sparrow—Spizella pusilla.—Abundant; eggs collected in the north in June, and near Montgomery as late as July 4.

Whipping Sparrow—Spizella socialis.—Common; breeds.

Song Sparrow—Melospiza melodia.—Abundant; breeds.

Swamp Sparrow—Melospiza palustris.—Common in swamps; breeds.

Yellow Bird—Chrysomitris tristis.—Common.

Snow Bird—Junco hyemalis.—Common in winter; observed during the winter of 1875-76.

Blue Grosbeak—Guiraca caerulea.—Common in the swamps of the south. Nest and young found near Montgomery in June. This is one of the most beautiful of our Southern birds.

Indigo Bird—Cyanospiza cyanea.—Abundant; breeds. This is a most persistent singer, remaining perched on some high branch and enduring with indifference the heat, which has long since driven all other bird life into the shade.

Painted Bunting—Cyanospiza ciris.—Rarely seen.

Cardinal Grosbeak—Cardinalis virginianus.—Everywhere very abundant; many nests found. The eggs of this species

differ greatly, some being of a dark chocolate color and others of a light brown.

Bobolink—Dolichonyx oryzivorus.—Most abundant in the north, but occasionally seen throughout the State. During the winter they are found in vast numbers in the south. Local name, reed bird; breeds.

Cow Bird—Molothrus ater.—Occasionally seen throughout the State; no record of its breeding.

Red-winged Blackbird—Agelaius phoeniceus.—Common in the north; not found in any numbers south of Birmingham; breeds.

Meadow Lark—Sturnella magna.—Uncommon in summer; very plentiful in winter.

Baltimore Oriole—Icterus baltimore.—Occasionally seen; by no means common.

Orchard Oriole—Icterus spurius.—Everywhere abundant; many nests and young found near Montgomery in June. A curious instance of this species nesting in a martin box came under my notice. The young are ground-feeders in summer.

Crow Blackbird—Quiscalus purpuraceus.—Common in the north; rather uncommon in the south; breeds in the north. Found everywhere in the winter.

Crow—Corvus americanus.—Not often seen south of Birmingham; common in the north. Abundant in winter.

Blue Jay—Cyanura cristatus.—Very abundant. Breeds in the pine woods.

Kingbird—Tyrannus carolinensis.—Everywhere common; breeds.

Great Crested Fly-Catcher—Myiarchus crinitus.—Everywhere very abundant. I found it in great numbers in the cypress swamps of the south.

Pewee—Sagorinis fuscus.—Common; breeds.

Wood Pewee—Contopus virens.—Occasionally seen in the north; not observed in Montgomery county, though I was struck numerous eggs collected in the vicinity.

Whippoorwill—Antrostomus vociferans.—Occasionally seen in the thick woods. Breeds near Montgomery.

Night Hawk—Chordeiles virginianus.—Everywhere very abundant; about the last of August they are in fine condition and afford much sport to the hunting community; known throughout the south as the "bull bat" birds.

Chimney Swift—Chaetura pelagica.—Abundant; breeds.

Red-breasted Humming Bird—Trochilus colubris.—Plentiful; breeds. The terror of hawks and owls.

Belted Kingfisher—Ceryle alcyon.—Common; breeds.

Yellow-billed Cuckoo—Coccyzus americanus.—Sparingly met with all through the State. Locally known as the "rain crow;" breeds.

Black-billed Cuckoo—Coccyzus erythrophthalmus.—One specimen, a young male, obtained about fifteen miles south of Montgomery; the only one of the species seen.

Great Ivory-billed Woodpecker—Campylorhynchus principalis.—Common in the mountainous region of the north. Local name, woodcock.

Hairy Woodpecker—Picus villosus.—Several specimens obtained in the north, and it is probably found throughout the State, though I did not notice it in the south. Local name, "sap-sucker."

Downy Woodpecker—Picus pubescens.—Everywhere abundant, especially in the pine woods of the south. Locally known as the "little sap-sucker."

Red-bellied Woodpecker—Centurus carolinus.—One specimen obtained near Birmingham.

Red-headed Woodpecker—Melanerpes erythrocephalus.—Very abundant. A favorite breeding place is in the dead trees in the midst of the cotton fields. I have counted as many as four nests in one of these trees.

Golden-crowned Woodpecker—Colaptes auratus.—Sparingly met with throughout the State; abundant in winter. Local name, "yellow hammer."

Barred Owl—Strixio cinereus.—Common near Montgomery; breeds in the pine woods about the city. I obtained many specimens of this fine bird, one of which I kept alive for some time. It was perfectly blind during the day.

Red Owl—Scops asio.—Common.

Pigeon Hawk—Falco columbarius.—Seen in considerable numbers throughout the State.

Sparrow Hawk—Falco sparverius.—Common; breeds.

Sharp-shinned Hawk—Accipiter fuscus.—Occasionally seen in the north.

Cooper's Hawk—Accipiter cooperi.—Common; breeds.

Bald Eagle—Haliaeetus leucocapillus.—Occasionally found among the mountains of the north; said to breed on Lookout Mountain.

Turkey Buzzard—Bubo virginianus.—Everywhere abundant, acting as scavengers. Instances are reported of their having attacked young lambs and sickly sheep; breeds in great numbers on Lookout Mountain.

Black Vulture—Cathartus atratus.—Often seen, generally in the south; by no means so abundant as the preceding species; breeds.

Carolina Dove—Zenaidura carolinensis.—Abundant. About the last of July the young are in prime condition for the table and are much hunted.

Wild Turkey—Meleagris gallopavo.—Common; breeds.

Ruffed Grouse—Bonasa umbellus.—Found in considerable numbers in the northern mountains. Local name, "pheasant."

Virginia Quail—Ortyx virginianus.—Everywhere very abundant; breeds.

Killdeer—Egialitis vociferans.—Common; breeds.

Spotted Sandpiper—Actinopus macularius.—Common along the banks of streams. Local name "lip up."

Great Blue Heron—Ardea herodias.—This splendid species is very abundant, especially in the south; breeds in the cypress swamps of Montgomery county. Locally known as the "crane."

Little White Egret—Gareta candidissima.—Common in the south; not observed north of Birmingham. Associates with F. carolinensis.

Little Blue Heron—Florida cervina.—Abundant north and south; breeds.

Green Heron—Butorides cirrescens.—Common; breeds.

Night Heron—Nycticorax grisea.—Common; breeds.

Bittern—Botaurus minor.—Not common. One specimen obtained in the south; breeds.

Mallard—Anas boschas.—Occasionally seen; abundant in winter.

Summer Duck—Anas sponsa.—Common; breeds in the swamps of Montgomery county.

Brown Pelican—Pelecanus fuscus.—Rather rare. A fine specimen was shot in the north by a gentleman of my acquaintance.

Least Tern—Sterna hypoleucis.—Two specimens seen in Montgomery county, one of which I obtained and carefully

identified. It was a young male and had probably strayed up from the coast.

Pied-billed Grebe—Podilymbus podiceps.—Common: frequents the ponds throughout the State.

OHIO GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

THE fourth volume of the Ohio Geological Survey purports to be devoted to the Zoology and Botany of the State, but as a matter of fact includes only the Vertebrates. The report on the mammalia is by A. W. Brayton; that on the birds by Dr. J. M. Wheaton, the reptiles and amphibians are treated by Dr. W. H. Smith, and the fishes by Prof. Jordan. The report on the mammals contains nothing especially new. We are, it is true, occasionally surprised by a statement like the one on page 12: "It is scarcely likely that any [wild cats (Lynx rufus)] remain [in Ohio] to the present time;" but such errors are usually corrected further on in the report. The curious statement that the badger "is very abundant," presumably in Ohio, since the paragraph is not in quotation marks, is to be explained, perhaps, on the ground that the report in fact is largely a compilation from the works of previous writers and contains little or nothing that cannot be found elsewhere.

The report on the birds is a much more satisfactory production. The introduction treats of the topography of the State and its climatic peculiarities, and touches also upon the laws of latitudinal variation, a subject which receives fuller attention further on (Appendix [E]); the nomenclature employed is that of Dr. Conner's "Key to North American Birds," only modifications of more recent discovery. The arrangement of the ordinal groups is also taken from the same work.

A description is given of each species of bird mentioned, its habitat, date of arrival and departure if a migrant, and very full notes on the habits of the species. These notes, too, are written in an extremely pleasant style, and are really delightful reading. It is impossible to allude to any considerable number of the points of interest which come up on this subject. We may, however, notice that the skylark is given as breeding sparingly in the vicinity of Cincinnati. They are said to have been exterminated on Long Island in this State, but Mr. Edmund Orgill, of Brooklyn, believes that a few may still be found there. Dr. Whenton notes nine specimens of Dendroica kirilandi known up to date of writing, and Dr. E. C. Sterling informs us that up to the present year (1883) eleven specimens have come within his observation. The Canada goose (C. canadensis) is an occasional visitor, and the black vulture (C. atrata) has been taken. The extended account of the habits of Ortyx virginianus is extremely interesting. The ruff (Phalaropus pugnax) has once been taken in Ohio. The white pelican (P. trachyrhynchus) occurs occasionally.

In his appendix to his report Dr. Wheaton gives a check list of Ohio birds, adopting the nomenclature of Ridgway's check list (Government Printing Office, 1881). This comprises 292 species with four additional varieties and two introduced species, giving a total of 298 species and varieties; of these six are considered as accidental. This list gives also the dates of the arrivals of migrants, a very useful addition. There is also an excellent bibliography of Ohio ornithology, a paper on the Relation between Latitude and the Pattern of Coloration in Birds, and a Glossary of Technical Terms used in the Report.

The list of reptiles and amphibians includes thirty-six species of the former and twenty-five of the latter. The introduction is interesting and the notes on the species full. Only three venomous reptiles, two rattlesnakes and the copperhead, are found within the State. There are three lizards and thirteen tortoises in the list. The following species are given as rare: Pityophis melanoleucus, Ophiodon colubiger, O. dolivus, Coluber obsoletus, Cychophis aestivus, Diadophis parietalis and Urolythops maculatus.

The report on the fishes by Prof. Jordan is, as might have been expected, in all respects admirable and needs no criticism or comment. One hundred and sixty-three species are enumerated, and of these forty are characteristic of the lake fauna, and sixty-seven of that of the Ohio, the remainder being common to both.

The report abounds in typographical errors, for which there is really no excuse, but very much of the material contained in it is extremely interesting.

DUCK HAWK.—This very beautiful hawk is rather a rare bird. Although it breeds on Talcott Mountain, Conn, and Mounts Tom, Holyoke, and Toly, Mass., I have heard of but one pair breeding in any of the above places, except at Mount Tom. I had that year (1882) a very fine young male, plenty fifty years ago, but being robbed of their eggs, young, and shot, there are now but a few pairs in this section of New England. William Street, on Mount Tom, Mass, had one caged for two years, and, certainly, with his jet black eyes and winsome ways, he was one of the most interesting pets I ever saw. I have watched him for hours, and his every movement was grace itself. Throw him a piece of meat and he would catch it before it could strike the bottom of the cage. Dr. S. G. Moses, of this city, kept three for quite a long time, but they made a feast of one of their number. The pair were presented to Prof. Spencer F. Baird, who prized them highly. These hawks do not build any nests, but lay their eggs on the bare rocks. And they are quite sure to lay their eggs in the places which are most difficult places for man to get at. Before the eggs were sought for, anybody could find their nest. They would fly to it, and keep up a screaming cry, and you were out of sight. The young, which hatched, would make as much noise as a small drum corps. But since their eggs commanded \$4 to \$6 each, they have learned a few points. By visiting their breeding grounds you may see one hawk, but there is a scarcity of this particular species of hawks at once. When the young hatch you they are as still as a Quaker meeting when the spirit does not move. I have known them to be placed in a nest usually in some way, and they were the hawk's eggs. And they got a good view of the beautiful Connecticut Valley for their interest in natural history.

FLICK FLICK (Hartford, Conn., May 15, 1883).

A FAWN AT LARGE.—In the Central Park there is a fawn which the keepers are unable to capture, and which wanders wherever he pleases. He usually comes into company with a flock of penfold and guinea hen, roaming during the day with them about the Park, and at night sleeping under the tree in which they roost. When the fowls are fed he picks up some of the kernels of corn which are thrown to them. He is very tame and will take food from the hands of visitors, but is very suspicious of the keepers or the workmen who have several times tried to catch him in order to return him to the deer paddock.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such articles?

NOTES OF FLORIDIAN EXPERIENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"N B.—Shooting and fishing unsurpassed." This is the style of life that I've seen for years past attached to every hotel advertisement in Florida, and I confess that it contributed largely toward making up a desire for a Southern trip. I supposed, from report, that quail were so numerous that I could shoot enough in New York to pay my expenses, and that all I wanted every day, and that wild turkeys, deer and bears could be shot by the dozen from the cars. "Lord, how this world is going to live!" exclaimed the renowned "W. S.," and it hasn't recovered from that passion yet. When correspondents begin to tell you the truth you'll begin to know more about Florida than you've learned from them yet.

I have traveled over nearly all the principal routes and have found, on every stopping place, the bagging a few quail involved great trouble and expense, while to get a shot at a deer or turkey one must go to an uncivilized region and live on "hog and hominy," with dirt *ad libitum*, as "crackers" do, which, in fact, is the case nearly everywhere after leaving Jacksonville and Palatka, where Orvis has established his hotel house. If your correspondent had been born and bred among the Digger Indians, any Florida hotel might do for him when crassness and grubs were out of season, but he's unfortunately fastidious and sees no good reason why food should be served up in a dirty and villainous way when it's just as easy and cheap to do it right. It is said that "the devil sends cooks," and it might be added that he also sends hotel-keepers. Not one man in a thousand knows how to keep a hotel, and that a man has secured a license is no proof that he knows how to keep it. When a hotel is advertised for rent, any loon who has the money can take possession of it without any regard to his qualifications, and the public must suffer. At Jacksonville there are four or five good bones, and the Putnam is, as everyone of refined taste knows, the model hotel of the South.

As I was strongly disposed to indulge my youthful passion for shooting, I interviewed every acquaintance who had been to Florida, and came to the conclusion that for good quail shooting the only place in the State was the one left for Ocala, but got left at Waldo, and finding friends and a very well-kept house, I concluded to hang up my hat and send for my baggage—especially as they reported shooting and fishing unsurpassed. I passed two weeks there, and did not regret it, though the shooting and fishing proved a fiction. With a good dog a man may find a few birds almost anywhere, but there is not the same hazing enjoyment in it that one finds in Northern woods. The quail are of a smaller pattern, and do not get up with the noise and vim of our northern birds, and are far inferior all the while. After one or two failures I picked up my "Fox" one day, an hour before dinner, and took a walk just back of an orange grove near the house, and stumbled on an innocent little bevy, but as they failed to notify me of their intention to rise I only got out, but marked them down in a patch of dwarf potatoes and a thick cover of grass, where I found them scattered that I put them up singly and shot down two of the next one selfishly got behind a tree and got off with all his feathers. I then found three snipe and actually shot six times at the wriggling things before I got them safely in my pocket, by which I learned that my youthful skill had led for parts unknown. That ended my Florida shooting. I found that enterprise was a great resort for shooting and fishing, and I've no doubt that early in the winter snipe, quail and duck shooting is very good; but I'd rather have an hour's rough rambling through the Northern woods and fields, and get but half a dozen shots, than to bag a score of birds in Florida.

Ocala is a thriving town, and might be a delightful place for sportsmen if there was a good ho— but no! I won't mention it for fear of hurting some one's feelings, especially a Northern man. When a man gets here he doesn't find turkeys gobbling at him from every bush, and even if he did, the discomforts of the things they call hotels would more than counterbalance the pleasure of shooting and fishing. To get a shot at an item of game, or to catch a fish, one must pay out money.

I have wandered, in an unsatisfactory sort of way, nearly all over the State, and have seen a spot where I cared to stop until I reached St. Augustine, and found a fine, fascinating, quaint old place, and is bound to be the winter Newport of this country. The great obstacle in the way of settling up this place rapidly has been the difficulty of getting here and the atrociously kept ho—; but both these difficulties are about to be removed. A new railroad has just been opened direct from Jacksonville, and the same company will build the splendidly equipped, and well-purplied twenty-car train that will run nearly opposite to the fort, and before another season opens will have a hotel worthy of the beautiful old place, and equal to any at the North; and what is more, there's a fortune in it of no ordinary size. Several efforts have been made to push the city out in that direction, and now that this enterprise is started by a wealthy company properly along will go up with a rush. A general hotel is already being thought up with a view to the winter season, and when the new hotel gets here the old one will be left, at present prices. Everything now is nicely arranged to make St. Augustine by far the most attractive winter resort in Florida, except—the lack of wisdom in her rulers. Nearly half the men who visit Florida have an eye to enjoyment in the way of shooting and fishing, and when they come here and find that they are not permitted to shoot deer or other birds, and that the lawless a mile from the city, they very naturally feel disgusted, and many of them leave for places where they have some liberty; and the city loses thousands a year. Another equally stupid blunder is refusing to allow a newspaper to be sold on Sunday! But the city is undergoing a civilizing change, as Jacksonville did, and the time is not far distant when men will feel ashamed to enact laws that would disgrace a community of sensible old women.

It is astounding to view of the sensible efforts made by Jacksonville and other towns to attract the traveling crowds—that a set of men can be found who will resolutely shut their eyes to the great advantage they possess of making their city by all odds the most attractive point in the State,

and look calmly on while other cities draw the population and the money. But, luckily for those who come here to enjoy themselves, the law does not have any control beyond the city limits, and the shooting and fishing is far better than in any place where I have been, if it is not "unsurpassed."

St. AUGUSTINE, Florida.

[The only reason that our correspondent found the birds plenty about St. Augustine is just because of the much-needed and very proper prohibitory provision of which he complains. Not only this country has there been a more marked instance of the extent of the game laws, which took place in the vicinity of St. Augustine when the rash of Northern visitors first set in there. The gunners spared nothing that had wings. The prohibitory law was enacted as a last resort. We are glad to learn that it has accomplished its purpose.]

IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

[Continued from Page 306.]

TIRING of fishing, and lacking energy to hunt in the dense timber around our first camp, we decided to move still further into the mountains; so we pulled up stakes and headed for Manzanita Lake and Lassen's Buttes. We took an old road, little more than a deer trail at the time, no travel having gone over it for years, but by walking up the steepest of the hills we managed to get through by a short route. Our way lay across a very rough group of small ridges and ravines, which we passed the first day, and then we reached table land, which was settled to some extent by hay ranchers and stock men. We emerged from the timber at one of the prettiest mountain meadows imaginable. It was about three miles long by one wide, very level, and covered with wild grass three or four feet high, and a fine stream ran through it. There was a rail fence enclosing the largest part of it, and a deer track was struck around the fence. We could see where their sharp feet stuck in the ground all along where they jumped over into the field, and out again—probably mornings and evenings.

I wanted to camp at this place, but we concluded to go to the lake. We did not hunt any, only to shoot such small game—squirrels and quail, as we saw from the wagon. As we approached a ranch, two deer were met by the rancher, who said he had just seen three deer cross the stream ahead. I inquired which way they went, and started in the direction indicated, but had gone but about a hundred yards, when, hearing a shout, I looked back and saw a fine spike-buck across the road and stop just ahead of the wagon. Enochs had his rifle in his case and was now struggling excitedly to get it out, but before he could do so the deer started. Instantly Enochs got up and fired, and fell just as he turned, making a splendid shot (though the boys claimed it was an accident), and the buck dropped his tail, but bounded desperately for a short distance. The rancher gave chase, being on horseback, and caught the animal just as it fell, having been shot through the shoulders. Enoch's swore he was about to shoot it through the head if I had not anticipated him.

We reached Manzanita Lake—so called from the dense thickets of manzanita bushes surrounding it—and found it to be a beautiful place indeed; but the surrounding country was open, barren, covered with a lava formation and dense brush, and was poor hunting ground. There was some tall timber around the lake, which was a mile long by about three-quarters wide, clear and very deep. Its inlet was a fine stream flowing directly from the snow on Lassen's Buttes, five miles away. The water was very cold, and to be a mile away from the lake is a curiosity, and must be of recent origin, caused by a sinking of its bed. Numbers of submerged trees may be seen in all positions beneath its surface. Some of the trunks stand erect as they grew, others slope upward in a reclining position, and all of them are white as chalk from the action of the water. We found a pretty good rowboat that had been left on the lake by a hunting party the year before, and we enjoyed many boat rides, gliding over the white, ghostly trunks of the immense trees that could be seen in the clear depths a hundred feet below. On our first attempt to cross the lake we had reached about its middle when we began to realize that we were not making headway. Then the boat began to swivel around like a windvane, and we discovered that we were "snagged," and we were alarmed. The length of the water was the result of our first year's hunt, a half mile from either shore. By shifting our positions, and working the oars we worked off, however, and found we had run the boat about an immense stamp, rotted off six inches below the surface. We kept a lookout at the prow for snags after that, and kept nearer shore. We killed ducks (mallards) enough for our use, but they were not plentiful at the time, although they hatch here in considerable numbers. We shot two or three, and two-thirds grown, still unable to fly, and they were fine eating.

Trout were plentiful in the lake, and of a large variety, weighing from one to four pounds, but we could not induce them to bite, although we tried several kinds of bait. We obtained enough with a spear (a poor one), however, to satisfy us. It was the first spearing by night that I had ever attempted, and a cold bath was the result. During the night did not prove to be the water on account of its deceitful clearness. We had made our camp at the edge of the water, and the night of our arrival, after having built a large fire, and procured a supply of pitch for our torch, Indian Dick and myself rowed around the lake on a spearing expedition. Enoch's rolled up his blankets by the fire and went to sleep. We succeeded in getting several fine fish, which flopped around in the boat and gave the result. During the excitement of the sport over the immense silver trout, everyone had intended to keep the shore, we suddenly found ourselves in deep water. The fire at camp that had heretofore shone across the lake was nowhere to be seen, it having died out, while our supply of pitch in the boat was about exhausted. The night was very dark and we could not see beyond the glare of the torch light, and looking down into the great depths of the water the trout were silver. During the excitement which seemed to spring up to ensnare the boat, our sensations were unpleasant. Dick was first to see a flicker from the wasted fire on the shore, and you may be sure we lost no time in going forward. Upon landing we found that we had rowed directly across the lake, luckily missing the snags.

We found a number of bear tracks in the neighborhood, but did not see any of the animals, perhaps it was because we did not prowl around their haunts, the dense thickets, any more than was convenient.

After tiring of boat rides, fish, and ducks, we concluded to go to the summit of Lassen and then return homeward. Accordingly we set out in the afternoon, going as far as the foot of the mountain and camping in an old log cabin that

had been built by some stock man. Early the next morning we began our climb, and reached the summit after four hours' toil. The ascent was rendered more difficult and more fatiguing by the loose character of the mountain-side, it being composed of loose rocks, and rolling underfoot, and we slipped and fell more frequently than seldom. We reached the top, but unfortunately the atmosphere was smoky and the view greatly obscured. Still we could see for miles over the broken country, trace dense forests stretching in every direction, and see a dozen lakes, some of them mere ponds, others miles in extent. There was a small rock on the summit that had been built by the Government geologist-surveyors. It is said that the United States changed signals with another party on Mt. Diablo, four hundred miles south, by fires at night. We found a tin can containing names, some of whom had probably visited the peak, but as many of them were in the same handwriting, we concluded that each visitor had put down the names of such friends as he called to mind. The lake, as it is, is said, all contain trout, no two containing the same species. In one the fish are said to be a bright red color, and we were told that one contained sardines, but a traveler will sometimes find a liver even in the remote mountains of California. The same man who told us about sardines said he mowed in his younger days a hundred swaths of hay, each swath a mile long, starting at the same place each time. He did it with a scythe, and told it with a sigh and we heard it as a lie. In fact we set him down as a practical liar, for an inexperienced person could have lied like that on short acquaintance to strangers, with guis in their hands, and got away with it.

One side of the peak was almost a precipice—about as steep as the angle of a duck's tail. We heard a crash, and he did it with a scythe, and told it with a sigh and we heard it as a lie. In fact we set him down as a practical liar, for an inexperienced person could have lied like that on short acquaintance to strangers, with guis in their hands, and got away with it.

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Next morning we renovated our wagons as best we could, fixed up our horses, and left the lake, going homeward by another route from the one we came from. We crossed a stream near a cattle ranch for two days, caught trout, killed one deer, and were supplied gratis with all the milk and fresh butter we could consume. The second morning we awoke and found a bear track in the dust about a rod from where we slept. We were going away that morning anyway, so it did not make much difference. I don't know how it was—when we started to go we wanted down on a snag, but whenever we found a nice fresh track, or dark thicket that looked promising, we were always tired, or preferred to fish, or if the prospect was very promising, we moved camp.

During the two weeks out we were always hungry, always in good spirits, and slept like logs, though the nights were uncomfortably cold in places. Had a speck of war one day with Dick, on account of his making head after doctoring the sore necks of our horses, without washing his hands. He objected. He said I was too "smart," but we arrived home safely, notwithstanding, and were satisfied with the trip.

SHASTA, CAL.

OWEN SOUND DEER SHOOTING.

"The wild woods, the wild woods,
The wild woods gave me,
The wild woods of Canada,
The boundless and free!"

—Canadian Camp Song.

I HAVE seen so few letters lately from Canadians in FOREST AND STREAM relating to sport in Canada, that I am beginning to think our native sportsmen neglect a duty they owe their American brothers of the rod and gun in not comparing notes from time to time, for mutual improvement. I have seen the outline of my splendid paper, which, by the way, is looked upon by all Canadian sportsmen whom I have met as an authority.

Perhaps some of your readers might not find an account of one of our recent deer hunting forays totally uninteresting, particularly as it occurred in the wilds of the beautiful and picturesque Indian peninsula of Ontario, of which, perhaps, little has been heard.

Our party, on starting out from Owen Sound, consisted of four persons, having for our leader Mr. George Kilhour, of "the Sound," one of the most genial fellows and enthusiastic sportsmen to be found in a day's journey.

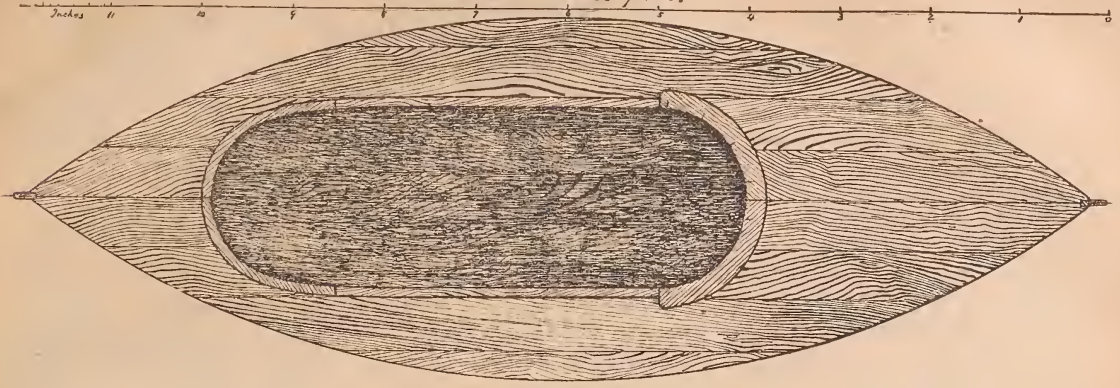
It was arranged that we were to start at 4:30 A. M., as our hunting grounds lay several miles to westward of the town. All were on hand promptly at the appointed time, and soon we had our bounds and other needfuls stowed away in the wagon. We rattled along at a good pace, the stillness of the early morning being broken only by occasional wails from the expectant bounds, Truehey and Rattler. On our way to the interior of the peninsula we were joined, as per previous arrangement, by Mr. Johnson and the Manley's *parce de ribs*; the former, of whom I know to us all as "the man with the Doc," being one of the earliest arrivals in the party, and a most ardent sportsman.

We are told in the "Legend of Shephey" that "the Baron called for his boots," and when the Baron called for his boots he meant murder. Similarly, Old Doc called for his gun, and when he called for that he meant—sport. No gun to be found! A neighbor had borrowed the previous evening. Doc looked angry, got into a row, jerked the wagon, and went on his way, and three good-sized grunts, as was his wont when angered, and blankly blank-blanked the servant for lending his blank-blank gun to that blankly-blanked sou of a gun, etc., etc. In fact he used up his whole vocabulary in a manner which left nothing to be desired. There was the devil to pay, and nothing to pay it with! At this juncture we remembered that an extra weapon had been thoughtfully left on the wagon on starting, and it was made lovingly once more.

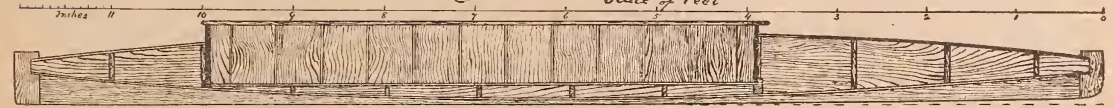
On arriving near our point of destination it was decided that Manley, Jr. and I should strike off into the woods with the bounds and put up the game, the rest of the party to drive on a bit and up the side lane to a point where they could easily reach the most favorable posts on the runways, and there await further developments.

DUCK BOAT.

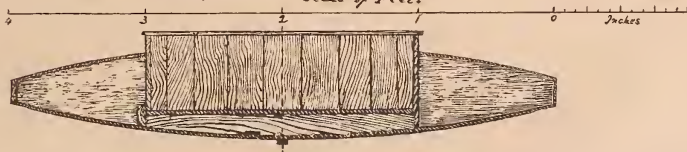
No. 1. DECK PLAN. Scale of Feet.



No. 2. Section Through Middle Line. Scale of Feet.



No. 3. Midship Section. Scale of Feet.



A DUCK BOAT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Enclosed please find three plans of a ducking boat that I have been building. She shows but little above the water, draws but little, and so can be used in shoal water, can easily be transferred to a capital blind by using a little grass, weed, or brush on the deck. She is not easily turned over, and a person can shoot from any position in her, which he cannot do in a canoe. I know this from experience, as I have spent many a day in one both here and in Louisiana.

In the first place, to get frames or ribs I lay out on the floor a cross section both ways of the boat, full size; lay off the ribs or frames a foot apart the whole length, and taking the measure of each one on the horizontal plan gives you the length, and in the perpendicular section the breadth. Then on the ends leave the width of the sides, which in my boat is only 19 1/2 in. Then take a strip of thin stuff, and from a dot that you make for the width on each side of the center spring the strip to the width of sides at each end, top and bottom, and you have the curves for the ribs. Saw out the center as far as the cockpit comes, and you have the forms. Stay them to the floor, and put on the bottom first.

Material for frames and ribs 3/4 in. oak, also for the sides, which, as I said before, are only 1 1/2 in. wide. Screw the sides to the ribs, stem and sternpost with 3/4 in. No. 6 wire brass screws. It is now ready for the bottom. Use 3/4 in. oak stripped to 6 in. in width, and where each joint comes use a batten 3-16 by 1 1/2 in., clenched through about 1 1/2 in. apart with brass escutcheon pins, driving them through on the face of a hammer or piece of iron.

Use plenty of white lead on the battens and on the edge of the sides. I fasten the covering to the ribs and sides with 3/4 in. No. 1 wire screws and escutcheon pins.

For floor to the cockpit I use 3/4 in. pine, and the washboards to cockpit 3/4 in. black walnut worked up and down and screwed to a strip let into the top of the frames, and at the bottom by strips put between the ribs. The midship section (No. 3) shows it in detail.

Amount of material: about 100 ft. of 3-16 in. oak, 20 ft. of 3/4 in. oak, enough 3/4 in. oak for stem, sternpost and keel, 12 ft. of 3/4 in. pine for floor, and enough material for the washboards, which can be black walnut, pine, oak or whatever a person chooses, 1 1/2 gross of 3/4 in. No. 6 wire brass screws, 3 gross of 3/4 in. No. 1 wire brass screws, and 800 of stout brass escutcheon pins 3/4 in. long. This is all that is required but paint.

I shall rig my boat to sail, using two legs of mutton tails, sharp rig, and also to row. The oarlocks will want to be placed on the outside and raised up high enough to clear the washboards, which can be done by a block or an iron, the boat being so wide it can be used with quite a long oar, and by a good oarsman it can be sent along very fast.

I have not weighed my boat yet, but think she will weigh about 40 to 50 lbs. She could be built of cedar to weigh much less, but I wanted mine strong, so I could cart her to the different lakes over the rough roads of this country, and so used oak.

Since writing you I have used my duck boat. She works to a charm. With a few weeds on her deck she is a complete blind. I used the same oarlocks that are fitted to my canoe. The boat draws very little over 3 in. of water. I can change from rowing to the paddle in less than a minute.

WOODCHUCKS IN TREES.—Portland, Me., May 19.—While reading "W. H. R.'s" account of a "Fox in a Tree," in the FOREST AND STREAM, I was reminded of a circumstance that occurred a few years ago while following a brook through a piece of woods in search of trout. I heard a "scratching" sound near by, and upon looking in the direction from whence it came, saw some kind of an animal ascending a small-sized tree that stood on the side of quite a steep hill, only a few rods from where I stood. Going quickly to the tree I discovered a woodchuck perched upon

We had very fair luck, for in less than twenty minutes old Trueboy and Rattler were giving tongue. Trueboy would tackle nothing less than a deer, and foxes might cross his path a dozen times when he was after deer without danger of pursuit.

Kilbourn and his companions could now hear the music and were on the alert. In ten minutes more we heard bang! bang! bang! in quick succession. Making sure that our friends had had at least some sort of success, we pressed on only stopping a moment to breathe, and bang! bang! once more. Heigh! but we are making it interesting for them, sure enough.

My companion sits down on a log. I follow, when my eye is caught by the vision of as noble a pair of antlers as ever graced a stag's head. Great Scott! my gun; where is it? Curse the fates! it's ten feet distant! The case is hopeless, but I seize it and fire; too late! That confounded stag has, for all I know to the contrary, been standing off among those bushes gazing upon me for a full minute; perhaps longer.

We press on, cursing our ill-luck. Kilbourn and the "Doe" are known to be dead shots, and surely after all that banging and blazing must have hit something. We found, upon joining them, that they had stationed themselves where the runway crossed a beaver meadow. Kilbourn had fired somewhat high, owing to the stag having stumbled as it passed him. The Doctor, however, finished the job by sending his ounce of lead through the heart. Old Doe caught him at the moment he cleared a very large fallen tree, just in front of which—perhaps ten or twelve feet—was a log somewhat raised off the ground. Both head and antlers went clear under that log.

The rest of our party had had had luck, two of them having seen a fine large doe, but before they could get within range they lost her, owing to the proximity of some lads who were squirrel shooting, and who blazed away at anything and everything.

After doing justice to a plentiful supply of sandwiches, and drinking success to FOREST AND STREAM in its noble fight for efficient game protection laws, and death to professional poachers and pot-hunters, we returned to Owen Sound.

A word about "the Sound," as we call it. Deer and bears are plentiful within a radius of ten miles; hares and partridge, duck and quail within five miles; speckled trout, salmon trout, pike and doré at our very doors. We will welcome and assist any brother hunters or anglers who may visit us, but only under the condition that they come among us as true sportsmen—i. e., men who will, under all circumstances, give the game a chance for their lives. W. W. OWEN SOUND, Canada.

HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As you have seen fit to publish my opinions on the rifle, I do not think it out of place to add thereto, as a kind of addendum, some thoughts about the proper sights for the hunting rifle. In the first place, I do not think that the best rifle for wing-shooting, or shooting at game in motion, needs any sights at all. In fact, I believe they are better without any. This may, and I know does, sound to a great many as preposterous; but I can assure all such (and I think I will not have much trouble in proving the assertion) that there are a great many theories accepted as facts that have no scientific value whatever. If we have no eyes, we certainly have no need of gun sights; and if we produce an aberration of vision that interferes with the organic function of the eye, by peeping and squinting, we virtually have no eyes to see straight. I shall not attempt a discussion of this subject at present, but

will simply say that I have made, at a hundred yards, as good a target, with a shotgun, shooting as solid ball gun, as I did with rifle, and I understand that a great many, if not nearly all, of the best guides of Newfoundland use smooth bores, and I have very positive evidence that the Indians of our own mountains and plains use double or single-barrel shotguns with solid ball for buffalo and deer hunting, and will hit and kill about as many as the finest rifles in the field. This, of course, at short range. I make this assertion, then, that for wing-shooting or for shooting at game in rapid motion, the best hunting rifle does not need any sights at all.

But, as no one would have a rifle without sights on it, I will advise, by all means, to select the sight that will come as near as possible to giving you the use of both eyes. The open clover leaf with brass bead, will meet the indication probably as well or better than anything else in use. Our forefathers used a small bead of silver set into the gun barrel near the muzzle, in many instances not to exceed the sixteenth of an inch in height, and never more than an eighth, while for a rear sight a small piece of steel was dovetailed into the barrel about ten inches from the breech, and filed down square to about an eighth of an inch, in the center of which a small notch was made. This brought the eyes on line with the gun barrel, and enabled you to see your gun as well as your game. And I tell you, Mr. Editor, these guns did kill, and kill at long-range distances, too. I put one of these old sighted rifles to my face, yesterday, and I find that the eyes strike the line of sight easily and naturally. You don't have to hunt around for your front sight, then find the notch in the hind sight, and then, probably, take your eye off the gun before you see the game; but everything necessary to good, quick shooting is naturally presented, and the eye at once takes in the whole field. OCCIDENT.

SERRATA, Mo.

A MAINE SHOOTING COUNTRY.—Smyrna, Aroostook County, Maine, May 16, 1883.—Ruined grouse wintered finely. Have never found them more plentiful at this time of year, and the season thus far has been extremely favorable for rearing young broods. In view of the mooted question of red squirrels destroying the eggs and young birds, it is worthy of note that I have met with but few of that species hereabouts this spring during extended tramps. This section has never been worked by outside sportsmen, and offers great inducements, especially for grouse shooting. Most of the region for many miles is traversed by logging roads that in the fall the birds are mostly found, thus making it easy for shooting. Later in the season deer and caribou will afford good sport, as they are fairly plenty in a range of from five to ten miles of this settlement, with some moose at the latter distance. There are no regular guides or hunting camps, so this is no place for "tenderfeet." In this settlement there are six families, some of whom have stout lads who know the country, and whose services could be obtained at a nominal cost, and at one or more of the farmhouses a fairly good home could be found. It is no place here for the market hunters, being too far and difficult for shipping, and besides, the community would not tolerate them.—WARFIELD.

SMBERN.—Answer your correspondent, "Kew," that "I. Task's Magnetic Ointment" is a wonderful remedy for sunburn, insect bites, bruises, and all sorts of inflammatory wounds. I have carried it for ten years and it never failed.—PISCICO.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., May 14.—Farmers in this vicinity find rabbits more numerous in the spring than what they have for a number of years.—RAZOR.

PT-IN-HM SA-POR.

P-T-H S-P.

a limb some fifteen feet from the ground. I tried to disengage him by jarring the tree, but it was too large for me to effect anything in that way, so I picked up a club to throw at him, when I was surprised to see him spring out from his resting place and land some thirty or forty feet down the side of the hill among the leaves and rocks that were thickly scattered over the ground. That he was not dashed in pieces against some one of these was a great wonder; but after rolling over a few times, he regained his feet and scampered away to his hole, which, being too tired to give chase, I left him free to do.—G. L. B. [It is very common for woodchucks to climb trees.]

AUSTRALIAN GOOSE SHOOTING.—Adelaide, South Australia.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In Spencer's Gulf and about 100 miles from Adelaide there are one or two groups of small islands, which at a certain season of the year the "cecropian geese," commonly called "Cape Barren geese," from the fact of their being first found at that place, congregate to breed. This breed is somewhat smaller than the common goose, and is of a bluish-slate or gray plumage, with black bars on the wings. The legs are strong, dark in color and fringed with red, the feet are webbed, neck slender, bill green with black tip. It is easily domesticated, and proves a decided acquisition to the poultry yard. The flesh is of a dark color and very delicate. Its food principally consists of young grass. The old birds come to the island about the month of June to lay their eggs. When the young are about half grown they can easily be caught, and the old birds at that time afford good sport for the gun. When the young birds are full grown and able to fly swiftly well, they all leave the island and find their way to the inland streams of the mainland, and do not appear on the islands again until the following season.—F. V. S.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

A fine speckled trout that long safely laid fast
In the crevices of the rock, out of reach of the seine,
Being hungry, looked up, and was pleased to spy,
Floating over the water, a green bottle fly.

"Just my luck," said the trout, "I shall soon be the winner
Of a fat, juicy fly for the left of my mouth."
With a wink and a nod, and a tremulous bound,
He sprang for the fly but he hit on the ground.
Just then a man looked for something to eat
But that same speckled trout in his basket for meat.

AN EVENING'S REFLECTIONS.

THE springing grass, and the bursting buds, and the chirp of the robin speak to the heart of the sportsman, telling him the season has come in which to overhaul his fishing gear and see if he is ready for his annual sport, and, what is generally more doubtful, whether he is going to find time to take an outing before long.

I have just laid down a volume of sketches which many of your readers have read (and those who have not have missed a real pleasure), which at the same time pleased and saddened me. It is "Pleasures of Angling," by that veteran sportsman and your late correspondent, George Dawson, who has so lately gone over the river with the great "majority," and will no more delight us with the productions of his facile and graceful pen, nor ever again by wooded lake or streamlet engage in the sport which was so dear to him, and which he so rightfully and in such a true spirit of a sportsman appreciated.

While I never had the pleasure of meeting him in the flesh, yet I breathed through all his writings such a gentle spirit—so like that of dear old Izaak himself that I think every true lover of the craft could but hail him as a brother and feel almost a sense of bereavement at his death.

Now, when Nature with her kindly hand is mantling with the verdure of spring the new-made grave, with what words to those of his comely look he said:

"I sometimes wonder whether, on some pleasant day in May, not long hence, I shall stand on this sunny spot where I have stood during some portion of every season these twenty years, and find in attempting to make my usual cast, that my right hand has forgot its cunning. As old age cools the blood and dims the vision, and checks the elasticity of brain and limb, such thoughts sometimes come to the most buoyant and often cast a shadow across the sunniest landscape. But it is only a shadow. With the thought comes up the vision of another river, brighter, and clearer, and purer than that which flows with such gentle gratefulness at my feet—a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." It is a vision which reconciles all thoughtful anglers to the quickening of the new-made graves, which now we know them, shall know them no more forever.—["Pleasures of Angling," p. 231.]

Surely here is the very spirit of a gentle sportsman; one who did not think that to catch fish was all for which a sportsman sought the forest streams.

He sought and found what so many of us have found there, an inspiration from Nature's pleasures, and the pathless woods—a something which will remain with us when age creeps over us with his pulsing touch, golden memories, untainted with any of the alloy which mingles with so many of the pleasures which are found elsewhere.

I am familiar with many of the places of which he so graphically writes, and after many years' experience with rod and reel, hope for many more, but the falling by the way of one after another of the old school is a frequent reminder to us all.

With perceptibly failing eyesight, and a touch of rheumatism, I was the other day looking ruefully at my gun and rods, and remarked to Mrs. Bamboo that it was pretty hard to get so blind that I could not see to shoot, and so rheumatic that I could not cast a fly.

That excellent woman murmured something about a lame knee not preventing a man from fishing, and in sooth, I think myself a good deal better off without my eye-glasses, see a ruffed grouse fifty yards away, distinctly, and that is about

as far as anybody has a chance to see one, generally before he dives over and behind a tree—whether as one of your correspondents says ("Mark West?") you follow him with your second barrel and he falls dead in the next county! But lest I might seem to be dipping into that "ruffed grouse" discussion, which so warmed up your pages last fall, I hasten to drop the subject.

I wish to endorse "Pisces'" views upon the subject of guides as given in his late letter, and to extend my regrets that the " exigencies of the service" will prevent his making his anticipated trip to the woods, as your readers may possibly thereby lose a good letter from him with an account of his experience there.

Speaking of Adirondack guides, I wonder if Jack Sheppard has yet found the key to the camp of which he had charge in June, 1876, and which, as Jim Hines (model guide) was pulling Mrs. Bamboo and myself up through Third Lake, he, meeting us on his way down, tossed to us, at the same time offering us the hospitality of his camp. The key fell about two inches short of Higbee's outstretched palm and disappeared in the placid waters of the lake. We did not stop to look for it just then, but we got into the camp though, thanks to an unfastened window, and by the same token, James soon had us a delicious dinner cooking, composed of venison steaks and a three pound and a half trout which Mrs. B. had caught, and milk and other things from our basket, the memory of which meal, and the voracious appetites with which we devoured it, and the enjoyment with which we subsequently watched Master Bamboo, aged four years, catch his first trout, and prove himself thereby a child of the old Bamboo. All these are parts of the memories of other days.

As is also the trout which I struck in Panther Lake, weighing less than a pound, which towed our boat a hundred yards before I killed him, and which the guide was sure was a three-pounder. And in the afternoon I took from one spot, without moving twenty feet, fifty-three trout, and stopped then only because I had enough. And floating down the Moose River in company with a gentleman now well known as a trout breeder and an officer of your State association, what royal sport we had that afternoon! These are now only memories of the past, but

"Let Fate do her worst—there are moments of joy—
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy,
Which come in the night time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features which joy used to wear."

Boston, May 13, 1888.

THREE GREENHORNS.

"HAVE you got a pack of cards, O'Neil?"
"No."

"Oh! hang it! let's go back and get them."

"Not much. I wouldn't go back for a dozen packs."

"That the twain wrangled, while the third of the party pliedly listened to the dispute as he urged the horse onward with emphasis.

We were bound for Sneeze Meadows. Owing to business affairs we were unable to start before 5 P. M., on a warm July day, and the long night drive of twenty miles, from Bethel to Grafton Notch, was one of the most pleasant that ever fell to the lot of mortal man. It is a glorious place, the Bear River Valley. On either side, the meadows sloping up to the base of long, undulating hills and mountains, were dotted with hay-cocks, covered with snowy caps, while the road wound in and out among them, and twisted around the base of Mount Saddleback like the track of a weaver's shuttle; and at times we could hear the low rattling mutter of the restless stream, echoing down the impassable gorges of the hills. We had none of us had much experience in roughing it, but we knew enough to travel as light as possible, and had made up our packs before the start.

It was full 9 P. M. ere we reached Grafton. O'Neil was acquainted there, and rousing up a farmer, put up the horse in an empty stall, while the others proposed to try the hay-mow and get some rest on our drive, but "man proposes," etc. If there was one there were thirty grasshoppers to the square inch all over that lot, of all ages and assorted varieties, from the little brown hardshell to the big green, fat and squally ones.

The whole night was one continual squint. Toward morning, however, I dropped off into a nap, the last sound that met my weary ears being the stream, being the sound of an old wheelbarrow that we had turned into a crib, and for which he had developed a decided taste, and the uneasy wriggle of Harry as he scratched a "hopper-down his back and kicked fancifully in the hay.

The morning dawned cold and rainy. With frowzy heads we crawled out from our too attentive hosts, and with a hurried breakfast shouldered our packs and started for a five-mile tramp about a blazed path through the woods.

Well, it wasn't pleasant, and the general vagueness of our directions did not add to its enjoyment, either. But all things must have an end, and about noon, after twice losing the path, we suddenly emerged on the bank of Silver Stream, and then—

We forgot our weariness. Never till then had such a beauty of a stream been darkened by the shadow of our rods. The quality of the water was home in the morning, it led straightaway down through a long ravine, with pool after pool of calm, foam-decked water fairly alive with trout.

Every fall had seven or eight lying there awaiting their chances, and so clear was the water that their magnificent size be distinctly seen, and we could almost count the pink spots upon their sides.

They were not at all shy, either. We counted seven great fallows in the first half an hour, and it was raining and had his best. Putting up our rods, we started for the meadows, which we had been assured were but a little way on. Like the Dutch Governor's foot, that "little way" meant a good deal, but the prospect of having a good haul to sleep in, and the general dampness of things, urged us on to a final effort. Just at dark our efforts were rewarded, and leaving the stream we came out into a broad silt-dotted plain among the hills, where was the barn? Chances were, Harry, a stick on another.

"Say, Harry, don't you want a pack of cards?" That was

the only remark offered by the candidates for a modern Babes in the Wood.

We got a fire somewhere and extemporized a shelter by its light, and after we had secured a senary protection from the rain we felt better. Not much, though. Eerie thoughts are apt to arise; and who has ever forgotten his first night in the woods? Add to this that our only arms was an axe, and that wild cats, and even panthers, had been seen in that region, it can be imagined how our thoughts would turn as we sometimes gazed at our slender stock of fuel. It was a real test of courage for us to go to the stream for water, twenty rods away, and although I did it twice, and was much looked up to for my daring, yet I must confess that it was in fear and trembling. Once during the night we had a terrible fright. "Then shook the earth with the sound of a four-footed trampling," and it wasn't a light one either. Jumped for the axe. Harry got hold of one of my boots. O'Neil stood frantically brandishing the coffee-pot in one hand and a middle-sized jack-knife in the other. The alarming sounds died away in the distance, but they took all desire for sleep away with them. Bitter were the curses heaped upon ourselves, mentally, as we squatted around our spluttering fire, and vowed audibly we "wouldn't go there any more, if the fish that we had killed had any ghosts haunting in that rain they must have been delighted at our misery."

Wet, drabbed, rheumatic, we hailed the early light with heartfelt thanks.

Making a small pyramid of our extra "gnub" at the foot of a tree, we headed for home with all possible dispatch. We stopped not for fishing. We had all we could carry already, and with an eleven-mile tramp up the led on the stream and through the driving woods, we found we had a

We followed a well-marked path down the meadow, and as it grew brighter were started by several large animals rushing out from behind an alder clump, and coming toward us at a tremendous rate, looming up in the thick mist to antediluvian proportions. They turned out to be a dozen or so horses, who welcomed us as the first human beings they had seen for some time.

This explained our midnight fright, and with a hearty laugh we felt cheered already, and were ready to make fun of every mishap. Once I heard a splash, and turning saw the dinner-pail calmly floating down the rapids, and as I looked O'Neil deliberately wheeled around and softly sat down in the white water of a fall, and it was only his quick look and exultant grimace when he saw he was caught that proved that he had not meant to do us any harm. He roared till we nearly dropped as he rose like a spirit of the waters, in solemn and dripping majesty, and stalked shoreward for a private wring.

Again I saw Harry totter and fall with a loud spank on a stone. There was a sharp crack. For a moment my heart stood still, but it was only the lancewood butt of his rod splashing on red to ferule. I stared at him for a moment. He should have come next, but here it came, we had hit the stream, and the rest of the way seemed wonderfully short.

A cup of hot tea at a farmhouse and a warm fire, and we were soon rolling homeward, explaining mutually that there must always be a first time, and vowing that the very next season we would try it again. The last words that I heard before falling asleep in the straw on the bottom of the wagon being, "Say, O'Neil, are you not feeling a lot of colds?" I roared responded, "Harry, my boy, don't you want a pack of cards—d-d-s?"

And, verily, "it is something pleasant to remember hereafter."

VERUS.

ANGLERS' ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As your paper has manifested a kindly interest in the welfare and prosperity of our anglers' association, a word or two in regard to its present status may probably prove acceptable to some of your readers.

Although comparatively in its infancy, the Anglers' Association of Eastern Pennsylvania has already won tokens of vigorous vitality which promise to result in an organization that will prove both permanent and beneficial. The new headquarters at No. 1,020 Arch street, although not palatial, are snug and comfortable, the only fault to be found with them being their inadequacy for the accommodation of the members who sometimes are in attendance. At each meeting this becomes a serious matter, and for the means of vigorous vitality which promise to result in an organization that will prove both permanent and beneficial. The new headquarters at No. 1,020 Arch street, although not palatial, are snug and comfortable, the only fault to be found with them being their inadequacy for the accommodation of the members who sometimes are in attendance. 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are furnished with postal cards with printed questions as above, the answers to which they write out. These cards are placed in a rack provided for the purpose, so that members can, at a glance, gain authentic information in regard to any waters they may contemplate visiting.

It is also proposed to establish a museum—literary and general reading room in connection with the association—all of which will be kept open for members' use day and evening. As this will require more money than we have at present command, a vigorous and what promises to be a very successful effort, is being made to increase the membership, which now numbers 150, to at least four times that number.

Arrangements have also been made for monthly lectures or addresses on subjects relevant to the object of the organization. The first was delivered by our president on Saturday evening last, who took advantage of the occasion to defend the angling fraternity generally against the frequent imputations cast upon their veracity when narrating fish stories, and also to impress upon the members the importance of increased efforts in behalf of fish propagation and protection; the prosecution of offenders against the fishing laws, and the formation of a white and black list of boatmen and landlors, the first to contain the names of those landlors who set good tables, provide good beds, and are moderate in their charges, and of boatmen who are competent and obliging; the second to contain the names of landlors and boatmen of opposite characteristics. The speech also took strong ground against the too prevalent practice of anglers, as well as commercial fishermen, of failing to return to the water when alive, fish too small for use. The next address will be delivered by Rev. Wm. Hoyt, D.D., a thorough and very enthusiastic fisherman, who proposes treating us on that occasion to an account of his visit to Yellowstone Park, and the kind of sport he found there.

From this you can perceive that we are doing what we can for legitimate angling, as well as for the promotion of fish culture. W. L. R.

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1888.

MILTON THREE PONDS.

FOR the first time, in your issue of May 3, under heading of "Black Bass in New Hampshire," I see mention made of Milton Three Ponds. It is five years ago last September that I got the hint of good bass fishing to be had at Milton. I then lived at Dover, N. H., and at the invitation of a friend who lived at Milton, and who knew the spots in the ponds where the bass were likely to congregate, I accepted. On the cars going there I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Fish Commissioner Luther Hayes, who gave me some valuable hints on bass and bass fishing.

I stayed four days, and had a never-to-be-forgotten time, catching from ten to twenty-two bass each day, besides many pickers as well as some large yellow perch, and quite often a horn or bullpout, and large chubs, and never getting time to weary for the want of a bite.

The largest bass I ever got there was 4 1/2 pounds, average weight about 1 1/2 pounds, but as game as bulldozers. It seemed uncertain at times whether it was a bird or a fish that had been hooked, as they fly in the air so often, and with a light rod you get all the fun you want. Regarding the best bait for bass I am uncertain, as they are the most changeable, for after two or three are taken they seem to find out the deception.

My experience runs thus: I will have good luck with the live minnow, sunk deeply; then, all at once, they stop, as if they said, "Enough of minnows, bring along the next thing." So, I put on a small frog, either striped or green, and it will be a rush, and you will get them.

Good boats can be hired at the railroad station for fifty cents per day, and good board at the Phoenix Hotel, kept by Horatio G. Wentworth, at one dollar per day. I would recommend parties going there to take frogs with them, as in all of my five annual visits there I found frog bait scarce. Minnows are plenty in the ponds, and a small seine will get what you want you can use. People say at Milton that landlocked salmon have been put into the ponds, but I never heard of any being caught. About October is the best time to go for a general good time, if you are fond of a shot, as there are many ducks, and many shooters come along about then. There are shore birds called snipe at Milton, but they are, as I think, sandpipers or sandpeeps. Gray squirrels are plenty in the immediate vicinity of the ponds, and rabbits are quite plenty later in the season. Take it all in all, it is a good general place, easy to get to, with cheap boats and board. You can hire a man to row for one dollar and a half per day, and ice and boxes to send your fish away to your friends. Ice costs nothing, boxes can be bought at the grocery store. Any one who can't have a good time at Milton Three Ponds will be hard to please. A. Mac.

RIVER POINT, R. I., May 14.

MUSKOKA LAKES.

I N reply to inquiries by "J. D.," New York, and others, and, as Mr. E. S. Kingsley said, "to add to the general stock" of knowledge on the subject of sport, I would mention the Muskoka Lakes as the acknowledged best place in Canada.

The earliest fishing is to be had through the ice in March and in April. Bass on Lake Simcoe, the most convenient place. Here lake herrings are taken in great quantities, with the minnow as bait, and here, too, the question as to the great whitefish of the lakes taking the bait was settled. Those caught in Barrie Bay average about three pounds, but the herrings are full sized. They run together and are fished for through the ice in from eight to twelve feet of water. The line is usually held in the hand, the rod, for other reasons, being in the way. So soon as the ice goes, which is usually about the seventh of May, begin trolling for bass, pickerel and muskokee. The rod-fishing (trolling may use the term) for bass is simply magnificent in any part of lakes Muskoka, Rosseau or Joseph, and in the smaller adjacent lakes. The bass fishing in the rapids of the Seneca River and at Sparrow Lake is excellent, the more so because they are a small species with hackle can be used. Here I saw Mr. Ed. Harton, of Pittsburgh, land a black bass which tipped the beam at five pounds and a quarter. It was

twenty and a quarter inches long and seven inches wide. Muskokee are caught weighing from three to forty pounds. Trolling for salmon trout begins in the end of May and lasts about three weeks. The Indians begin when the blossom comes on the plum tree. There is late in the fall another interval of three weeks when they will take the spoon. The Indians use for bass, pickerel or muskokee a spoon red inside and bright brass or silver outside, bare hook sometimes, and at other times a hackle of red worsted. For salmon trout they choose a spoon silver inside and dull copper outside, and for hackle use the white hair from the tail of a deer's tail. They always fly a good quarter of an inch from each side of the common spoon-shaped "spoon" to give the swiftly-moving fish a chance of catching the hook. It is strange that in lakes Muskoka and Joseph the lake trout live in deep water close to the bottom. They must therefore be trolled for with a line of over two hundred feet with about two pounds of sinker; but your eight to fifteen pound salmon-trout is a royal fish and worth all the trouble. Keep your gear sharp, and don't let him near the boat.

Splendid brook-trout fishing is to be had on the Maguete-wan and Muskoka rivers. The lakes are reached from Toronto or Hamilton by the Northern & Northwestern Railway, of which Mr. Robert Keer is the general passenger agent. Muskoka Wharf is about one hundred and fifteen miles north of Toronto, and is the point at which the steamers are taken for the various fishing points on the lakes. The return ticket from Toronto to any point on the lakes is only \$3.00. Hotel accommodation is to be had at all landings and towns, and costs from one dollar to one dollar fifty per day.

I am sure there is no better place for sport, and no one will be disappointed. I will gladly give any information in my power. M. MACLEOD.

BROOKTON, Ont.

PICKEREL IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

I HAVE been much interested in the pickered discussion that has been lately going on in your paper. I do not remember when or where I first beheld the lipper-like lines of this fish, but my memory recalls distinctly the first time I ever heard of it. When a boy, I made the acquaintance of a young Southerner who was traveling with a variety troupe. He, finding me very willing to listen to lunting or fishing yarns, delighted me with accounts of pickered fishing, and told me how he had often shot them with a rifle when they were swimming near the surface of the water. He was surprised when I told him that the fish was unknown in this country.

Since then some enterprising person has stocked a tributary of the Upper St. John with them (on the Maine side), and now we have pickered and pickered. In 1876 a few were caught at Eel River, a hundred miles from here, and in 1878 they arrived in our waters in numbers, taking the fishermen by surprise. Most of them are exported annually. Winter does not interrupt the fishing, which is done with nets exclusively. A series of holes, ten feet apart, are cut in the ice, and the net is anchored at one end, and then pulled along beneath the ice by means of a hook till extended its full length.

When the net is overhauled, a long cord is attached to one end, the fastening is slipped, and the net taken out on to one side. The net is then drawn, and the fish are taken out two holes in the ice, last with three tons of weight, and caught in this way in Fosby's Lake, a body of water about twenty acres in extent. The "pickered holes" have become such a nuisance that the Government has enacted a law against leaving them unmarked.

No doubt, the person who planted pickered in the Aroostook (I think it was) did a good turn for those who make a living by catching them, but the Gasconade fishermen and trout anglers mutter against him "curses not loud but deep." The sharp-toothed brutes have among the nets of the former, easily cutting through the slender twine, and the latter say that they have invaded the spawning grounds of the trout, devolving the spawn and small fry. I bear no malice against their disseminator, for I believe I know no plenty of good trout waters that they will never reach; but should he catch them, he will guarantee to furnish him; free of charge, the address of a dozen dollars, but they will like to see him. After he made their acquaintance, I don't believe he would feel like experimenting any more at Ly-sander Hall. "The evil which men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." The work of this person, whether good or evil, will "endure forever." As to the value of pickered as a food fish, there appears to be great diversity of opinion. I take little stock in a fish diet, but as a bait I consider it a success. I have seen a fallow deer. Many people in this section will not eat them at all. One thing is certain—when tons are exported at five cents a pound, someone must eat them, and by this fact I consider its value clearly established. I know but little of its game qualities, but think it would be a great improvement on the eel, catfish and chub—the fishes to which I was often compelled to flee for amusement when a boy. I feel that the small boy of to-day, with piscatorial inclinations, would find great advantage over his predecessor of fifteen years ago.

No person likes to fish any better than I, and few have less chance to indulge their tastes for this pastime. But I read in FOREST AND STREAM what others are doing, and am content. My entire experience in fly-fishing is covered by a few days on Pallet River—just enough to make me fish for more. My casts would hardly have taken a prize for accuracy, distance, or style, but I managed, in some way, to land five half-pounds, and a few were about half as large. With an angle-worm I am "no slouch," though I have seen people who could beat me even there. I have received an invitation to be one of a party of four which will spend a month on Green River lakes, in Quebec, commencing about the last week in August.

If the multifarious duties of this life, that so encompass me round about, would allow a group for that length of time, I will go. Under the tuition of a lawyer, a druggist, and a quondam Rocky Mountain trader, I have no doubt that I would acquire some knowledge of the "gentle art." One of your correspondents advises bachelors who contemplate a visit to the woods, to get a wife and take her along to cook the fish. He also prescribes a courting ritual, unsurpassed for beauty, but which I fear would not always give satisfaction. For the suitor might find that "you get," as well as "you be" will be with "my pet."

I advise the boys, should they follow the advice, to be very careful in the matter of selection. I have often known "the bonds of matchlock" to end a young man's career as a sportsman, and frequently when another victim migrated from our thinned ranks, have had to exclaim with the poet, "And now farewell, 'tis hard to give thee up," etc.

Once or twice I have attempted to decoy my friends away on an excursion after "changing their condition." Perhaps I made a grievous mistake in not including the lady in the invitation; but when I saw the fairest of forelands take upon itself the appearance of the map, at a track yard at a shunting station, I felt little like repeating the experiment.

"And the mother-in-law, what does she say?" Sh-h-h, don't mention it; many of you have been there yourselves, and know all about it. L. I. FLOWER.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

BEFORE leaving New York "Uncle Reub" was properly labeled and consigned to friends in London. Among other credentials he bore the following to the genial editor of the Fishing Gazette:

"OFFICE FOREST AND STREAM, }
"NEW YORK, April 4, 1888. }

"R. B. Marston, Esq.,

"DEAR SIR—Permit me to introduce to you Mr. Reuben Wood, who goes to England in charge of the Light fishing tackle of America. Mr. Wood is an accomplished fly-caster and has carried off many prizes. He wants to try the trout, and perhaps the salmon, of England and Scotland, and any favors you may show him will be duly appreciated by both himself and Yours very truly,

"FRED MATHER."

The editor of the Fishing Gazette publishes the above letter, and says: "We have had a long, pleasant angling chat with Mr. Wood, and hope before long to pilot him to one of our best trout streams. He has kindly promised to be present at the Third Fishing Gazette Tournament and show the American split-cane rod as used by American anglers."

The tournament will be held at Mr. Warner's Welsh Harp, Hendon, on the Midland Railway, June 11.

Resolutions.—N. B.—Competitors can use their own rods, reels and lines, but will have to use flies, weights, etc., provided by the management, in order that all may use a similar weight. Limit in length for salmon rods, 20 feet; limit in length for double-handed trout rods, 14 feet 6 inches; limit in length for single-handed trout rod, 12 feet 6 inches; limit in length for Thames and Nottingham competitions, 14 feet. No allowance in points will be made for rods under the above limits. All the competitions, except the fly-casting, float-casting and chess-bait casting, will take place over the grass.

First Competition.—Amateur fly-casting competition with single-handed fly-rod.

Second Competition.—Amateur competition, with single-handed fly-rod, in throwing fly with greatest accuracy and lightness under hushes.

Third Competition.—Amateur fly-casting competition with double-handed trout fly-rod.

Fourth Competition.—Amateur fly-casting with salmon rod.

Fifth Competition.—Amateur competition in casting in the Thames style.

Sixth Competition.—Amateur competition in casting from reel in Nottingham style.

Seventh Competition.—Amateur Competition (open to Thames and Nottingham style) in casting toward a fixed mark. The angler casting the bait nearest to the mark to take first prize; the next best cast made by another angler the second, and the third best cast by another angler to get the third prize.

Eighth Competition.—Professional competition in casting in the Thames style.

Ninth Competition.—Professional competition in casting from reel in Nottingham style.

Tenth Competition.—Competition in throwing the bait with forked stick in the Welsh harp style. Other competitions may be arranged.

THE BEST CAST ON RECORD.—A stout, portly looking gentleman stood in the midst of an attentive group of friends in a Cortland street hotel yesterday afternoon. He was evidently whipping the trout streams of his imagination, for he waved his cane above his head with the rhythmic motion of a conductor of an orchestra. After making several superb casts he evidently hooked a spectre trout and landed him with great applause. Encouraged by his success he began to tell of an unusual capture once made by him, the novelty of which caused the most profound impression. "You know, gentlemen," he said "that the usual method of catching a trout is from the bank of a stream or out of a boat. Once, however, I captured a very big trout while on a train en route to look him up without avail. Men have grown thin digging worms to catch him. He dwells under an old log just beneath the bridge, waiting for the fragments of lunch which fall from the cars. An idea at once occurred to me. 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TROUT IN MICHIGAN.—The following letter has been received by one of the Michigan Commissioners: Kalamazoo, May 11, 1883.—A. J. Kellogg, Esq.: My Dear Sir—It will be sure, to be glad to hear of you and your vicinity are having some excellent trout fishing. A number of streams in which they were planted three years ago are furnishing a fair supply. Since the 1st of May hundreds have been caught from one brook, and to my certain knowledge they exist in several other streams that have not been fished. And what surprises every one is the fact that they have grown to such size. Quite a number have been taken which weighed over one pound each. I have seen a brook of one the weight of one pound six ounces, another one pound four and one-half ounces, and another one pound and three ounces. Probably most that have been taken weighed from three-quarters of a pound to one pound. The Commissioners have reason to congratulate themselves on the assured success of their efforts, and I trust the Legislature will be disposed to make a liberal appropriation to enable you to carry on the work so auspiciously commenced. Very truly yours, T. S. Cobb.

The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

June 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1883.—Chicago Bench Show, Chicago, Ill. Entries close June 1. Chas. Lucon, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1883.—Eastfield Trial Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coaker, Secretary.
November 30, 1883.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., to members only. Entries close Sept. 1. T. Flanagan, Secretary.
November 1883.—American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Eryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

TRACHEOTOMY IN A DOG.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following case of tracheotomy in a dog for supposed laryngeal obstruction may be of interest to your readers. I am not familiar enough with canine surgery and therapeutics to know whether the operation is a new one, or whether it is, in fact, a valuable red Irish secret, something over a year old, while playing on the grass, was suddenly seized with violent coughing and dyspnea, and in a few moments lay almost moribund of asphyxia. He gave no evident symptoms of laryngeal obstruction, and his life was saved at the time only by the prompt action of his master, who, being called, thrust his finger into the larynx as far as possible, without, however, to his knowledge, having it come into contact with any foreign body. He immediately recommenced breathing, and was soon able to stand, though still suffering from severe dyspnea or difficulty in breathing, and still continuing his violent attempts to eject something from the air passages. I was called to see the case at this juncture, and on a laryngeal inspection could detect nothing, except intense congestion of the epiglottoid folds at the entrance to the larynx, nor could I feel any obstruction in the trachea from without. The dog was standing, and, but for his violent coughing, he would have appeared to be in good health, and with characteristic intelligence submitting to be examined without making the slightest resistance. Physical exploration of the chest walls revealed no auscultation the presence of loud rales, or a mucous rattle, or any other abnormal sound, and on resorting to the usual methods in such cases, finding the patient by the hind legs in an inverted position, giving an emetic, etc., I gave the animal an hour's rest, as he seemed to be improving, and was to be unattended danger. During this interval I detected three times considerable quantities of frothy mucus-sanguinolent matter of bright red color, and evidently proceeding from the lungs. The matter contained quite a little grass in blades, and one or two shreds of hair, and was evidently the result of irritation due to irritation by points of grass or other foreign bodies. Expiration was comparatively easy, but upon inspiration something seemed to close down and prevent the ingress of air.

The breathing soon became more labored, and it was found necessary, two or three times, to open the glottis by means of long forceps with sponge attached. The dog began to show evident signs of exhaustion, and I now saw that operative procedure would shortly be called for, and at once dispatched a surgeon to the aid of the animal, and at once proceeded, after a tracheotomy tube. About fifteen minutes later the dog ceased to breathe and became moribund. He was at once thrown upon his back, and an incision 1½ inches in length was made through the skin, just above the cricoid cartilage. This was accomplished by grasping the larynx with the left hand, holding it firmly, thus making the integument over the parts tense. Four rings of the trachea were cut, and as the instrument moved the windpipe the characteristic sucking sound was heard.

Unfortunately, no tube had arrived, nor were toothpicks or goose quills at hand, and it was impossible to keep the opening into the air passages patent; besides this, the animal was now in *articulo mortis*, his heart alone showing by its fluttering pulse that life was not yet gone. At this critical moment the messenger with the tube arrived, and although I pronounced the dog beyond hope, yet I inserted the tube at once, and it had the effect of artificial respiration, and a few drops of whiskey. After ten minutes the animal was breathing naturally through the new opening. All this seemed strongly to confirm the previous diagnosis of oedema glottidis, and the question now arose as to the best means of keeping the animal quiet for the next thirty-six to forty-eight hours, and this was attempted by sewing him securely on his back in bagging and suspending him in this position. This being accomplished, two men were placed on either side of the animal every six hours. The adventitious opening was covered with a large sponge wrung out in a weak carbolic solution, and this was ordered to be changed every hour. About one ounce whiskey was administered hypodermically, and ten grains of Morphine were given by the rectum.

The animal remained quiet until three o'clock A. M., or about nine hours after the morphine had been given, when I was suddenly called to see the patient, the watcher reporting that the dog had begun to breathe, and was now moving restlessly and breathing hard. Examination showed that the tube had slipped from the trachea during his exertions to free himself from his fastenings. The tube was immediately replaced and a few minutes of Magendie administered. The respirations at the pupil indicated no toxic effects from the morphine. At this time there was no breathing whatever from the natural air passages. At eight o'clock in the morning, or about sixteen hours after operating, some breathing through the tube could be detected, and six ounces of whiskey and three ounces of milk, one ounce of whiskey, with twenty drops of laudanum were now administered per rectum.

At noon the dog was breathing quite freely through the air passages. The wheezing and rattling ceased, and the morning's cough and rattling ceased, and regular, eight to ten, Magendie given. Progress good. At 6 P. M. everything had

improved. The breathing through the larynx was strong, and upon closing the tube for a few moments by means of a small sponge, the dog gave no evidence of dyspnea, but breathed contentedly through his nose and mouth. The emesis of milk, whisky and laudanum was repeated, and five minims of Magendie given hypodermically. Everything looked favorably. At 10:30 P. M. I was summoned suddenly by the announcement that the dog had ceased to breathe. I found the brute in a comatose condition, markedly cyanotic and evidently dying of apnoea. He was at once cut loose from his hammock and artificial respiration kept up for over half an hour, while whisky and ammonia were administered hypodermically. At the end of this time the heart had ceased to beat, it being impossible to force more than the smallest quantity of air into the lungs. The animal died just thirty hours after the operation.

An autopsy was held at once, and the following conditions presented themselves: The laryngeal mucous membrane and vocal cords showed evidence of recent intense congestion and inflammation, considerable ecchymosis about the incision into the trachea. Upon slitting up the trachea, a hard foreign body was encountered just at its bifurcation. It proved to



be a large acorn, with a transverse diameter slightly exceeding that of the trachea. It was rather firmly impacted, with its point downward over the entrance to the left bronchus, and completely occluding its caliber. The base of the acorn lay diagonally over the entrance to the right bronchus. The left lung was completely collapsed and carlified, and of dark reddish color. The right lung showed signs of recent collapse, but was of normal color. Neither lung contained any air.

The division of the trachea into the two bronchi was something over eight inches from the lower border of the larynx, lying deeply below and behind the episternal notch, and beneath the thick masses of the neck. The conditions at the time of operation seem to have been as follows: The lining membrane of the larynx was the seat of an acute inflammation or oedema glottidis, brought on by the passage through it of this large body, increased doubtless by the various manipulations by forceps and fingers to which it had been subjected. Undoubtedly the acorn had, by the violent inspiratory efforts, been forced down to its final resting place, the bifurcation of the trachea, the moment it had passed through, or possibly it had pushed through the unyielding walls of the larynx. It must have completely occluded the left bronchus from the beginning, but resting diagonally (as per diagram), had allowed the air to enter and make its exit from the right lung. The deep breath which the watcher stated the dog had taken just previous to his collapse, must have sucked the base of the acorn over the entrance to the right bronchus, thus occluding them both. Local inflammation around the acorn aided in narrowing the caliber of the trachea at this point.

The fact of the operation giving relief at once from the asphyxia, was almost proof positive that the obstruction was laryngeal and not below, and hence exploration of the chest for physical signs, except in a superficial manner, at first, was overlooked. Had this been done, the absence of all sounds on the left side might have raised suspicions. In all probability no operative procedure could have saved the dog's life, even had a complete diagnosis been made. How so large a body passed, with difficulty, over the tip of my index finger through the larynx. The animal was in the habit of playing with a small rubber ball, throwing it into the air and catching it, and while thus engaged with an acorn the accident must have happened. The operation in itself is a simple one, and in all cases where the obstruction is laryngeal, would be called for, and I am satisfied, with proper care, he highly successful.

New York, May 10, 1883.

MORRIS GRINNELL, M.D.

THE GORDON STANDARD.

MR. DIXON'S letter in your last issue on Gordon standard is very pleasing to me, and I thank him for its character, and I trust that our united efforts may be crowned with success. Mr. Dixon says I ignored stern in my standard. I would not do so, as I have an eye for an eye, and I would not give general appearance. A setter with a teapot tail ought to be very heavily penalized; in fact, I should disqualify him on spot bench, but at the same time I think this point should be considered in the general make-up of the dog.

When I saw him in New York last year, I considered the best of the Gordon setters by long odds, yet I did not consider him my style. I would suggest that a committee be formed of the prominent breeders of the Gordon setters in America, and that they should take into consideration the standards now before the public—i. e., Stonehenge's, Vero Shaw's, Malcolm's, Dixon's, and my foible effort—and by doing so I think a correct and useful standard would be framed, that all bench show managers would consider it their duty to have used, and at the same time breeders and the public would reap the benefit of it.

This is the only true mode. As it stands at present, exhibitors who do not use it are sure that the old Stonehenge standard will not exhibit under the late productions and vice versa, those holders with the later views will not exhibit under the

older ones, so that bench show managers are placed in a difficulty.

This is the only true mode of proceeding (a paper war only can be a success), if you have any other way, and I am quite sure it will commend itself to all sportsmen as the proper way out of the difficulty which at present surrounds the Gordon setter. J. S. NYVES.

CANINE TENACITY OF LIFE.

BY G. D. ALEXANDER.

THE first year of the surrender in the late civil war found the old planters of the Arkansas in most destitute circumstances. They had lost their lands and all they had chase them—credit was dead as a hammer. Shortly after I had returned from Marshall, Texas, to begin life anew, and prepare for a crop in the fall of 1865, a heavy snow fell. It was a godsend to many a poor planter who was unable to track his wild hogs to their beds, and lay in a supply of meat for the impoverished family. It commenced snowing about bedtime, and I lay awake a greater part of the night, planning with my nephew, Samuel Woodman Alexander, who had recently arrived from Lynchburg, Va., to have my grand wild hog hunt the next day. My pack of hounds would run any animal I wanted them to pursue, from the cotton-tail hare to the biped man. The difficulty in the way was to get them on a hog track before striking that of a deer, bear or wildcat.

By morning the snow was fully three inches deep. The ground was dry and frozen before it commenced falling, and as there was no wind during the night, every tree, shrub and cornstalk was covered. It was just such a snow as I had seen and before sunrise I was in the saddle on a gentle mule, and accompanied by my nephew and two freedmen, I started to a big canebrake where the wild hogs were certain to have bedded in this deep snow.

It was not over a quarter of a mile from the house to the rear of the field, where there was a gate through which I could pass out into the forest, a large body of heavily timbered land densely covered with cane, and extending for some miles to the plantation. Along the edge of the cane was a wagon road used for hauling cord wood, that extended about a mile along the fence, and then diverged at right angles until it struck a pretty bayou, down which it lead until about a mile and a bayou disappeared into the woods. Fortunately, just as I passed through the gate, I discovered tracks of two hogs, indicating from their great size that they were several years old. My nephew dismounted, shaved the tracks to my favorite hounds, and they broke open on the ground, and I wanted her to run, and by a little coaxing I got the entire pack in full pursuit. The hogs had fed along the road as far as it extended by the field, and then continued in the wood to the bayou. After following the bayou for several miles, and my hounds had crossed the bayou, I was confident they had made for the canebrake. Being minus my left arm, which I had left on the banks of the Potomac during the late unpleasantness, it was not so easy for me to ride through the dense woods as I kept up with my pack of hounds directed by my nephew, who was a superb shot with both pistol and rifle, having served the entire four years of the war as a member of Manford's First Cavalry Regiment of Virginia, to follow the pack and keep up with them, and to take the hounds in hand with him, and with him I was as good as I could be to the place where I knew the hogs would be found.

Sau obeyed orders, and half an hour's ride brought me in hearing of the dogs, that were then baying the hogs in this big canebrake. He had stopped to wait for me to come up, as he did not understand me as directing him to shoot the hogs before I should arrive. I instructed him to give me time to ride to the opposite side of the place where the dogs and hogs were fighting. The two freedmen were posted on the flanks, and I wanted my nephew to shoot the hogs, and I went to go into where the hogs had bedded, and shoot them if possible.

One of my grand bitches on this occasion refused to run the hounds, and she had followed behind my nephew, and was different to the fierce struggle that was going on. The place which they had selected for their lair was one most admirable for their defense. Two large cottonwood trees had been blown down in some storm during the year, and had fallen one across the other. In this crack the logs had made their bed. The trees were not less than five feet in diameter, and under the upper tree was the bed. All around was as dense a canebrake as I ever got into. The hogs proved to be very old hogs, and the old wood was the most dangerous. It was simply impossible for the dogs to do anything with these hogs. They were as impenetrably fortified against the dogs as they held a position. The dogs were fully conscious of the danger and kept at a respectful distance, some on the logs, some in front and some behind the logs. One of the disagreeable points of a hog hunt in the deep snow is the constant falling of masses of snow from the trees, and this was the case here. It was a very great nuisance, and I had to be very careful to keep a muzzle-loader from getting wet and failing to fire.

The actions of my bitch, Venus, had puzzled me not a little in her efforts to attack the hogs, and I saw the rest of the pack. I have often thought she must have had a spiritual warning that some great mishap was going to take place, and it had thrown a damper over her buoyant spirit. At any rate she stuck to the heels of my mule, and it proved the worst thing that could have happened.

I had reached the point I desired and the signal was given. It was some little time before the sharp report of Sam's rifle was heard, and then followed his loud shout, "Look out! He is coming!"

In a moment I heard the cane popping as if a huge bear was bursting through it and coming direct to where I was seated on my mule. The dogs were in full cry; the boar was "howling" as if in great terror, and gnashing his great tusks with direful audibility. My mule was in a great state of alarm, and I could neither turn myself in the saddle nor move the mule. I heard Venus give one whine, and at that instant I felt the shudder of the mule. Turning as well as I could to the right, I endeavored to get away from the relic of the cane. Her entrails were dragging and the bamboo had caught them, thus preventing her going any further. Here was a dilemma—my mule badly cut, my bitch, one of the best I had, mortally wounded, as I supposed, and the boar, dogs, freedmen and Sam out of the hunt, and I was obliged to get away from the relic of the cane. To leave the poor bitch in that condition would never do. I was fully three miles from home, and in this dense canebrake. An old hunter has many resources under such circumstances, and I was not accustomed to the woods would not think of applying.

I unloosed the entrails from the bamboo, put them back into her belly, and then wrapped my handkerchief around the body covering the wound, and made up the rest of the relic of the cane, and I cut my mule and my hand and my mule, and then tightened the knot with a stick. I determined to

when, though she did not at once make her mark as the crack of her rig, she sailed so inconspicuously well that no one was surprised to see her lead the list of winning yachts in 1878, winning two Queen's Cups that year and on the next, and netting in twenty-three races, from 1874 to 1878, the handsome sum of \$1,000. Her dimensions are: Length, 32 ft.; beam, 17 ft.; draft, 4 ft. 10 in. HALIFAX, N. S.

THE GRAYLING.

Editor Forest and Stream: I agree with you about Grayling, but I think that you have omitted one probability, and that is he has living gone by the head when pressed by the wind. I remember when I saw her in the yard that her hull was the longest and finest I have ever seen. The cabin that Fishers had ever been guilty of, and I couldn't help thinking of all the disagreeable experiences when sailing free in cutboats of approximately this size, sitting almost overboard to keep the stern down, letting the whole sail go forward of the mast to save a capsize, etc. I do not want that sort of ship in my pond. M. STON LITTLE CURE.

THAT TWISTER.

Editor Forest and Stream: We were out in a 24ft. keel yacht during the "trouble." There was no small as reported in the accounts of Grayling's capsize, but a strange unusual freshening of wind out of a dead calm. With a clear sky to windward (west), in ten minutes we had a single reef breeze gradually changing to north-west. We got a halloo jib on the yacht, her topsail was up, and not knowing whether the fresh breeze would continue to increase, we stowed mizzen, but almost immediately fresh it, not finding anything to cause alarm. The boat's deck never touched the water, and the boat was never "let up." Criticus.

KNICKERBOCKER YACHT CLUB.—Editor Forest and Stream: The annual opening regatta of this club will take place on Wednesday, May 31, 1888. All yachts enrolled in the club will be considered as entered for this regatta and will be classed as follows: First class, cabin sloopy-yachts; second class, open jib and mainmast yachts over 20 ft. in length; third class, open jib and mainmast yachts under 20 ft.; fourth class, cat-rigged yachts over 24 ft.; fifth class, cat-rigged yachts under 24 ft.; and over 20 ft., sixth class, cat-rigged yachts under 20 ft. This class to open jib and mainmast yachts under 20 ft. The course for seventh class will be to mid around Fort Schuyler buoy. All other classes to and around Gangway buoy and return. The first gun to start at 11 A. M.; third gun, for sixth class to start, at 11:30 A. M.; fourth gun, for fourth and fifth classes to start, at 11:45 A. M.; fifth gun, for second and third classes to start, at 11:55 A. M.; sixth gun, for first class to start, at 12:05 P. M. All yachts not having crossed the line within five minutes after the firing of the starting gun for their class, will be timed as having started at the expiration of said five minutes. All signals will be given from leeward in windward. A pennant will be held to the boat making the best time over the course. This includes catamarans. For further details see regatta program. The committee is composed of A. Lichtenhan, J. L. Burt, and J. B. Burt.

AN EXPLANATION.—Editor Forest and Stream: Proceeding upon what appeared to me strong evidence of partiality in the Herald's account of the Grayling's recent capsize, interested motives were here to be perceived in my letter last week. I have since been reliably informed that no interested motives existed and that between the owner and reporter no cause for such motives had passed. Forfeiting these assurances to my own interpretation, it is and to be regretted that the report in the Herald should have been carried upon its face an implication creating an erroneous impression. It affords me pleasure to absolve the writer in the Herald on the best of evidence from journalistic insincerity in the case. F. KUMHARDT

WE WILL.—Editor Forest and Stream: So many assertions have been made that a cutter can be capsize as easily as a sloop, that I am sick of it. I hope you will take in hand some of these fellows who write without experience or understanding.—X.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The first cruise of the Oswego Y. C. will take place on the 26th and 27th inst. Fairhaven is the port which all the yachts will make for, where the orders to be observed on their return voyage will be given.

Answers to Correspondents.

H. T. W., Northbridge, Mass.—I have no pool, say 800 feet long, in which I keep spring trout. At each end there is a square space 100x100, and these are connected by a diaphanous wire. The pools are fed by springs entirely and the banks and bottom are of this kind, as the place is a reclaimed swamp. The pools are open, being in the middle of a meadow. The trout are in there two or three years, but they do not seem to grow any, and this spring they are very thin. What can I give them for food, for the lack of food is the trouble. I have tried about a quart of corn meal, but it does not seem to do any good, but as soon as the weather gets warmer these will not be obtainable. I dislike giving liver as I hear that liver destroys the delicate trout flavor. Would it be a good idea to put in a few thousands of small river "shiners" about an inch or two long, which I can easily obtain? I want very much to have them grow as I am trying to get them large enough so I can stock a pond covering about an acre and a half. Ans. Your trout are, as you say, in need of food. We would advise feeding liver, clams, or other food readily obtainable. They will fall on it and stock your larger pool with them. Your shiners will make good food, but take care to kill them first or they will increase in the pond.

SAN FRANCISCO SUMMERS.—What is the lightest and most complete outfit for a walking tour, camping out at night? There are two of us. Ans. So much depends upon the circumstances of time, locality, your own physical condition, etc., that an answer is difficult. Clothing should be as light as weather will allow, and if you can send a change of underclothing by express to some point where you will need it, this is better than carrying it. Wear soft felt hat, low shoes with gaiter tops. Sleep at ranch or hotel in preference to camping out at night; but if you must camp, take a strip of canvas (each) 2ft. by 3ft., with buttons and buttonholes along the edge; these are joined together to form a shelter tent. You will need a blanket apiece. We assume that you will be within reach of the settlements, where you can procure your meals. Miscellaneous: Stout stick, drinking cup, flask of tea, pocket compass, pocket magnifying glass, good pocket knife, string, etc., as your fancy dictates. Be careful not to burden yourself with unnecessary luggage.

ISLANDS.—Will you please inform me what sort of fly-fishing can be derived from the small lakes of Central Michigan, say mid-way between Detroit and Chicago. I am compelled to spend my summer round about there mostly for business, and I should very much like to know if there is any chance of casting a quiet fly now and then with my favorable relatives; I am not a b-o-g or a pot-hunter, and our two moderate sized fish will be ample returns for a day's labor (I) with rod and reel. Ans. The lakes of Central Michigan contain a few black bass, perch, and sunfish, but not in any numbers. The lakes are small and are well fished. If you go north to Houghton's and Higgin's lakes in Roscommon county you will find black bass in good numbers and of good size. As you are moderate in your desires try the south part of Livingston county. There are some trout about Niles.

ISSUES.—North Middletown, Ky.—What time between the 25th inst. and the 1st of July next would be the best time to go black bass fishing, if the time is favorable would be the best for accommodation, reasonable prices and good fishing. St. Clair Falls near Detroit, or the Thousand Islands and that vicinity on the St. Lawrence. I can spare two weeks from home within the time mentioned, and wish to enjoy it without hunting up a place. Ans. Probably the latter would be the most convenient and reasonable for you. The last half of June would be best.

B. B. B., New York.—I am informed that a setter bitch named Biddy took a prize in a dog show held at the Madison Square Garden a few years ago. Is this correct? In what class was she entered, and what prize did she take? Do you know her pedigree? Ans. Biddy was v.b.c. at New York in 1877. She was entered in the class for imported and Irish setter bitch puppies. She was bred by Erin out of Fan. Erin was by Knight's Star out of the Duke of Buccleuch's Peggy. Fan was by Pierce's Shamrock out of Jess. This is the only Biddy that has been placed at any of the New York shows. She was owned by the St. Louis Kennel Club, and won first at St. Louis and champion at Boston in 1878.

D. M., Oswego, N. Y.—Will you please advise me what I should do to have my bitch Bran Berkeley entered in the Irish setter registry of America? Ans. We know of no special Irish setter register. The American Kennel Club published in 1879 the first volume of their Stud Book; entries for the second volume closed many months ago, but the book has not yet appeared; we are unable to learn when it will be published. Your entry would be of course good in the third volume, which we presume will follow the second in the course. Meanwhile, the entry you have made in the American Kennel Register will answer every purpose.

H. E., Erie, Pa.—The reel is a center action multiplying reel with an adjustable click. It is a good reel. Address the party you name. 2. Probably mangle; your description is rather vague. Try the following and write us again in ten days if it does not effect a cure: Wash him thoroughly with strong soft soap suds, using warm water, then apply the following, rubbing it well in: Sublimed sulphur one dram, balsam of Peru one dram, lard two ounces. Apply this for three successive days, and on the fourth repeat the ointment.

W. B. N., Bridgeton, N. J.—Inclosed in this mail you will find a small snake of a kind rarely seen in this neighborhood. Will you be so kind as to give a description and name of variety in your next number? It was picked up near but not in the water. Ans. The specimen is a young ring snake, *Diadophis punctulatus*, a harmless and beautiful species found in the woods. It is figured in Vol. I. of "The Natural History of New York," Vol. I. "Reptiles and Fishes," pl. 14, fig. 29 and a short account of it is given on p. 39 of the text.

Riverside, Cal.—A small species of owl is very common here which inhabits spruce firs, though it occasionally digs its own holes. They are about seven or eight inches in length. Are they burrowing owls (*Otus vociferans*) or California pigmy owls (*Holoceryx*)? Ans. The burrowing owl.

L., Gloucester.—Please advise me where I can procure a few carp to stock a small pond. Ans. Write to Prof. S. F. Baird, Washington, D. C., or to E. C. Blackford, Fulton Market, New York. You cannot get them before October, but write now.

H. E., Palmyra, N. Y.—The original shooting was "class-shooting," i. e. the shells to be shot off in the same manner, whether the prize was divided into two or not. You should have such things clearly understood beforehand.

A. R. H., Palmyra, N. Y.—Permits from a natural history society to kill birds for scientific purposes are not required in New York State, the very proper provision for such permits having failed to pass the Legislature.

J. W. T., Wallingford, Conn.—You will not find any "good hunting" in New England in July, as it is then the close season on all game. For Maine angling resorts see recent numbers of this journal.

SECRETARY.—In a class-shooting match for three prizes, four competitors, A, B and C, tie for first; D, takes second; who takes third? Ans. It reverts to the four contestants in equal shares.

J. A. W., New York.—For wild rice apply to Chas. Gilchrist, Port Hope, Ont.; R. & W. Valentine, Janesville, Wis., or Hiram Sibley, Rochester, New York.

A. N., Minnesota.—Mr. George A. Phelan, author of the sketches published under the pseudonym "A. Mule," died last October. See our issue of Oct. 12.

W. E. P., Bridgeport, Conn.—Write to the Middlesex County Association for the protection of Game and Fish, Middletown, Conn. A READER wishes location for good trout fishing and woodcock shooting combined in Pennsylvania.

A. S., New York.—The best Adirondack map is Stoddard's. We can supply it.

F. C. DeV., New York.—Write to Kennedy Smith, Enstis, Me.

HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC VETERINARY SPECIFICS

FOR THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES OF HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP, HOGS, PIGS, ETC. For Twenty Years Humphrey's Veterinary Specifics have been used by Farmers, Stock-raisers, Hunters, and Sportsmen, and have proved themselves Menageries and others with perfect success. LIST OF SPECIFICS: A. A. Cures all Inflammation, Milk Fever, Spinal Meningitis, Hog Cholera, 75c. B. Cures all Fevers, 75c. C. Cures all Coughs, 75c. D. Cures all Diarrhoeas, 75c. E. Cures all Stomach Disorders, 75c. F. Cures all Colic, 75c. G. Cures all Gout, 75c. H. Cures all Urinary Diseases, 75c. I. Cures all Skin Diseases, 75c. J. Cures all Diseases of the Digestive System, 75c. K. Cures all Diseases of the Circulatory System, 75c. L. Cures all Diseases of the Respiratory System, 75c. M. Cures all Diseases of the Genital System, 75c. N. Cures all Diseases of the Nervous System, 75c. O. Cures all Diseases of the Muscular System, 75c. P. Cures all Diseases of the Bones and Joints, 75c. Q. Cures all Diseases of the Senses, 75c. R. Cures all Diseases of the Skin, 75c. S. Cures all Diseases of the Hair, 75c. T. Cures all Diseases of the Nails, 75c. U. Cures all Diseases of the Teeth, 75c. V. Cures all Diseases of the Gums, 75c. W. Cures all Diseases of the Lips, 75c. X. Cures all Diseases of the Tongue, 75c. Y. Cures all Diseases of the Throat, 75c. Z. Cures all Diseases of the Lungs, 75c. AA. Cures all Diseases of the Heart, 75c. AB. Cures all Diseases of the Liver, 75c. AC. Cures all Diseases of the Gall Bladder, 75c. AD. Cures all Diseases of the Pancreas, 75c. AE. Cures all Diseases of the Spleen, 75c. AF. Cures all Diseases of the Stomach, 75c. AG. Cures all Diseases of the Intestines, 75c. AH. Cures all Diseases of the Rectum, 75c. AI. Cures all Diseases of the Uterus, 75c. AJ. Cures all Diseases of the Vagina, 75c. AK. Cures all Diseases of the Ovaries, 75c. AL. Cures all Diseases of the Testes, 75c. AM. Cures all Diseases of the Prostate, 75c. AN. Cures all Diseases of the Bladder, 75c. AO. 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Reliable Testimony

Hop Bitters Co.,

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 6, 1882.

I am seventy-four years old, have lived thirty-four years in Philadelphia, and well-known among terms. I have been troubled twelve years with a white swelling on my right foot, and getting worse every year, and very painful, and breaking out in hot weather. I consulted several doctors and they told me it was incurable and I would have to take it with me in the grave. Some time ago I lost my appetite, was cosine, had headache and fever—in fact was very sick. I saw in the *Gorman Democrat* that Hop Bitters was what I needed. I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise right from the first my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters.

JOHN STOLL,
No. 1 Young's Alley, above Willow st.

Stippshill, Ind., Nov. 13, 1881.

Dear Sirs—I have read so much about Hop Bitters, and always had a belief in its efficacy, that I got a bottle, took it one week and was as well again as ever, and to my greatest surprise right from the first my swelling went down gradually, and I taking another bottle got entirely well of it. The wife of my neighbor had two such swellings on her legs and three bottles cured her. I think this is a great triumph for your bitters.

LUCY VAIL.

Beat the World.

Rockville, Conn., March 6, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.,

I have been taking your Hop Bitters for several weeks, and they beat the world.

L. S. LEWIS, Lewis' Axles Machine.

Leontonia, Pa., April 13, 1882.

Hop Bitters Co.,

I have not been well for three years, tried almost every kind of patent medicine and no less than seven doctors, one of Elmira, N. Y., none have done me any good. I finally tried your Hop Bitters and found them just the thing. I have praised them so highly there is a great number here who use them with great benefit and satisfaction.

Very respectfully yours,
R. HENR.

GENTLEMEN:—The "Hop Bitters" meet with large sales and give general satisfaction, one case in particular you should know of. Mr. John H. Green, 728 Spring Garden street, Phila., Pa., has been suffering from kidney affection, which superinduced rheumatism. He tried physicians and remedies in vain. He was obliged to take morphine to induce sleep; his trouble was so great. Reading your advertisement in the *Christian at Work*, he was prevailed upon by one of his daughters to try it. Three bottles affected a cure, and now he is an enthusiast for "Hop Bitters." He is one of the oldest residents in the locality named, and known as a gentleman of unusual probity.

HENRY TORREN,
672 North 10th street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Office Jelloway Mutual Aid Association,
Jelloway, O., Feb. 18, 1882.

Hop Bitter Manufacturing Co.,

I have been using your Hop Bitters and find them what you recommended them to be for kidney disease, viz.: superior to all others.

J. L. HILDEBRAND.

Vertigo, Dizziness and Blindness.

Office *Utica Morning Herald*,
Utica, Feb. 18, 1882.

I have been troubled with vertigo since last July, and have suffered greatly every night after any considerable exertion from dizziness and blindness. I tried two bottles of Hop Bitters, and since then have been entirely relieved.

Respectfully yours,
J. J. FLANNAN.

Hop Bitters Co.,

June 15, 1881.

I have been suffering five years past with neuralgia, liver complaint, dyspepsia and kidney complaint, and I have doctored with fourteen different doctors who did me no good. At last I tried Hop Bitters, and after I used a few bottles I received a great benefit from them, and if I had used Hop Bitters regularly I would have been well before. I know them to be the best medicine in the world for nervous diseases of all kinds.

JAMES COONTS,
Beclington, Barner County, W. Va.

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REV. B. R.—Washington, D. C.

A good Baptist clergyman of Bergen, N. J., a

strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness over two years after he was advised that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against the word "bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in Hop Bitters.

My wife and daughter were made healthy by the use of Hop Bitters, and I recommend them to my people.—Methodist Clergyman, Mexico, N. Y.

I had severe attacks of gravel and kidney trouble; was unable to get any medicine or doctor to cure me until I used Hop Bitters, and they cured me in a short time.—A distinguished lawyer and temperance orator of Wayne County, N. Y.

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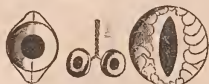
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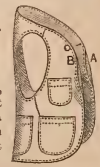
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DECORATION DAY.

YESTERDAY the green turf on a million graves was made more beautiful by the tender offerings of loving hearts to the memory of the dead of long ago. In village, in town and in mighty city, all over country, in the North and the South, the East and the West, the loveliest flowers of spring were scattered over the graves of those who have gone before, but whose memory cannot die.

To the white-haired father on this day comes up as vividly as ever the recollection of his bright-faced boy, who went from his home at the first call of battle and who never returned. The widow still mourning the stalwart husband, whose duty to her and the children kept him chafing at home until the struggle had assumed such mighty proportions that he could no longer hesitate. Then he went, and was never again seen alive. The mother whose sole support was torn from her by the conflict; the sister who gave up her darling brother, on this day suffer again the pain of their bereavement.

The flowers which have been scattered over the graves of the hne and the gray have not yet faded. Still fair and fragrant they fitly symbolize the sad, sweet recollections of those who, after twenty years, sorrow for their dead, yet not as those without hope.

Bitter and savage was the struggle, terrible the meeting of opposing forces during the long years of the war, and deep the animosities engendered by the conflict. The whole fabric of the nation was shaken to its foundations, the best of its citizens on both sides yielded up their lives. But the fury of the battle is long past and forgotten, and peace and prosperity smile over our whole land. The mourners of the North and the South mingle their tears and their offerings on this Decoration Day, and the survivors of the struggle on either side clasp hands in strong friendship and good feeling, for the heart-burning and the bitter sectional hatreds of former times have passed away to return no more forever.

THE BOY AND THE ANGLE.

NOT solely for the scientific angler with his eight-ounce rod, silken line and flies cunningly fashioned to resemble to living thing, are all and the chiefest delights of the gentle pastime. There is one of humble estate in the brotherhood of the angler who makes no pretensions to skill, and uses the most unorthodox and coarsest tackle, to whom it yields supremest enjoyment. He never casts a fly, and knows no "green drake" but him of the duck pond, no "doctor" but the village practitioner who gives him an occasional nauseous dose, no "professor" but the "deestriet" school-master, and if he ever heard of a split bamboo, thinks a split pole must be a poor stick to catch fish with. He wants no reel to wind in his fish with, but "yanks" them out and lands them high and dry and safe from return to the flood, easting them the length of pole and line behind him. This is, of course, our young and unsophisticated friend, the boy of the country, he who remains a boy till he has grown big enough to go a-fishing, and perhaps never becomes a young gentleman, but keeps a boy's heart within him, and a boy's ways until he becomes a man. He does not always wear a torn hat, nor always trowsers in which he feels most at ease if sitting down when big girls are about, nor does he always go barefoot from spring till fall, though he likes to give his naked soles a taste of the soil for a few days when he has seen the necessary seventeen buttresses.

Furthermore, we do not claim for him, nor does he for himself, that he can catch more fish than the scientific angler; but how he loves to go a-fishin', and how he enjoys it all, from the preparative beginning to the very end! What happiness is his in the cutting of the pole in the always-pleasant woods, where many a sapling is critically scanned and many a one laid low before the right and fore-ordained one is found; and in the buying of the ten-cent line and half dozen beautiful blue fish-hooks, selected with much deliberation from the tempting array in the showcase of the country store. How continually he is full of anticipation of sport from the moment he begins digging his bait; each big worm uncerthed and going into the leaky coffee-pot promises a fish, and as he hurries across the fields to the stream he cannot stop even to look for a bird's nest, though sparrow, bobolink and meadow lark start from almost at his feet. Nor hardly can he halt to disentangle his hook and line from the fence or bush they are soon to catch in, for he knows the fish are waiting for him. Then out of breath beside the stream he impales a lively worm, spits on it, not so much for luck as in deference to time-honored usage, gets his line straight out behind him, and sends it with a whizz and a resounding "plung" of the two-ounce sinker far out into the waters, and waits for a bite with what patience a boy can muster. Presently perhaps the expected thrill runs up his angle to his hands and through all his nerves, the tip of the pole nods, then bows low to the flood, and by no "turn of the wrist," but by main strength and by one and the same motion he hooks his victim and tears it from its watery hold. So swiftly has it made its curved flight over his head, unseen but as a dissolving streak, that he knows not till he has rushed to where it is kicking the grass whether his prize is a green-and-golden barred perch, a gaudy-mottled pumpkinseed, a silvery shiner or an ugly but toothsome bullpup, gritting his wide jaws when his horns do him no good, though they may yet do his captor a mischief.

Whatever it may be, he glloats over it as much as any man over his well-fought trot or bass, and straightway runs to cut a forked wand whereon to string it, and takes care that it be long enough to hold many another. If the fish do not bite he sets his pole in a crotched stick and lets it fish for itself while he explores the shore and catches a "mud tarle," "almost" kills a "mush rat" or scares himself with a big water snake.

Returning to his pole, perhaps he finds the tip under water and tugs out a writhing eel, the wild fun and horror, and the abominable, all-pervading sliminess of whose final eaptive makes memorable the hour and the day thereof. Perhaps a hungry and not too fastidious pickerel or picker-pere or bass may gorge the worm-indeed hook and be hauled ashore, and then the measure of the boy's glory is filled and the capacity of his trousers to contain him tried to the utmost.

Though he goes home with a beggarly account of small fry dangling at the end of his withe, he is unabashed, if not proud, and hopeful for another day. But if it is strung so full that his arms ache with lugging it, what pride fills his heart as he displays his fish! Till they are eaten and digested he ceases to be a "no-account boy." He cleans them and enjoys it. Every scale is a cent, bright from the mint, and he catches each fish over again as he takes it up. He

recognizes his worms in their maws. When they are cooked, whoever tasted fish so good?

The boy is no more a contemplative angler than he is a gentle one, and he does not of choice go fishing alone. He would rather go with the renowned old fisherman of the neighborhood and learn something of the mysteries of his art, but that worthy does not overmuch desire the companionship of youthful anglers. So performe the young fisherman goes with another boy and has some one to "holter" to, compare notes with, and enter into rivalry with, and he can say with truth, when he gets home, "Me and Jim ketched twenty" though he forgets to add that Jim caught nineteen of them. Wherefore not? Do not his biggers and hettters brag of scores which would not have been made if their guides and oarsmen had not fished?

Alack, for the bygone days! When May comes with south winds and soft skies and the green fields are dotted with the gold of dandelions and patched with the blue of violets, and the bobolinks are riotous with song over them, who would not be a boy again just for one day to go a-fishing?

STEAM YACHTING.

IN unsympathetic quarters the query is often heard, "What are steam yachts good for, anyway?" Such an interrogation would hardly have been made more than once had a little thought been bestowed upon the subject. Though different in some features from the sister branch of the sport, it does not follow that yachting under steam is in anywise inferior to sailing, either in respect to enjoyment or to the opportunities offered for instruction to the mind and healthful exercise to the body. To be sure, the greater certainty of movement under steam, the precision upon which one can count in all that relates to time, removes from steam yachting that charming element of uncertainty which contributes so much to the romance of the more Bohemian-like cruise under canvas. If steaming eliminates speculation upon time and the weather, it is none the less exacting and enticing in other respects. Navigation, such as keeping the vessel's reckoning, skillful pilotage, a knowledge of seamanship in the event of accident to the machinery, all afford field enough for thought, and, supplemented with an investigation of the "power behind the throne," a world of study for the busy brain and nimble activity, for nerve and muscle in quantity unostiated. Indeed, the speed of the steamer demands from the controlling mind a sharpened intelligence, quick decision, a head capable of thinking more than one thought at a time, prepared in an instant to meet an unexpected situation with just the right move in remedy. Thought must flash and work as if by instinct, for time to reflect and evolve from one's inner consciousness is too precious for such waste when slashing along at fifteen, eighteen or twenty knots to the hour. On the bridge watch has to be kept more searching and strict than in the cockpit of the yacht under sail. Emergencies occur not with gear and sails perhaps, but equally as serious, may far more dangerous or sudden in their consequences, in the boiler and engine room below. Pumps cease to act, valves leak, tubes blow out, grate bars choke, bearings heat, keys work loose, and a hundred and one other troubles occur familiar to all who have had motive power in charge. The engine room is not one whit more free from mishaps or accidents than the spars and gear of a sailing craft, and to meet onward complications in a steamer requires even greater knowledge and experience of head and deftness of hand. In management and care the steamer stands exponent of a higher branch of learning and skill than the simpler demands of fore and aft rigs and smooth water sailing aspire to. Though the steamer disdains without risk nearly all weather prognostications, and shows a thoughtless front to sea and wind, her speed and motive agent involve the assumption of cares and responsibilities at least as great and serious as all those trials and tribulations peculiar to the sailing yacht.

It will be said that owners keep clear of the engine room, care nothing about machinery and delegate all attention it requires to a person employed for the purpose. That asking a man of business, carrying stocks and tape measures in his head, and dressed in faultless fashion, to delve into the sooty, greasy depths of fire-room or engine space for instruction or pleasure, is expecting that oil and water should mix. In some cases it is, in others it is not. There are those who own large sailing yachts, yet know nothing and care less about their rig and navigation. But there are likewise industrious Corinthians and persons of ambition who seek to master the intricacies of working a vessel to the best of their abilities

and opportunities, nor are they frightened at the idea of work or the tar and the shakings. It is within reason to suppose a similar class of earnest enthusiasts will be found who seek advancement in all there is about them, and who in time will as learnedly discuss "lap and lead," "cut-offs and expansions," "high and low pressure," "crank and disc motion" as we now hear bold Corinthians taking issue upon "luffing out or squaring away," "keels or boards," "cutter rigs or sloops," and the knotty formulas of "time allowance."

With steam all around us, steam whisking us up and down town, from floor to attic, from city to country town, steam in the kitchen turning the spit, steam in the sewing room whirling the sewing machine needle, and steam twirling the peanni roaster in the street, it would be strange indeed were gentlemen of leisure and means to pass by slightly the universal agency which has contributed so much to life's ease and comfort, and perhaps been the means of their own professional success. We need but look to older nations for an answer. There are in British waters vast fleets of yachts, from the yawl and launch up to stately sea-going vessels, driven by steam applied to screw or paddle. Among the owners of such yachts the number who comprehend and control the working of the machinery is growing apace, and a large class of amateur marine mechanics has sprung into existence.

Steam yachting and all that the term includes is not what many presume, a problem fully solved and in a quiescent *status quo*. There are the same issues in existence which animate circles devoted to the sail. Engines and boilers and systems and tools of propulsion of a rival kind there are innumerable. The question of model itself is perfectly unsettled. Type is still in the first throes of embryotic stages. Shall she be high speed, cruiser or auxiliary? Shall she be long, narrow and shoal? Shall she have a working rig or be content with poles, twin screws or single? And as for wheels and driving power, their theory and practice, their adaptability to various waters, these things of themselves open up a vast, and as yet unworked, mine for deep study and acquisition as well as for experiment and practice.

From America will ultimately hail the largest fleet of steam yachts in the world. The certainty of movement of such vessels recommends them to men pressed for time. Our vast network of rivers in the interior, the great distance to be traversed from point to point, all will insist upon the rapid multiplication of the small nucleus of steam yachts now afloat. For all this, there need be no fear that the sailing yacht will be driven to the wall. There is ample room in the world for both classes. Cheapness in first cost, economy in running and love for a sailor's life will keep the fleet under canvas from extinction for all time. The man of steam will be drawn from other ranks, and with his vessel will add one more to the yachting navy without a single sail being withdrawn on this account.

The recent formation in this city of a club, especially devoted to steam yachts, bears out what has been written above. It is the first step toward securing that recognition which has been denied by the self-engrossed community of amateur sailors through groundless fear of rivalry, and a failure to concede to steam yachts the importance they are entitled to.

SUPPORT THE TEAM.

NOW that the indignation, naturally felt at the action of the Rifle Association directors in the rejection from the team of one of the best shots in America, has in some measure subsided, the entire effort of all who wish well to American arms should be directed to strengthening the squad of National Guardsmen who in a few weeks will set sail for the English range. The honor of the country has to be sustained by the men now giving their time and effort daily at Creedmoor to gain that thorough control of hand and eye which shall enable them successfully to meet the English experts. The men are doing good work; they already show scores far beyond what was recorded a year ago at the same stage of preparation, and the prospect is that without any more than merely holding their own they will be able to make a strong fight with the picked British team.

The National Guard of the entire country owe it to themselves to see to it that the team of 1883 goes abroad in a manner befitting its representative character. The men on the team are not men of wealth. They are young men who love the innocent excitement of the rifle match, and having shown their ability to excel in one branch of the soldier's duty, it should be the proud and pleasant duty of every other member of their body to lend aid and assistance in getting them the victory. This can be done through a generous subscription to the fund now raising for the expenses of the team. These will necessarily be heavy, for a jaunt over the ocean for so large a group of men is not a trifling matter. Though it will be a short visit, it cannot be a flying one. After the novel experience of a sea trip, the men will need a few days for rest and quiet to steady their nerves and refresh their bodies. Then there will be some days' drill at Wimbledon to get acquainted with the ground over which the match is to be shot. During all the time the men look for their support to the body of their fellow citizens who will share in the honor which a victory will bring.

The board have placed their estimate of expenses at a

moderate figure. It is thought that \$6,000 will carry the team out and home again, and but a small percentage of this sum has already been secured. Every cent of it should be in the hands of the committee before the date of sailing. It will add much to the confidence with which the men will start if they know that their friends and well-wishers have been thoughtful in this respect. The *meu deservit* support for the good work thus far, and as everybody feels like adding a trifle to a successful cause, they may feel assured that in all likelihood they will be doing so by sending a subscription to the American Team Fund.

BLACK BASS.

ON the first day of June the black bass season opens about New York. It is an open secret that to many it practically opens at Greenwood Lake on Decoration Day, two days before. This being a legal holiday, many persons go to the lake, and the people about it wink at the transgression, because the visitors leave substantial mementoes of their visit, which is regarded as a full equivalent. This practice is wrong and it should be stopped, or the law should be changed, making the opening of the season on the holiday. There is no doubt about the early season being the best. The fish seem livelier and even gamier than later in the greater heat of summer, with its greater excess of vegetation in the water. It is in the beginning of the season that the bass take the fly with more certainty than at any other time, and this alone is reason enough to many to make them anxious to go early to the lakes.

About New York there are not many good places for black bass. A few are taken in the Croton reservoir, but not enough to make it an object to fish for them, they are usually captured by those who are fishing for perch. The most accessible places for good fishing are: Greenwood Lake, lying partly in New York and partly in New Jersey, fifty miles distant from the city, and reached by the New York & Greenwood Lake R. R., with ferries at West Twenty-third and Chambers streets. This lake is one of the best black bass lakes in this part of the country, notwithstanding the great yearly drain upon it and the number of anglers that visit it. Several good hotels are on it, and the scenery is fine. Lake Hopatcong is reached by the Morris and Essex R. R., ferries at Barclay and Christopher streets, trains for the lake connecting at Drakesville, distance about sixty miles. This lake furnishes some black bass and many pickerel. It is quite a pretty lake and has hotels. From Hopatcong station passengers go some three miles by canal before entering the lake. Swartswood Lake, near Newton, N. J., sixty-seven miles from the city, is reached by the Sussex branch of the Del., Lac. & W. R. R., ferries foot of Barclay and Christopher streets. This lake also abounds with pickerel and perch and the fishing is often good. The rivers readily accessible from New York where the fishing is more or less good are: The Delaware from Port Jervis to within twenty-five miles of Philadelphia, and there are also black bass in the Raritan River.

Fly-fishing, where and when the fish will take the fly, is by far the highest of all fishing, but the black bass is a notional fish, full of queer conceits about a diet of flies, or perhaps only regards them as dessert, to be taken in moderation, or not at all, according as his digestive organs may incline him. Certain it is that the black bass cannot be depended on to rise to the fly with anything like the certainty that we calculate on the rising of trout. Even trout refuse to rise at certain, or uncertain, times, but the black bass is always uncertain. For fly-fishing use trout tackle with larger and more gaudy flies, and allow the latter to sink and troll them after a cast. For casting or trolling the minnow, a shorter rod, about eight feet, of some stiffness, and a multiplying reel are used. Still-fishing from an anchored boat is done with rods of all kinds, but we prefer a trout rod if we are forced to practice this method by reason of the refusal of the bass to take the fly. Baits include frogs, helgramites or dobsons, worms, minnows, crawfish, grubs, grasshoppers, etc. Skittering a frog which, after being humanely killed, is hooked through the jaws, is good sport, and is done by standing in a boat while a man rows it slowly near the likely spots, and casting the frog on one side and jumping it along the surface two or three times and then casting it to the other side. This often raises large fish, and there is an amount of exercise attending it that lazy still fishing does not bring. In doing this we prefer to stand in the bow of the boat, although most men take the stern. We prefer the bow because we then work water which has not been disturbed by the oars. Trolling with spoons or minnow gaugs is a favorite with some. It requires no skill and is a murderous practice as well as a lazy one. If bait is used it will save much time, expense and disappointment to carry it, for it is often scarce at the fishing grounds.

Concerning the comparative gameness of the two species of black bass, we agree with Dr. Henshall, and, in defiance of popular opinion, claim as many qualities for the high-mouth as are possessed by his brother with the smaller opening in his countenance. The big-mouth, when under two pounds weight, makes a splendid fight, although he has been cried down, and it is fashionable to echo the cry. We look forward to the day when a fair judgment, irrespective of prejudice, will be rendered by intelligent anglers on this question of comparative gameness, always making allowances for the weight of fish. We believe that the proper fighting weight of a black bass is from a pound and a half to two pounds, if

he is in good condition, and that when he exceeds these weights his game qualities decline in proportion, and he is tired out in less time, always allowing light tackle to be used instead of hickory poles and main strength, which gives the smaller fish no chance to display his science and his pluck. Take the black bass all in all, they are the gamiest fish that the angler finds in fresh waters, except the brook trout, and there are anglers who do not except even them.

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TROUT.—We would like a fair discussion as to the comparative merits of the English trout (*Salmo fario*) and *Salvelinus fontinalis*. Those interested in the subject may read Mr. Chambers's remarks on American trout in our review of "Fish and Fisheries," in our fish-cultural columns.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE WHISTLE OF THE ELK.

BY H. P. UFFORD.

JUST who was responsible for the position in which we found ourselves, was "one of them things no feller could find out." Ignotus charged it upon John, John shifted the burden to The Rhymer, while The Rhymer in turn laid it upon the shoulders of Ignotus. Whether that John was in hopes of discovering the mythical Dead Man's Gulch, where "solid nuggets of pure gold as large as walnuts or as sappins lay" "thick as autumn leaves in Vallambrosa," or that The Rhymer was fired with a wild desire to scale heights repented to be hereto inaccessible to the white man's foot, or that Ignotus was led by the hope of finding and securing a specimen of that hunter's will of the whisp, the mountain bison—certain it was, that the sun, descending behind Dos Hermanos, seemed to wink derisively at our little party, as exhausted with the fatigues of mountain climbing, we huddled together for the night on a rocky shelf on the side of one of the steepest peaks of the steepest group of the San Juan range, "the Needles." What there was in our surroundings to induce anyone to tempt the perils of the break-neck climb hither would have been hard to tell. Above and below, before and behind, on the right hand and on the left, a monotonous and unvarying of stone was varied only by a uniform monotony of rock. Trachyte, granite, or quartzite—black, brown or gray—cliff, talus, boulder or slide-rock—rent by the earthquake, pulverized by the thunder-bolt, or polished by the sliding avalanche, rusty with stain of iron, or ashen with the sickly gray of the lichen—everywhere it was rock, rock, rock, that met our view, crunched on the worn detritus at the base of one jagged cliff, and facing across twenty yards of black basalt, another, no less rent and torn—on the one side, the gorge above choked with jagged boulders, heaped together in elemental confusion; and on the other, the gorge below breaking off to the nether world by a Devil's Staircase of shattered porphyritic steps—our only bed the angular slide-rock, and our sole linally the shriek of the wind as it swept through the pass; still, Gallo-like, we "carried on none of the things." A new experimenter always pays for itself, even though its price be tears, and woe, and blood; and it was worth while once in a lifetime to see nature in her most savage mood. Stripped of all her virginal beauty and grace she stood revealed before us that night, cold, pitiless and cruel; a detestable goddess whose breath was the hurricane, the glance of her eyes sharp thunderbolts, and in the touch of her bloodless hand the chill of death. Little recked we, however, we had laughed in her face ere now, and were not children of a younger world to grovel on our faces before her because she chose for once in a way to show us the virago side of her character. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and we felt no fear of her, on whose lap we had so often laid our tired heads and been lulled to sleep, like weary children by the crooning music of her voice. So we kicked the ashes out of our pipes, smoothed out a place among the rocks as best we could, wrapped our blankets around us and soon forgot our pains and aches in the gentle caresses of sleep.

Next morning, after a breakfast of dry bread and jerked beef, we swung to the left, flanking the cliff under which we had slept, and after merrily a few hours of painful climbing, emerged by the crest of an upland meadow, thickly set with clumps of spruce and alder and watered by a little stream, which, taking its rise in the peaks to our left, poured its waters into the gulch up which we had struggled the day before. Deer signs were plenty, and while following one of the freshest of the trails, intent on fresh meat for dinner, The Rhymer suddenly stopped, as though petrified.

"Hello!" he shouted to Ignotus, "who in thunder's got cattle up here on this mesa?"

"Cattle? What do you mean?"

"Why, here are the tracks of a drove of steers—three-year olds at least."

"Pshaw! you're crazy! No steer in the world could climb up here."

"Can't help that. Here are the tracks; come and see for yourself."

Over came Ignotus.

"Bull elk, by gracious! and whoopers, too. Let's see; one, two, three, four—eleven of 'em by Saint Patrick! The biggest drove I ever saw."

"You haven't seen them yet."

"No, but I will to-morrow morning. If we don't have elk steak for breakfast it'll be sorry."

"Why not go for them now?"

"Too late; they're gone up on the peaks. How's the moon? Did you notice her this morning?"

"Yes; she was about four hours high at sun-up."

"Good; we'll catch 'em as they come down about daylight. Not a cow or a calf among 'em. Tell you what, my boy, it's going to take fine-haired work to get one of those smoke or twenty miles, if the wind was right. Queer, too; the less they're hunted the more the snail scares them; after a while they seem to get used to it, and don't mind it,

Now, tobacco smoke they don't mind a bit, while a black-tail hates it like pizen."

The rest of the day was spent in studying the lay of the land, and in planning the morrow's campaign. It was decided that Ignotus and The Rhymer should essay the capture, while John would "keep camp" in their absence, as the exertions of the last two days, joined to the exposure of the night before, had brought him a visit from his old friend, "the mountain goat."

The moon was only fairly above the horizon when the pair stole carefully from their blankets and started for the peaks, looming dimly in the distance. The morning was phenomenal—neither clear nor cloudy, light nor dark. There was no perceptible mist, yet all things had a lazy, uncertain look. The shadows cast by the trees were as clear and pitchy-black as though produced by the electric arc, yet the moon shone full and pale and wan. There was no sign of hoar-frost on the grass, yet the stinging air felt damp and raw. The stars glittered like sparks of fire, yet the sky was sodden and gray. Everything was incongruous and contradictory, as though Chaos was just departing, and the New Earth had not yet been born.

As the hunters threaded their way silently through the alder groves, or crossed the mesa from one woody island to another, they seemed to themselves like shades of the departed, flitting around the place which had been their accustomed haunt in life. They were not wholly wild and weak, but neither felt bold enough to break the uncanny stillness. The sense of something mysterious, of a vague intangible "one-knows-not-what," a feeling that "it is the unexpected which always happens," seemed to weigh down and oppress them. Weak ghosts of sounds quavered around them, yet if one turned to listen, they ceased, and nothing was heard but silence; the silence of the Cosmos, which, maddened at its own dumbness, flung itself upon the ear with a muffled, pulsating roar, wherein were mingled the plunge of the surf upon the shore, the moan of the wind in the bending tree-tops, and the low reverberation of the dying thunder-peal. Ghosts of things there seemed to be, as well as ghosts of sounds; spectral forms vanished behind the somber spruce boles; white wraiths floated over the mesa, fading away as soon as looked at; intangible something which eluded sight, and dimly, dimly pressed upon the mind and on every side of the soul faintly felt, though all unmet; so that it was with a sigh of relief that they finally reached the throat of the mesa, where it narrowed to enter the peaks, forming a *cul-de-sac* through which the hunter instinct of Ignotus told him the elk would most likely pass on their way to the pasture below. But, led by their suspicious nature, they might vary their usual routine, and cross over the "rookie continent" or "chick-back," which formed one side of the throat, so The Rhymer was left there that he might have a double chance, while Ignotus went further up, following a trail so broad that it might have been a cow-path or a New England hillside.

Cuddling down between two boulders, with his back to the cliff, yet so situated that he could watch both the pass above and the rounded sheep-back before him. The Rhymer proceeded to make himself comfortable while he kept the rounded water hole in his line of vision behind and on the well with the line of the rocks behind and around him, that he had no fear of being seen by the wary eye of "him-that-walks-with-a-tree-on-his-head," as the fanciful red man calls the antlered elk. The place and the hour were productive of fancy. Around were the everlasting hills, and above stretched the gray arch of the eternal skies. The uncanny feeling was gone from the air, and in its place was a soothing, mellow "em whistle" condurion matched with a sense of preparation—an expectation of something about to happen, but something wonderful, and not terrible; majestic, but not awful. Nature was preparing herself for the working of a miracle—none the less marvellous because it is repeated over and over again—the miracle of the birth of a new day.

Struck by the marvel, Jupiter started for a moment on the top of Dos Herrones, and Orion shifting his hand on his sword-hilt, shaded his eyes to see what was to take place on his sister, Terra. But infinity cannot stand still, and they wheeled onward again in their planetary march, while a thrill of vague unrest stirred the bosom of the earth-goddess, as she waited for the first kiss of her coming lover, the Sun.

And then, from the sky above, from the air around, from the ether trim and some distant star, from every where, and from nowhere, comes a low, distant, plaintive note, rising, swelling, falling, echoing from rock to crag, and dying away in the pass below.

"O hawk! O heart! how shrill and clear, And shriller, clearer, farther going; How faint and far, from cliff and snow, The horns of Eblaunt faintly blowing!"

Nature bonds her ear to listen, as it comes again, like the low drawn strain of an Æolian harp, or the first doubtful note blown by the great god Pan from the reed he bent by the river. Once, twice, thrice it comes, borne on pulsating ether waves, echoing, echoing from cliff to cliff, note and echo so blended that the ear cannot separate the one from the other. In its evanescent strain are suggestions of all supernal music heard since the world began; the glad cry that broke from the lips of Mennoen's statue when touched by the first sunbeams of the dawn; King Olaf's wailing cry of wild, heart-broken wail that went shuddering through the vineyards and olive groves of the Mediterranean isles, announcing to a heathen world that the old pagan gods were dead, and the new Christ was come; the angelic sadness of that seraph strain that held the sin-worn Lancelot mute, as, before his rapturized sight, slow swam the Holy Grail; or the wild, defiant outburst of Scandinavian Thorr, challenging the new faith to battle, while King Olaf still went sailing, sailing up through Drontheim Florid.

With half closed eyes and parted lips, The Rhymer holds his breath to listen. When the last sweet echo has died away, he comes back to earth again, opens his eyes, and lo! on the crest of the rounded hill opposite him, outlined upon the sky and thrown into high relief by the faint pink glow behind, he sees, through the gray haze of the morning, the grand admittance of a mighty head, crowned by branching antlers, an arrow's flight from the tip to the tip.

Silently and spectrally, while he gazes, another giant head takes shape and form out of the curling mist, and another, and another, each materializing slowly and each more life-like than its predecessor, till the whole background of the sky is crossed and recrossed by the huge palmate horns, beneath which a vivid fancy almost distinguishes shapeless bulks which might well be taken for white, though those giant heads belong here. Here, he thinks, is a capital illustration of the way in which so many ghost stories take their rise.

Given a fantastic imagination prone to play tricks upon its more matter-of-fact brother, Common Sense, and surroundings a little out of the commonplace beat of every-day life, and what more natural than that the subjective should dominate over, or even usurp the throne of, the objective, and the afferent idealional be merged into the efferent sensational? By one who has not, like himself, been accustomed to the practice of cool, mental analysis, and has thus learned to recognize intuitively the line which separates illusion from fact, these ghostly shapes would be taken for real, instead of, as they truly are, mere phantasms of the brain, projected upon a background of fog and sky. In fact, the method of their appearance is proof of their unreal character. If they were solid flesh and blood, the tips of the horns would first be seen rising gradually over the crest of the hill, till the whole head came into view, as the white top of a ship appears over the curve of the sea, before the vessel herself swims into the watcher's ken. Instead of which the whole head comes into view at once; just as a dim, shadowy outline, then gathering form and shape as the actinic rays of fancy impinge upon the sensitive plate of the mental camera. As The Rhymer dreamily contemplates these eidola of the mind, and lazily smiles to think how a less keen psychologist than he might be duped by these airy visions, a long beam of light from the rising sun behind flashes over his head, breaks upon the slope opposite, the gray mist vanishes as by magic, and—by the spear of Nimrod! what he has taken for the idle stuff of dreams proves to be the veritable drove of elk for whose coming he has been waiting! Motionless they stand, within fair rifle shot—twenty-three of them, the largest drove of full grown elk he had ever, or for that matter, has ever seen. All noble, majestic fellows, too; not a runt or an ignoble head among them. So magnificent were the look, so free and wild, and in such perfect keeping with the scene, that for a moment there flashed through The Rhymer's head the insane idea of letting them go scot free; but the next moment the hunter's instinct of slaughter, or, it may be, the ganglionic nerve centers of the stomach, prevails, and the Sharps .44 rises slowly to the shoulder, steadies a moment, there is a pressure upon the trigger, a tongue of flame, followed by smoke, leaps out, the silence of the dawn is shattered by a detonation of sound which clashes and clangs from cliff to cliff, there is a rush of feet, forms, and a clatter of hoofs, and when the smoke has drifted away down the pass, the opposite slope is as devoid of life as when it first met The Rhymer's eye two hours before. As devoid of life, but its smooth outline is now broken by a shapeless russet bulk, and a thin red stream is slowly staining the brown shingle and scattered clumps of moss. Death must have been instantaneous, for the elk lies simply sunk upon its knees, and except that the head has fallen to one side, so that the antlers touch the ground, he looks as though he might be quietly sleeping. With lunatic inconsistency The Rhymer, who would have heartily cursed his luck had he missed his aim, feels a sensation of half regret because he did not. In a few moments, Ignotus having heard the shot, appears, picking his way down the pass, and in five minutes more he and The Rhymer are busily at work "graing up" their quarry.

"I heard 'em whistle," says Ignotus, holding his bloody knife between his teeth, while both hands tug at the tough hide, "and I knew from the direction they weren't coming my way, so I thought you'd be apt to get 'em. Rather early for 'em to be running, though; last year's calves are hardly weaned."

"Heard 'em whistle!" says the wild uncle which had filled The Rhymer's soul was nothing but the amorous call of a four-legged hee to his hairy love.

To this day Ignotus has not found out why The Rhymer, after gazing at him for a moment with a look of blank disgust, softly murmured, "Oh! that one were here to write me down an ass!"

Natural History.

BIRDS OF NORTHERN OHIO.

ADDITIONS.

CLEVELAND, O., May 31, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream.

Having collected birds in this locality for about twenty years, I feel called upon to offer some comments on the list of "Birds of Northern Ohio" from my friend Mr. Ingersoll, which appeared in last FOREST AND STREAM, as well as to make a number of additions to his list.

Golden-crowned Kinglet—*Regulus satrapa*.—Very seldom visits us in winter, but is a common spring and fall migrant. Red-bellied Nuthatch—*Sitta canadensis*.—I have never seen it in winter, but it nearly always visits us in spring and fall, and at times in great abundance.

Brown Creeper—*Certhia familiaris*.—Is not a common resident, but in spring and fall and mild winters it is abundant.

Worm-eating Warbler—*H. virens*.—Rare migrant. I think less than a dozen have been noted in this locality.

Orange-crowned Warbler—*H. celata*.—Not rare during fall migration.

Kirtland Warbler—*D. kirtlandi*.—There are now eleven specimens recorded, six of which were taken within five miles of Cleveland, and two of which I shot.

Snow Bunting—*P. nivalis*.—An abundant winter visitor.

Hairy Woodpecker—*P. villosus*.—Common resident.

I will now add to the list:

Gray-checked Thrush—*Turdus carolinensis*, var. *ulmiei*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Great Carolina Wren—*Troglodytes ludovicianus*.—Rare summer resident.

Prothonotary Warbler—*Protonotaria citrea*.—I know of but one instance of its capture here.

Tennessee Warbler—*Helminthophaga peregrina*.—Rare migrant.

White-browed Yellow-throated Warbler—*Dendroica dominica*, var. *albifrons*.—Not uncommon on river bottoms, especially among sycamores.

Water Thrush—*Sturnus nactus*.—Not uncommon migrant. Connecticut Warbler—*Oporornis agilis*.—For the last two or three seasons I have found this warbler in considerable numbers for a "rare" one, having taken from six to twelve each year.

Lincoln's Finch—*Melospiza lincolni*.—Irregular spring and fall migrant.

Snowbird—*Junco hyemalis*.—Abundant in colder months.

Black-throated Bunting—*Pipilo americanus*.—Summer

resident; seemingly rare some seasons, and sometimes abundant.

Yellow-bellied Flycatcher—*Empidonax flaviventris*.—Rare migrant.

Great Horned Owl—*Bubo virginianus*.—Common resident.

Goshawk—*Astur atricapillus*.—Rare winter visitor.

Rough-legged Hawk—*Archibuteo lagopus*.—Not uncommon during cold months.

Golden Eagle—*Aquila chrysaetos*.—Rare.

Wild Turkey—*Meleagris gallopavo*, var. *americana*.—Formerly abundant here, but now extinct, except in heavily wooded counties.

Avocet—*Recurvirostra americana*.—Rare; have never seen but two specimens, both from vicinity of Sandusky Bay.

Stilt—*Himantopus nigricollis*.—Rare.

Northern Phalarope—*Lobipes hyperboreus*.—Rare migrant.

Red-throated Loon—*Phalaropus fulicarius*.—Rare migrant.

Red-rumped Snipe—*Macropodus griseus*.—Rare.

White-rumped Sandpiper—*Tringa fuscolinis*.—Rare migrant.

Red-breasted Sandpiper—*Tringa canutus*.—Rare migrant.

Willet—*Totanus semipalmatus*.—Rare migrant.

Solitary Sandpiper—*Totanus solitarius*.—Common summer resident.

Bartramian Sandpiper, Upland Plover—*Actitis bartramia*.—Common summer resident.

Wood Tit—*Turdus leucolator*.—I know of but a single specimen from this locality.

Night Heron—*Nycticorax grisea*, var. *viridis*.—Rare summer resident.

Whistling Swan—*Cygnus americanus*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Blue Goose—*Anser carolinensis*.—Rare.

Indiana's Goose—*Buteo calurus*, var. *hutchinsoni*.—Rare; given on authority of R. K. Winslow.

Gadwall—*Chaulelasmus streperus*.—Not common migrant.

Greater Blackhead—*Fuligula marila*.—Not common migrant.

Golden-eye—*Bucephala clangula*.—Spring and fall migrant; have seen them in cracks in ice on lake in mid-winter.

Long-tailed Duck—*Harelda glacialis*.—Not rare during cold months; abundant at lower end of Lake Erie.

American Black Scoter—*Brema americana*.—Rare winter visitor.

Violet Scoter—*Brema fissa*.—Rare; have only seen them in fall and winter.

Ruddy Duck—*Erisutora rubida*.—Not uncommon migrant.

Red-breasted Merganser—*Mergus serrator*.—Rare migrant.

White Pelican—*Pelecanus erythrorhynchos*.—Rare migrant.

American Jaeger—*Speotytoctes pomatorhinus*.—Very rare; I know of but two specimens secured here, both of which are in my collection.

White-winged Gull—*Larus leucopterus*.—Rare winter visitor. Given on authority of R. K. Winslow.

Kittawake Gull—*Larus tridactylus*.—Very rare visitor. Given on above authority; have never seen a specimen.

Black-throated Diver—*Columbus arcticus*.—Accidental visitor; have only seen one specimen, which was shot on Sandusky Bay.

These additions to the list published, are made from actual capture or possession of species mentioned, with four (4) exceptions, of which three are given above on authority of R. K. Winslow, and prothonotary warbler, which Dr. J. P. Kirtland showed me, giving location of its capture, etc. The list, as amended, is practically complete.

H. E. CHUBB.

"NEW ENGLAND BIRD LIFE."

VOLUME II.*

IT has become rather the fashion of late years in this country to publish works on ornithology in an incomplete form. The appearance of the first part or volume of some admirable work would excite high hopes in the minds of those interested in the subject, but time would pass on, and the desire to behold the completed work remain unsatisfied. We can think at this moment of half a dozen works which are known only by their fragments. The most glaring instance of the kind is the case of Baird, Brown and Ridgway's "North American Birds," of which we know only the land birds, but there are not wanting others in which the disappointment has been almost equally great. It is very gratifying, therefore, to be able to announce the completion of "New England Bird Life," the first volume of which was noticed in these columns (FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. xvii., p. 267, Nov. 3, 1881) soon after its appearance. At that time we expressed our views on the value of the work and its usefulness to the public, and a perusal of the concluding part shows that it is no less important than its predecessor. Indeed, in some respects it is much more so, for it treats in part of the water birds, a group—if we may use that term—which for many years has been sadly neglected. For, with the exception of what is said of them in the "Birds of the Northwest," nothing systematic has been written on this important division of our birds since the days of Audubon.

To treat the birds of New England from the Pyramide down to the end of the list in a single volume of 400 pages is a task that few men, either as authors or editors, would care to undertake, but Dr. Coues has succeeded marvelously well in giving the important facts with regard to each species. As may be imagined, there is no expansion of the biographical notes. Each bird is treated with the utmost conciseness, and yet the references, which enable the reader to look the subject up for himself, are never omitted. Notwithstanding this conciseness, one would know even if Dr. Coues's name did not appear on the title page, that he had a hand in the authorship of the work, for it abounds in those happy turns of expression and telling phrases for which he is so justly renowned. It is therefore delightful reading, and judged from a scientific standpoint, it is as excellent as we should expect a work of Dr. Coues to be. The importance of having put together in compact shape so that they can be readily got at the scattered mass of notes and records, which during the past years have been gathered by the large and ever-increasing number of New England collectors, can scarcely be over-estimated, and those who are accustomed to much turning over of books in their search for such records and notes, will appreciate what has been done for them in this respect by Dr. Coues and Mr. Stearns. It will be an agreeable task, did our

* New England Bird Life (Being a Manual) of New England Ornithology; revised and edited from the manuscript of W. Brewster, a member of the Nuttall Ornithological Club, etc. (By Elliott Coues) (under the Academy, etc., Part II.) Non-scientific Birds of prey Game and Water Birds Boston Lee & Shepard, Publishers; New York, Charles T. Dillingham; 1883.

space permit it, to notice in detail the contents of the present volume, but we must content ourselves with referring the omniscient to his pages, assuring him that he will find each one of them full of interest.

HABITS OF THE PANTHER.

I WAS much interested, as I presume many others were also, in the carefully written, and, as I believe, generally accurate account of the cougar, or panther (*Felis concolor*) by Mr. Livingston Stone, in one of the recent numbers of the FOREST AND STREAM. As a man who has written so rare and formidable a work is usually read with avidity by those at all interested in the fast disappearing denizens of our forests and mountains, I am tempted to add a few items of my own observation upon the habits and characteristics of this great cat, more especially as my experience in one or two minor points differs somewhat from the conclusions of Mr. Stone.

Seldom found very abundantly in any portion of our country, when compared with other wild animals of equal size, and still more rarely killed, unless by poison, the panther is nevertheless usually the first animal who disappears before the advance of civilization. They are extinct in most localities long before the deer or bears have suffered any serious diminution in numbers. Upon many portions of this coast, however, panthers are still frequently met with. It has always been a perplexing matter to my mind why the pioneers, many of whom were well acquainted with the animal as found in the Eastern forests, and knowing it there as the cougar or panther, should have straightway set about calling the same animal which they found here the California or mountain lion. Certainly in appearance the two panthers are so nearly alike that no one would dream, upon comparing them, of regarding them as distinct species.

As to their local name, the ignorance of the Eastern animal prevents me from comparing them in that particular. Only upon one point I can speak, and on that so far as my knowledge extends, and also from the assertions of many old hunters and trappers who were perfectly familiar with them. The panther of the West coast never indulges, for his own entertainment, in those fierce, cat-like screams with which his Eastern brother occasionally makes the night hideous and lonely. I have heard of the latter's savage yell as far west as the Raton Mountains on the Santa Fe trail, but although I have hunted and camped for weeks and months at a time all through the Sierra Nevada coast and Cascade ranges, from Washington Territory and Oregon in the north to the Mexican line of San Diego in the south, in many parts of which the panthers were so abundant that their fresh tracks could be seen everywhere, I have always listened in vain there for their characteristic cry.

The more I learned of them in their native haunts the more skeptical I became in regard to their ever willingly attacking a man. I have known them on several occasions to follow persons a short distance, and I have seen wolves do the same thing, especially when I have been picking in freshly killed meat, but I do not believe that in either case they meditated an attack. In one instance, in the Cascades near the Hood, I knew a panther to jump at a man as he lay at night in his blankets, but as soon as the man partly arose and shouted for assistance the animal bounded into the brush and disappeared. In talking it over we all came to the conclusion that the panther had seen the man move under his blankets and had mistaken him for some less formidable antagonist, and that when the deception was revealed to him he threw up the job at once. As for those stories we read occasionally about their chasing a man on horseback for several miles, in which the writer assures his readers that he only escaped being devoured by being providentially mounted upon the fastest horse in all that section of the country, they appear so absurd to all hunters acquainted with the animal in question that they are looked upon at once as extracts from "Dashing Dick of the Wild West," in the dime novel.

That the panther will run from and tree before the smallest yelping cur that can be induced to follow his trail is true, but I am satisfied that instinct in some mysterious manner warns them of the hunter behind the dog, and that it is the latter only which they hold in fear. This I have demonstrated to my own satisfaction, and have had it corroborated also by others. Upon one occasion I followed a panther trail that was being chased by a settler's dog in the dense fir, oak and spruce forest through which the Chascanine River, in Oregon, runs, and although the plucky little cur treed him at least a dozen times, I did not succeed in obtaining the slightest glimpse of the brute, and after chasing him from early dawn until late in the afternoon through the most terrific wilderness of almost impenetrable thickets, immense fallen trees and giant ferns, I found myself so completely winded up that I was forced to relinquish the pursuit from sheer fatigue.

In this instance the panther must have paid but little attention to the dog after he treed, but put in the time listening for my approach, and as soon as that was ascertained he would jump at once to the ground, continue his flight for perhaps half a mile or more, when he would again take to a tree and the same thing would be repeated. Two or three times, where the ground was particularly favorable, I was near enough to hear him as he left the tree, which he seemed to do just as readily as if there had been no dog there.

In regard to their manner of climbing, they ascend the immense trees near the mouth of the Columbia, which are frequently 300 feet high, and 60, 80 or even 100 feet to the first limb, precisely as a cat would climb them, and when wounded, will sometimes go far up the trunk, where they are found in a well-grown forest, where from the sign it was evident that two or more of them had been gatholing and like kittens scurrying around in the grass, and then bounding against the trunk of a tree, at a point at least ten feet from the ground they had ascended apparently on the run, tearing off great pieces of bark, and leaving claw marks a foot long on each side.

Although in some localities spend the day in lying upon the limb of a tree, I think they always prefer rocky ledges and caverns for that purpose, where such are accessible. In San Diego, near the Arizona line, the rugged, rocky ranges furnish admirable retreats for panthers, there usually called mountain lions; and although not so abundant, that are, I think, more frequently shot than they are further north, for reasons that will soon be explained. Like all of the cat tribe, they are much to be warmed, and upon days when it is rather cool in the shade, they frequently come out of their lairs in the middle of the day and lie upon the rocks near by to bask and drowse in the warm sun, and as the ranges there are generally very sparsely timbered, they are occasionally discovered by hunters, when the

chances of getting within shot are better than under almost any other circumstances. But for all that, they are animals that are seldom shot, and very few abundant they may be, and their disappearing so rapidly before the march of civilization is a mystery that I can only solve by the conclusion that, being such a large and entirely carnivorous animal, they are immediately affected by the least thinning out of the large game, and are driven by hunger to seek places where the rifle has not begun its deadly work, unless, as they seem to have done on the McCleod River, they turn their attention to the stocks of the cattle.

Many of them are poisoned by the sheep and cattle men of the southern counties when their visits to the flocks or herds become too frequent, and I have often seen their hides nailed to the walls of the lonely cabins of the stockmen there, and, upon inquiry, were found to have been poisoned in at least three cases out of four.

I entirely agree with Mr. Stone in the belief that a panther would be no match for a grizzly. It is not possible that their superior night sight might sometimes make them more than a match for a black bear, but I can only conceive of their being able to kill a grizzly by fastening upon him in a position where the bear was unable to inflict any injury upon them, as a single, well-directed blow from the paw of a full-grown grizzly will crush in the ribs of an ox, and would, I fancy, leave but little light in any panther.

With a single incident to illustrate the idea that it is the hunter and not the dog the panther fears, I will close this already lengthy article. In the summer of 1868 I was in Port Gamble, on Puget Sound. A trail leading to Port Madison, eight or ten miles distant, was the only land route open in any direction, and that ran through an unbroken forest the entire distance. One of the workmen at the saw mill at Gamble was returning along the trail from Madison one afternoon, having with him a favorite little dog, who was trotting along a few yards in advance, when a panther bounded suddenly from the brush, and snatching up the dog, disappeared with the quickness of thought on the other side of the way. The man stated that it was so quickly done that he seemed to "see the dog without stopping in a flying leap across the trail."

FORKED DEER.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 15.

CARDINAL GROSEBEAK IN LOCKPORT, N. Y.—While collecting specimens last Saturday, my son shot a male cardinal grosbeak and female rose-breasted grosbeak. There is no doubt that the cardinal was a wild bird, as it showed no signs of being caged. This is the first I have known to have been taken so far north, and I think it is a rare occurrence.—J. L. D. (Lockport, May 17, 1883).

FLORIDA GALLINULE IN NIAGARA COUNTY.—On May 8 my son received a Florida gallinule to be mounted which was shot at Wilson, on Lake Ontario. Is it unusual for this species to be found so far north and inland?—J. L. D. (Lockport, May 17). [The Florida gallinule frequently breeds in Central New York. See FOREST AND STREAM, Vol. vi., p. 52, and elsewhere.]

A BLACK EAGLE.—Richmond, Va., May 24.—On the 19th inst. there was shot at Dutch Gap, this State, a splendid specimen of the black eagle, measuring six feet from tip of wing and three feet from beak to tip of tail. It has been preserved and mounted by W. E. Pusey, a taxidermist of this city.—J. H. T.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

"THAT reminds me" of how Mae shot ducks on a little pond a few miles back of Nyack last fall. Mae and a friend had just got down into the pond when they saw a flock of some five or six ducks sitting in the bushes a short distance from where they appeared to have taken notice of their boat. It did not take these mighty hunters long to lay their plans for the battle, which were to fire two barrels on the "sit" and two when they arose. They both fired, but no ducks flew up, but there was a great amount of splashing. Of course they thought they had knocked the whole flock out and they commenced to shoot the cripples. Just as they had picked up their first two, they were startled by loud cries from the bank, and on looking up saw the vision of a six-foot German woman, who was running about the bank crying out excitedly about her duck. But here we must draw the curtain, for mere shame sake, and I need only add that they paid a dollar or two and did not get the ducks either. Mae has not shot much since that trip.

NIAGARA.

Here is a story of the Newfoundland seal fishery which illustrates the "luck" of the business. There are many steamships engaged in the business off the Newfoundland coast. They engage the fishermen to work on shares. The fisherman is to get one seal out of every three captured. This looks to be a fine thing for the fisherman, but it is not. The fisherman is charged storage for his seal, he has to pay a share for the boat he uses, for in many cases the fishermen are poor and cannot provide their own "kit." Then he has to pay four or five pounds for the loan of a gun. There is still another way in which money is made out of the fisherman. He has to pay ten cents for every shot-hole he makes in the pot when killing the seal. There is a good story told about this charge for holes. A fisherman one day shot a seal, making twelve shot-holes in his pelt. He took the skin to the company, and was told that it was worth \$1.10. When he came to settle up he found that he had been charged \$1.20 for the holes in the skin, and that he was indebted to the company to the extent of ten cents by the transaction.

H. S. S.

I met Richard Roe the other day and asked him if he had had any snipe shooting this spring. "Oh, yes, all I wanted, but if there is any bird I can't hit it's a snipe. Had all the shooting I wanted though. There was one snipe out our way and I have hunted him all spring, until some darned fool came along the other day and killed him."

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

Ward had been hunting for nearly two hours, but without success. His old muzzie loader would not go off. After snapping about twenty eels he saw water in the tube and soon drew out a large tobacco quid.

W. K. P.

ATHENS, Pa., May 24.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such notices?

AN ADIRONDACK EVENING.

THE deer was walking along in the sand. Now he stopped and lifted his head into the air, now walked on again. Noiselessly the canoe ran toward him. I could not tell that it was moving, or could I hear the least sound from the paddle, which sunk deep into the water, was passing quickly to and fro. I well knew the skill of him that held it, and that on me alone depended our success.

Nearer and nearer we glided. The deer had not seen us yet. It was dusk. The last hues of the sunset were fading in the west, and darkness was fast settling over the lake. The boat was not yet plain from the shore, but I could clearly see the outline of the deer. He stopped and raised his head again. He saw the canoe now. Intently he watched us. Still nearer we went. He did not move yet. A few rods more. He jumped back. It was a broadside. I raised the rifle and pulled. He staggered an instant, then plunged into the woods. Hank saw the canoe flying toward the spot. There were the footprints where he had jumped, sank deep into the sand; and there was something else—yes, it was blood. More on the grass, a drop on a birch leaf, more on a fallen tree. A little further, and there the deer lay dead, with a bullet through his side.

"By Jove, Hank, look at those horns."
"Yes, Professor, he's a big gun."

It was quite dark when we reached the pines. There was no time to build a hut, but the night bird fair to be a clear one; so after dressing and hanging up the buck we prepared to sleep. Just as they rested their heads on the point, a tub-basin of clear, sparkling water, glittering sand, and a bottom, bright moss hanging thickly upon its sides, and a little stream flowing to the lake. The water was cold and delicious. The soil through which it rose impregnated it with mineral properties. This was our beverage; the flesh of the deer our food. When we rolled ourselves in our blankets at the foot of a lofty pine we were in no mood to sleep. We were just as restless when the sparks rose over the camp, the sparks rose high among the trees, then taking a blazing brand, I set fire to an old dead trunk that stood alone upon the point. It had been a lofty pine once, but the lightning had shattered it, the wind had wrested away its branches one by one, and the old trunk had been left standing there to be the camp-fire of two hunters, and a royal camp-fire it was, the flames rising high into the air, and the sparks flying over the lake, where the fire was lighted far around. Long after Hank had fallen into slumber I lay there in reverie. The sky was clear and studded with stars. Here and there, through the openwork canopy of pines, I could see them.

How silent and peaceful the lake was as it rested there in the bosom of the wilderness just as it rested centuries before, just as it rested when Columbus discovered America. It looked to me as it looked to the Hurons years ago, as it would have looked to Hendrick Hudson had he penetrated to its solitude, or to Burgoyne when his army was marching to its grave near by. Might it not have been the same when Troy fell? When Romulus laid low the walls of Rome? When Cæsar was murdered? When Paul preached at Corinth?

Thus I mused as I gazed, out upon the beautiful sheet of water, illumined with weird distinctness by the burning pine. I imagined it a lake of old Thessaly or Greek Aegædia; the woods an I-beams around the haunts of satyrs and nymphs, and the noble Raquette near by the home of some old river god. Diana might have basked here and bathed in its secluded waters. I fancied I saw I. Draydons come out of their cave, and glide away through the forest, and I heard the hoarse laughter of the satyrs, and then, out of a little crystal spring, rose a nymph of fairy grace who danced away over the mosses.

There appeared to me to be a new beauty in that old mythology of the ancient world, that idolatry which peopled every mountain top, every winding stream and crystal fount, every forest glen with gods and goddesses, and fairies, and sprites, and marvel that the beautiful imagery and noble humanities were so deeply rooted in the Grecian heart. It was the worship of God in nature—a worship instinctive to man. That old form of it has long since passed away. I stood in imagination upon the Athenian Acropolis, and saw the ruins of the Parthenion. In the calm beauty of the Grecian night, the moon poured a flood of golden light over the broken columns, and the white faces of the pediment statues seemed to move, the dull, cold lips to speak, and all to say: "Great Jupiter is dead."

I gazed out upon the mountain lake again, and there, in the deep silence of the Adirondack night, the water, the trees, the hills, aye, the stars far above, spoke to me and said, "Jehovah endureth forever."

A QUEBEC HUNTING GROUND.

THAT part of the Laurentian range in the Province of Quebec, which is situated directly north of the ancient city of Three Rivers, is one of great interest to the sportsman. There are several lines of communication; one by taking the railway from Three Rivers to the falls, and another by driving directly in a barouche from Louiseville, Yamachiche or Pointe du Lac, which places can be reached from Montreal in three hours by the North Shore Railway, or by driving direct from Three Rivers, passing by the St. Maurice Forges. This latter place enjoys the distinction of being the first place in Canada where iron ore was smelted, this having occurred in 1757.

As the drive through this beautiful district is very interesting to the student of geology—many traces of the glacial period are to be seen. The roads are excellent, except in the immediate vicinity of the villages above mentioned, where the clayey nature of the soil causes them to be somewhat heavy in wet weather. A drive of twenty-five miles brings the sportsman to the base of the Laurentides, and in close proximity to the lakes. Here the forest is thick, and close to the water, of course, he found useless, and recourse must be had to the canoe and to walking.

The lakes are innumerable and are swarming with trout; others are filled with bass, mascalonge, pickerel, etc., many of the lakes have never been fished at all, and brook trout are caught weighing six pounds, while the "lakers" or lake trout attain a weight of twenty. For about three weeks in

built to my order. I found upon trial that I could do better shooting with other brands and felt it to be my privilege to use them. I am now using a 35-90 Winchester, and, notwithstanding the company's advice and the dealers' "pledges," I feel it to be my privilege to use such ammunition as I find gives me best results. The fact that our breech-loaders admit the use of ammunition that can be prepared by most people who use them is one of the strong points in their favor.

I have enjoyed good opportunities to observe and compare the work of muzzle-loaders and breech-loaders on game, and as "a specimen brick" would briefly state the results of two trips after deer by parties from this section. During the first trip five of our party used muzzle-loaders and five used breech-loaders. During the second trip four of our party used muzzle-loaders and four used breech-loaders. Time of each trip about three weeks. I think the aggregate of skill on the side of those using the muzzle-loaders at least equal to that on the other side. For every deer killed by a muzzle-loader during those trips, five were killed by the breech-loaders. I killed with a breech-loader on these trips, ten deer, five of these I shot dead, two were wounded, and three were missed at the first fire. Of the latter four would have escaped had I been using a muzzle-loader.

It cannot be claimed that the failure of the muzzle-loaders on these occasions was owing to luck or lack of opportunity. I have a vivid recollection of the side of those using the muzzle-loaders of our party after he had sat behind some rocks and snapped a number of caps upon a fine muzzle-loader that refused to go, with four deer in full view peacefully chewing their ends within six rods of him. (Ed Maj. Merrill been a member of our party and had attempted to champion the muzzle-loader around our camp fire the evening after this fiasco, he would certainly have cited himself to the danger of being "blown up" by the most dangerous sort of an "explosive." The close of our hunt furnishes a fine opportunity for those wishing to secure first-class muzzle-loaders at a bargain. But my intention was to propose a match only. I am quite anxious to bring this about and will agree to use factory ammunition if there is any hitch upon that point.

GASSEVOORT, May 21.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

AN ANGLER'S REST.

IN MEMORIAM LORENZO PIOTTY.

"After Life's fever he sleeps well."

Whose name alone has come to the back-slip

And to the mountain breeze

Scattered her favors far and wide,

Attuned her voices clear;

But a void in all their seems—

As we wander, roid in hand,

We miss the ever kindly gleams

Of his eye and grasp of hand.

A "quiet eye" and true he bore.

Fair mirror of his heart;

He loved the dotted meadow more

By far, than busy mart,

And mountain pine and hemlock seem

To sigh in sad refrain.

As they shade the labelling brooklet's gleam,

"He ne'er will cease again!"

The May fly (o'er the silted "deep")

Whose name alone has come to the back-slip

Now tempts the hasty trout to leap

Till its brief life is past.

The glowing coals, the camp-fire glows

With ever welcome grace,

But, from his new and long repose,

He comes not to his place

No huntsman's horn, no angler's glee

Can rouse him from his sleep,

But, in our stricken hearts, may we

His "memory green" ye keep!

A-field, or by the stream, he left

No "blaze" of shame, or grief,

Save a name unquelled and dear.

One craft's Bayard indeed!

Time's silent stream on, ever on,

Unheeded by him flows—

Is he not in that brooklet's own

Through "seasons" free and "close."

We sign the cross upon his grave,

With rod of true Iarlan,

And, as we fish, on him we crave

Perpetual light may shine.

O. W. R.

QUIET SPORT.—V.

BY MILLARD.

CAME the rain which we expected from the confident prognostics of the guide Rufe. He knew it from the position of the knees and from the unusually bright color of the full moon. He was more certain of it from the unusually dull color of the waning moon. He said that the moon sometimes reminded him of men he had known, who were brightest when they were fullest, and might dull and dim at other times—but at any rate came the rain.

A low and distant rum in the early morning and a southing among the rocks were the first forerunners, a bright flash, and then came the thunder with its multiplied echoes in quick succession; a wild burst from the northwest, and the storm was here.

"Shut up your doors 'tis a wild night."

Though it was to be a day indoors, surely we could find some consolation in the fact that we were well housed for the present, and not obliged to chance a shanty which, in spite of all our precautions, might leak.

Uncle Phil's library was soon exhausted; whist and casino proved a bore; the morning wore away; noon-time came; still the rain came down, drizzle, drizzle, drizzle, and we longed to get once more into the stilling under the big eaves, among the wild flowers and wilder birds and fishes. But at last the clouds broke away, and the sun showed his face in the west, giving promise of a bright morrow.

Dick during the day had rigged up a trolling outfit, and with Ward took a few spins across the lake and landed several large lake trout, which proved an acceptable addition to Ann's store. We were well pleased with the novelty of trolling, which to him was a new method of fishing. He had lost a lake trout which had captured his

trul, and afterward he had fastened on to and landed the same fish. He knew it to be the same, for it bore the marks of a recent skirmish.

"Such things are of frequent occurrence," said Roy. "Many an angler has caught trout or other varieties of fish and found old hooks embedded in their jaws. I was fishing for weekfish with an old partner of mine, Ed. Hulse, in August, '78, off Curtis's place, in Jamaica Bay. Now, Ed. rarely let a fish go away after hooking it, and if one did break loose his escape might always be attributed to some weak spot in line or leader. On this occasion he had hooked a weakfish and he reeled him well up toward the boat, when the fish broke loose, carrying with it hook and about six inches of the leader.

"The accident was forgotten until sometime during the summer of '79, when fishing off Forked River, in Barnegat Bay, Ed. hooked a fish that I do not think he ever landed here. But she was a beauty; long, broad-shouldered, and how she glistened with gold and silver as she came out of the water into the sunlight.

"How do you know it was the same fish he lost in Jamaica Bay a year before?"

"Ed. took this one home not suspecting in the least that he had ever met her ladyship before, but when the servant came to clean the table she said, 'Mister, I think I know seed the loakes of this. Faith, it's full o' little hooks. Begorra, I've pricked me fingers in a dozen places, bad cess to it.' Ed. examined the fish and I'm a sinner if he did not find several hundred small hooks, and every one of them was stamped E. H."

"Of course you are a sinner in my estimation," said Ward, consequently I'm not compelled to believe your fish-hook story. Still you will not doubt that I might not come to believe in it as earnestly as you do in your politics. It reminds me of the Scotchman who, being unable to write, obtained the services of a friend as an amanuensis. After dictating the local news and inquiring after friends and relatives he said, 'Tell Rob I caught a salmon this morning that weighed thirty-nine pounds.' The scribe, looking up, said, 'Why, Andy, you've caught a salmon of that weight in your life, much less this morning, for you have not yet a line this blessed day.' Archie answered, 'Matters a don; per' er don,' and down it went, and I have but little doubt that when Rob and Archie met Archie told the story of his fight with that salmon, and Rob wished he had been there to see, but I am willing to make all due allowance for exaggeration so far as fishing is concerned."

"At joking aside, I am ready to admit that the angler may sometimes give a rosacule hue to his achievements, but it is never beyond what he truly feels and believes, for fish stories to the contrary, the angler has no more license to draw the long bow than has the lover of any other sport; nor does he, though he may be an enthusiast."

"You surely don't wish me to understand, after your fish-hook story, that the best of anglers don't stretch the truth and frequently brag it?"

"What I mean to say, and do say, is that you nor I would not vary from the truth were we talking of business in town or sport in country. We would not be justified in either. There are enough dissemblers, to use a mild term, without our assistance. Angling is a gentlemanly recreation, requiring an imbore love of the exercise, masculine and sensible. To many it is a struggle for existence and becomes fishing, while to others it is a display of skill, finesse and slaughter, and a proving that they are theoretical and practical hogs, who would never give a hint of any information they might acquire which would help their best friend to capture a fish which they themselves might otherwise catch."

"You will admit in your heart all quietly to yourself that the majority of anglers are rather disposed to tell big stories; that they are lazy and shiftless, and all that sort of thing, won't you?"

"I'll admit nothing of the kind, not even to myself. Perhaps fellows who go fishing are too often what you describe, but the angler is a different person. The day has passed for him to bear the reputation of being lazy and shiftless. The class of men who have gradually come to the front as votaries and experts with the swaying rod has worked a self-renewal and change in the estimation people hold of the sport. You know the saying, 'Tis not all of fishing to catch fish.' There are other reasons that prompt him to go to lake and stream. Some, I know, go for a grand spree. Theirs are familiar faces in pool rooms and at bars, where they will 'back' dice with graceful turns of the wrist, and win or lose, swallow its consequences with a smile; but little or no joy have they for the melody of running waters, the cold lake, the beauty of the dawn, the prairie or the mountain, nor for any of the sights and sounds that gladden the eye and ear of angler or hunter."

The ideal sportsman is modest and reticent, except perhaps when among the genial enthusiasts about the rod and reel. "His may be a heart that every hour runs idle, yet never once his gone astray." His lendings are to everything good in thought, in speech and action. His best loved sport is unalloyed by any debasing tendencies. It involves a healthy body, a calm mind and steady nerves.

With him there is no spirit of rivalry, and if there were, still there would be no jealousy, no taking advantage in any manner, no boasting of his achievements as an angler. He modestly keeps his score to himself if he is a good one, and does not engage in the display of self-interest and blameworthy of the flies. Ill humor can never be numbered among his foibles, nor can it be said of him "he sucks in melancholy as a weasel sucks eggs." He is an optimist, always cheerful, and gives his companions the benefit of it.

A little boy was asked if his papa feared the Lord. His answer was "Yes, I think he does, for every Sunday morning when he goes out he takes his dog and gun along." Our sportsman would accede to a similar reply, "I am always willing to devote one day in the week to thinking and thinking, and that day he keeps sacred."

He is appreciative of the beauties of nature. When the horizon gleams with the coming of the new day, and the west is radiant with all the colors of the sky above the sunset, when the lake is illumined with the silvery sheen of the moon, or at mid-day when tree and cloud and passing bird are pictured on it as a spring picture, or at twilight when the moon, or autumn revels in her gorgeous hues, he sees in nature something richer than anything in the world of art.

The untiring warbling of the larks, the music of the dancing waters rising in a thousand liquid notes, the golden buttercups, the shy forget-me-nots, the daisies and violets, the sunshine broken into fragments as it comes stealing and peering through the leaves, are to him sources of inestimable pleasure, and he pays his willing tribute to divine goodness.

ON THE BARTIBOGUE RIVER.

THE Bartibogue is one of those famous streams which empty into the lower Miramichi. Over the Tabusintac, chief of all New Brunswick trout rivers, the Bartibogue has once decided advantage in its greater accessibility. It is within a few hours' drive of the towns of Chatham and Newcastle. In the last of May or early in June sea trout come in from the gulf and work their way down grand stages up most of the smaller rivers draining the Miramichi basin. Not all these streams, however, do they look upon with equal favor; there are several of special beauty which they never condescend to visit. But the Bartibogue is one for which they show a marked partiality, and as it is a delightfully unobstructed stream, and affords easy wading almost everywhere, and with a few well-run trout is generally initiated by a trip to its sunny valley.

It is a profitable as well as honorable distinction to be the first in the field, for the earliest fish are among the finest, and are least discriminating in the matter of flies. Their favorite for the first few days is a large red and tawny fly with white wings. Later in the season, under the influence of fresh water and civilization, they begin to evince more individuality and shrewdness in their tastes, becoming much like any other trout.

Ambitions, therefore, of being the earliest to greet the new arrivals, on the 27th of last May a party of three, the writer included, left Chatham at daybreak for the banks of the Bartibogue. We represented three professions whom difficulties are never known to daunt—we were an editor, a politician and a pedagogue—so that success of some sort would attend our efforts, and we were fortunate in our wading. One day, of some ten miles through the white and misty morning, which was fast breaking to blue and promising a day more clear than we desired, brought us at last to a narrow, green lane leading a tortuous mile or two through marshy grounds to the river. By the bank we unharnessed and tethered our horse, intending to make a day of it in this vicinity. The spot was wading, and the best on the stream for spring fishing, "a mile above" head of tide, and we confidently anticipated a day of successful sport.

The editor and the politician, whom for brevity we may designate Ed. and Pol., promptly got their lacewoods together and went to work with characteristic alacrity; while I sat splicing my pet greenheart with great deliberation, in no haste to wield it on new waters. My friends were habitually easy-going, and I was no exception. I saw that my generousity we have experienced, when friends of mine, we value, we approach with open cordiality, but for my own part I confess to a feeling of reserve, I am loath to make too ready advances, when coming in contact with strange waters. However, Pol. had scarcely made a cast ere he struck a half-pounder, and landed it. It was not a sea trout, but an ordinary brown, and, as it turned out, a solitary wanderer, but a noteworthy awakened my energies, and I rushed into the fray. There was another rise at Pol's feet, and he began insolently jeering at the Editor and the Pedagogue; but it was only a chub this time, and we crowded over his prompt humiliation. How thoroughly every square inch of this famous pool was whipped, Ed. climbed into his monstrous rubber trousers the was a fastidious man, after the manner of his kind, and a dreaded wetting his feet, and he was not content to do this, but he was to proceed in all directions, but in vain. Not another rise blessed our vision. Then the eyes of Ed. and the Pedagogue were opened to the dreadful fact, that for the first time on record this pool had gone back on its reputation, and we made a move for fresh fields. But the Politician could not realize it. He had never heard of such a thing as going back on the reputation of a pool, and he was to proceed in all directions, but in vain. Not another rise blessed our vision. 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cestasy. He threw himself prostrate on the turf, and I, grasping his design with a pedagogue's swift intuition, rushed up and seized him by the feet. As I gently raised his heels the waters found their exit. He crawled laboriously out of the now tenacious garments, and we resumed our march.

On reaching the pool by whose borders we had left the Politician, we at once perceived that his faith in these trusted waters had undergone the rudest kind of shock. Not one other fish, trout, or club or red-fin even, had patronized his moat since he had put on a "retroactive snapper" for the lunch hook, which he found not to have done himself down on the young sward, where we found him spearing beetles with a pin. This cruel occupation had served to beguile his hour of vacancy, but we felt called upon to read him two severe homilies upon it. He should rather have sought, near at hand, the gracious shade of the hudding alders, there to breathe his somewhat prosaic-colored hair with the tender ferns and addest-tongue. But this pretty pastoral opportunity had all gone upon him. Alas! the dust from our crumpled anticipations will rather blind the best of us.

However, it was still left us at least to dine like heroes. After having faced this duty bravely, the sky once more looked bright for us; we again inhaled with some sensations of pleasure the fresh spring-scented breeze. We even laughed, and attempted a feeble pun. But this last was a rash experiment, and the gloom again fell. We arose, and fled to our carriage in precipitous shame. A half hour more and we had reached the head of tide, and adjourned to the waterside to have a cast for bass.

Here a slender spit of sand and gravel runs out some distance into the stream. At the extremity thereof Pol. stationed himself, Ed. and the Pedagogue standing to either side. The tide was full, the surface just ruffled by a light breeze, and the sky was darkening up with threats of a thunder-shower. The Editor and the Politician threw up the accepted bass-fly, a starting incongruity of green and scarlet, with flaunting white gossamer wings. For myself, as the modern pedagogue has an ineradicable leaning to independent research and experiment, I resolved to tempt the bass with a big red hackle, with a light yellow on for drop. As my flies touched the water the thunder growled above us, and the first big drops pattered down on the gleaming level. Instantly there was a rush along the water's surface, and a goodly number of red hackles. His play was soon over, and he called him in I heard the same welcome sounds in the neighborhood of my companions. These bass rise a yard or so distant, and rush upon the flies impetuously, their dorsal cleaving the surface instead of rising from beneath or leaping at and striking down the victim. As I lovingly examined my prize ere consigning him to the basket, I judged him something over two pounds; then I saw the Politician waving aloft another of like development. At the same time we heard Ed. ejaculate: "By the ghost of my great-grandma, we've hit it!" and he landed a small sea trout. He had hooked a bass, too, on his tall fly, but his drop had been taken by the trout; and during the struggles of the latter the bass had made good its escape, thanks to the tenderness of its mouth.

By this time we were in the midst of a heavy thunder storm, but paid it little attention, having none to spare from the accepted bass-fly, a starting incongruity of green and scarlet, with flaunting white gossamer wings. For myself, as the modern pedagogue has an ineradicable leaning to independent research and experiment, I resolved to tempt the bass with a big red hackle, with a light yellow on for drop. As my flies touched the water the thunder growled above us, and the first big drops pattered down on the gleaming level. Instantly there was a rush along the water's surface, and a goodly number of red hackles. His play was soon over, and he called him in I heard the same welcome sounds in the neighborhood of my companions. These bass rise a yard or so distant, and rush upon the flies impetuously, their dorsal cleaving the surface instead of rising from beneath or leaping at and striking down the victim. As I lovingly examined my prize ere consigning him to the basket, I judged him something over two pounds; then I saw the Politician waving aloft another of like development. At the same time we heard Ed. ejaculate: "By the ghost of my great-grandma, we've hit it!" and he landed a small sea trout. He had hooked a bass, too, on his tall fly, but his drop had been taken by the trout; and during the struggles of the latter the bass had made good its escape, thanks to the tenderness of its mouth.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS,

NEW BRUNSWICK.

would be larceny in another to take it. So, if I shoot down a wild bird the bird is immediately mine, and it will be larceny for another to take it. If I entrap a bird in a cage I have this qualified property, which is protected by the law, and yet if the bird escapes or I turn it loose it belongs to any one who can entrap or shoot it.

From these principles it would seem to follow that in the "fish" question put by your correspondent the passer-by who took the fish from the hook was guilty of larceny.

G. D. T.

ATHENS, Ga.
[The only weak point in this conclusion would appear to be the tenacity of the claim of possession by the man whose hook was down. Every angler knows from an experience more or less bitter that there's many a slip betwixt the hooking and the creeling; and the pivotal consideration is then to determine just the point when the law would adjudge that an angler had acquired "possession" of the hooked fish. We confess that we never at all seriously seized the question of the prize until we had it safe in the basket. For a case in point see the story by "Verax" in our issue of May 10.]

WITH HACKLES AND GENTLES.

"When the southwest wind blows,
And the clouds, as they pass,
Are varying the shade
And the wide-swinging grass;
When the rippling waves hurry
Across the deep pool—
Ah! this is the time
To be steady and cool.
Then wave your rod deftly,
Your flies must not whittle,
But fall on the streamlet
Like down of the thistle.

NATURE is much good advice in the above—in fact, a gentle cast of the fly and a cool head and steady hand after "striking" the fish is the *sine qua non* in trout fishing. "Whipping" a stream is an ill term for an angler to use; it is the crude practice of a novice to use his rod like a whipstock and his fly like a "snapper." In the true angler's outfit and in his surroundings there is a suggestion of wariness, of gentleness and of consummate skill. See his well-balanced rod, his fine and modest-lined line, his ready reel and tidy fly! See, also, the clear stream, the "daisy-dotted meadow" and the hudding hedger. In yonder "deep" what lusty trout may await his deft cast, and what trial of skill and fine tackle may succeed. No sport is more in sympathy with Nature—if I may use the term—than is angling; full of gentle, graceful, subtle action, with no "hue and cry" with the visible struggle of the victim, till he is in hand or gaffed, and receives the merciful stroke at the hands of his victor, whom he has fought against so nobly.

How differently we feel in fishing a new and (to us) untried water than we do when we cast upon a familiar stream. If "alone and unattended" we make ready and start upon a "voyage of discovery," measuring distances and depths with "practical eye, now and then with a fish, perchance, but, on the whole, rather 'restless and unsatisfied, but there may be a better 'stretch' or 'pool' beyond. The chances are that our attention is distracted by strange and beautiful bits of scenery, and that we grow uneasy in the "division of the mind," and our reel remains light in consequence thereof. Nonetheless we try the temper of the trout, we have upon a "braw" rise and, ultimately, a bonnie fish, see many new beauties, and, at last, after a return, decide where to concentrate our angling energies at our next coming. All this is very pleasant and, as our next meal does not depend upon our catch, satisfactory.

Heavy creels are not always more so, and "this reminds me that 'once upon a time' I went a-fishing and had a stiff ten-mile tramp to the chosen water, and the like (it seemed quite double the distance) to return. With a full reel I started, and for some time I did not get a rise. Ever long another sense was ministered unto, and I soon found that my hip bore a weight of 'flat, stale and unprofitable' fish—corruption had begun its work and ended it by the wayside, where my day's catch I speedily dumped. The heat and a rascally "blue-bottle" had fouled the fish, and I tramped on with "lowered crest" and a reel still heavy with cynipines. It then, and for long after, seemed "hard lines," but at this point, in the disposure of the "outing," rather than the discomfort and the disappointment are "to the fore," and memory recalls many joys connected therewith. I was taught a lesson thereby, and have never fished on a hot day since without taking precautionary measures to preserve my catch sweet and sound. It does not pay to tramp far and fish long in mid-summer in this climate.

Of all fishing give me the "merrie May" fishing and its perfect accompaniment, the lush grass, singing birds and flowers. Hot suns have not burned the fair face of nature, the streams run clear and full, and the lovely epheura dances over the water in its short-lived gladness and abandon.

"The fly that is born with the sinking sun,
To die ere the midnight hour,
May have deeper joy, ere his course be run,
Than man in his pride and power;
And the insect's moments be spared the four,
And the anxious doubts of one three-score years."

May and October are the two perfect months for out-door life in this country, especially where the rigors of winter and the tropical heats of summer seem to wage war against perfection and comfort. What fair and blessed memories are associated with a May morn's walk to a pleasant water, the midday lunch, pipe, Walton and stick, followed by a few casts on our homeward way, the arrival and welcome in the gloaming, and an evening spent in social joys and angling talk! History may repeat itself, but some joys can never be real again—they have become ethereal, and memory is their wardian!

A few days since I tried a new water and "caught nothing"—like the Apostolic fisherman—but I had rare pleasure. The stream was to be below, with wide, moistened reaches for throwing the fly, with swirling rapids and tree and cliff-shaded pools. I was "too early" for that stream, and for the trout therein, but not a moment too early to catch a deal of joy. Trout, trout, trout, seemed to be writ upon bank and stream and every ripple, and I only longed to be there in "leafy June" to try my luck again. I may or may not fish there again, but it will be pleasant to recall the "likely" places, and to imagine a pound fish at the end of

my line. Had I caught several from being I should have been glad, but as I did not, I am far from being sad.

Thus it is with angling (and with any legitimate sport that comes us as useful amid the refining, restful influences of nature). We carry to the meads a light heart and return thence with a glad one. We have looked about us, we have breathed, we have caught and kept some of nature's smiles and goodwill, and the fish we have not caught we, or some worthy brother, may yet bring to creel. We have had an outing and are the better, wiser and happier for it.

"The linnet's note, the blackbird's song
That sound the tangled brakes among;
The gushing streams, the rustling breeze,
The warbling lark, the hum of bees—
All sounds and sights I heard and saw,
Deep, sympathetic strains they gave;
And oft on fancy's wing I stray,
And throw the fly and catch the prey."

O. W. R.

SOME MAINE ANGLING RESORTS.—In Somerset county, Me., many towns are situated away from the railroads, and good fishing for trout and pickerel can be enjoyed at a small expense. A great many of the trout streams, whose waters are ice-cold, being fed by springs, are running through this mountainous country. Board can be secured at about three dollars per week, or less, with the usual "country comforts." Moose Pond, situated in the town of Harmony, Hartland and Athens, Me., is a fine sheet of water abounding with white perch, yellow perch, pickerel and bullheads, or horned ponies. Higgins Stream, which empties into this pond, is a splendid trout stream and is not fished to death. One point of this stream is the wonderful Kettle Falls, so named on account of the kettle-formed holes worn in the ledge, some of which will not hold more than two quarts of water. It will hold up to ten, and there are hundreds of them. The water comes down the inclined ledge and rushes around these "kettles," and here you may always catch trout. Several other streams in this immediate vicinity are good trout waters, and there are plenty of woods. The fare from Boston is about five dollars. Should any of you correspondents want to know more about this section I will endeavor to enlighten them.—FRANK FLICK (Hartford, Conn., May 35).

Oxford, May 28.—In reply to your request for angling and hunting resorts, would recommend Thompson's Pond; a pond famous for its black bass, pickerel and trout fishing. No better fishing can be obtained this side of Rangleway than here; we are within forty or forty-five miles of the lake—south—and in the fall gorge are quite plenty, foxes and rabbits (the great Northern hare) innumerable. One of our enthusiastic fishermen, Geo. H. Jones, in company with A. E. Frost, of Lewiston, Me., has just returned from Rangleway with a hundred pound of trout, the largest weighing five pounds.—STYLAN DALE.

NORMAN'S INVITATION.—Chicago, May 22.—To "Old Hickory," "Knotts" and the "Scribe," take warning: We presume you are overhauling your fishing tackle and preparing the weapons of war for another camping trip on Intermediate and Central lakes. Before we lies a communication from Central Lake, from the Dominic Noyes. He says: "It is the largest fish I ever saw; while swimming I should say it was between four and five feet long." This item did not do much for the big muscadel that dragged some of the crowd around the lake for about two hours and then almost spilled them into the drink when hauling him into the boat. He's waiting for the champion — to come up and tackle him, to give them a run around the lake. One of these big fish, weighing thirty-two pounds, was caught just before the ice run out of Torch Lake. But have mercy on the heads! "Don't tie them up to a post like a dog and let them die of a broken heart." Kill your fish, and above all give us the results of another camping trip in FOREST AND STREAM, so we can laugh over them in our camp a few miles from you. If you see the broad folds of the stars and stripes floating from some tall sapling, and an irrepressible youngster around camp at the mouth of Torch River, almost opposite Spencer Creek, during the month of August, give us a call and receive the greetings of the ladies and the grasp of a NORMAN.

WHITEFISH TAKE BAIT.—St. Joe, Mich., May 26.—Do whitefish take baited hook? They do, and I know of hundreds of others of this place who will say the same. We catch, every spring and fall when the water gets cold, from our piers a great many, not one as a rare thing. We generally catch them while fishing for ciscoes and perch. They are generally caught with small minnow, but I have sometimes with a small piece of perch belly. We let the bait lie on the bottom and move slowly along. Your correspondent, Mr. O'Brien, says he don't know of an instance of one being caught on a hook. That reminds me of the Irishman who stole a pig: The plaintiff proved by three witnesses that the accused was seen to take the pig, and the Irishman brought half a dozen witnesses that did not see him. Your correspondent appears to think that he has something whitefish never take bait. He has asked those who fish with nets and they say they don't take the hook. I know they do, for I have caught them. I can send Mr. O'Brien a hundred affidavits from this place. One man told me he had caught in one day all he could carry, say fifteen or more. Others two, three or more in a day. From examination of their tanks I think cut worms would do good bait. Does your correspondent think any kind of fish is going to take bait pitched up in a net and struggling to escape all the time?—W. B. RANSON.

BELLEVEILLE, Ontario, May 25.—Black bass and pickerel (pike-perch) are now to be taken here with the fly. During the winter the only trout stream within thirty miles of this city was ravaged by a number of poachers, who, however, have found that they were more greedy than wise. Over-seen Wilkins set wind of the affair and on the 14th inst. several of the transgressors were brought before a magistrate's court at Strling. The following was the result of the cases tried: A. McWilliams, fine and costs, \$48.80; A. G. Scott, fine and costs, \$23; David Seely, fine and costs, \$56; Andy Siddle, fine and costs, \$47.90; John Houston, fine and costs, \$47.90. The Fishery Department will be asked to restock the stream, there being a large number of speckled trout fry at the Newcastle hatchery.—R. S. B.

SALMON FISHING.—The undersigned has some salmon fishing upon two of the best rivers in Canada at his disposal. Address at once "Smada," this office.—Adz.

DID HE STEAL THE PICKEREL?

Editor Forest and Stream:

Blackstone says (Vol. I., Book II., page 390): "Animals are divided into such as are *domitile* and such as are *ferre nature*. In tame animals or those belonging to the *domitile* class (such as horses, sheep and the like) a man may have an absolute property (or title) just as in inanimate objects. But in animals *ferre nature* a man can have no absolute property. He may have a qualified, limited or special property."

Chancellor Kent in his "Commentaries" (Vol. II., page 347), says: "A man may have property in chattel, personal, either absolute or qualified." Animals *ferre nature*, so long as they are reclaimed by the art and power of man, are also the subjects of a qualified property, but when they are abandoned or escape and return to their natural liberty and ferocity, the property in them ceases. While this qualified property in them continues, they are as much under the protection of the law as any other property, and every evasion of it is redressed in the same manner.

Blackstone again (same page): "These animals, *ferre nature* are no longer the property of a man than while they continue in his keeping or actual possession * * * * * The law extends this possession further than the mere manual possession. While they continue my qualified or dependent property they are under the protection of the law as if they were absolutely mine, and an action would lie against anyone that detains or destroys them. It is also as much felony at common law to steal such of them as are fit for food as it is to steal tame animals."

These principles of the common law are of force in all States. Therefore when I catch a fish on a hook the fish is mine "by the art and power of man;" and, unless the fish escapes and regains his liberty by his own exertions or by my consent, I have such a qualified property in him that it



MR. HOWARD HARTLEY'S LEMON AND WHITE ENGLISH SETTER DOG "ROYAL RANGER."
Winner of First Prize in Open Class at New York, 1882.

ROYAL RANGER.

OUR illustration this week is of the English setter dog, the Royal Ranger, winner first in the open class at the recent show of the Westminster Kennel Club. He is owned by Mr. Howard Hartley, of Pittsburgh, Pa., who imported him a short time ago. His sire, Royal, is by Rollick (Roll II.—Belie) out of Flame (Pittington's Belle—Currie), and his dam, Novel, is by Blue Prince II. (Blue Prince—Cora) out of Flame (Roll—Countess). He is a dog of good size and great beauty, with plenty of bone and muscle. He has appeared in public but once before, winning second at Pittsburgh in April.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS DERBY.

THOSE intending to enter their dogs in the Eastern Field Trials Derby, should bear in mind that the entries close on July 1. We expect to see a larger field of starters for this event than has yet appeared at any previous Derby. The prizes offered are well worth the winning, but the honors achieved by those who win them are generally of far greater value. Even the beaten ones who acquit themselves well, receive from the public a meed of praise that is never bestowed upon the stay-at-homes. Breeders are aware of this, and many of them will send the pick of their kennels to display their quality, and judging from the number of entries already received, we shall undoubtedly see a High Point the most notable gathering of youngsters that has ever been seen in this country. In addition to the liberal prizes offered, the president, Mr. Elliot Smith, will give a valuable cup to the breeder of the winner.

THE FAR-FAMED DOG OF THIBET.

IT is a century since Warren Hastings, whose predilection for rare animals and desire to acclimatize them served to occupy and amuse the leisure of his later years, endeavored in vain to obtain specimens of the far-famed dog of Thibet, and we are not aware that any other person has been subsequently more successful in introducing the breed into this country. Owing, however, to the kindness of Count Szechenyi, a Hungarian nobleman, an account of whose interesting travels in the Far East was published some two years ago, the Prince of Wales (says the *Times*) has become the possessor of a male and female of the race, and will probably, with all his wonted liberality, afford the public an opportunity of seeing them in Regent's Park during the ensuing season.

Count Szechenyi had heard so many reports in China—where, however, they are almost as great strangers as with us—of the size and beauty of these dogs, that he was very anxious to become personally acquainted with them, and on the first opportunity, which presented itself at Bataung, the frontier town of China on the route to Lassa, he purchased three, at a very considerable price it is understood. He found that they were fully deserving of their reputation in looks, courage and sagacity. In some respects they are said to resemble the handsomest specimens of the Newfoundland breed, but have a head very much larger, to which, moreover, an air of imposing dignity, if not fierceness, is added by a thick, shaggy mane, which grows forward so as to encircle the face like a collar. Their formidable aspect is still further enhanced in their native mountains by artificial means; for the shepherds and herdsmen who employ, and are very proud of, these useful yet dreaded animals, often fasten round their necks or like wreaths made of the bristly hair of the yak, and painted red—a species of decoration which gives them a still more lionlike appearance than that which they owe to nature.

Indeed, some drawings we have seen of them strongly recall to mind the king of beasts as imaged in heraldic devices—e. g., in the arms of the Duke of Argyll. The color of their coat varies from black to light brown, the former predominating. The people of Thibet find them invaluable either to guard their flocks or as house watchdogs. In the latter capacity they display the utmost fierceness and hostility to intruders on their master's property, and would be truly dangerous if not tied up by strong chains during the day; even when thus secured their furious barkings and mad efforts to escape startle the passing traveler, and warn him to give them a wide berth. It is curious that the rapid movement or wagging of the tail is with them a manifestation of anger, and not of friendliness, as it is with their European cousins. As guardians of the sheep and yak caravans, implicit reliance is placed on them; they preserve peace and order among their subjects as effectually as Eastern despots of the better sort, and, perhaps, after the same fashion—viz., by short strife

and heavy tolls; at any rate, they gallantly defend them when attacked by man or beast.

The two individuals who are about to visit our shores bring with them a good charter for docility; at least they soon became attached to their Hungarian, as it is to be hoped they will be to their English master. Their names are Chandu and Zama. The fate and character of the third dog of this interesting group were different from those of his companions. Like a true follower of the Lamas, he was a declared enemy of Europeans, and would accept no overtures of amity from them. Count Szechenyi, who strove to propitiate him by feeding him with his own hand, was repeatedly bitten, and on one occasion very severely. His antipathy was, however, not confined to the white faces of the foreign devils, for a poor Chinese old woman, whom he encountered in the streets of Buda, was so maltreated by him that she died almost immediately. This wanton act filled up the measure of the irreclaimable brute's iniquities, and was at once avenged by a bullet from his master's revolver.—*Live Stock Journal*.

CURRENT DOG STORIES.

Much excitement was caused in an English opera house the other night, during the performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Charles Herrmann, who took the character of George Harris, has three bloodhounds, with which he is supposed to struggle on the stage. Unfortunately the dogs were brought unloading cocoanuts on the wharf, and in the excitement they lost their temper, turned on their master and bit him severely. Had not assistance been at hand, Mr. Herrmann would have been seriously injured. After having his wounds dressed he continued the performance.—*Evening Post*. In a Brooklyn theatre last Wednesday night, the play being the same, the "bloodhounds" had a big fight on the stage.

At the Union street wharf yesterday there was an exhibition of canine depravity that was as amusing as it was remarkable. The dog in question was an experienced thief, and entered into the work of thieving with all the zest of an experienced hand. On the occasion in question a schooner was unloading cocoanuts on the wharf, and, as usual, a crowd of boys were on hand to pick up whatever they could. As it was hard for them to sequester any of the nuts without detection, the natural or acquired depravity of the dog in question was made use of, and he was made the agent through whom a good supply of said nuts was secured. A boy would step up to the pile of nuts, and would apparently accidentally kick one a few feet. At once the dog would seize it, and a big cocoanut and a small dog rapidly vanished up the wharf and around the corner. Being relieved of his burden by a boy in the conspiracy, the dog would come back, and, when a good nut was selected, would take it away, to have it added to the heap stolen. This continued for some time, and was enjoyed by some who saw the affair.—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

An engraving of Woolner's bust of Tennyson, used as a frontispiece and two beautiful full-page pictures of Thornycroft's masterpieces are among the illustrations to Edmund W. Gosse's "Living English Sculptors," in the *June Century*. The writer tells the following anecdote of the dog in the statue of "Artemis": "In 1884, Mr. Thornycroft made another great stride forward with his 'Artemis,' a statue of heroic size, which has since been placed in marble in Eaton Hall, the seat of the Duke of Westminster. We give an engraving of this figure seen from the front. The goddess advances through the forest, and suddenly arrests her steps as she sees the quarry in front of her; with a dignified action she lays her hand over her shoulder and takes an arrow from the quiver, which rests on her left. The other hand, with her bow in it, passes behind her back and is drawn up almost her right hip by her hand, which has strayed on the wrong side. This dog has been much admired, and a little anecdote concerning it, which has not been recorded, may be worth telling. The sculptor had arrived at the point when he wanted a bound as a model, and he could find none that suited him. On the very day when a dog was to have been finally fixed upon, there came to the studio door a very beautiful deerhound, without any collar or mark of ownership, which seemed to have suffered much privation, and which absolutely refused to go away. The model was exactly what Mr. Thornycroft wanted, and while every effort was made to find the dog's master the charming creature sat for her portrait. Nobody claimed her, and she became the pet of the household; but the effects of

ing himself of all prejudice in favor of any fancy of his own and trying to stick as close to a recognized standard as possible; in other words, by both exhibitor and judge being entirely reasonable and unbiassed, and as that is getting pretty close to the millennium I guess I had better stop. W. WADE. PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 31.

"DOGS NEVER REASON."

IN FOREST AND STREAM of May 10 there is a brief article under this caption, by "The Old Doctor." Duke's disposition of the chain would seem to indicate an exercise of the reasoning faculty. The proposition may not have taken the form of a syllogism in Duke's brain, but it was syllogistic in the highest degree. A human being could scarcely have done better. All dogs may not reason; not all men reason, but some do, and the same may be said of dogs. In company with a friend I was duck shooting on one of the marshes in Minnesota. We stationed ourselves about thirty rods apart and began business in a very lively manner. In less than half an hour I had killed a dozen mallards, and my pointer dog, Charley, had placed them at my feet. My friend, who was a novice at the business, had fired a number of shots without any effect. He insisted that he had made a number of "penionsers," but they managed to get away. He finally condemned his gun, and expressed himself as completely discouraged. Just then I dropped a brace of mallards within thirty feet of my blind, and Charley, picking up one of the birds, passed a few seconds, and then proceeded to deliver it to my friend. He returned and made the same disposition of the other bird. This act had a most exhilarating effect upon my friend, and he renewed his efforts with great enthusiasm. The results, however, were very unsatisfactory. Meanwhile Charley continued to divide the dead birds between us, and, to our great surprise, we found at the close of our evening's shooting that the division had been made with mathematical accuracy. And now, if anyone suggests to my friend that "dogs do not reason" he will insist that there is at least one exception to that rule, and more than this, he firmly believes that Charley can count. T. BRANTFORD, OHI.

THE GORDON STANDARD.

Editor *Forest and Stream*: Dr. J. S. Niven's standard in your issue of April 12 allows five points for color. I think color is a great point in the Gordon; a rich, glossy black, and a rich mahogany tan, without mixture of either color, gives a beautiful harmony, and I allow ten points for color and feather. The head is another very important thing. The skull should be high at the occipital, at the same time broad and well proportioned. The head should show no thickness below the eyes. Nose, $4\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and square. Lips quite pendulous. Ears hang low and well feathered. Eyes large and round; color, dark brown. Neck large, not throaty, and well placed in the shoulders. Shoulders large and rising above the back. Chest wide and deep. Ribs round and well sprung. Back and loin very large and muscular. Distance between ribs and stifles short, dog gait. Quarters muscular and heavy. Feet well haired and round. Height 25 in. at the shoulder. Tail spike-like, with heavy feather. Fore legs straight, with large hock. Hind legs long and well crooked for speed. Shoulder rise $\frac{1}{2}$ in. above the hips. Weight 55 to 60 lbs. for dogs, and 45 to 50 for bitches. The color should be free from white. With an intellect and a pedigree showing Gordon breeding for years back, makes up my idea for a Gordon setter. Below is my standard:

Head, ears, muzzle and eyes.....	20
Neck.....	5
Body, ribs and height.....	10
Shoulders and weight.....	10
Loins and length of back.....	10
Quarters and stifles.....	15
Feet and legs.....	10
Color and feather.....	10
Coat and style.....	10
Total.....	100

C. T. BROWNELL. NEW BEDFORD, MASS.

"AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The entries for the June number of the *American Kennel Register* will close tomorrow, June 1. Plans are sent upon receipt of stamped and addressed envelope.

Slaron Island, is receiving her jigger work. The little cutter, 14ft. loadline, for a Providence gentleman, is also being fitted. In Boston the heavy cutter, Huron, has been launched, and Melusid and Buttery are well along.

There are building in such numbers that our esteemed contemporaries have found it "suitable" to the conditions" to promulgate among their three or four readers with some gravity the advice to build more than one cutter, and that they be of the same type, and hereafter receive their graceful sanction as cuts, but would be relegated to the tribe of sloops. Well, their declaration was quite true, and it is not a matter of course to build the lines to less than the orthodox 2 1/2 to 3 beams of the sloop. Three cutters have also been built on the lakes, of which particulars will appear, and our for diluvial waters.

NEW YORK Y. C.

REPORT OF THE MEASUREMENT COMMITTEE.

THE report of the committee appointed for the purpose of devising some system acceptable to all clubs and fair to all classes of yachts, opens with introductory remarks which in honor to those made by the Sea and Yacht committee, which will be found printed in full elsewhere. We extract from the report so far as those portions having direct bearing upon the subject, reserving a review of the new propositions for a special article.

They came to the conclusion that any system that taxed either breadth, depth or hull, such by itself, would favor or foster an opportunity, and should therefore be rejected. That length alone would lead to produce to an undesirable extent some of the foregoing evils.

That it would be impracticable to directly modify length by any one of the elements as the reason for the recommendation. That hull, beam or depth, with outside ballast, or a combination of the last two, with either or both modified, or in other words, "power" or ability to carry sail was the most important element, and should find direct expression in the sail plan or area of sail, which could therefore be used as the modifying factor of length without singling out any of the best construction elements, or limiting the discretion of the designer in his particular fancy for form or type—and that, as an expression of this power, only such sails as are or inarily carried when sailing to windward, and in general, all that would be used. And your committee have therefore come to the conclusion that length in some form modified by sail area in some form, should be the principle adopted, and the correctness of this decision has been acquiesced in by most of the representatives of the clubs we have been in communication with, either in person at many of our meetings, or by letter. It is to be regretted that the committee has not reached its conclusions, the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain has taken up the subject, and has advised the adoption of a few simple principles, the most important of which are, that the area of the sail should be directly some one or more of the elements, as herein stated, and allowing other elements to go free.

That the area of option should be the most important element to appear as a more important factor than to the extent they have declared to recommend, and a consideration of the working of the rule would indicate that the general rule would be to allow, in any type of boat, but in the introduction of sail area, as a factor in a rule of measurement for time allowance, they were desirous of not being too much restricted in the scope they could take, in accordance with the custom of the club, heretofore, to leave out of consideration altogether.

It has been found that in yachts of normal type, the square root of the sail area expressed in square feet is about equal to the length on waterline, and, therefore, as comparable with the latter, would indicate a departure from the ordinary type, with a hull of the same diminished sail area—in other words a heavily rigged vessel would be taxed, the ordinary type to go free, and the snugly rigged boat be benefited.

It was accepted as a fact that overhang had a value, varying according to the shape of boat, but that it would be difficult, or almost impossible, to formulate a general rule, and that it should be shared equitably, and that to tax any portion of it as a part of the whole of it, would be to give the same importance to it as to the body of the boat, and it was therefore decided to add to the rule, that the importance to outweigh considerations of simplicity in measurement, and freedom to the owner or designer in carrying out ideas as to finish or ornamentation, and that the overhang should be practically ignored.

Stated in a formula, the foregoing is—add twice the length to the square root of the sail area, and divide the sum by 1.75, the divisor being merely used to approximate the figures to the actual length, so as to facilitate the use of the ordinary tables for time allowance, and to avoid the figures of the tables, and to conform to the usual practice; the result being entitled "Measurement for Time Allowance."

It was decided that it would be impracticable and objectionable, for obvious reasons, to obtain an area of sail by taking actual sail measurements, which are ever varying—and your committee, therefore, came to the conclusion that, for the purpose of ascertaining area, certain simplified measurements on the spars only be taken, in manner as follows:

A perpendicular line to be taken along the after-side of the mainmast from the under-side of the gaff-topsail block, or shroud to the topmast to the upper side of boom, when resting on the saddle or on the lowest part of gooseneck, the distance of which point from the deck or lower side of the hull, to the point of contact of the gaff with the other points used in measurements.

A base line to be taken from the heel of the point of contact of the jibstay or lower part of the mainmast to the point of contact of the jibstay or lower part of the mainmast, in a straight line to the end of the mainboom, with one-quarter (1/4) of the length of gaff, measured from after-side of mast to end, and after-rod.

To obtain area from the above measurements, the formula for obtaining the area in square feet of a triangle is to be followed, namely, base multiplied by the perpendicular and divided by two.

The length to be measured from the forward side of stem at the water-line to the water-line at stern wherever topped. This measurement to be taken when the yacht is afloat, and in her ordinary trim, and by the crew, if possible, or by a third party, the measurer, at the time of taking his measurement, to affix a distinctive mark at each point. To the square root of the length of the stem, and the result is the measurement for time allowance.

The time allowance table is based on the accepted rule that relative speeds vary as the square roots of relative lengths, and that, as these relative speeds are only developed in strong winds and under the most favorable circumstances, and that the committee, therefore, constitute an equitable table for use in the average weather in a rich race are sailed.

This table being made for one mile can easily be adapted to courses of any length.

Your committee, as a consequence of the adoption of the system they are reporting to the club, and to make it consistent with one of the objects which they have had in view, recommend the abolition of the distinction between fore-and-aft and center-board which now exists, and a reclassification as follows:

- SCHOONERS. Class 1. To comprise all those whose measurement for time allowance length is 10ft. and over. Class 2. All those of less than 10ft., and not under 8ft. Class 3. All those of less than 8ft. STOODS. Class 1. All of 5ft. and over. Class 2. All those less than 5ft., and not under 4ft. Class 3. All under 4ft.

Your committee, in closing their report, cannot help adding that they are confident that the adoption of the principles they recommend, by all or most of the prominent clubs, will result in a complete triumph, and that the result will be to foster and give it an impetus, the importance and extent of which can hardly be realized now, and the initiating and carrying out of which could be accomplished only by the efforts of the club, which was accomplished, and to remain a re-letter page in its annals.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

Wm. C. SMITH, ANSON PHILIPS STOKES, CHARLES W. LAMARIS LITTLE, J. COMMITTEE. CHAS. L. LEWIS, T. FREDERIC TAPP.

New York, May 9, 1883. The proposed allowance is based upon the assumption that speed can be obtained in proportion to the square roots of the lengths of vessels.

L represent the length of the larger boat, and l the length of the smaller boat. The speed of the larger boat is to the speed of the smaller boat as the square root of the length of the larger boat is to the square root of the length of the smaller boat.

The table is based upon the time taken to sail one mile. Therefore the formula would become:

Time / L is to Time / l as sqrt(L) is to sqrt(l)

The time taken as a basis is one hour, or 3,600 seconds, but it has been found in practice that this would make the allowance too large.

and four-tenths of 3,600 seconds, which is 1,440 seconds, has been taken, and the formula becomes:

Allowance = 1/40 * L - 1/40 * l

The result multiplied by the length of course will give the allowance in seconds.

RULES FOR ASCERTAINING ALLOWANCES.

To find the time one yacht allows another: Subtract the "time opposite the length of larger yacht from the time opposite the length of smaller yacht, and the result will be the allowance in seconds. To find the time for fractions of ft: What time will a yacht 48ft. long allow one 46ft. 6in. long?

Time opposite 48ft. 85.00 sec. Time opposite 47ft. 83.73 sec. Difference 1.27 sec.

One-half of difference—1.27 would be time for 6in.6375 sec. Aid time opposite 47ft. 83.73 sec. Time for 46ft. 6in. 84.3675 sec.

From this time subtract time opposite 48ft. 81.52 sec. Time 48ft. will allow 46ft. 6in. for one mile, 3.8475 sec. Multiply by length of course, 40 miles

—Allowance in seconds, 153.60 sec. Divide by 60—Allowance in minutes and seconds, 2 min. 33.60 sec.

TABLE SHOWING ALLOWANCES UNDER VARIOUS SYSTEMS OF MEASUREMENT.

Table with columns: Name of Yacht, L, W, L, Proposed, N.Y. Y.C., N.Y. Y.C., E.V. Y.C., A.Y.C., I.T.A.

* Estimated.

PROPOSED TIME ALLOWANCE IN MINUTES AND SECONDS.

Table with columns: NAME, L, W, L, L, W, L, Allowance.

Table with columns: Schooners, Allboats, Sloops.

TIME ALLOWANCE IN SECONDS AND DECIMALS FOR ONE MILE COURSE.

NO TIME ALLOWED TO YACHTS OVER 120FT.

Table with columns: Measurement, Allowance, Measurement, Allowance, Measurement, Allowance.

SEAWANAKA Y. C.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE ON MEASUREMENT.

In compliance with the resolution passed at the last meeting of this club that the committee then appointed by the Commodore confer with the committees from other clubs with a view to adopting a common system of measurement, your committee has the honor to report that it has attended a number of meetings of the New York Y. C. at some of which representatives of the Atlantic and Larchmont clubs have been present, and at which various communications have been read from officers of other clubs interested in the subject of measurement, and with whom the secretary of the committee of the New York Y. C. has conferred.

This meeting will readily see that it is not to be expected that the different clubs, whose representatives have thus met together, or otherwise communicated with each other, should as the result of these communications, be ready at this time to take definite action on this matter; or that their representatives should be able to announce any definite plan of measurement to be adopted by them. Such action as is here indicated can only be looked for after meetings have been held of the clubs interested, and after ample opportunity has been had for the subject to be discussed between the members.

Your committee is, however, impressed with the conviction that conferences of the kind now mentioned, if it were possible, would afford for comparisons of experience, thought and suggestion; and afford the best opportunity for discussing the principles which ought to govern time allowance, and give opportunity for the

rid of misunderstandings, and for arriving at similarity or even uniformly of view on most matters involved in the subject.

Your committee therefore, before referring directly to the more important practical result of its labors, would discontinue the impression which should be entertained by any of the members of its work, as far as this applies to the agreement of other clubs which can be correctly given by any announcement that can now be made.

The result of its work and discussions must rather be looked forward to, and your committee will find satisfaction in the immediate present, if by their action they have made a common agreement between important clubs more easily practicable in the future. It is to be regretted that the arrangements for the meeting of different clubs met together, there has been a great deal of effort, but a fair and candid temper and disposition has commonly prevailed, and the representatives of the various clubs have been in a measure worked practically as one committee. The suggestions and information furnished being treated as common property, the result being a general agreement in principle, and a common understanding, easily understood and adjustable, either for the purpose of a joint race, or because the experience of either club may show it to be desirable.

In the opinion of a part of your committee, sail area is allowed to be represented by too large a factor in the present formula, and should be reduced. In the opinion of one member of the committee, this cannot be safely assumed from such facts as there has been experience of, and in the absence of other reasons the rule might in the opinion of the member of the committee be conservatively and prudently left to bear the light of another season's experience, as far as this factor is involved.

In the opinion of the committee, however, concurred in this: That the purpose of this committee, to provide or agree to a rule which should conform itself to this club, and also be acceptable to others, was mainly directed from the fact that the square root of the area of sail area, to increase or lessen the main factor, would be seen at once.

The committee agree that a measurement, which should take into account sail area and length, but which should be expressed in a modified or differential length rather than in tons, would best suit the purpose in view. Such a method of dealing with the subject would admit of the water in most common use, that which has as its base the length of water-line, and which is related to the square root of the area of sail area, to increase or lessen the main factor, would be seen at once.

In the last report read before this club on time allowance, allowance was made to the fact that the length of water-line of the average yacht, multiplied by itself, would correspond very closely with the area of the square root of the area of sail area. It is to be regretted, it, of course, follows that in the ordinary yacht the square root of the sail area is equal to the W. L. In the yacht with a light rig it is commonly different from the yacht with a snug rig it is sometimes less than the W. L. length.

Your committee recommend as a formula for measurement length, which is equal to the square root of sail area, and the sum divided by two.

The reasons for using sail area are so well understood in the club that they need not be repeated. It is to be regretted that the modification length may, however, be a very simple illustration. Take as the normal boat for comparison, one 50ft. long, carrying 3,500 ft. of square root of her area of sail area, and which has a water-line of 40 ft. The application of the rule to her would have no modifying effect on her length whatever. If, however, her sails were reduced to 2,000 ft. of square root of her area, and her water-line, which sum, added to 50 and divided by 2, leaves 51ft., or an addition of one foot to her original length, as a tax for her large sail area, and her large beam and ballast, which means to it a normal quantity, would be deducted from her actual measurement for racing.

If, on the other hand, her sail area is 3,300, the square root of that being 57.4, if, or less than amount which is below a normal quantity, would be deducted from her actual measurement for racing.

The existing rule was adopted by the committee then charged with the work of devising a mode of measurement, some misgivings were entertained by members of that committee who were desirous to receive ready recourse to a method of measurement of accuracy and conveniently measuring so elastic a material as canvas, which is necessarily subject to variation, and may increase or decrease in length, and in width, and in weight.

To this part of the subject your committee and those who met with them have been most anxious to attend, and it is to be regretted that the first conclusion at which it has arrived, that spars need not be measured as is usual in the following manner:

The perpendicular to be taken from the heel of the side of the mainmast from the under side of the gaff-topsail block or shroud to the upper side of boom when resting on the saddle, or on the lowest part of gooseneck, the distance of which point from the deck or lower side of the hull, to the point of contact of the gaff with the other points used in measurement.

The base line to be taken from the heel of the point of contact of the jibstay or lower part of the mainmast to the point of contact of the jibstay or lower part of the mainmast, in a straight line to the end of the mainboom, with one-quarter (1/4) of the length of gaff, measured from after-side of mast to end, and after-rod.

To obtain the area from the above figures, the usual formula for obtaining the area of a triangle is to be used, namely, multiply base by perpendicular and divide by two.

Length to be measured from the forward side of stem at the water line, to the water line at stern, wherever topped. This measurement to be taken when the yacht is afloat, and in her ordinary trim, and by the crew (if aboard) amidship.

The measurer, at the time of taking his measurements, to affix a distinctive mark at each point.

To the square root of the area as ascertained add the length as ascertained, and divide by two.

The result of the measurement for time allowance.

Any change in these measurements to be reported by the owner (as customary) to the measurer.

It will be seen that whereas the present way of measuring sails requires that they be hoisted, regardless of wind, weather and convenience, the mode of measurement here recommended is one that can be used with such sails as are decked down, and that they are present one, and not subject to change excepting with a change of spars.

The change from a tonnage measurement to one of length made necessary a new time table of allowances.

As was noticed in the last report made to the club on this subject, an opportunity for speed with different vessels vary as the square root of their respective lengths. An allowance table formulated on this principle would, however, be much too liberal toward small yachts, if used for the practical purpose of yacht racing in ordinary weather, as it presupposes the full development of that power and speed in larger vessels, which only occurs in strong winds.

In the last printed report of the club on this subject, figures are given in a table, and also a table in the diagram, both of which show the quantities being reduced 50 per cent. This deduction still left the allowance larger to small yachts than to large yachts, and the result was also larger than any table in use by prominent clubs heretofore.

The table of allowances which your committee have to propose to you, obtained in the same way as the illustrated curve just referred to, but still further reduced, that is, 40 per cent. instead of 50 per cent. of the allowances which were determined by the table just referred to, as does the square root of length in different vessels.

In conclusion, your committee would submit, that by the formula proposed, the result of the measurement for time allowance, which is based upon an equal footing, if the report is accepted, and it should in the after experience of the club, appear desirable to change the relative importance of the factors, such change could be made by simply to involve the labor and discussion which have attended past conferences.

Your committee further hope that with an allowance table adapted to length alone, and with a method of combining with length sail area in any desired proportion, and with its modifying influence so arranged as to be applicable to all classes of yachts, and to all classes of races, a common system of measurement may be adopted, and that by means of other conferences of the kind in which your committee have been present, and at which various communications have been read from officers of other clubs interested in the subject of measurement, and with whom the secretary of the committee of the New York Y. C. has conferred, a common system of measurement may be adopted, and that by means of other conferences of the kind in which your committee have been present, and at which various communications have been read from officers of other clubs interested in the subject of measurement, and with whom the secretary of the committee of the New York Y. 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THE SEASON NOW OPENING.

THE process made within the last few years in American yacht building promises to be exemplified with great force in the coming and cruising of the present season. The rapidity with which cherished prejudices of the past have been supplanted by modern ideas is not less striking than the progress of the latter.

As the recognized expert of the sport in this country, we feel bound to congratulate the community upon the readiness with which the new ideas are being accepted, and the rapidity with which the old and the lessons of recent developments taken to heart in good earnest. The revolution from light draft, flat bottom, shoal keel and excessive sail has not been accomplished without much hard work, but still in far less time than the most sanguine could expect.

It is the pride of Forest and Stream to know that its pages are filled with the results of the progress of the sport, and that its pages are filled with the results of the progress of the sport, and that its pages are filled with the results of the progress of the sport.

The former cherishes flat bottom, shallow hull, beam, centerboard, light draft and a simple one. Still we build modern yachts whose speed rests mainly in sparring without regard to a vessel's capacity to carry the rig, or shall we turn the lessons of recent years to account and demand from moderns something whether of our admiration in the way of vessels, speed, sea and windward accommodations.

The answer from the public is not difficult to divine. It is to have the best of both worlds, and to have the best of both worlds, and to have the best of both worlds, and to have the best of both worlds.

In regard to rig, the fierce opposition to double jibs has waned in its approach, and many are now turning to see through the prism the wisest will listen to tonight else. Cutlers have become as plentiful as blueberries and fresh material is steadily being added.

It is in regard to the use of the keel that the most interesting changes are being made. The keel is being built on the principle of the keel, and the keel is being built on the principle of the keel.

boats or less to the lead line, the artificial restraint of length measurement is to be held accountable. This is the condition of yacht building in the East at the opening of the season.

What the sport in New York City is doing is quite as favorable, still far from discouraging. The keel is not in the majority, beam and light displacement are still much venerated, and the strongest opposition to the new ideas is still to be seen.

The number of keels figuring in Olesen's new Annual for '88, hailing from New York, is larger than ever before. The New York Y. C., the Seawanhauk Corinthian Y. C. and the Atlantic C. all show more on their list than ever before, and more keels were laid in the Greenpoint, Bay Ridge and Staten Island yards than ever recorded in any vessel or pleasure.

NOTES FROM BELLEVILLE, ONT.—Work on the new twelve-tonner Iolanthe, at Cuthbert's yard, goes briskly on, and the prospect is that she will be finished within the week.

NEW KEEL.—Lako Hall, of East Boston, has a fine keel yacht ready for launching. Built for Albert Hall, of Chicago, she is to name Perry II, is 35ft. 3in. over all, 32ft. 5in. on loadline, 14ft. 6in. beam, 4 in. draught and 14ft. draft.

NEW STEAMERS.—John Bosch & Son, of Chester, are building two steam yachts, to be named, for W. E. Conner, of New York, and another for G. C. Scott. They are to be seagoing yachts with high freeboard, dash decks, schooner rigging, showing 4,200-hp. of power in lower sails.

OPEN BOATS.—The Pollons have finished two open boats for afternoon sailing, designed by A. Cary Smith. They are in many respects superior to the usual style of such boats.

GANANOQUE REGATTA.—The races sailed May 24 brought out a good lot of starters. In class under twelve tons, Laura, Capt. Abbie, of Kingston, Fearless of Gananoque, and Eclipse of Chilton, Course 30 miles. Time, one minute 27.6 seconds.

THE STEAM YACHT CLUB.—The new steam yacht club organized under the auspices of Jay Gould, Geo. C. Scott, W. E. Conner, Jesse R. Grant, Wm. B. Dowd, W. P. Clyde, Alfred de Cordova, J. H. Houston, Frank R. Lawrence and others has been given the title "American Yacht Club." Initiation fee has been fixed at \$100.

QUINCY Y. C.—Opened the season May 29 off Great Hill. Strong S. W. blow kept many at home. Two cash prizes in each class. Queen Mithras, 31ft. 8in., W. L. Phony, 24ft. sail-over among the big ones. In second class, Thistle, 21ft. 10in., S. A. Freeman, won in 1:09.10, beating Noodle, Water Witch, Druid, Diadem, David Crockett and Plover. The second prize was taken second.

STRANGER.—This steam yacht, belonging to the estate of the late Geo. A. Osgood, was sold at auction, as announced, to Mr. Frank Osgood for \$20,000, said to be below value. She was built by Wm. Cramp & Sons, Philadelphia, iron hull, 185ft. over all; 165ft. loadline, 23ft. 8in. beam, 14ft. depth of hold, 10ft. 5in. water; compound inverted engines, cylinders 34 and 44in. diameter, 24in. stroke. Two boilers, 10ft. 6in. by 11ft.

NEW CUTLER.—J. W. Lawlor has finished a very smart cutter, for which she plans are supplying the sails. The cutter is 35ft. long, 19ft. 5in. over all; 15ft. 10in. beam, 21ft. 2in. gaff, 14ft. 10in. overboard rig, jib 13ft. on foot, 34 1/2ft. on luff, foremast 9ft. on foot, luff of square beam 10ft. 10in. by 11ft.

WAKE.—Boston yachts are becoming appreciated in New York for their fine lines and superior sailing. Length on loadline 25ft., beam 13 1/2ft., draft 5ft. 8in.

GRACE.—This Boston sloop, James Donovan, S. B. Y. C., is overhauled and will receive 1,000 pounds iron on the keel. Keels and outboard will be all the go in Eastern waters. No one thinks of building anything else.

SEAWANNAH Y. C.—Has adopted the revised measurement at last meeting, May 24. Formula now reads loadline length plus square root of sail area, the whole divided by two. Report is printed in this issue.

IRON KEELS.—The Boston sloop Atlantic has received a shoe of 2,500 lbs.

Advertisement for H. C. Wood's Homeopathic Veterinary Medicine, listing various ailments and the benefits of the medicine.

Advertisement for "The Great Fish" minnow, featuring a table of sizes and prices, and a list of dealers.

Advertisement for the publisher's department, listing various books and publications available for sale.

JAS. F. MARSTERS,
55 Court Street, Brooklyn.
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER OF
Fine Fishing Tackle.

First Quality Goods at lower prices than any other house in America.
Brass Multiplying Rods with Balance Handles, first quality and fine finish, 75ft., \$1.00; 84ft., \$1.25; 93ft., \$1.50; 102ft., \$1.75; 111ft., \$2.00; 120ft., \$2.25; 129ft., \$2.50; 138ft., \$2.75; 147ft., \$3.00; 156ft., \$3.25; 165ft., \$3.50; 174ft., \$3.75; 183ft., \$4.00; 192ft., \$4.25; 201ft., \$4.50; 210ft., \$4.75; 219ft., \$5.00; 228ft., \$5.25; 237ft., \$5.50; 246ft., \$5.75; 255ft., \$6.00; 264ft., \$6.25; 273ft., \$6.50; 282ft., \$6.75; 291ft., \$7.00; 300ft., \$7.25; 309ft., \$7.50; 318ft., \$7.75; 327ft., \$8.00; 336ft., \$8.25; 345ft., \$8.50; 354ft., \$8.75; 363ft., \$9.00; 372ft., \$9.25; 381ft., \$9.50; 390ft., \$9.75; 399ft., \$10.00; 408ft., \$10.25; 417ft., \$10.50; 426ft., \$10.75; 435ft., \$11.00; 444ft., \$11.25; 453ft., \$11.50; 462ft., \$11.75; 471ft., \$12.00; 480ft., \$12.25; 489ft., \$12.50; 498ft., \$12.75; 507ft., \$13.00; 516ft., \$13.25; 525ft., \$13.50; 534ft., \$13.75; 543ft., \$14.00; 552ft., \$14.25; 561ft., \$14.50; 570ft., \$14.75; 579ft., \$15.00; 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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

THE Governor of New York has vetoed the item in the supply bill which gave the Commissioners of Fisheries three thousand dollars additional to carry on the work at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, on the ground that their regular appropriation was sufficient for all purposes. We do not know from what source the Governor drew his information, nor how correct his conclusions may be; but we do know that the proposed work on Long Island is a much-needed one, and is a step in advance in the good cause. The station has only been in operation five months, and has not only a commendable exhibit of work done in the way of hatching and distributing, but also of much in the way of permanent improvements in such things as troughs, rearing-pools and fixtures for hatching fresh-water fishes generally.

Although the public recognizes the fact that a hatchery for the salmonidae and other fluvial fishes is a necessity in the southeastern portion of the State, the facts are that the proximity to the salt water renders the Cold Spring station one of almost unlimited possibilities, especially as it is unique in this respect, and has therefore the assistance of the United States Fish Commission, with its extensive connections at home and abroad. There has been no hatchery established for salt-water fishes in America, nor in any other land, and the New York Fish Commission took the lead in trying to establish one, and they only asked for a very small sum to start the work; therefore the Governor's action in this matter is much to be regretted. The springs at this station are so elevated that they have been used to turn mills, and would easily pump salt water to a height of twenty feet or more, where it could be used for hatching codfish, and all other

fishes which are available, as at high tide the salt water comes to within a hundred yards of the old mill which is now used as a hatchery.

The United States Commission has hatched codfish to a limited extent, but has worked with the disadvantage of having no hatchery near salt water. Some were hatched at Gloucester, Mass., and turned into the harbor there, and have since been taken near the docks, where no deep-sea cod were ever seen before; and others have also been hatched in the old Arsenal at Washington, in artificial sea water. No doubt new cod grounds could be created about Long Island Sound and New York city, as well as on the south side of Long Island, by large plantings of the fish, for food is plenty there, and eggs by the tens of millions can be obtained from the live fish brought to Fulton Market. These facts show reason enough to have the work continued, and it is to be hoped that it will not be abandoned, even though the Governor did not approve of a special appropriation for this purpose. Pisciculture is a progressive industry, and its hold on the people is now so strong that it is in no danger of being turned back on account of a temporary impediment.

OBSTACLES IN RIFLE PRACTICE.

WITH the opening of the present month, shooting will begin on many ranges under official orders from various commanders in the ranks of the National Guard. A number of States have made arrangements for the practice of the men, and considerable time and effort will be expended in securing records of the proficiency, or the want of it, on the part of the troops. Each State seems to have devised a special system of ball practice, and the result is that it is entirely impossible to make any precise comparisons. The Regular Army, too, has a system, and this seems to be a shifting one, so that during a decade past we have seen a half dozen schemes devised for securing a short cut to good marksmanship without the tedious detail of careful range practice.

With a general observance of some one plan of practice, it would be possible to so show up the failings of some of our organizations, that a feeling of emulation would spring up and good results follow; at present there is too much striking about in the dark, and the general public are left in a state of uncertainty, whether or not this banging of rifles, which goes on through each summer on our State ranges, really amounts to anything.

It was the strong point made by the advocates of rifle practice when it was introduced in the National Guard that it was then entirely possible for a member to go through a full term of service and yet never have occasion to fire off a gun. Is it quite certain, then, that this cannot be done to-day? That there are not now members of the Guard who have not had any practical experience with the rifle in the field before the targets? There are certainly many who do not go near the ranges. That this is so, may in some very rare instances be due to unavoidable obstacles, but it is too true that the army methods are sadly at fault. There is not and never has been enough aiming drill in the squad rooms. Without this, work out of doors is worse than useless, and with it the field records are sure to stand out in excellent prominence.

Progress has been made and perhaps a fair result has been secured for the amount of effort put forth thus far in the cultivation of military marksmanship. Still, there is danger that a great deal of waste labor may be expended simply because each worker in the field does not know what other directors of practice are doing. In New York changes of administration have led to changes in the personnel of the Inspector-General's office, and then naturally comes a different way of putting the Guard through its course of training. There are no definite principles guiding. There is no standard set toward which the men are expected to approach, and the result is that there is no end of the work and no way of telling how much the men have profited by it.

It would be unfair to conclude that because but twenty-nine men fitted themselves to shoot in the preliminary camp petitions for places on the American International team, that the interest on the subject among guardsmen is at a low ebb, or that there is not a general ability to shoot well. It is one thing to shoot for pleasure, or even in fulfillment of one's duty as a member of the Guard, and quite another to undertake the responsibilities of a place on a representative team. Neither is it just to gauge the interest or want of it by the fact that Creedmoor is not crowded by competitors at the fall meetings. Time and distance prevent any such

gathering. It would be worth the while of the Board of Directors here to arrange a programme of matches to be shot on the several local ranges throughout the country, making the conditions so simple that they could be easily understood and generally complied with.

This city is able to furnish a team of any sort of shooters, and over the several States they would find many responses to a well-put invitation for a test of ability. Such matches at a quick hand are going on almost every week now in an off-hand way, and all that is required is for some central body to undertake the labor of directing and managing them. This can be well done from this point, and perhaps through such a series of shoots something could be done toward breaking down the barriers of localism and place-pride which now play so prominent a part in keeping riflemen from knowing more of each other, and enjoying their sport in its best feature—that of generous rivalry.

THE ROD WAS SPARED.

AT the recent dinner to the foreign representatives to the International Fisheries Exhibition, at Fishmongers' Hall, London, in reply to a toast, Mr. James Russell Lowell, the American Minister, said that—

"He had always been jealous of the exercises, the undue exercise, of arbitrary power, and he must confess that he knew of no exercise of arbitrary power more cruel to its victim than that which brought him to his feet when he was at rest what to say. He was in that position, but he could not help thinking there was a sort of retributive justice in it; for it happened to him several years ago, as president at the annual festival of the University of which he was a member, the magnificent satisfaction with which he used to rise and to say that they were honored with the presence of a very distinguished gentleman, (laughter) and then he paused and saw a slender pass through the assembly every one of course laughing himself to be the distinguished gentleman meant, the average of distinguished gentlemen in America being very high. (Renewed laughter.) They had never heard of a fish speaking, it was true. There was a tradition of St. Anthony at Padua preaching to the fishes, but now the fishes had been brought to preach to us and to instruct us. If he could only make the speech which was sure to come to his mind as he was going down the stairs when they were all going away, he should have a deal to say to them; but as it was, he thanked His Royal Highness for the kindness with which he had proposed the health of the representatives of foreign countries. The kindness he met with in this country convinced him that he represented less a foreign country than most of the ministers for foreign States there, and that he rather represented the eldest daughter of England. (Cheers.) He believed that some of the exhibits sent from his country would not be found inferior in interest to those in other departments. He held in his hand a rod, one of the exhibits from America, weighing only four ounces and a half, warranted to land a fish weighing five pounds. He wrote a great fisher, but he had exceedingly pathetic associations with the American rod. (Laughter.) He once bought one which cost him \$18, and he took it to a river and had his cast, and at last succeeded in hooking a silver trout, and brought it home in triumph, when he was told that he had caught the most valuable fish in the world, as, seeing that it measured about six inches it had cost him \$3 an inch. (Laughter.)

It is evident from this that Mr. Lowell took to fishing too late in life. A boy, or man, who never went fishing until he could amass wealth enough to buy an eighteen-dollar rod, will never become, as Mr. Lowell puts it, a great fisher. This is not the only instance on record where the rod was spared and the child spoiled, *sic* Solomon. A father who brings up his boys in ways which they do not depart from, buys his sons rods and lincs at an early age, or he gives them currency of the realm sufficient for an outfit, and they forego the rod and buy cheap lines and hooks, and apply the remainder of the cash to the purchase of other necessities of boyhood, as marbles, balls, etc. A boy whose angling education had not been neglected, would never figure up that his first six-inch trout had cost three dollars an inch, because the rod had been bought for eighteen dollars. He would have swapped his fine rod for a sled, a terrier pup, and a quart or two of marbles to boot, and have gone into the swamp and cut him an alder switch for a rod and been happy. It is very evident that the American Minister to the Court of St. James has been entrapped by our English friends, who are born anglers; into talking about things that he is not familiar with, in order to lead him on to the question of the Halifax Award and the Fisheries Treaty of Washington.

We suggest to them that if they want to know about the commercial fisheries, or the ichthyology of America, that they ask Prof. Goods or Capt. Collins. If they seek to penetrate the mysteries of fishculture they may inquire of Mr. Earle, while Reuben Wood will tell them how the de-lu-sive fly is palmed off on the unsuspecting trout as some thing which is desirable as a lunch. We have never heard much of Solomon as an angler, but his maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," shows that he thought that a boy would be ruined if he did not go fishing. We fear that the rod was spared in the case of Mr. Lowell.

Many sad incidents of death by drowning will occur to the minds of all of my readers; nevertheless, I may relate the unhappy fate of two young men with whom I was acquainted. These unhappy victims to the inability to swim were out on a hunting excursion, and when crossing a small pond in their canoe they were upset, and both perished miserably. They both wore belts heavily laden with cartridges, and these probably kept them from coming to the surface when once immersed, and also destroyed all chance of grasping the canoe and making a struggle for life. The man of the country where this accident occurred is a fisher, and they might have hung to the canoe until exhausted, and no help could have reached them. The water was not over seven feet deep, and should rapidly. Now, a good swimmer could undoubtedly have saved himself, either by swimming into shallow water, encumbered with his belts, or he could have held his breath under water long enough to allow of his taking off his belts. The first thought of a good swimmer on finding himself down into the water, is to secure a full breath before going under, and to hold his breath while under. But the man who cannot swim is flurried, and of course utterly at a loss to know what to do. He is helpless, suffocated, sacrificed. The good swimmer is, under ordinary circumstances, as safe on the water as he is on land. The person who cannot swim is, under the same conditions, in imminent and constant danger of death. In contrast to the sad event just mentioned, is the experience of a person of my acquaintance who is a good swimmer. He was returning from a hunting excursion, when by some mishap his bark canoe upset, and he and all his utensils were thrown into the river. He was not very far from shore, and after swimming to land with his canoe, he undressed, and returning to the spot, dived and recovered his gun and all the other articles of value, and reached home none the worse for his accident. A person who could not swim, if in the same position, had been drowned. As before stated, I am not at all in advising all who go upon the water to learn to swim, I merely reiterate the advice of hundreds of writers, but I know personally many who cannot swim, and I am aware that there are hundreds of young men in every large city who are ignorant of that useful art. To all such I say, let not this summer pass and leave you in criminal inability to exercise powers which have in mercy and pity been given to mankind by a wise Providence. E. M. BARTO.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

SUMMER SPORTS IN CANADA.

AS now is the time when the summer sporting and camping trips are generally laid out, I give herewith a short list of what are in my opinion the best places to visit.

Beginning on Lake Ontario, to first come to the Thousand Islands, which are, however, so well known that little need be said. For old sportsmen the Islands are of course too much frequented, but there is still plenty of good bass fishing, and many a pleasant day may be spent there.

Rice Lake and the region and lakes thereabout are next in order, and as in the former case, are old camping out places, and are generally well known to the sporting world.

Next is the Erie and Ontario region. One of the best and Poindexter are still able to give a first-class day's fishing and shooting, but the best points are all under lease, and well guarded from the outside world.

I omitted to mention while talking of the Lake Ontario region, that for parties wishing a pleasant camping place with moderately good fishing, and where the modern necessities of life are all handy, the mouth of the Niagara River is one of the best fishing grounds. Next in order comes the fishing and shooting grounds of the River and Lake St. Clair, called "the Flats." The River St. Clair, where it enters the lake of the same name, passes for some miles through a vast swamp of reeds or rice, which swamp is intersected by shallow channels in all directions. Owing to the wet nature of the ground in the vicinity it is not the best camping ground in the world, but if one can only get a foothold in plenty of good fishing and duck shooting, it may be found. Parts of the flats have been leased by clubs who have erected club houses at different points.

We now come to Lake Huron, the shore of which for the first one hundred and fifty miles is, like the other lakes, devoid of interest to the sportsman, except in a small way at the mouths of the rivers.

My idea of a camping ground is a place where one can get out of civilization, and if such a thing be possible) without having to travel too far and undergo too much hardship in doing so—a place where one can get good fishing and shooting, good clear water to bathe in, where the wild fruits of the season are to be found, and above all, a place picturesque enough in itself to leave in one's mind pleasant reminiscences of the sight as well as the sports enjoyed there.

With the exception of the first place mentioned above (the Thousand Islands), the region I have traveled over does not to my knowledge contain one spot combining all, or nearly all, the above advantages; shooting and fishing being abundant, but the character of the land, generally reedy and swampy, precludes the quieter pleasures of camping out.

One hundred and forty miles northward from where Lake Huron enters the St. Clair River, and about twenty miles above Southampton (or as it was formerly and more properly called, Chagoy), on the east line, there is a tract of straight shore apparently with a few openings, which I have seen from the foot of Lake Ontario, and again assumes the character it wears at the Thousand Islands.

From Chieft's Point, some fifteen miles above Langean, the coast line to Cape Hurd, some sixty miles distant, is cut up with bays and coves in all directions, and the Fishing Islands run along it for some twenty miles. The shore is low, rocky and covered with cedar. There is a plenty of bass, pike, and pickerel fishing in the bottoms of the bays, and capital trolling ground inside the islands for both sail and row boats. Also good duck, bear and deer shooting in the fall.

This region, however, lacks two of the main requisites for a complete camping ground, namely, picturesque and a supply of wild fruits. From Langean to Cape Hurd one can take a boat every three miles. At the mouth of the bay, the entrance to the greatest and grandest of all fresh water bays—the Georgian Bay. This bay contains within itself all the requisites of a perfect camping ground that I have mentioned, and, as far as my experience goes, is the only place that does so.

The scenery as one enters the bay from Lake Huron by the Cape Hurd channel, is fit introduction to strangers. The top of the Flowering Cove Island, Bear's Rump and the other islands of the group is really grand. Just around

the cape is Tober Mornay, the finest natural harbor on the lakes; nearly a mile long and a quarter of a mile broad, with a deep water all over, with banks of rock to which a vessel eae tie and ride as if at a dock.

The fishing in this neighborhood is good. Bass in large quantities and pike and pickerel in the bays and coves, and tip-top trolling for salmon trout on the shoals, as many as ten or twelve beauties ranging in size to twenty pounders being sometimes taken in one afternoon.

However, one must fish out still farther to the famous "North Shore." Talk about "The Thousand Islands," why for a stretch of 200 miles from Collingwood to the Bruce mines at the entrance of the St. Mary's River, the islands on the coast are simply innumerable. A man once started to count them, but when he got to seven thousand had to give the contract up as hopeless. One can take a steamer at Milland City drawing ten feet of water and journey by a protected passage inside the islands for 100 miles or more and then only get a glimpse of the beauties of this region. The islands around here are all rock and very picturesque indeed. On almost every island one can turn around after partaking of the substantial of a meal and pick a cupful of wild raspberries, strawberries, huckleberries, currants, blackberries, and in the fall cranberries *adlib.* without moving from your camping ground. You are within reach of the finest bass, pike and pickerel fishing to be had on the continent, and it is a pleasure to see the fish that are taken. However, these fish, like the salmon trout, generally prefer deep water in the hot weather. An occasional marsh at the bottom of some of the bays makes duck shooting prime. Bears are also to be met with, and plenty of deer on the mainland.

This region is very easy of access, the Northern from Toronto or Hamilton landing you at Heneauquisheche, and the Midland from Toronto or Port Hope taking you to "Midland City," both places being at the southern end, and of the "north shore" chain of islands. Guides and boats can be procured at either place for moderate sums, say one man and a 25-foot sloop for \$1.50 or \$2.00 per day, and in an hour or two you can be camped in a spot where you can live for a month without seeing anyone, except perhaps a solitary Indian in search of game.

I spent a month in the Muskoka region canoeing and portaging, and I cannot speak too highly of the trout fishing and deer shooting in the early spring and winter, but the difficulty and expense of reaching the good grounds makes it beyond the reach of ordinary camping parties, especially as in pleasant camping weather deer shooting is out of season, and the trout fish too low to be tempted with the fly.

I spent parts of one or two seasons on Lake Superior, but as that region is so far ahead of the present wants of the campers-out, I will say anything more than that fishing and shooting of all kinds are good.

For the past few years or so I have generally made one of a small party camping out or fishing for a month or two. We generally used sailboats, from twenty to thirty feet long to convey ourselves and stores, but as this necessitated pitching tents and a great deal of trouble loading and unloading the boats, we determined to get a boat large enough to hold us all comfortably and safely.

For this purpose I purchased and had fitted out anew the class "A" schooner yacht Explorer. This large yacht is some 60 feet over all, 16 feet beam, and 6 feet depth of hold, has a forecabin for the crew and a large poop cabin with six bunks, and there is room for thirty more large berts below decks. She carries foresail, mainsail, staysail, jib, jibtop sail, and main and foregigtop sails, and has a large rotary yawl capable of carrying fourteen or fifteen people. She will be used for cruising in the north or six weeks cruising in the season, and as they are few wealthy men will during the balance of the season, be open for charter to any party desiring her on any of the lakes (American or Canadian sides) at a charge of \$1 per diem each. She can call for parties at any port desired. E. LEWIS.

GODERICH, CANADA.

Natural History.

A NATURALIST IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

TO the ardent sportsman or more patient naturalist, Washington Territory presents the field of adventure and study unequalled in this country, perhaps in the world. Her magnificent rivers and grand old forests, her mountain peaks and beautiful valleys, are a source of wonder and admiration to whoever beholds them. It was my privilege to make one of a party to explore this wonderful region during the summer of '82, and the pleasure I derived from it forms one of the pleasantest recollections of my life, while the many rare birds and eggs which I obtained, and the curious habits noted of those of little is known, has well repaid me for many hardships and privations.

About forty miles north of the Columbia River there empties into the Pacific a large body of water known as "Gray's Harbor." It is a fine bay, being about twenty miles long and fifteen broad, and with the numerous large rivers that empty into it, drains a wide section of country. It was through this section that I spent nearly a year collecting.

The channel of the harbor is broad and deep, and dividing several miles from its entrance, forms the north and south channels, the whole center, as well as the sides, being immense flats covered by the tides. These flats are the chosen resort of thousands of aquatic birds, and gulls, terns, pelicans, cormorants and hosts of smaller birds literally cover the sands, and when disturbed rise in a perfect cloud, their shrill cries being audible for miles. Here they have congregated from time immemorial to rear their young among the adjoining rocks and marshes, undisturbed by sportsman or collector.

One afternoon after a long walk over these flats in search of new specimens, but without success, I crossed the south channel in my *bontia* (Indian canoe) and landed on the main shore. Slitting down on an old log to rest I heard a peculiar whistle, and turning around, observed half a dozen birds, which had evidently just arrived on the sand, and immediately recognized them as the somewhat rare black turnstone (*Sterna melanogaster*), not a single specimen of which I had as yet obtained. They did not seem to notice me, and I watched their graceful movements and the curious way they would scrutinize the pieces of kelp and shells that lined the beach, and then, if everything seemed satisfactory, turn them over. Woe to the unfortunate insect that had concealed itself there, for it was gobbled up in "the twink-

ling of an eye." While thus busily engaged, a large hawk came sailing past, and frightened them before I could secure my gun from the canoe. To say that I was disappointed would be feebly express my feelings, and as I watched them gradually fade from my sight, I determined to follow at all hazards, so I shoved the canoe in again, and after a hard paddle of about two miles, landed on the flat once more. Hundreds of birds were to be seen in every direction, but no turnstones, so I started down the edge of the water dragging my canoe and then me, I soon discovered the objects of my search quietly feeding among a large flock of red-breasted snipe, but they had no notion of letting me get within shot, my repeated efforts to do so only causing them to fly greater distances.

The tide had now turned, and was fast creeping up over the flat, and having ceased to drag my canoe, it was now almost out of sight. At extreme high tides the water, I knew would reach a depth of six or eight feet, and whatever I was to do must be done quickly, so I tried coarse shot at long range, and had the satisfaction of seeing one bird left struggling on the sand. I hastened forward to secure my prize, but before I could reach it a large gull (*L. occidentalis*) suddenly swooped down and seizing the still struggling bird in its bill, flew off with it in triumph. I recovered sufficiently from astonishment to send a parting shot after it, but without effect.

The habits of this variety of *L. argentatus* are somewhat peculiar. If undisturbed they will sit or circle around for hours near our camp, and the moment we would leave they would gather by the dozens, and amid a perfect chorus of screams, would carry off bread, crackers, and even large pieces of meat. Although I had specimens ready to be skinned, and others drying in the air, they never seemed to molest them, and I could not account for it at that time. I have since lost many a valuable specimen in this way. I have also seen these birds pursuing the smaller species of *Limicola*, and especially the surf-bird (*Aphriza virgata*), with the persistence of the pigeon hawk, never for a moment slackening their speed, until the frightened bird fell an easy prey to their rapacity, and was carried off in their bill.

I now took a hasty retreat, and received a thorough wetting before I could secure my canoe, which was now anchored several hundred feet from the shore, and returned to camp with the having secured one very slim specimen.

In conversation with the Indians of this section (Chinooks) they have told me of some very large birds that at long intervals of time visited the harbor. From the closest questioning I concluded that they could be no less than the great wandering albatross (*D. exulans*), the occurrence of which on our coast has been considered as doubtful. I always kept the closest watch for these birds, and one day in September, after a protracted storm, I observed a pair. They were accompanied by Bonaparte's gulls, four birds that quickly arrested my attention; their peculiar manner of flight immediately proclaimed them as albatrosses, and from their great expanse of wing they could be nothing less than *D. exulans*. Lastly seizing my gun and shell belt, I rushed to the beach and was quickly paddling my light canoe in their direction. They were fully a mile from me, and notwithstanding my utmost efforts to get within shot, they were out of range before I could get within effective range. I returned disconsolate, not being fully satisfied as to their identity.

Some weeks after this, while walking on the ocean beach, I discovered a large bird partially buried in the sand. It was very much decomposed, and I had some difficulty in getting it stretched out on the beach. There could be no question in regard to its identity, it was a *D. exulans* of large size, and was accompanied by a very slim specimen. Whether it had met its death on or near our coast, or drifted from some southern sea, I could only conjecture. It was too far gone for a specimen, so I contented myself with securing the skull, which is now in my possession. These are the only instances of its coming under my observation, but I am now satisfied that it does occasionally visit our coasts.

The interesting birds of this section are one of its most interesting features. You see them everywhere, in the open glades of the forest, or its darker recesses, out on the bare sands of the ocean beach, and even far out to sea, the whir of their wings is heard, or their tiny forms are seen for an instant as they dart away. The rufous-backed (*Stelaphurus rufus*), and the caliope (*Stellula caliope*), are the most abundant, although we occasionally secured specimens of several other varieties, and numerous nests and eggs. The nest of the latter is a very curious species in a tiny and different form all that have ever come under my observation in being made entirely of bright green moss. It is almost invariably placed at the extreme end of some low branching tree or sapling, and so perfectly does it correspond with the leaves, that it is almost impossible to discover it. These little birds have all the pugnacity of our Eastern representative of the group, and attack birds of our times their size, driving them away by the use of violence of their attack.

I will close this article by a short account of the habits of the brown pelican (*Pelecanus fusces*), which were a source of much amusement to us. They frequented the harbor in great numbers. Every morning we would see them in companies of from twenty-five to one hundred coming in from the ocean, and at dusk as regularly returning again. One company of about twenty invariably alighted on a point of sand about a mile distant from our camp, where their singular and curious habits were observed during the day. Concealing ourselves one morning before their arrival in a convenient thicket, we watched them without being ourselves seen. They were all young birds with a single exception, and he was a white-headed old chap who evidently prided himself not a little on his looks. They arranged themselves in a row with the regularity of soldiers, and then the old fellow walked up and down in front of them and then, facing the row, thrust his head at their head. They all marched into the water and swam off to commence their regular avocations of fishing. Here again it was laughable to watch them. They would sail along a few feet above the water, each bird being attended by about a dozen white-headed gulls (*L. belcherii*). The moment the fish was seen, down would go the pondorous head, and the bird, with wings half closed, would strike the water with a splash that could be heard for a long distance. This was the opportunity for which the gulls had been waiting, and the moment the poor bird came to the surface, they surrounded him like a swarm of bees, alighting on his back, flapping their wings in his face and otherwise so troubling him that he was frequently unable to elevate his head, without doing what a pelican cannot swallow, and in self-defense would drop the fish, which was immediately carried off by his persecutors.

KALAKALA.

WHEN THE BIRDS RETURN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It may interest some of the many readers of your natural history columns to know just when our friends, the birds, return to their nesting haunts, or pause with us on their way further northward. The following list has been taken with care, and is reliable for this locality. In most cases one bird only would be noticed the first day, the following on the variety would not be uncommon.

Table listing bird species and their return dates. Includes: Robin—Merula migratoria (March 3), Purple Grackle—Quiscalus purpuraceus (March 10), Phoebe Bird—Sayornis fuscus (March 10), Red-winged Blackbird—Agelaius phoeniceus (March 10), Woodcock—Philohela minor (March 11), Fox Sparrow—Passercula iliaca (March 11), Cowbird—Molothrus ater (March 11), Wilson's Snipe—Gallinago wilsoni (April 2), Night Heron—Nycticorax grisea nana (April 5), Blue Heron—Ardea herodias (April 6), Yellow-shafted Flicker—Colaptes auratus (April 6), Mourning Dove—Zenaidura macroura (April 6), Yellow-rump Warbler—Dendrea coronata (April 8), Chipping Sparrow—Spizella monticola (April 8), Great-crowned Flycatcher—Myiarchus cinerascens (April 9), Fox Sparrow—Passercula iliaca (April 9), White-bellied Swallow—Tachycineta thalassina (April 13), Grass Finch—Poocetes gramineus (April 13), Savannah Sparrow—Passerculus sandwichensis (April 14), Hermit Thrush—Hylocichla ustulata pallasi (April 14), Redpoll Warbler—Dendrea palmarum (April 15), Chickadee—Parus atricapillus (April 15), Black and White Creeper—Monticola saxatilis (April 21), Brown Thrasher—Harpophaga rufus (April 21), Swamp Sparrow—Melospiza palustris (April 23), Pine-cropping Warbler—Dendrea picus (April 24), House Wren—Troglodytes aedon (April 25), Black-throated Green Warbler—Dendrea citreus (April 27), Blue-headed Vireo—Laniroica solitaria (April 28), Spotted Sandpiper—Actitis macularia (April 28), Barn Swallow—Hirundo erythrogastra (April 28), Chimney Swift—Chattura pelagica (April 28), Kingbird—Tyrannus carolinensis (May 1), Wood Thrush—Hylocichla ustulata (May 2), Golden-crowned Thrush—Sialurus auropallidus (May 2), Warbling Vireo—Vireosylva gilva (May 4), Yellow-breasted Chat—Icteria virens (May 7), Blue Yellow-backed Cuckoo—Caprimulgus vociferans (May 7), Baltimore Oriole—Icterus galbula (May 7), Catbird—Galeoscoptes carolinensis (May 7), Indigo Bird—Passerina cyanea (May 7), Oriole Bird—Icterus spurius (May 8), Chestnut-sided Warbler—Dendrea pennsylvanica (May 8), Yellow-throated Vireo—Laniroica flavifrons (May 8), Whippoorwill—Caprimulgus vociferans (May 8), Black-throated Blue Warbler—Dendrea caerulea (May 8), Summer Warbler—Dendrea aestiva (May 9), Nashville Warbler—Helmintophaga ruficapilla (May 9), Maryland Yellowthroat—Geothlypis trichas (May 9), American Redstart—Setophaga ruticilla (May 9), White-eyed Vireo—Vireo noveboracensis (May 9), Rose-breasted Grosbeak—Zamelodia ludoviciana (May 9), Wilson's Thrush—Turdus pinus (May 9), Least Flycatcher—Empidonax minimus (May 9), Solitary Sandpiper—Kythophtilus solitarius (May 9), Blackburnian Warbler—Dendrea blackburnii (May 9), Caudian Flycatching Warbler—Myiobites canadensis (May 10), Boholink—Dolichonyx oryzivorus (May 10), Green Heron—Butorides virescens (May 10), Blackpoll Warbler—Dendrea striata (May 11), Black and Yellow Warbler—Dendrea narubata (May 11), Ruby-throated Hummingbird—Trochilus colubris (May 12), Black-billed Cuckoo—Coccyzus erythrophthalmus (May 12), Blue-winged Yellow Warbler—Helmintophaga cyanus (May 13), Scarlet Tanager—Tyrannus carolinensis (May 14), Black-capped Yellow Warbler—Myiobites pusillus (May 17), Red-eyed Vireo—Vireosylva olivacea (May 20), Yellow-winged Sparrow—Colinus passerarius (May 21), Worm-eating Warbler—Helmintothorus vermiformis (May 23), Mourning Warbler—Geothlypis philadelphia (May 27), Green Heron—Butorides virescens (May 27), Kingfisher—Alcedo capilla (May 27), Old Turkey.

Table listing bird species and their return dates. Includes: Crows, Robins and Bluebirds (Feb'y 16), Song Sparrows (Feb'y 16), Purple Grackle (March 13), Meadow Lark (March 25), Carolina Dove (March 25), Kingbird (April 3), Chipping Sparrow (April 3), Red-winged Blackbird (April 5), Red-headed Woodpecker, Golden-winged Woodpecker (April 7), Yellow-bellied Woodpecker, Downy Woodpecker and Cowbird (April 8), Coot, Bittern, Carolina Rail (April 8), Grass Finch (April 9), Kingfisher, Virginia Rail and Snipe (April 9), Loggerhead Shrike (April 12), Towhee Bunting (April 17), Brown Thrush (April 18), Barn Swallow, Sparrow Hawk (April 20), Wood Thrush, House Wren (April 24), Looon, Night Heron (April 26), Yellow Warbler, Wood Pewee, White-bellied Swallow, Bank Swallow (April 30), Cliff Swallow, Chimney Swift, Spotted Sandpiper (May 1), Warbling Vireo, Kingbird (May 2), White-crowned Sparrow, Baltimore Oriole, White-throated Sparrow, Yellow-rumped Warbler and Catbird (May 3), Purple Martin (May 3), Redstart, Maryland Yellowthroat, Cerulean Warbler, Orchard Oriole (May 4), Great Blue Heron, Green Heron (May 6)

Table listing bird species and their return dates. Includes: Golden-crowned Thrush, Scarlet Tanager (April 9), Bay-breasted Warbler, Chestnut-sided Warbler and Indigo Bird (April 10), Great-crowned Flycatcher, Black and Yellow Warbler (April 11), Boholink (April 12), Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Cape May Warbler, Blue Yellow-backed Warbler, Blackpoll Warbler, Black-throated Blue Warbler and Black-throated Green Warbler (April 15), Blackburnian Warbler, Wilson's Thrush, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, Hooded Warbler, Canada Flycatching Warbler, Warbler, Black and White Creeping Warbler, Blue-winged Yellow Warbler (April 17), Yellow-breasted Chat, Whippoorwill (April 18), Red-eyed Vireo, Yellow-throated Vireo and Acadian Flycatcher (April 19), Pewee, Solitary Vireo (April 20), Black-billed Cuckoo (April 26), CLEVELAND, OHIO. S. R. I.

WINTER AND SPRING NOTES, 1882-83.

DEC. 9, 1882.—Took a misty grackle in good plumage. It was found in a thick, bushy swamp; a spring and fall migrant. Dec. 12.—Saw a robin feeding on some poke weed berries growing along the edge of a piece of woods. Has been seen several times since in the same vicinity. Dec. 13.—Saw eight or ten yellow rump warblers among the cedars. They became quite numerous in a few days in the open woods and cedar thickets, until about Jan. 5, 1883, when they disappeared. Saw two song sparrows in a swampy thicket. This is a summer resident. Dec. 20.—Saw a small flock of meadow larks in the field. The ground is covered with snow. Jan. 1, 1883.—Pile grosbeaks here. Saw twelve or fifteen among the cedar and spruce trees, all in the gray plumage. A few are seen nearly every winter here. During the winter of 1871-2 they were very numerous. Jan. 12.—Saw three bluebirds among the cedars. Jan. 14.—Saw a golden-winged woodpecker. Jan. 15.—A helmed kingfisher shot at Mill Hollow, Pamechan River, Middletown, across the Connecticut River. A summer resident. Jan. 30.—Pine finch; shot one from among a flock of goldfinches and lesser redpoll finches; the first and only one taken here. Feb. 5.—Saw a herring gull flying up the Connecticut River. A few usually seen about the river in fall and spring. Feb. 9.—Saw an immense flock of lesser redpoll linnets, numbering thousands; also a very large flock of Arctic snow buntings on the meadows. Feb. 20.—A long-eared owl shot. Several barred owls have been taken in this vicinity during the winter. March 2.—Took great Carolina wren, of which you have published an account in the FOREST AND STREAM. Saw a flock of robins and two fox sparrows. New arrivals. March 4.—A great horned owl's nest found at Gilead, Conn., containing two fresh eggs. March 13.—Saw crow blackbirds and redwing blackbirds. New arrivals. March 25.—Several rusty grackles in the swamps. March 26.—Saw three pewees. April 1.—Large numbers of fox sparrows in the woods and swamps; more numerous than I have ever seen them before. Purple finches and cedar birds, which are usually quite numerous here during March, have not yet put in an appearance. Several flocks of wild ducks about the river. A pair of hooded mergansers, male and female, shot March 18. CHARLES H. NEFF, Portland, Connecticut.

[The field notes given above were received long since, but have been mislaid, and only recently come to light. We regret the delay in their publication.]

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Editor Forest and Stream: It is with much satisfaction that we have noted the progress of the war made for the extermination of that great nuisance, the English sparrow. That war has made its way so extremely obnoxious wherever he has been introduced, that it has become positively evident that he must be got rid of, and that very soon, or he will in time drive every one of our small insectivorous native birds from our cities, villages, and thickly settled agricultural sections. And what have we in the place of our native birds? The meanest little "devil" of the feathered species that was ever created. For the English sparrow is not an insect eater, that we can discover, neither has he a song note or beautiful plumage. But he is ever ready to devour the grain of the farmer, feed upon crumbs about homes, and feast upon the offal around barns and in streets. Hence his readiness to make his home wherever there is the most of this kind of food to be had. After having satiated his gluttonous appetite he will gather by the thousands upon horsestables, the dust of streets, for hours, thus idling away valuable time that our native birds industriously devote to the work of insect hunting. He is a pugnacious little animal, ready for the combat at any moment, not only with other species of birds, but among his own family. There seems to be no god in him, and we cannot see why ornithologists, or any one else, could have the heart to defend this bird in the present war. It is glad to see those who have made bird science a study taking sides against this miserable pest, and hope the legislatures of the different States will soon follow the lead and take measures to have the English sparrow exterminated from the whole country. Here in Titusville, five years ago, the shade trees and shrubbery along the streets and about grounds, were the homes of the native wildwood songsters, and the air was filled with melodious music and evening with their sweet-voiced notes. Some of these summer visitors were the beautiful plumaged birds from the sunny South, who strayed North, it seemed, to make us glad with their presence; now they are all gone. Seldom one appears since the advent of the sparrow, except a few robins, a family of which is raising a young brood in the branches of a tree a few feet from our window. We do not know of the nest of another native bird in the immediate vicinity. Humming birds used to be plentiful here a few years ago, but they, too, have taken fright and left the English "pirate" to have full possession. What has been the experience here with this bird, seems to hold good over the country wherever his habits have been

noted. Hence, where there is so much evidence against, and none for, the culprit, there is certain reason for taking vigorous action in its matter. E. C. BELL, TITUSVILLE, PA., May 23, 1883.

HANGED BY THE NECK.—Onondaga Hill, May 22, 1883. —On the 17th day of June, 1880, directly after dinner, I went out onto the front stoop of our house, and laid down on my back looking up into the trees and sky, quietly thinking and listening to the birds above me. Suddenly I discovered a cedar bird suspended by well, I have reason to believe that these two robins were the executioners. Snipe have not been very plenty here this spring. I have heard of a couple of good bugs being made, one of thirty-five snipe, another one of ten only. I saw some of them; four of them called a robin in size each. At a place on Seneca River called Mud Lock, over forty ducks and one wild goose were fed in one day. The place is only about eight miles northwest of Syracuse, N. Y. The flock of twenty-five or thirty I captured twelve and had four sent to me to mount; also nine scarlet tanagers and a few rose-breasted grosbeaks.—GREEN WING.

WOOD DUCKS IN THE BARNYARD.—Saratoga, N. Y., June 2.—In conversation this morning with Mr. D. A. Bullard, one of Schuylerville's solid citizens, the following unusual circumstance was elicited which may be of interest to your readers. A few weeks since some boys passing through one of Mr. Bullard's orchard observed a wood duck fly from a tree. A duck in an apple tree was to them unheard of, and they reported the fact to Mr. Bullard, farm manager. He made an investigation and found in the decayed trunk, eight or ten feet from the ground, a nest containing eleven eggs. These were removed and placed under a hen, which in due time came promptly from the nest with eleven brownish-black ducklings. The little aborigines are exceedingly lively and shy, darting to places of concealment with the rapidity of a mouse, on the approach of a living thing. They regard the voice of the hen as that of a loving parent, and when in turn displays the usual solitude when they bathe in the vessel placed for their convenience near the coop where the foster mother is confined. It is the intention of the gentleman mentioned to make an intelligent attempt to rear and domesticate them, with a view to matrimonial alliances with their civilized relatives.—S.

A HERON CHOKED TO DEATH.—A large blue heron was found dead a few weeks since, and upon post mortem examination it was found that his love for fishing and his greed for food had caused his untimely demise. He had probably read some of the recent articles in FOREST AND STREAM relative to the expansive capabilities of the throats of snakes, cranes, etc., and thought all things possible. It seems that the heron had tackled a shad fully twelve inches in length, and had succeeded in swallowing almost half of the fish, head foremost, when it refused to be "put down," and becoming wedged fast in the throat of the bird, caused its death. "The fish prevented the disgorging of the delicate morsel. So, there he lay, a victim of scientific research and misplaced confidence. Fact! Moral!—Be very careful what you write in FOREST AND STREAM, as all sportsmen and "fishermen" read it, and being "naturally credulous," may injure themselves by experiments.—A. F. R. (Belvidere, N. C., May 29).

A BEAR'S WINTER SLEEP.—Mr. James Hopper, of Edwardsburg, is the happy possessor of a year-old bear, for which he has snug quarters prepared in the shed. On the 6th of last December, his bear had no doubt feeling drowsy, retired to his quarters, and much to the surprise of his owner, refused to be coaxed out again, even upon savory dishes, placed at the door of his box, had not the slightest effect upon him. Weeks passed into months, and still he remained in a state of lethargy, until people began to look forward to the 17th of March, when all well-recalled bears are supposed to come forth and look for food. He had retired for the old story, he came not forth, and it was not until the 28th of the month that he succumbed to poke his brown nose out and partake of a little milk, and not until the 9th of April that he may be said to have partaken of a square meal. His long fast does not seem to have disagreed with him, as he looks just as well as ever.—Prescott (Out.) Messenger.

THE PINE GROSBEAK'S SUMMER HOME.—I found pine grosbeaks at Second Connecticut Lake, May 24, in pairs. The song of one male I distinguished from a medley of songsters at least 300 yards away. He was perched upon a dry tree on the Carhart Bog at head of lake.—N. U.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me." DIAMOND PONDS, ten miles east of this village, are yielding some fine catches of trout, as usual with all tributaries of the Androscoggin. A camp will soon be completed there for the accommodation of sportsmen, under the auspices of Martin Noye, a new hand but a royal fellow. Last week, while in temporary quarters across the lake, he was aroused by a call from the terminus of the road, as one half awake would imagine. His loud "hello" in reply aroused one of the guests inside, who quickly recognized the voice of Bibbo and exclaimed, "Come in, Mart, and let him go around if he can't swim." A few deer had been seen on shore at the lower end of the pond. Mart, anxious to show the attractions of the locality to one of his guests, discovered, as he fondly imagined, the form of a deer partly visible through the brush, and while trying to draw attention to it the fog lifted, and it alighted in the top of a convenient tree, as before. COLERBROOK, N. H. NED NORRIS.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication any reliable account, as it may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such notices?

CONCERNING BEARS.

BILL asked me for a ride the other evening, and got into my cutter. It was a wild night, and the road was long, and as we drove slowly through the drifting snow, Bill lighted a cigar and congratulated himself on the fact that the wind was in our backs.

Under the influence of the weed he became communicative, and it is always a pleasure to me to find him in this mood, when I have time to listen, for he is a man of wide acquaintance in his way, and is no ordinary character.

Bill does not call himself a hunter; but there are few beasts of the forest which he has not seen and slain. He knows the country, much of it intimately, from Denver, Colorado, to the outlet of the Great Slave Lake; has wintered on Lake Nipissing (in old muzzle-loading days), and starred in the Grand Brule. The Dog-rib Indians nearly took his scalp, but he gave them cause to remember his rifle and the way in which he carries a scar or two to remind him of their polite attentions.

"Bill," said I, "you've killed bears?" Of course, I knew he had, but I wished to draw him out.

"Yes," said Bill, "I have."
"How many?"
"I killed seventeen one fall."

"How many altogether?"
"Ten forty."

"Did you ever know a bear to kill and eat a man?"
"N-o, I never did."
"Ever have any trouble killing 'em?"

"No. I never had what you might call a fight with one. The worst racket I ever had was with a wild stag. He shook me up so's I thought I'd never get over it."

"How was that?"
"Why, it was a rousin' big buck. Jim W—'s got the horns now. You see, he was fallin' in love. I shot the doe with one barl, and him with the other, and thought he was all right, but when I stepped over a log to look for him in the brush, he lit on me so quick I couldn't use my gun. He knocked it out of my hand, and then my knife, some way, and I grabbed his horns. I thought he'd never stop yankin' me round."

"How did you get clear of him?"
"I took his horns a witness and dislocated his neck."

"That was a lucky twist."
"Yes. I had another time with a buck up on the 'Six Mile' a good deal like that, but I managed to get out a Smith & Wesson revolver I carried then, and shot him."

"Did you ever know a bear to chase a man?"
"Yes, I did—once o' your own neighbors, Bill D. Mc and my wife, and four or five others, was down to his house that night, and he began scratchin' in a brush fence about twenty rod off, and thought it was a brachyester Johnson had, and wanted to drive it away, and he got right up to it before he see what it was. The bear chased him clean up to the house, and he was white as a sheet when he came in."

"Do you believe a she bear, when she has cubs, will tackle a man?"
"No, I don't; not if he stands and faces her. I can give you an instance with a witness, Henry D. He was the man that come to the tree first when he heard me whistlin'. I'd been putting up a little warehouse for a man in Kinnoin and was going home just at night, with my adze and a basket of tools. When I got to the bridge I saw two porcupines, as I supposed, and started for 'em. They run up a tree and then I saw what they were, especially as they begun to squeal. When I heard the old bear coming through the brush and had a mind to run, but I thought I might as well make a good fight as a bad retreat, and I dropped my basket and clinched my adze. The old bear came clanging up within ten or twelve feet of me and capered and snorted round, and growled and snarled fearful. Then I begun whistling, and after a while Henry heard me and came where I could talk to him, and I told him what was up, and that if he'd stay there and keep the cubs up the tree, I'd go and get my gun. He said he wouldn't stay there for a hundred dollars, and about that time my wife—my famy, joined Henry's—heard the whistling and the racket and let loose a big Spanish hound I had. Henry'd set on his bulldog before, but the bear took after him and back he went to the house."

"My hound came up full chisel, and meant business, and it wasn't long till he drove the bear up a tree."

"Well, the short of it was that I stayed by my tree till I got my gun, shot the cubs, and then went and got the old bear."

I spoke of an instance within my own knowledge where two men, seeing a bear near a small wood, went up to it and killed it with axes, and found that it was very old and perfectly blind.

The fattest bear I ever killed," said Bill, "was blind as a bat. My Wilson had a field o' corn that they was workin' in, and one night I went out to watch for 'em. I stayed to the house and talked with the old man till it got to be so late that I told him if I stayed much longer the neighbors 'nd think I was after sparkin' some of his daughters, and I put out for the field. There was a stand part way down, where I'd watched before, and though it was dark I knew what row of corn to follow to take me right to it. Before I had got half way across the field I saw in the dim light something like a log right in the row, and I stopped. I know'd that there was no log there when I seen the place before, but there it was, and it lay perfectly still. Then I moved up a little nearer, and I had one of those old English muskets, with two or three balls in it, and I took aim in the darkness and onbitted. The thing hardly stirred. I see I'd killed something, and went back to the house for a lantern. It was an old gray bear and blind as could be, and he'd been in the cornfield, I suppose, all summer, and died with the cob he was eatin' in his mouth. He was fat."

"You hadn't much trouble with him."
"No, not much. I never had what you might really call 'trouble' with 'em. I once thought I was in for it, though, and no mistake."

I was in Lower Canada. I'd been following a track in the early snow, and it seemed as if they—there was two of 'em, an old one and a cub—didn't know where they was goin'. I believe they did though, all the same. They

trailed me round—or I did them—hither and yon through a big swamp of several hundred acres. At last they took a better track toward night, and I followed 'till I came to a ledge with a hole near the bottom. It wasn't very large, and went down into the ground, or rock, and after looking the place over, I took a piece of a large dry poplar tree, and dropped it in for a plug. I thought I heard a growling, but I went on and built a fire about twelve feet from the hole. Then I took out the plug, lay down on the other side the hole where I could see the hole, and waited.

"It got dark, and I began to feel sleepy. At last I saw the head of a small bear pop up. He just took out look and settled back. Pretty soon he looked out again, and the third or fourth time he climbed out. I drew a head on him, and knocked him over. Then I waited. In about two hours I see another head. That was a yearling, and when he finally came out, I shot him. Then I waited, and it got pretty well toward morning when I heard a growling. I guess I must have been asleep, for the bear was half way out of the hole before I saw her. I jerked up my gun and let loose, and back she tumbled into the hole. Then I thought I had 'em all, and I tried to get the old one out, but couldn't do it. Then I got a torch and slid down into the hole. It branched off level, and I walked on through a sort o' cave, about eight or ten feet high, till I came near the end.

"I'd set my torch down against a side of the cave, and I was lookin' round when I heard a growl and up, on a sort of shelf to one side, I see the head of an old rouser. I up my gun and fired, the torch went out, and I dropped gun, axe and all, and scrambled out of that hole, as quick's I could, I tell ye. I thought I was called for. I plugged up the hole again and started for home. I looked up a chum o' mine and we went back, and after listening awhile, went into the hole. I'd blowed that bear's head all off. We got 'em out and managed to get 'em home after a while. There was lots o' people went to see the place that fall, and the next year but one there was two more bears killed in the same hole."

MICHIGAN.

HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I was much interested in a communication from "Occident" which appeared in the FOREST AND STREAM last week. It seems to prefer the old-fashioned open sights for hunting purposes. I agree with him to a certain extent as regards using a muzzle sight only—the same as a shotgun. I have made some very good shots with a rifle using a muzzle sight only. The old-fashioned notch and bead I have discarded entirely, and I think that "Occident" would do the same if his experience were like mine. Last year I commenced using a Lyman rear sight; the more I use it the better I like it, and I think that if "Occident" will try one of them in conjunction with almost any front sight (I prefer the Beach) he will soon change his opinion about the best kind of rifle sights for hunting purposes, and especially for shooting moving objects.

But when aiming with a Lyman sight be sure and keep both eyes open. Don't go to "peeping and squinting" with one eye shut and the other nearly so. Don't try to use the large aperture for a peep sight, for it is not intended to be used for any such purpose; but keep both eyes open, throw up your rifle, and you will find that the eyes strike the line of sight easily and naturally. You don't have to hunt around for your front sight, then find the notch in your hind sight, and then probably take your eyes off the gun before you can see the game; but everything accessory to good, quick shooting is naturally presented, and the eye at once takes in the whole field.

I now have two of the Lyman sights in use, and I prefer them to any sight that I ever used or saw. I have both eyes open, and naturally. You don't have to squint with your eyes (one of them closed) when you certainly have no need of gun sights, and if we produce an aberration of vision that interferes with the organic functions of the eye by peeping and squinting, we naturally have no eyes to see straight."

IRON RAMROD.

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

BAY BIRD SHOOTING ON THE CHESAPEAKE.

I HAVE BEEN putting my breech-loaders, and notably my Greener trap gun No. 10, to a severe test during the last two weeks, for I never in my life saw so many birds, especially ducks, and naturally. You don't have to squint with your eyes (one of them closed) when you certainly have no need of gun sights, and if we produce an aberration of vision that interferes with the organic functions of the eye by peeping and squinting, we naturally have no eyes to see straight."

May 16, 1893.—Stopped at the Illegia Hotel, Old Point.

May 17.—Started for the Chesapeake shore on the steamer Northampton. The wind was blowing high, the bay was rough, and the passengers as a general thing yielded up their breakfasts. Reached Chestertown, a pretentious village of many streets and avenues, but no houses; hired a darkey, a mule, and an antiquated spring wagon to carry me to Ketchum's. The animal was in the last stages of goneness, and I believed if the mule could cheat the buzzards I would make the trip sure. Reached Ketchum's in about five hours—a little grocery and a one-horse oyster and clam steamer built on piles in the bay. Captain Ketchum is a retired merchantman sailor, gun in manner, but accommodating and kind. George Hutchings carried me over to Smith Island.

May 18.—Set the decoys on the mainland shore. Much to my surprise the robin snipe have not made their appearance, but the curlew and calico-buck snipe are in abundance and stool well. Result, forty-one birds.

May 19.—Went with ox cart four miles up beach of Smith Island to Mud Hole, where E. Cobb, of Cobb's Island, killed two hundred birds in one day last week, but then Cobb is a pot-hunter, and shoots for the New York market, and he has the thing down fine, his decoys are life-like and numerous, his patience untiring and he can whistle every bird to him for a mile around. Did not have Cobb's luck by a long sight, the spoils only amounted to thirty-two birds. No sign of the robin snipe. It is terribly hot, face and hands scarlet and burning.

May 19.—Woke up this morning and upon going to the looking-glass started back with feeling akin to the unfortunates who gazed at the prophet of Kohassan's countenance unveiled—skin coming off in flakes off face—nose, already large, now of double size, cheeks puffed out, eyes bloodshot, hands out and sore shoulder, bruised and black from kicking of the gun. Some would not call this fun, yet as the Cockney would say, "Wat's the odds, long as you're 'appy." A stiff wind blowing and the birds flashing by on the

pinions of the wind. Shot until evening and the score was seventy-one birds, all killed singly and on the wing. Still no sign of the robin snipe, which have invariably hitherto stopped here on their migrations about the first of May. The old inhabitants say their absence is something unaccountable.

May 20.—Sunday, a day of grateful rest and ease. It has been the custom from time immemorial, both in verse, song and story, for the courted swain to express his desire to fly to a desert isle with his fair one and live in the light of her smile evermore. It is a beautiful sentiment, but I would recommend the love-sick youth and the lushful maiden to stay for a week at some lighthouse, where the moaning of the surf sounds a requiem in one's ears.

May 21.—Again at the blinds; birds more plentiful than ever. Only stayed a couple of hours. Spoils, twenty-one. No sign still of the robin snipe.

May 22.—It is a wonder to me that some of the votaries of the rod and gun do not erect a club house on some of the uninhabited islands scattered round here, where the gunning is fine, the fish plentiful, and where one is free from mosquitoes. I know of one gem of an island in this vicinity.

May 24.—At the blinds at sunrise, and the like of the curlew I never saw before. They came from every point of the compass and in flocks. Such an exciting time don't come often. I had shot both barrels into a whirling, quivering mass, and when in a frenzy of haste tried to unlock the barrels I found they would not open. I separated the barrel from the stock and with a rod tried to force out the shell, which was a brass No. 10 with Berdan primer. In vain—the shell was stuck fast. I rammed and rammed until the rod shivered, and one half stuck in the barrel. And there I was with an empty gun, and the curlew, calico-bucks, black breast and yellow-legs, fresh from their slumbers and drowsiness, were gliding and hovering over the decoys in hundreds, and I was in a quandary as to what to do. I had never in my life, but never one more aggravating and more trying. There I sat—I could not do anything else—the nearest house was two miles distant, and by the time I could walk there and get a ramrod the birds would be scattered to their feeding grounds. I became silent at last, for words were inadequate.

Break, break, break.

On thy cold gray stones, oh sea;

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

May 25.—The tide ran being exactly right, did not go hunting. The greatest case on the island is George Hitchcock's, he has many a most excellent set fancy. The blunders say that when George wants oysters he goes to a bed and tells some of his cotangent lies, and as he proceeds the oysters' mouths open wide in astonishment and then George helps himself with a fork—and old Joe Millerism—but it shows how rustic tradition hand it down.

May 26.—Last shooting day. Killed twenty-six calico backs in about two hours.

Sunday, 27.—Walking along the beach this evening found the robin snipe had arrived—they come all at once—to-morrow they will be in millions, and I have to go home to-morrow. Just my luck.

CHASSER.

OFF THE VIRGINIA CAPES, MAY 28.

FLORIDIAN EXPERIENCE.

Editor Forest and Stream:

"I hate the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry all is barren!" So wrote Sterne a hundred years ago, and the race of grumblers is not yet extinct. We meet them in cars and steamboats, and they utter their complaints in the newspapers. Especially do they abound among tourists returning from Florida. One class goes there for health and amusement, and being of vacant minds, with no resources within themselves, they pass through a region full of novelties and see nothing except the poor food, the mosquitoes and the fleas. All these inconveniences are met with in the Northern States, and many of them in European traveling; but to hear these people talk, and to read their indignant letters to the newspapers, one would suppose that fried beefsteak and salted bread were unknown in New England and the West, and that the mosquito and the flea were peculiar to Florida.

Often have we met with these unhappy people and listened to their complaints. "Florida is all a swamp." "Nothing can grow in Florida, it is nothing but sand." "I've been all over it and I know." "Where have you been?" "Oh, I've been to Enterprise, staid one night at the Brock House; then I went to the Old man's, and after that to St. Augustine. I don't think it's all alike. I wouldn't give a hundred dollars for a whole county."

Then there is another class who try to pass for sportsmen. They go loaded with guns, dogs and rods. They take the great traveled routes and are surprised not to flush quail in the streets of Jacksonville, that they see no deer or turkeys about the Putnam House, in Palatka, except on Orvis's table, or find no bears in Enterprise or Sanford, except in the hotel office, perhaps.

I have seen them fishing in the St. John, Black Creek and Lake Munroe. Having no boatman who knows the waters, they come home with a few catfish or perch, swearing that there are no fish in Florida, and that the whole thing is a fraud.

The tourist who has an eye for natural scenery, or who has a special pursuit in every land, will always find matters of interest in every land, and the real sportsman, who knows where to look for game and fish, and how to kill it when found, who goes into the wilderness properly equipped with guides, or to the remote lakes and rivers, or to the seashore with skillful boatmen, will find sport in Florida, and that of the best. But neither North or South will every day bring success. No one but the creature known as the "trout hog" expects or wishes to commit constant slaughter.

S. C. C.

MARIETTA, GA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I see in your issue of May 24 a letter on sport in Florida. Having spent this year some weeks wandering there in March and April, I am able to corroborate much that "Orlymum" says with regard to the badness of the general run of the Floridian hotels, and I think most people who visit Florida for winged game shooting are likely to be more or less disappointed; but on the other hand I think he is too sweeping in his condemnation of the sport to be found there.

The greater part of the Gulf Coast is still almost a terra incognita to the sportsman and the tourist, and to anyone who does not mind a moderate amount of roughing it, and

who wishes to try his luck at cod, with an occasional shot at a geator or a turkey. I can confidently recommend the Hammock, where he will find a most comfortable house, kept by Mrs. C. Wingate. I found it more of a home than an hotel, and the charges most moderate, \$12 per week. It has none of the pretentiousness of the large hotels, but I am certain that no one, after spending there some weeks, as I did, will regret having done so, and they will, I am sure, say that they found every comfort, though perhaps not all the luxuries of the larger establishments.

There is a keen hunter, Albert, whose services are always at the disposal of the guests of the house, and a sportsman must be indeed unlucky who goes out without starting some deer (one day we jumped no less than eleven), and it will be his own fault if he does not have venison every day for dinner. There is excellent black bass and sheephead fishing in the lovely stream the Wociva, which runs close to the house.

Gulf Hammock is nine miles from Old Creek station (where there is a post-office), on the Fernandina & Cedar Keys Railway, or it can be reached by boat, being about twenty miles from Cedar Keys, should anyone prefer that means of locomotion to the nine miles' ride in a wagon.

BOSTON, MASS.

VIATOR.

Editor Forest and Stream:

From an experience of many years in sporting, I think Indian River, Florida, one of the best and most interesting places for hunting and fishing I ever visited. A few miles back of the western shore is the most extensive cypress swamp in all Florida, in which can be found all the larger game of Florida, and one has only to build a fire and burn some flesh or fish some quail abundant, that the scent may waft out into the air, to entice out panther, bear and wolf. I found deer and turkey more plentiful there than in any other part of the State, and on the strip of land between the river and the Atlantic, quail were plenty. The river abounds in fish of great variety, and oysters and turtle, while ducks, sea-fowl and wading birds are found in countless numbers. As the winds are usually either east or west, the river is seldom rough, and a good light boat is like a ready team requiring but little care, and really hitched at the door. It is impossible to try to describe the beautiful scenery, the views, the ever new and wonderful varying points of interest, the variety of birds that seem to start up as one sails along by the grassy points and woody inlets of the west coast. The want of a hotel has so far been a barrier to sportsmen's visits. But that want will be in a measure supplied or filled by the Florida Sportsman's Association, for as a member one finds a home and is nicely cared for, and four or six members can at any time take one of the portable houses, and shift their camp to any point desired.

In your issue of May 24, "Didymus" says he supposed when he went to Florida he could shoot all the wild turkeys, deer and bear from the cars. Well, that is the opinion of about one half the "city sportsmen" that start for distant points South or West. But wild game is seldom found on the beaten paths of well-travelled tourists, and the excellent sportsman that expects to find gangs of wild turkeys looking into the car windows, or droves of deer pie-necking on railroad tracks, will be sadly disappointed. I deny that there are no good hotels in Florida where game and fish abound. I would say visit Homosassa, sit at Jones's table, and in the morning or evening try the deer or wild turkey in the adjoining hammock on either side; or in a boat at his door, try either red or black water fowling, and the excellent field that abound there, and when tiring of that, try the ducks and sea-fowl to your heart's content; then go down twenty miles below Bay Port, and stopping at Mrs. Garrison's, try the river fish or ducks, and the hammock for deer, or continue down to Tampa, stopping a while at Clear Water Harbor, and then honestly confess you were mistaken; and that there are no good hotels, no excellent sportsmen, no excellent fields, clean beer and obliging hotel keepers in Florida. Did "Didymus" expect to have wild turkeys gobbling at him from every bush at Ocala? Ocala is the shire town of Marion county, in a pine land district, largely agricultural, quite a business place, with steam mills and cotton gins, hardly a place to expect much game. Having spent eight winters in Florida, I am rather disposed to contradict the statements of "Didymus" as I have visited all the counties of the State and most every large town, and venture to assert that my shooting and fishing experience exceeds his by at least fifty per cent.

PUTNAM, CONN., May 28.

W.

ONCE MORE "THE SCREED."

Editor Forest and Stream:

"Still must I hear?" those other fellows bawled, and I not sing? Why can't I have a "sly" at the old "Screed," as well as the rest?

It was rather "briery," not a doubt of it; but the sportsman, who ten years hence shall take the trouble to re-read it, will be likely to say it was well written, and in excellent style.

The value of a dog is more difficult to fix than that of almost any other piece of property. I have never dealt in them, though I once accepted an offer of \$50, for one which cost me \$17, three days before. I would not give fifty cents for his counterpart to-day. Nevertheless, I have owned and broken a good many, and although dogs which are really good, and thoroughly well-trained, are not ever plentiful, I think the value of such animals are often fictitious. Many will continue to pay the fancy prices, but fewer can afford them.

I did not understand "Nessmuk" to class Prang's ebromo among works of high art, but rather to take the position held by the late Mrs. L. M. Child, who "believed in" them, as enabling persons of moderate means to adorn their homes with pictures, when expensive paintings would be out of the question.

"Picket" hasn't it all on his side in the matter of Damascus barrels, either. I have thought that such a firm as Quentin Matsys and Benvenuto Cellini (artists and artisans) would have made, might do something quite creditable in that line, should they choose to attempt it.

I do not know "Nessmuk," but I will bet my best whinhammer against a common dog, that if he had plenty of money, and found a dog, or anything else which suited him, he would buy it without much regard to the price.

Some publisher ought to bring out a volume entitled, "Nessmuk, his Screed (and neg. docs.)," which should contain the original production and the various comments which it has elicited. Wouldn't it sell?

P. S.—"The game must go."

THE KYNOCH SHELLS.—If we may trust the evidence printed on the other side of the water in regard to the Kynoch shells, their invention marks an epoch in the use of the breech-loader, not less important than the adoption of choke-boring for long-distance shooting. The merits claimed for these shells, or as they are called in England, "eases," are that they give harder shooting and more even spread of the shot than is obtainable from the ordinary paper shells. Besides these important matters, they do not bulge, and always slip in out of the chamber without difficulty. Water does not affect them, and they can be many times re-loaded, while they are no heavier than the ordinary shells now in use. In his recently published work, the "Modern Sportsman's Gun and Rifle," Mr. Walsh devotes some space to the consideration of the Kynoch shells, and reaches the conclusion that it brings twenty or thirty more pellets to the target, and that all of those reaching it do so with equal force. This is a very serious loss to the shooter, and he actually tested the matter, there is a very serious loss to the ordinary turned down cartridge, from the fact that two or three layers of the shot usually become misshapen or upset in the discharge, and so fly wild and fail to reach the target, or even if they do so, strike it with such slight force that they fail to penetrate to any depth. This state of things is said not to take place with these new shells, and as evidence of this Mr. Walsh says: "I have myself lately seen 298 pellets out of 306 (which number constitutes the above charge 14 ounce) put on a 40-inch plate with a very full choke." Notwithstanding the excellent results attained in England, very little appears to have been done with them in this country, and we regard it as somewhat extraordinary that so little apparent interest has been manifested in America on a subject which would appear to be of the highest importance to all who use the shotgun. The somewhat greater cost of the Kynoch shells may have something to do with the apathy that has been shown in the matter, but notwithstanding this, we hope ere long to bear the views of our correspondents on this subject.

THE TOLLESTON CLUB CASE.—The Tolleston Gun Club case has finally been decided in these courts, and the club has scored a signal victory. THE FOREST AND STREAM contains full particulars of this celebrated case, but a brief recapitulation will be made for the sake of deciding the case after relating the following history of the controversy: "The defendant, E. S. Alexander, attempted to prevent the members of the Tolleston Club from passing over his land in going from the club house to the shooting grounds on the Little Calumet River. The club, which was organized in 1871 as a voluntary organization, though steps were at that time being taken to incorporate the club, has a lease on the defendant's land to the river from their club house so as to have access to the shooting grounds, at big expense. To this canal the defendant fully assented at that time, and was also a member of the club. He executed a lease to the club for the ground used for the canal, providing, however, that this lease should terminate whenever the club should cease to exist as then organized. Of course the defendant claimed that the incorporation of the club would annul the lease under the terms stated." The court in rendering a decision held that the lease should be construed in the light of the circumstances under which it was made and with reference to the intention and purpose of the parties at that time, and after reviewing the evidence the court found that the instrument was really executed in view of the incorporation of the club and intended to operate as a grant or easement to the club after incorporation; and also held that inasmuch as the club had been accustomed from the first to use the bank of the canal as a foot path, and Alexander knew and assented to this, and even agreed with the club upon the location of a plank walk lead for this purpose, such walk was covered by the lease. The court therefore awarded to the club a decree perpetually enjoining the defendant from obstructing the canal or foot path or interfering with the use thereof by the club members. Thus ended the great Tolleston Club case.—(Chicago, June 2).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—June 2.—A large flight of shore birds reached the near New Jersey coasts during the past week, and many of all the late migrating varieties can be seen in our markets. The stay will be short, and even at this writing have passed northward. They are a full week late this year. I would advise all readers of FOREST AND STREAM who will shoot "between seasons" to try the Sinepuxent shores for the first time in August for curlew and willet, and stay at the Sinepuxent House, a new and comfortable place, run by J. Miller, at Ocean City, and engage bay-window Powell and his outfit. I have heard this week, from the best authority, that the shooting is good there in August. A large number of night herons, or "quaks," have taken up their quarters in a wood near Bellefonte, Pa., this spring, as a nesting place. The unusual number of the birds has astonished the Bellefontaines. At one time a clump of wood a mile from the Delaware shore, between Chester and Lepperville, Pa., was the breeding place of flocks of both the blue heron and the night heron. This was within the writer's recollection; but the birds have long since deserted the place. Tracey, the canine artist, is displaying a number of his dog portraits in Earle & Sous' windows, in our city. They are attracting much attention. It is the first time many of our sportsmen have had the opportunity of admiring Mr. November's "Gun Shooting" and portraits of Crockett and Seneca. There is now a furor among the poultry and pigeon dealers of our city to have all varieties of dogs for sale in their stock rooms. I took a general run among them to-day, and found some very fair dogs offered; but alas! at one place I discovered evident signs of distemper among the poor animals, and the keeper, a mere lad, unaware that his whole stock of puppies would soon suffer, and totally ignorant that the malady was cropping out.—HOMO.

INDIANA.—Fairland, May 29.—The winter was unusually favorable for the protection of our game. There was little or no snow, the favorite time for the boy with the old musket to pot them in the snow. It gave them good protection also from their natural enemies, owls, hawks and woodcocks. Their chyrons were all hearty, and nurses in all directions, now that the birds are paired and are nesting. Woodcock have come in goodly numbers, and the absence of heavy spring floods and the favorable weather in early May render it probable that the supply will be abundant. We are expecting better quail shooting this fall than for five years past, should the weather continue favorable.—C. W. W.

MINNESOTA.—Pillsbury, May 28.—Ducks are nesting here in unusual numbers; also pigeons.—J. F. LOCKE.

DAVY CROCKETT.—Editor Forest and Stream: I was much interested in your article on Col. Crockett, and was glad to see the cut of the rifle. I had not the pleasure, when a boy, of reading his autobiography, have never seen it, in fact—but I remember well that during my early years I was annually issued in Massachusetts a volume entitled "Crockett's Almanac." This was embellished with all sorts of extravagant illustrations, representing the gallant Colonel in the act of performing various extraordinary feats. There was also associated with him his particular friend, "Ben Hardin." I do not, if I remember rightly, and I have often wondered if there was any original in this counterfeit. Perhaps Colonel Bob Crockett will oblige me by settling this point in his next communication to THE FOREST AND STREAM. I am very glad that the rifle is still preserved in the family, a fitting memorial of their distinguished ancestor.—X.

RAIL BREEDING ON THE DELAWARE RIVER SHORES.—An ebony-colored gather of sweet flag root or ephimus tells the writer that many rail birds have settled down to breed in the marshes near Oldman's Creek, which empties into the Delaware opposite Marcus Hook. In old times this would have been nothing strange, the marshes all along our river were regular breeding grounds, but of late years their numbers have grown very visibly less.—HOMO.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Smithfield, N. C., June 22.—Wild mules on Neuse River rifeeping and squirrel shooting fine; kill a dozen any afternoon.—C. L. P.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

WACCAMAW LAKE.

"And in the visions of romantic youth,

What endless hours of bliss are yet to flow."

—Gentiana of Wyoming.

INDICATED in one of my recent communications to THE FOREST AND STREAM that I had intended to much pleasure in a contemplated trip to Waccamaw Lake, where I expected to meet my friends, Hon. A. S. M. and J. J. D., to enjoy the hospitality of Col. H. B. S., who lives upon his banks, and indulge in the delights of fishing and all others "thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining." Soon after the gentlemen, whom I have named, and myself had made the arrangement referred to, I wrote to another friend, Hon. A. S. M., the genial Chairman of the Committee on Indian Affairs during the Forty-sixth Congress, urging him to join us, and thus afford a reunion of four persons who had sat at the same table day after day in the dining hall of the Metropolitan Hotel, three of whom discussed "affairs of State," while the other sat and listened with respectful attention to their utterances. He answered with commendable promptness, assenting to my purpose to be one of the party. Matters being thus arranged, I confidently expected that all would meet, until a few days before the time appointed, when I had a letter from J. J. D. expressing his regret that business avocations would prevent his participation in the pleasures anticipated, and his wishes that the others should have full fruition of whatever could be had. So at midnight on Wednesday, the 15th of May, I took the cars for Wilmington, where we were to remain for the day, and then board the train at 9:30 P. M. for Flemington, the station at the lake. We met our friend H. B. S., who told us that he would take a freight accommodation at an earlier hour, meet us on our arrival, and escort us to what we must regard as our home during our stay. He did not fail to do this, and in compliance with my much pleasure in checking the depot at Wilmington in full time to get tickets and check our baggage, we waited patiently for the arrival of the train from Weldon, after which we would start promptly for our destination. It came at a seasonable hour, and I soon saw the portly form of my friend A. S. M., but failed to see the others who were expected. Making the needed arrangements we entered the cars, and I eleven minutes before we received welcome news from the conductor of our arrival at Flemington.

So soon as we left the cars, we were greeted by our friends H. B. S. and H. B. S., Jr., and welcomed to all the hospitalities of their elegant residence. After chatting a short while with our hosts and Judge M., of Wilmington, we were assigned to our quarters, and soon were enjoying the pleasures of an excellent bed, which invited us to sleep. At five o'clock and I were in bed sleeping well, from information which came to us the next morning, we had grave doubts whether the same good fortune befel our congressional comrade. He and Judge M. were schoolfellows at the old Caldwell Institute, at Greensboro, and had not seen each other for twenty years. After they retired to their room, I learned that they discussed all things, from the dawn of creation down to the present time, and when they came in a state of physical exhaustion, they swooned away into the land of dreams. When we met them the next day, they were discussing the character of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, and the Earl of Oxford, and on their separation, after the fish was over, they had gotten down to the battle of New Orleans, concluding to leave the subsequent history of the country as a subject for conversation at their next encounter.

After partaking of an excellent breakfast, we walked down to the lake, where we met our old friend, K. K. C., of Bladen, who had come over to join us in our piscatorial sport, and enliven us with the sallies of his quiet humor. Pretty soon, Lewis, the colored commissary of our host, made his appearance, bearing a large basket, in which was stowed away a lot of prepared provisions, in case of an emergency. These "emergencies" often occur in fishing and hunting frolics, and it is safe always to make the needed preparations, and not rely exclusively upon what you expect to get as the result of angling or venatorial skill. Rods and tackle and bait had been provided, and after a short while Capt. Bish announced that the yacht was ready to take us across the lake to the point where its waters are discharged into the river. [In-ch—got. I had the worst case of the discrepancy between the spelling and pronunciation.]

BASS TROLLING IN FLORIDA.

MY Southern trip last winter was one of such interest and pleasure, that I am already beginning to think of the coming winter, when it can be repeated, and enjoyed even more fully, though the knowledge gained from experience during the first trip.

Although acquainted with the sport afforded by the Adirondacks, the Lake George region, and the smaller lakes of Wisconsin and Indiana during the summer months, the novelty of trolling for black bass and of gathering violets in the month of January, with the thermometer at 80° in the shade, does not wear off with me in one trip only.

Leaving Chicago city on a Tuesday night, in a through Pullman sleeper, we reached Louisville next day noon, and from there had a pleasant ride to Montgomery, Ala. During this part of the journey we made social advances, compared notes, and became acquainted with our fellow travelers, fifteen in number, and all with through tickets for Jacksonville, some going for health, and some for pleasure.

Due in Montgomery on Thursday morning, we arrived behind time, and somewhat anxious in regard to connections, as our sleeper was to be detached there and taken on by the local trains through Georgia for Albany, Thomas's company Waycross. Finding that our coach was left on a side track, we learned, after inquiry, that the outgoing train had been gone about five minutes. We had seen it as it pulled out from the station, but had not then realized that it was so "near and yet so far."

Looking up some of the officials of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad (and finding them, by the way, to be gentlemen in every sense of the word), we received their regrets that they could not control the action of connecting roads. Learning that no coal had been ordered before the following morning, we made ourselves comfortable—explored the town and retired to our berths in the sleeper after a day pleasantly spent. Friday morning we were attached to the train for Albany, and started on time, and just in time to see, coming into the depot, the train from the North, with its sleeper full of passengers, who were left over there for twenty-four hours, as we had been.

Reaching Albany on Saturday morning, our experience of being left was repeated, and from the car windows we saw our train, that was to be, going rapidly away, over a bridge not a hundred yards distant, and including the shrill whistles from our engineer whose run ended at this place. There being no help for it, we accepted the situation, and visited the town half a mile from the little station house.

On Saturday we found the streets of the town alive with the colored men and women from all the surrounding farms who had come in on foot, on horseback, and in carts drawn by mules, and by oxen, single and in pairs. It was a periodical event, and they had all come in to visit, and to buy provisions, clothing, and needed supplies for future use. After twenty-five hours' delay, we left Albany on Saturday afternoon, not sorry that, through the peculiar, behind the age management of Georgia railroads, we had been given the opportunity of seeing much more of the country and people than we could have seen otherwise. We reached Jacksonville on Sunday morning, and as our little company had become well acquainted and formed pleasant friendships during our five days' journey of about eleven hundred miles, it was with regret that we separated here after plauing to meet again later on, at St. Augustine and points on the St. John's River.

The winter, whose trip was for pleasure, including black bass and alligators, was not a bad one, for the first steamers, which starts every day during the season for the upper St. Johns, and reached Enterprise in the time. Having engaged a rowboat and its owner, who was a quiet, intelligent colored man, answering to the goodly name of Israel, we prepared for an early morning start. After breakfast, ordered over night by the host of that excellent hotel, the Brook House, and carrying an ample lunch in the boat, Israel took the oars and rowed us down the lake (conco) to the mouth of the St. Johns, flowing in from the south. The fishing began here, for there was none in the lake, and using two rods, one a nine-foot bass rod and the other a longer, heavier one, which had done good service over many other waters. Forty yards of line were run off the reels, and then began the expectant waiting, so pleasant and familiar to every fisherman.

The waiting is not a long one—for one reel sings as the running line revolves it—and soon the landing net in the hand of our fisherman, and the four-pound pickerel. This is a beginning, but we hope for better things. Trolling now in shallow water, one line in the channel of the narrow stream, and one near the edge of rushes showing above the water, I reel in all but twenty yards of line and find, by experience, that the longer lines needed in northern waters, where the fish are more wary and shy, are not needed here, where the bass will quite frequently take the bait very near the bottom.

Using two rods, one line is always in the water, and when a strike is felt upon either the other is laid down for the time, or until the fish is landed, and though there is the risk of tangled lines in the rush and efforts of the fish to escape, I willingly take this risk for the sake of increased sport. Landing on a small island, our lunch is eaten under the shade of the palmettos, a little rifle practice indulged in with a heron, a duck or one of the myriad "blue peters" in the distance for a target, and then over nearly the same water by which we came, we slowly troll along homeward. Occasionally a splash and a commotion in the water near by, and a glimpse of a disappearing form, tells us of an alligator disturbing in his afternoon nap, but each one plunges out of sight before I can lay down the rods and grasp the rifle in the bottom of the boat. The hotter the day gets, the better does this ugly reptile enjoy its beat, the sooner does he sleep on his bank or log, and the better chance does he then give for our silently approaching near enough for a shot; but it is a sport of itself, and cannot be connected with that of fishing. Meeting a friend in a boat, homeward bound, he shows a seven foot long alligator, which a ball in the head from his fifty-one-calibre Winchester has so effectually quieted. But the skin can with safety be removed and taken North as a trophy.

The experience of one day is like that of another—full of sport as one can wish, and by each night my basket is filled, the usual catch being eighteen to twenty-five in number, and running from three to six pounds weight each, of large-mouth black bass, with generally one or more pickerel. One day's sport affords me a week's work, certainly worthy of mention here. It consisted of twenty-two black bass, of which one weighed twelve pounds, one weighed ten pounds, four were of six pounds each, and the rest of the

number were smaller, averaging about three pounds each. None of these had received a dose of shot to increase their weight, as is sometimes done in that section of country. The best of good times must come to an end, and with regret the Brook House is left behind and the journey northward begun, stopping at Palatka for a steamer through the Oklawaha to the Silver Springs, then on to St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and Thomsville. After spending a little time at the more northern spots on the river, the steamer, if the road, home is reached. Often the thoughts go pleasantly back to the land of sandy soil, crooked rivers, oranges and last, but not least, its black bass which, though not having all the gaminess of the same fish in Northern and colder waters, yet do not fail to furnish excellent sport to the lover of the rod and line.

D. L. WHITTIER.
CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1883.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE ERIE.

THE following account from the Dayton (O.) Journal shows that bass are plentiful in Lake Erie, and that if the fish are forbidden to be taken in Ohio waters, the citizens of that State must find them in paying numbers in Canada. Point au Pelee is near the mouth of the Detroit River, just east of Pigeon Bay. The correspondent says:

"The morning of the 23d opened with clouds, through whose gray and misty pall glimpses of a brighter sky were seen, and by noon the sun, a long hidden visitor, came back to cheer the hearts and make the earth to gladden greenly and bring the lost roads to possibility again. All day long the Dayton anglers, tired of their forced rest, were out the waters, and came back with a total catch for ten rods of 283 fine black bass, the persuasive Commodore and his mate, Mr. Thompson, heading the list with 70 fish.

"The wonderfully vigorous old gentleman, Mr. V. Winters, went, however, one better, having alone caught 36. In fact the water was not fully settled after the gale.

"At noon the American Eagle came in with a party of fourteen distinguished gentlemen—Robt. L. Lincoln, Secretary of War; Gen. Phil Sheridan, Gen. Anson Stager, Gen. Tompkins, of Boston; Messrs. McGinnis and Elliot, of New York; Messrs. Ryerson, Seeliger, Sprague and Draue, Chicago; Mr. Mills and Mr. Marshall, Sandusky; Mr. Marshall Field, Chicago; and W. Chisholm, of Cleveland, O.

"In the afternoon, with a 3:30 start, these gentlemen caught 163 bass, and both parties are out fishing for dear life to-day, and the record of May 24, 1883 (birthday of our gracious queen) will, I doubt not, be 'fishfully' celebrated on the reefs of Pelee.

"The Steinhoff runs regularly, and it is quite a comfort to be able to reach the world on every side—to Detroit one day, the next to Sandusky and the South. Up to this date for five days fishing, the Dayton party had caught exactly 1,094 black bass, no pickerel counted, and only the actual count. The respective scores are as follows:—V. Winters, 164; Schulz and Bickham, 262; N. and B. Morey, 174; Best and Greulich, 300; Thompson and Cooper, 158; King, 65, or in round figures, 1,100 black bass!"—PELEE.

Following is the score of Thursday: Cooper and Thompson, 70; Schulz and Bickham, 64; Winters, 36; King, 23; Best and Greulich, 45; N. Morey and son, 45; total, 283.

In a letter to his son, Mr. E. F. Cooper, (Commodore Cooper) writes that from cold, steady weather the party were for two or three days diligent in getting the docks and the log fire, but with the first huff of the storm, all hands took to the water. Mr. Thompson sent a barrel of bass home yesterday.

Mr. Greulich returned to Dayton last evening, and was bearer of dispatches. The rest of the party will continue fishing at least until next week.

The Register says: The Steinhoff arrived from Point au Pelee last evening with a cargo with a large load of fish. The bulk of the cargo was consigned to Albany, N. Y. There were, however, several boxes of black bass caught by the sportsmen.

A TRIP TO LAKE LAKE.

THERE is probably no place in this State of any size so conveniently located to the North Woods as our beautiful city, and I doubt very much if you can find a place where there is as much fishing talked, and where there is so much talk there must be some sport, for it is not all of fishing to fish. I have often read in FOREST AND STREAM how such and such a one has looked up his favorite rod, reels, etc., and is preparing for a day out on the water. I am going to make my own rods, lents, etc., and keep them in order the year around. I find it affords me great pleasure during my spare time to devote myself to my outfit, in fact I think it quite a study to keep posted on angling, and I think more and more of your very interesting paper every copy I read. In the closet out of my office I keep everything ready for a start, even in mid-winter, if necessary—some have the fever worse than others, you know. It is a long time from September until April, and this year it was May the 15th before we dare venture out for a day.

On that night myself and Billy O., a fellow that loves the streams and lake as much as myself, started for a trip of four days up the West Canada Creek. Leaving home at six o'clock P. M. night soon set in, but with light hearts, a good horse, fair rods, and a full moon, we were making good time for Morehouseville, fifty miles distant. With plenty to eat and smoke we passed the time very pleasantly, and enjoyed the drive as much as any part of the trip, reaching our destination at 3 A. M. The next morning, without a wink of sleep, we were after those little beauties. You know that he who has sport nowadays must work for it. A sleep of two hours at guide Remondan, and an early breakfast well stored away, we were soon on a tramp up Mad Tom Mountain, all the way to the top, a distance of three miles. With plenty to eat and a beautiful sheet of water, but at the present time, no property, and therefore no fishing for us. We took the liberty to put our canvas boat together and crossed, but we were severely reprimanded by Mr. Matson, the owner of the lake, for daring to trespass on his land.

Taking the trail for Indian River and tramping for a mile, the most of the way in the snow up to our knees, we came to Sugar Lake, a little body of water, but well filled with trout. After being there a few moments we saw our guide appear on the other side of the lake, just returning from a trip to Twin Rock Lake. Our calculations proved correct, and by giving him the old hoop he knew us, although it had been several months since we had seen him. Sending him down to the house after the remainder of our traps we went to fishing and had fair luck for the first day. The next day was Sunday and the question arose, how to get around that. I guess most fishermen will now and then not give it away. Three days of fishing and then we started

Soon we were under full canvas and "walking the water like a thug of life," to use an expression which is entirely original. In due time the prow of our craft was raking across the sand of the shore, and we took the plank to enable us to get to the shady ground, where we expected to eat our noonday meal. If we were to enjoy fish we knew full well that we must catch them, and so, rigging up, we were soon engaged in a vigorous struggle for something to eat. Fortunately for us, the darkness had taken more than a dozen fine ones of the variety called here "raller bellies," and these, with a few others, the product of our own luck, gave us an abundant supply for our dinner. The wind was from the north and unseasonably cool, and besides kept the lake in too much agitation for successful angling. To speak in plain English, the fish would not bite. Old Kinchen K. and Old Billy Pierce, who have been frequent visitors to the lake for the last forty-five years, and have caught thousands and thousands, could do nothing, and after several hours of patient effort rolled up their lines and yielded to the inevitable. The fates or the winds, or some other equally potent power, were against us, and but for the providence of our host, we should have had but a spare dinner that day. It is true, "the visiting statesmen" had a royal feast of killed fish, but then the "gentlemen in waiting" had content themselves with less tempting, though equally excellent, fare. We include myself among the "visiting statesmen," but "Othello's occupation's gone" went to the lake to indulge in the luxury of fish, and nothing else would have met the demands of our appetites.

It is but just that I should remark that no offense is meant to any one by the words "visiting statesmen," which I have used. At one time they had a certain political significance, but I meant that they should express no idea, except that in our nation there was one or more who had occupied, and even now occupy, a respectable position in the country, and is known to intelligent men all over the United States and their Territories. In all my correspondence with the FOREST AND STREAM, whatever may be my views upon questions at issue before the country, I endeavor to maintain the status of an old darkey whom I saw many years ago at a cotton landing on the Mississippi River. It was just after a Presidential election that he was coming, he was then engaged in discussing, in a friendly way, certain points which had been raised during the campaign, which had just closed. When the boat landed, several of us went to the bank to get a good look at the plantation, and a little variety besides. The subject of politics was resumed on shore, and after some conversation had passed, one of the gentlemen asked the darkey what were his views upon public affairs—in other words, what were his politics. He promptly answered: "Massa, I don't know nothing 'bout them things. It belongs to the Agriculturist." With this digression, I resume "the thread of my discourse."

If possible, we had less success the following day. On our return home the wind had veered round to the southwest, and we anticipated "a glorious morrow." But next morning it had resumed its former course, and our old friend K. K., regarding it as ominous, ill luck, latched up his horse, and we might have thought it was a bad omen. The Swamp, a distance of about seven miles from the lake. (Recall, whose tastes do not run on the pleasures of water, much preferring those of land, being utterly disgusted, took a seat with K. K., so as to enable him to reach home that night by the E. C. Railway, on the line of which our friend lives. But we were halted to give it up; and so soon as we could get all things ready, spread sail, to the haven of our hopes, but about twenty minutes, we east anchor and took to our boats, hoping to get enough for dinner. Our prudent friend, Short, whose hospitalities we were enjoying, knowing full well what "dishman's luck" sometimes is, not only carried along some prepared victuals, as he did the day before, but had engaged the services of a piscatorial son of Ham to secure us a supply of fish, so that if we failed, we should still have the victuals we desired. It was well that he was so thoughtful, for any two of us could easily have eaten all we caught. The darkey had secured a respectable bunch, and that, supplemented by what we could add, gave us an abundance. I can offer no better evidence of the quality of the fish than the fact that Judge M. managed, by great effort, to dispose of four of them, while Gen. S. showed equal prandial capacity; your correspondent, of course, fully maintaining his reputation in that department of human industry.

I have visited this beautiful sheet of water on frequent occasions, and never but once had such a destruction of my hopes. At that particular time I reached the lake during what we know here as "the long season of May," and it rained so much that I did not even get a chance to "try my luck," though I stayed three or four days. When the weather is favorable, a good sport can always be had by those who are acquainted with the places where the fish congregate, or who are able to procure the services of a guide who is. But it is just like all other places of which I have ever seen or heard—if you fail to hit the right time, you are subjected to disappointment. We missed it. Although we got but few fish, those which we did get were delicious, and the open-hearted and hauled hospitality of our host, his genial son, and every pleasant lady who graces the coffee court of the table with unobtrusive charm, made our visit one long to be remembered. Indeed, in thinking over the kindness shown us, I feel somewhat as Burns expresses himself in the closing stanza of the "Lament of James, Earl of Glencairn":

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestern;
The monarch may forget the minister,
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child;
That smiles so sweetly on her knee,
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou dost do for me."

The following morning at an early hour we bade our kind friends farewell, took the train for Wilmington, where we arrived in good time and on condition to enjoy the breakfast which we found at the Parrell House. Owing to the schedule, we were obliged to remain at this place until 7 P. M.; but we spent the time pleasantly in "receiving" such friends as close to call on us and enjoying their conversation. At the appointed hour we took the cars, and at half-past two A. M. the following morning were luxuriating upon the couches at my friend's family breakfast, and the banks of Pelee. My friend accompanied me, and did not think it prudent to give for a few days, when he went to gladden the hearts of the "loved ones at home."

WELLS.

for home with forty pounds of fine trout, the largest weighing 14 lbs., pretty good catch after all. We were perfectly satisfied, and, eating a good supper at Theodore's, we were ready to start for home on Tuesday night at 10 P. M. with rather a heavy load, for it rained all day Monday. But with a strong horse and stomachs well filled we were on our way as happy as two clams in high water. Bill sang and once in a while I joined in on the chorus, and the night passed on, and the old horse jogged along and reached home about 4 A. M., just in time to see the boys getting out with the morning papers, and we regretted that we were too late to have any of the fish stories in that edition. H.

Utica, N. Y., May 27.

ANGLING IN PIKE COUNTY.

SO much has been said of late about the backward season all over the country for anglers, that I thought I would devote Decoration Day to testing the truth of such a disappointing statement. I had intended to make up a party of four rods, but two of my friends were on jury duty, and had to drop out. That enthusiastic sportsman, Mr. L. Howard, of Brooklyn, came up to time all beaming with smiles and laden down with two fine fly-rods.

There were very gloomy predictions when we arrived at Milford, and old Jake Sehorn shook his ten-story white hat dubiously when we told him that we were here to kill one hundred fine trout or try in the attempt. Jake said it could not be done with fly, and enjoining Pete Hanse would have to snare them with mosquito netting. Even our good-natured host, Frank Crissman, was afraid we were on a fool's errand, but promised to fix things up to the Queen's taste.

We made an early start on Decoration Day for the Pinney farm, with two rods and coachman, red his and black gnat flies. The Sawkill Creek was low, and the woods were pretty full of lumber. We managed to fill our creels with fifty fine trout, one-third turning the scale at over a quarter of a pound.

Our luck astonished Frank Crissman and Jake Schorr to such an extent that we determined to give the Sawkill two days' more investigation, and so secured the services of that genial young sportsman, George Pinney, who agreed to pick out all the favorite holes both on the meadow and in the brook below Gannon's farm. We put in five hours of solid work, from 6:30 A. M. to 11:30 A. M. and brought back 175 trout, 120 of which were fit to be shipped to New York the same night. Among them were five one-pound fish, fifteen half-pound and thirty that tipped the scale at four ounces.

We gave the Sawkill a paring two hours' visit this morning and secured 100 speckled beauties that made a good twelve-pound mess. We attribute our good fortune to chasing our flies to a smaller size, using cow dung, grizzly kings, queen of the water and royal coachman. The water we waded through is still chilly, but with one or two more warm days will make the trout more lively, so that, I think, on any good opening day, after a shower, large masses of fish could easily be secured. In this mouth, unless the indefatigable colored sportsman, Jim Peggary, who sleeps on the banks all night, has whipped the streams to sell to strangers and what are known down here as New York city folks. A. H. MUIR.

Milford, Pike County, Pa., June 1.

SEBAGO LAKE-LOCKED SALMON.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Seeing a little slip in the *Maine News* that J. Hamilton, the superintendent of the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad Company, had landed a fifteen-pound lake-locked salmon while fishing on Sebago Lake, Maine, I wrote him in order to ascertain the particulars, at the same time congratulating him on the capture of so large a fish and expressing hope that the strength he could easily be secured. His mouth, unless the indefatigable colored sportsman, Jim Peggary, who sleeps on the banks all night, has whipped the streams to sell to strangers and what are known down here as New York city folks. A. H. MUIR.

"Portland, Me., May 26, 1883. Dear Sir—Your kind favor of yesterday is at hand. The salmon was a beauty; thirty and a half inches long and nine inches deep; weighed, after being out of the water three days, fifteen and a half pounds; was in fine condition. I did not use much strength in the capture, I had only a very light rigging, single leader, oiled split line and an eight and a half split bamboo rod; but I did have solid enjoyment for a half hour; had it all to myself, as I was alone in the boat. I caught on the next morning of five pounds' weight and another of two and a half; and as I could only spend two days, think my luck quite fair."

The lake-locked salmon of Sebago Lake are of a larger size than all other lakes in Maine. So far as I have learned, none have been taken with a fly. I have tried that method to my satisfaction, and I learn that one of the former fish commissioners tried the fly two days without success. The smelt (a native of the lake) is the principal, if not the sole bait used. The smelt run up the Songo and Crooked rivers during the last of April to spawn, the salmon as well as speckled trout following them up for food. I may say here that the smelt, during their spawning season, are so numerous that they are dipped up by the net and peddled through the towns adjoining the lake.

The lake-locked salmon run up the same rivers during September to spawn. Some of the inhabitants along the banks and in the vicinity of these streams are also there with torch and spear to give the salmon a bloody reception. This, I have learned, has been their invariable custom for many years to a certain extent. These night catches have amounted to tons during some falls, some of the fish scaling as high as twenty pounds, the fifteen pound salmon being quite common.

I am credibly informed that quite a number of individuals were detected during the past fall in this illegal fishing and indicted, a few tried and convicted. The remaining indictments are to try over the parties for their good behavior, as it were, in the future.

I have no doubt that these spears enjoy this sport (?) with its certain results (aside from the penalties of the law) with as much zest as the visitor at the lake does by taking (the fish trolling with the smelt on his finetackle and light rod; hence the difficulty in breaking it up). The question of spearing is not, and can not be argued by those who indulge in this exterminating practice. They are fully aware of the penalties attached to it and its depopling results. The excitement of this fishing one year and the penalty following may, through a fancied revenge (on the innocent salmon), induce a few to keep their spears bright through use.

It is generally understood, whether truthfully or not, that the Commissioners have from time to time authorized the

dipping up of the small fry of salmon and taken them to Rangeley and other lakes without attempting to keep up a supply at Sebago. This practice has made the inhabitants about the lake somewhat angry, and they therefore justify to some extent their own spearing.

The Commissioners should in some way meet these spears half way in this business elsewhere than in the courts. Sheriff observed laws are but poorly kept. The lake should be replenished with its own kind as well as with the Grand Lake fly-taking salmon. Then let the inhabitants understand that it is for their own interest more than for that of the strangers to do only the fishing in its proper season. With a well-stocked lake, the Commissioners need there would be multitudes of strangers to be provided with boats, bait, board and teams, dispensing money in liberal amounts.

This lake is next in size to Moosehead, with deep, pure water, is the principal feeder of Presumpscot River; supplies the city of Portland with water, and is but about seventeen miles from Portland by Portland & Ogdensburg R. R.

Inasmuch as it is optional with the Fish Commissioners upon which lakes in Maine they will bestow their favors, the Rangeley has received many favors from the board, which are greatly appreciated by all the frequenters of those enchanting and enticing waters. Were there as many influential men to solicit the attention of the Commissioners to Sebago Lake as at Rangeley, and with such liberality, these Sebago waters would soon be comparatively as rich in fish. It would afford more pleasure by far to a greater number of ardent anglers than at Rangeley. It would quench the spears without the aid of the law. It is not known generally what action the Commissioners will take in this matter, but it is hoped, so long as they have already undertaken to break up spearing by means of the law, that their good work of replenishing this delightful lake is already determined. Be it as it may, there should be considerable effort on the part of Maine, particularly the southwestern portion of its inhabitants, beginning with the Governor, who resides but seven or eight miles from it, as well as the anglers from all portions of the State, to induce the Commissioners to do the liberal thing for Sebago, and for its first business to replenish it, then I think the "spears will be beaten into pruning hooks." WINGATE.

Boston, Mass.

"FISH DAY" AT WORCESTER.

SINCE the formation of the Worcester Sportsman's Club, nearly two years ago, the annual hunt and game dinner has been the grand social event of the year; and when at the annual dinner last fall Capt. C. A. Allen in his speech suggested that the club might have a "fish day" with the same pleasurable results, the members quickly "caught on," for they saw at once that the project meant two grand dinners a year instead of one. In the previous letter I mentioned that the captains were chosen and the whole matter left in the hands of a committee consisting of Captains Allen and Bennett and Secretary Hartwell, Thursday, May 31, was selected as the day for the fishing, the dinner to be served on the evening of the following day.

It proved to be the best trout day of the season here in Worcester county, and those members who fished near home, as a rule, did the best. Messrs. Colby and Porter, however, made the big catch of the party somewhere in New Hampshire. Capt. Allen made the next best also in New Hampshire. Quite a large party went to Vermont and did not to nothing, while A. Houghton fished near home and caught the best string brought in from Worcester county. Nearly all the members fished for trout, though there were three fine strings of perch and a few pickerel, these three being the only kinds that caught.

There was a large party present at the Bay State House, Thursday evening, to witness the count, which was to close at 10 o'clock, those members who could not get there to report by telegraph before that hour. One splendid string was lost to Capt. Allen because the party could not reach a telegraph station. The count resulted in a victory for Capt. O. A. Bennett, who scored 107 fish as follows: Colby, 23; Porter, 23; R. L. Golbert, 3 P. Davenport and H. E. Smith, 17 trout, 2 pickerel, 130 points; A. B. F. Kinney, 26 perch, 6 C. Sumner, 16 points, fish not reported; Colby and Porter, 540 points, fish not reported; A. H. Perry, 64 points, fish not reported; total, 845.

Capt. Allen's side—C. A. Allen, 19 trout, 131 points; T. Smith, 9 trout, 53 points; J. A. Titus, 10 trout, 50 points; Charles Hartwell, 56 points, fish not reported; A. W. Joslyn, 23 perch, 6 points; total, 296.

The dinner, which was served at the Bay State House Friday evening, was the best in the history of the club, which is saying a great deal. The members, with the invited guests, assembled in the parlors and spent an hour socially before marching to the dining hall at 9 o'clock. K.

WORCESTER, June 4, 1883.

From another account we take the following: The dinner was served in the main dining-room, which never before presented a more attractive appearance. The hall was decorated with flags and implements used by sportsmen. Over the side-board was a glory of flags, faced with a network of fishing-rods; at the rear was another glory of flags suspended by ribbons; over the tables hung glass balls, clay pigeons and fishing-rods.

MENU.

- Oysters Served on Clay Pigeons.
- Cucumbers, Sliced Tomatoes, Lettuce.
- Boiled Kennebec Salmon & a Hollandaise Sauce.
- Boiled Turbot a la Bay State.
- Boiled Striped Bass, Anchovy Sauce.
- Entrée
- Mayonnaise of Lobster. Brook Trout in Aspic. Frites of Cucumbers.
- Mayonnaise of Columbia River Salmon. Fried Brook Trout with Salt Pork.
- Fried Butter Fish in Crumbs. Fried Tautog, Cape Ann Style.
- Fried Pickerel, Hunter Style. Fried Perch in Batter.
- Boiled Connecticut River Shad, Butter Sauce.
- Broiled Lake Trout, a la Maitre d'Hotel.
- Broiled Fresh Mackerel, Hollandaise Sauce.
- Baked Bluefish, Stuffed, Genoise Sauce.
- Baked Chicken, Hollandaise Sauce Supreme.
- Baked Baked Black Bass, White Sauce.
- Vegetables.
- Strawberries and Cream.
- Ices. Fruit.
- Charlotte Russe. Coffee. Assorted Cake.

Hon. Charles B. Pratt presided at the table. At each plate was a button-hole bouquet with a glass ball as a holder,

This, with pictorial menu and the clay pigeons for oysters, was a very unique feature of the arrangement.

At the President's table were Hon. Charles B. Pratt, His Honor Mayor Hilthroth, Hon. T. C. Bates, J. N. Frye, of Boston, President of the Massachusetts Rifle Association; R. T. Noble, President of the Malden Sportsman's Club; and Secretary of the Massachusetts Glass Ball Association; Alderman John R. Thayer, Col. W. S. B. Hopkins, Dr. Albert Wood and President Parker, of the Common Council.

After the dinner there were short speeches. The first was by Mayor Hilthroth, who said for some time he had been trying to find out on which side he was, but he was satisfied that he was on the winning side. He was not a fisherman like those present, but he could catch them when they came on the table. Senator Bates was full of anecdotes at the expense of his twin, the president of the evening; his stories of experiences at the State House amused the boys. Next came Gen. A. B. Sprague; his pairing off and the results were stated as only the General, the new arrivals. Alderman Thayer made reference to the good work the club was doing to elevate the standard of sportsmen. He thought it would be an advantage if the business men would spend more time with the rod and the gun. Col. Hopkins said he always had a liking for sporting; he was not a success with the gun, but he took to fishing in his early days. He closed his remarks, like all the others, with a story.

Remarks were also made by Col. J. A. Titus, O. O. Parker, D. M. Earle, O. A. Bennett, C. A. Allen, Dr. Raymond, president of the club, L. G. White, E. S. Knowles, H. P. Verry, Charles S. Barton, also by Dr. Albert Wood, who in very complimentary terms referred to the arrangement of the tables, and the unique manner the hall was decorated, as well as the remarkable bill of fare. He then referred to the results stated as only the General, the new arrivals. Item is overworked, the men are breaking down at 35 and 40. To avert this, out-door sports should be encouraged; more half days should be given up to recreation, to visiting the field with the rod or the gun. Near the close of the evening remarks were made by Mr. Noble of Malden; he closed with the following sentiment:

"The Worcester Sportsman's Club—An honor to the city and the Association. We find its members always and thoroughly "White" men, which is a "Goodell" more than can be said of some organizations. We wish there were "Moore" like them. With "Hartwell" pleased, they are cordial to their "Newcomb"—ers, each one pronouncing himself a "Mann," or, as I might say a "Holman" in every respect. "Strong" men there are among them, who for the sake of the trap will "shoot" and "hold" a "Coley" and on a "Davy" when they are on their traps, will lay "Lo" to their competitors with a "Sweet"-ness that is refreshing. In a nutshell, they are "Verry" good fellows, although caught "Cutting" up now and then. Never out of temper "Norcross," invariably "Hatch"-ing up something for a "Wright" good time; winning a "Garland" now and then to add to their wealth of laurels. With a "Simpson" the faithful care for them and their guests always. "Eager" for a minute at the traps, and when "Holden" about night it's a "Coley" day when they get left.

THE UNITED STATES DISPLAY AT LONDON.

[From the London Morning Post, May 29.]

IN order to convey a definite idea of the importance of the United States department in the International Fisheries Exhibition it will, perhaps, be as well to make use of the following few statistics of the actual condition of the fishery industries in the Grand Transatlantic Republic, kindly supplied by the American Commissioner, Mr. G. Brown Goode. In 1880 the number of persons employed in the fishery industries of the United States was 132,427 of whom 101,684 were fishermen, and the remainder shoremen. The fleet of fishing boats was 6,605, augmented (since 1882) to 7,126, and 44,804 boats, now about 47,000, the capital invested being actually about \$40,900,000. The value of the fisheries of the sea, great rivers, and lakes, was placed in 1880 at \$43,946,053, and that of the minor inland waters at \$1,500,000, in all \$45,446,053. In 1882 the value of the fisheries was greater than in 1880, and prices both at first hand and at wholesale were higher, so that a fair estimate at wholesale market rates would place their value at the present time rather above than below the value of \$100,000,000.

These figures will at once prove that the pisciculture trades of a country which extends from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic regions, and which contains numerous inland seas are even in their actual (by no means fully developed) condition gigantic. In 1880 the Government of the United States liberally assisted private enterprise, and by its contribution contrived to make the American display in the Berlin Fisheries Exhibition the principal feature of this highly successful enterprise. The Government then voted a sum equivalent to the cost of the exhibition, and in 1882 the present exhibition caused Congress first to vote a special grant of \$10,000, and then a second of \$2,500. The number of exhibitors amount to 250, and the amount of material forwarded equals, if it does not actually exceed, that of the British department. Hence, we may safely declare that this section, after our own, is the most important in the building, and it is at the same time the most important in reality, by its valuable and dignified. It is not a mere collection of cases containing miscellaneous articles, often only vaguely connected with the subject of the exhibition, i.e., fishery industries, but it is a complete and thoroughly well-thought-out and designed collection of all manner of objects illustrative of the vast marine and fresh-water fisheries of the United States. It is mainly due to the industry of our individuals that this department has been so remarkably complete an achievement—Professor Baird, United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, Mr. G. Brown Goode, Mr. R. E. Earl, and Captain J. W. Collins. These gentlemen and several others connected with them have labored almost incessantly for three years past to form this collection, which is certainly worthy of their persevering hard work and of their country's reputation for enterprise. The proportion of the first and most striking feature in the department is a complete pictorial representation of almost every phase of the fisherman's life, represented by a series of from 600 to 700 large photographs, charcoal drawings, pen and ink sketches, and oil and water-color pictures arranged around the rooms in consecutive order. These are supplemented by a number of casts of men and fish, and by models of various vessels, fishermen's cottages, and other objects of interest. It is to be hoped that the visitor both needs a guide or guide book in order to understand all that he beholds. There is,

for instance, a curious and most eccentric looking fishing craft, our country cousin is at a loss to make out what it is intended for. If he will take the trouble to look above he will see a photograph of this little vessel in progress of building, then a second showing its launch, yet a third illustrating its purpose when out at sea, and, finally, a series of others showing what is done with it until it returns to shore again. Perhaps it is necessary, in order better to convey to the spectators the *raison d'être* of this particular boat, to have a model of a fisherman rowing or sailing it out to sea, and lo! there he is, admirably executed in painted wood as large as life, and in the identical costume he habitually wears when in the exercise of his daily vocations. Let us study, for instance, the not over creditable history of the youthful American herring, who at an early stage in his career figures in the European markets under false pretenses as a sardine. There are about twenty photographs showing how he and his companions in involuntary imposture are caught by the million off the coast of New England, and how he is "dressed" in boiling oil, done up in tin cases, and sent on his final ton of the world, with only one extenuating circumstance in his favor, and that is, that even in Nantes it would be difficult to detect his true origin, his taste being identical with that of the Crolese sardine, although if he had been taken up to the strait he would have assumed the proportions of a "farmouth hider."

In connection with the exhibits of American sardines is a series of wooden models, showing how the fish is cured and tinned for exportation, and also views of the beautiful residences of the capitalists who are making large fortunes by the industry.

In addition to the photographs, pictures and models of man, are also series of casts of the most remarkable fish caught in the American seas, notably curious being those illustrating the gigantic "devil fish," or *lemons*, rendered famous by Victor Hugo's marvelous but, by no means exaggerated description of the monster in "Les Travailleurs de la Mer." One of these, the exact size of life, could not only attack and soon destroy a man, but render himself highly obnoxious to a large-sized shark. Of course the American oyster, valued principally for its edible qualities, is exhibited in a most marked manner, and really is, one of the chief products of the country. Its important character is shown by numerous canned specimens, and also by plaster casts showing the most incredible size to which the translucent mollusc grows. Some of the bivalves, though worthless for food, are, nevertheless, extremely valuable for the beauty and quantity of the deposit of mother-of-pearl which lines their shells. The utilization of this material is shown by a collection of mother pearls, necklaces, etc., and by one large cross surmounted by a shell, made out of the exquisite shells found in Florida. In this connection may be mentioned the various objects manufactured from the ivory of the whale and walrus, and the superb display of artistic articles sent by Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of New York, made out of alligator hide, tortoise-shell, and fish skins, mounted in ivory, bronze, and silver in a manner at once so remarkable and so artistic as to attract universal admiration.

In order to render the department still more complete there is a certain case which will amuse as well as instruct. It contains nearly all that Jack loves most dearly. There is his not-to-much-thumbed Bible, his well-used pipe, his thread and needles, and his buttons, his "lucky" cents and shillings, and his library of "The Fisherman's Own Book," "The Cruise of the Rocket," and sundry of Marryat's works. A few things are arranged according to, and his improvised dinner board, and there is a genuine bundle of his "love letters," not forgetting his rather soiled rack of playing cards. In that case the visitor can study for himself all poor Jack's simple wants and domestic ambitions.

In order the better to explain the completeness with which the several fisheries are represented, the cod fishery will illustrate as well as anything else the thoroughness of the display. The geographical distribution of the cod, as well as the favorite localities of its capture, are first of all shown on a series of large maps. Then the biology and embryology is explained. The fishery of the cod is next illustrated, with models of vessels and boats employed, with actual apparatus, trawls, handlines, etc., of every conceivable kind, while the methods of the fisheries, the passage to and from the banks, the process of cleaning and curing the fish at sea, the dangers encountered—fogged, all the incidents in the codfisherman's life are graphically illustrated by large pictures. After this come the numerous methods of curing the fish for market. For instance, a schooner lands on a Gloucester wharf her cargo of hundreds of quintals of salt codfish, which are dried, skinned, boned and pulverized, and then converted into the famous "Alden's evaporated codfish," an article of food which this exhibition will soon, probably, as greatly popularize in England as it is already in America. The same species is graphically illustrated, and those who have tasted it declare that it is without question the cheapest and best relish of its kind they have ever eaten, and the same can be said of the "boneless cod," which is delicious and known all over the interior of America, as it will doubtless be long in England.

There is also a vast collection of boat and vessel fittings, such as scum boat gear, blocks (of which a Boston firm makes a grand display), grines, davits, canvas, covers, anchors, etc. The welfare of the fishermen has not been overlooked, and the interest gains its culminating point when contemplating the collection of life-boats, fog-signals, fog-horns and other articles intended to secure the greater safety of vessels at sea. Captain Collins's most effective fog-alarm occasionally emits a by no means dulcet, but at the same time a most far-sounding howl, which certainly startles the ladies. For it is to be heard, at an incredible distance at sea as well as on shore. The exhibition of objects which are made in the United States Life Saving Service and Lighthouse Board, displayed at the extreme end of the department, is as complete as possible, and includes the original Francis patent life-car, which was first used on January 12, 1850, and was the means of rescuing 200 men, women and children from the wrecked British vessel *Ayrshire*. This collection is also admirably illustrated by oil sketches and life-sized cut models. Close by it is a case which will doubtless attract ladies, since it contains an assortment of the richest sea otter and seal furs yet seen in England, and exhibited by the Alaska Seal Fur Company.

Salmon breeding and other fishculture are illustrated by a complete and historical series of the apparatus used in the preparation of fish from a comparatively early age down to the time when they are ready for the gradual progress from the beginning of fishculture in America to the present day. A series of tables has been also provided with the most improved modern appliances for hatching fish eggs. This apparatus may be classed under three heads—"closed,"

the "trough," which requires running water, and the "floating" apparatus, the latter being a hatching box placed in a small lake. There is a large water tank, the water in which is forced through the fish-hatching appliances by means of a gas engine, so that the actual work of hatching can be carried on and studied in the presence of the visitor. Another feature is the group of models of experts in the act of pouring the eggs into the hatching boxes. One of these represents the "spawn-taker," kneeling on one knee, clasping under his arm a fine female salmon, from which he is pressing the eggs with his thumb and forefinger. There are also photographs of all the American fish which have been propagated by fishculture in America, as explaining the development of the egg and the growth of the fish in the egg from day to day, followed by others explanatory of the size and condition of the fish after it has been hatched.

Other photographs illustrate the method employed in the United States of transporting young fish to various parts of that immense country. A great variety of novelties in the way of tinned, dried, and otherwise preserved fish of all kinds is shown, and among other things of interest should be mentioned Le Page's fish glue, an adhesive which can be used for mending glass, china, and furniture, and which is said to be the strongest ever discovered. It certainly is much stronger and cleaner than either gum or any of the better known cements.

In connection with the United States Department is the U. S. Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*, of about 1,000 tons, a model of which is shown, and which will arrive in the Thames towards the middle of June. She is designed especially for deep-sea research, and is fitted with all kinds of fishing and dragging apparatus, so that she can capture anything that swims from the surface to the bottom. She is under command of Captain Tamer, and forms a part of the exhibits, to which the American Commissioners intend to extend special invitation.

SPORT IN COLORADO.—Gunnison County.—Starting out from our cabin one beautiful morning in June, with my shotgun strapped to my back and my fishing rod in my hand, I thought I would follow up Maroon Creek, which is in Gunnison county, and have some fine sport with the trout, with which the waters of such sport I did have! Hardly a cast but I would hook some speckled beauty which they would take almost any bait. I tried two or three different colored flies, grasshoppers, and even a piece of red flannel. It did not seem to make any difference whatever with them as to what they wanted for breakfast, so you can imagine the sport I had. After following up the creek for about two miles, I came across a large drift pile. A huge pine tree had fallen and laid across the creek from bank to bank, and driftwood coming down the creek had caught and formed a sort of waterfall, and there is where I caught some beauties; one was one of the finest specimens of salmon-trout I have ever seen. It measured 18½ inches, and was a deep red color. It seemed almost a shame to cut him for he was such a beauty. About twenty yards above the drift pile a large pine tree extended across and I thought I would try a cast there; so walking out on the tree, I was just about to cast when I heard a rattle of stones and sticks, and looking up the side of the ravine saw a wildcat coming down, apparently to get a drink. He trotted out on the drift pile and just as he reached the middle of the pile I let him have both barrels of my shotgun, nothing but No. 6 shot, but too me for, for the recoil of the gun kicked me over into the creek and I got the nice rolling over and wetting I have ever had. I got out all right, though, for it was only about three feet deep. After this I looked up the creek and saw the cause of all this trouble, but Mister Wildcat had gone far away and left nothing but a few blood drops. I had enough for that morning, so, picking up my string of trout, I went back to my cabin and soon had a fine mess of fried trout.—PAUL SCOTT.

THE BERTRAND ISLAND CLUB.—A number of well known gentlemen in New York City, interested in shooting and angling have recently purchased Bertrand's Island, in Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, where they propose to build a club house. In addition to the island, which contains about twenty-three acres, a tract of shore land has also been secured. At present the membership will be restricted to fifteen, and the organization will be known as the Bertrand Island Club. It will be governed by rules similar to those of the West Jersey Game and Protective Association, and henceforth angling out of season in the waters of the lake will be prohibited. The Club proposes to restock the lake with black bass and other game fishes. During the summer the club house will be kept open for the benefit of single members; but a number of the married clubmen propose to lease small plots of ground from the club and build cottages. The members are George B. Post, president; G. W. Campbell, Jr., vice president; J. Heron Crossman, treasurer; C. F. W. Nicholas, secretary, and Messrs. N. Martin, J. F. Cox, James Kent, Jr., J. A. Risley, B. K. Jameson, Frank Jenkins, Henry L. Pierson, Jr., and E. S. Benwick.

WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK.—BLACK BASS.—I have seen a good many articles of late upon taking whitefish with bait, etc., but have not notice of a single instance of one being taken with spoon by trolling. Once, some seven or eight years ago, I was fishing for pickerel with a spoon on Lake Cayuga, N. Y., and caught a whitefish weighing over four pounds. It was not hooked, but caught with the hook well in its mouth. Was this not a rare occurrence? First-rate black bass fishing can be had in Niagara, at the mouth of the Niagara River. No fly-fishing, they are taken with chub and by trolling. Good flies, boats, etc. Good fly-fishing can be had later in the season at the same place for white or silver bass, which are very game, bite fast, and are taken in good numbers, as many as sixty to eighty are taken in an evening.—NIAOGARA.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia.—Hundreds were fishing yesterday along the Schuylkill for black bass, it being the legal opening day of the season. Up the river, near Pottsville, anglers outnumbered the fish. On the train from Reading in the early morning there was a large delegation, which was joined at Pottstown by a contingent from the latter place. All went for Yankeo Dam at Limerick, or Pawling's Bridge, both considered the best places in the upper Schuylkill for bass fishing. The catch, I learn, was good. For the season, the season is backward this spring for every line of sport, and it will not be until late in the winter before the writer is tempted to join his rod for bass.—HOMO.

A WORD ABOUT GEORGE DAWSON.—June 2, 1898.—I do not believe in having time drag on my hands because there are no books or papers in camp. I am no book worm, but give me a hammock, a shady spot, such books as these for the first two or three days after getting into the woods, and I am happy. I think Dawson's works the purest of the kind ever written. They touch the keynote of kindred souls. They are pitched high, and must elevate the mind of the careful reader. They are deeply reverential, and will purify many a thinking mind.—NORMAN.

MINNESOTA.—Pillsbury, May 28.—Fishing in all the many lakes throughout this section is now excellent. Bass, wall-eyed pike and pickerel are to be had in abundance. I will gladly provide the best quarters possible, i. e., farm home accommodations, for any brethren of the angle who may wish to try our waters.—J. P. LOCKE.

LARGE SHAD.—A shad weighing eight pounds was on Mr. Blackford's slabs last Saturday. It came from the Connecticut River.

Fishculture.

"MISDIRECTED FISHCULTURE" AGAIN.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your editorial comments upon my rejoinder published last week, you express the opinion that I do not do me justice, and that I have been "interrupting progress in fishculture," whether intentionally or through mistaken notions we [you] cannot say. Now, Mr. Editor, if you will state the particular facts upon which you base the opinion that I am an "obstructionist" in this matter, I will be glad to judge whether I am playing that rôle or whether you are doing me injustice by what I consider very wild assertions.

In the first place, you have received a copy of my humble note to you expressing my opinion on the subject of fishculture, and you have expressed your own opinion on the same quite sharply (without offense, however), and the presumption is that you must have read it. If so, you found on page 6 a reference to Dr. Garlick and his operations of 1883, which I thought it well to refer to, as your article has been confined to the construction of "some carp ponds and making speeches before the Legislatures of Pennsylvania and New Jersey."

Next, as I said before, the files of the FOREST AND STREAM for eight years past will afford some evidence upon the subject. And further, my letter files contain a somewhat prized accumulation of personal communications from the editorial department of the FOREST AND STREAM for eight years past, containing comments strangely at variance with those now emanating from same source. I know, by a little experience, that facts are sometimes developed which necessitate an editorial change of front. I, at this moment, recall a case in your own experience of this kind; also another, involving Mr. Editor, do not hesitate to fire out your facts which will prove me to be the fishcultural sinner portrayed in both your late editorials upon the subject. It is possible that I am rendering myself obnoxious to the charge of "egotism" by asserting that I am perhaps sufficiently quoted as an author to render it desirable for the public to know whether I am now, or have been during the past quarter of a century or more, obstructing legitimate, practical and intelligent fishculture, or whether the other side of the question is the one who are apparently endeavoring to vent a little pent-up jealousy through the medium of FOREST AND STREAM.

If the mild expression, on a few occasions only, of my individual opinion, in the FOREST AND STREAM, in connection with the State appropriations intelligently in your name, is sufficient basis for your assertion that I have "been very hostile" to the Commission, then I will plead guilty to that count in your indictment. Certainly have not antagonized them in other respects, and I do not care upon that point to insist. You certainly do not quote me correctly as to what I said in your office concerning my remarks before the Pennsylvania Legislature. After having referred to some of the misdirected efforts of our fishculturists and Fish Commissioners, I was asked by one of the members of the Legislature, in connection with the question, if I could recommend an appropriation for the Fish Commission. I replied that if I were to answer the question, either affirmatively or negatively, that no qualification, my reply would be highly misinterpreted. I do not, in my opinion the Legislature should grant a liberal appropriation for fishculture, but under proper conditions; that I had a high opinion of the Fish Commission, who ranked far above the other side of the State Commission, and could not conscientiously recommend an appropriation to be expended as heretofore; that most of the previous experiments were failures, that although these experiments were justified under the high water mark, there was no justification for further expenditures by the State in the same direction. I then recommended a consolidation of the Fish Commission with the State Board of Agriculture, as stated in my last communication. This is the substance of what I said briefly in your office, and in your editorial. I do not care to repeat to the Commission of New Jersey. I replied that I only knew Mr. Jenkins of Camden, that I was not aware that he had any experience in fishculture, that he was an authority on planked fish, but that, although, in my own experience, the public prosecutor, would be likely to make it hard for willing violators of the fish laws, and would be one of the most valuable Commissioners who had held the office in New Jersey.

And now in regard to your assertion that the carp "is a poor table fare," etc. I have conversed with over twenty persons who have tested their table qualities, and most of these parties were epicures. All except one extolled their table qualities, and this one's test was of a specimen taken from a filthy pond. I have never least bit of evidence of any kind that has had any other evidence of its wonderful success in numerous ponds constructed by me for several of the leading business men of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware. Nor do I think that the carp is a poor table fare. On the other hand, I am enthusiastically in favor of continued, well-directed, intelligent experimental work, such as most of that performed by the United States Fish Commission; but not constant repetition of exploded follies. By exposing the latter, I am aware that I am doing violence to the carp, but I do not think the FOREST AND STREAM is justified in its course of constant repetition of these follies, and I am not so stupid that I cannot understand the "true inwardness" of the petty antagonism which, like one of the snappish enemies of the carp, is thus indulging in the same old story. I do not think the FOREST AND STREAM is justified in its course of constant proper investigation, which would surely change its trend.

By reference to your editorial leader I find that I have not replied to you, denied that the Delaware was an original source of the carp, and that I do not care to repeat your assertion that it will me to prove mine, though I cannot furnish as direct proof as might be required in a court of law. For several years past numerous reliable Pennsylvania newspapers have published the following well-documented records of Pennsylvania make repeated reference to the abundance of salmon in the Delaware. An aged Quaker gentleman, recently deceased, whose grandparents were resident in Philadelphia in 1760, in a letter recently heard of in their day. The late Thaddeus Norris assured me in 1870 that he had no doubt of the Delaware being an original salmon stream, and well known to him as an industrious and reliable investigator of all matters relating to river fishes of



GLENCHO KENNEL'S RED IRISH SETTER BITCH "TRIX."
WINNER OF FIRST IN OPEN CLASS, NEW YORK, 1888.

America. Mr. Norris attributed their disappearance to continued fishing out of season.

I am now becoming an old man. While a mere boy I watched from the bank of a tiny green mountain brook the curious operations of a pair of trout over a bed of gravel, but could not imagine what they were up to. Doctors Garlick and Ackley were the first to enlighten me, years later. From that moment my investigations practically commenced. I have from time to time since, had opportunities of studying the New England trout streams, now practically barren. After patient investigations I have come to the conclusion that the depletion of the larger portion of our trout and salmon streams is, in the main, due to the clearing off of the forests and the tilting of the soil contiguous thereto, rendering them warm and muddy, and while these conditions exist I believe it useless to spend time and money in repeated attempts to restock them with members of the salmon family. If this constitutes me a crank, young men may see in the situation some reason for endeavoring to read me out of the fishculture ranks.

MILTON P. FERICE.
117 MARKET STREET, Philadelphia.

We repeat that we had no intention to belittle Mr. Pattee's efforts in behalf of fishculture. The question about which we wrote is with that gentleman was his reported statement that fishculture in the United States had not been successful. We believe that it has been. The matter under discussion has assumed the shape of a local dispute between Mr. Pattee and the former New Jersey Fish Commission, as to the manner in which the latter have expended the State appropriations for fishculture, and this point we may leave for them to settle among themselves. We believe that evidence is lacking to show that the Delaware was an original salmon stream, and this view is supported by the best authorities in the country.]

FISHING BY ELECTRICITY.—According to a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, the electrical apparatus of Prof. Baird's expedition is very complete. The search light is one of the most novel of the wonderful inventions of the nineteenth century. It consists of three Edison electric lights of sixteen-candle power each inclosed in a hermetically sealed glass case, which is surrounded by a glass globe, and capable of resisting the pressure of the water at a great depth. It is proposed to sink the lamp and illuminate the sea by turning on the light. This, it is expected, will attract the fish, and a net ten feet in diameter at its mouth, placed below the light, will draw at the proper time, and the unknown fish of the lower waters will be caught. "It is an improvement," said one of the officers of the ship, "on the method of the Indian, who searched the rivers at night time with a burning pine knot in the bow of his canoe, and a spear in his hand, but the idea is really stolen from him." Paymaster Read has the most perfect arrangements for his work. He will be able to photograph fish and shells, as soon as they are taken out of the water, by a vertical camera. This is necessary, as in some cases the air changes the form of some of the curiosities of the sea. The sea water will be brought to the surface from any depth desired for analysis. During the trip of the Albatross from Wilmington an arc light has been first successfully operated on an Edison circuit, and an invention has been completed for lighting the surface of the sea, which will be worked for signaling and for the prosecution of all kinds of work at night.

THE FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.—As we go to press the American Fishculture Association is in session in the room of the Farmer's Club, Cooper Institute, New York. The meeting will continue through Thursday, beginning at 11 A. M. As usual we will give a full report of the proceedings.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

Roundabout roads are out of favor. Short cuts are popular and practical. Besson's Carbine Powders Plaster is in this respect and in all others in advance of the times. It is fast superseding all other external remedies. It does not postpone; it acts to-day. It is commended by eminent physicians. It never fails to afford immediate relief. Price 25 cents. Word "Capsicle" cut in middle of the plaster.—*Advt.*

The good qualities of Greenwood's Improved Outlook are demonstrated by the constant and increasing demand for them in city and town, and by the universal favor they receive from boatmen, experience and understanding, also in their adoption by some boat clubs to the exclusion of all others, and again by the many testimonials of their superiority received from purchasers everywhere.

The Kennel.
To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

EXHIBITORS.

BENCH SHOWS.
June 12, 13, 14 and 15, 1888.—Chicago Bench Show, Chicago, Ill. Entries close June 1. Chas. Lincoln, Superintendent.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1888.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Mowbray's Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.
November 20, 1888.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.
December, 1888.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Eryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

THE DOGS AT THE NEW YORK SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have just finished reading Mr. Stuart Taylor's letter about the last New York show, and I feel inclined to reply to it in a few words. I entirely agree with him when he says, "There are a great many disagreeable people in this world, and the more I see and hear of this class of human beings, the better I love dogs." And it is because I do love dogs, the dogs of the present day and the very ones which Mr. Mason says "are degenerating into worthless curs" that I feel constrained to break a lance in their behalf. Mr. Taylor remarks that his standpoint may be too critical, I consider him most hypercritical—not of the managers, but where dogs and dog shows and judging is concerned. I thought so when his former letter to FOREST AND STREAM appeared, in which he said that he had attended one of our former shows and also one of the large English shows (Crystal Palace, I think it was), and, in his opinion the dogs at both places were a poor lot. Now, I am sure that his suspicion that he may be too critical is well founded.

Of all the pointers and English setters there was not one who was right in stern; in fact, they were all "faulty to a peculiar degree" as regards their "tails!" I wonder if Mr. Taylor thinks it best to improve upon nature, as was done in the case of the "tails" of two of his dogs, viz., the little bull-terriers Pogus and Kittie. It would seem unreasonable that out of one hundred pointers and nearly two hundred setters nature should not have seen fit to bestow at least one "stail" good enough for one rest of the dog! Says Mr. Taylor: "If any lover of the pointer will point out one to me that was on exhibition that is not faulty to a peculiar degree in stern, I will make him a present of any one of my dogs he may select." I am as much lover of the pointer as anyone, and I believe I could select pointers which were on exhibition and whose tails were all right. But I doubt if I could satisfy Mr. Taylor, and as I do not want any of his dogs I shall not make the attempt. I had only one dog at the show this year, and I know his "tail" would offend Mr. Taylor. In the ring he carries it somewhat after the manner of the foxhound, which the "excellent sportsman" confounds with the pointer, but in the field never found cause to complain of the graceful and efficient carriage of this same stern.

I do not pretend to know all classes of dogs as well as Mr. Taylor, but I do think I have a fair knowledge of pointers and setters. I take issue with anyone, be he English or American, who belittles our sporting dogs. I have had the pleasure of attending nearly all the large shows in this country, but I have never been in England when the large shows were open; so I can only speak from hearsay about the foreign dog shows. In 1880 Mr. Hugh Defauld told me that he had no idea that our dogs, particularly the sporting classes, were so good as he found them to be, and he told me that we could beat them in the very class of dogs which they particularly affect in England, viz., the English setter. This year Mr. Herbert Inman came to me and said that he had gone critically among the dogs, and that our show was better on the whole than the great English shows which he had attended last winter. This gentleman had just returned from England and is a judge of dogs.

I know we are not far behind our English cousins in sport-

ing dogs, as is too often said by some English dog dealers, who would be our teachers and counsellors and guides for a consideration! Let us do what Mr. Stuart Taylor suggests, "improve the dog as we improve the horse, by careful breeding and judicious selection," but do not let us be discouraged because our dogs and dog shows do not meet the approval of such men as Messrs. Mason and Graham.

ROBT. C. CORNELL.

NEW YORK.
Editor Forest and Stream:
Mr. Stuart Taylor says in his "Notes on the New York Dog Show": "I saw no English setter there I would give one hundred dollars for in current coin. Show me just one out of all that got grouped in the examining ring that did not carry right royally a defiant curling flag," etc. He also wanted one shown with a good chest, substance and bone, etc.

Now I trust that Mr. Taylor will accept my refutation of these sweeping charges in the spirit that prompts me to answer, as I will neither cur nor do I court any controversy, but I need not say this to Mr. Taylor, in good faith and kindly spirit, in justice to my dog; that if he will take the trouble to visit me the fourth house on Linden Boulevard, Flatbush, Long Island (street cars run every five minutes), I will tender him a most courteous, hospitable and delicately reception to my home, and take the utmost pleasure in proving to him that he did not scrutinize so carefully, nor is his sight so keen as he thought. For I have an orange and white field trial setter, three years old, full of as good useful substance, bone, sinew, perfect chest, and that he carries a tail "according to Hovle" always, and this same dog faced Major Taylor. This is no bid for his best dog. I don't want him. I only ask him not to conceal my dog because found in company inquired to his taste and fancy.

I agree with him in some things, but in regard to my dog I fear his wholesale slaughter has been indiscriminate. There is need for one to hold the end of my dog's tail. He has ample courage to do the same unaided. In conclusion let me add, I have others of this same type, fast staunch, and enduring—just such dogs as fill the eye, and good as ever greeted the gaze of practical sportsmen. WASHINGTON A. COSTER.

Editor Forest and Stream:
A few remarks seem to me called for by Col. Taylor's last letter:

1. As to breadth of shoulders in setters and pointers. I inquired if there were any later and better authorities on this subject than Stonehenge and Lidstone, whom I quoted as favoring narrow shoulders. In reply, Col. Taylor cites only Laverack, whose views on this point now are, I believe, generally conceded to have been wrong. The idea that breadth of shoulders greater, say, than Flat's, is essential to endurance and stamina is one that has very few adherents among the men who have given most intelligent attention to the subject. Col. Taylor ingeniously advances as an argument the fact that a narrow and shallow chest is undesirable in a man. So it is in a dog, and no one denies it. But I never heard that broad shoulders improved a man's chances in a long race or a short one. Depth of chest, thickness fore and aft, is pretty essential to good wind in a man. The analogy between man and the dog is not perfect, but so far as it goes, it is altogether against the Colonel. For use in harness broad-shouldered dogs are probably the best, although I do not wish to be supposed to speak as an expert on this point.

2. As to the color of setters. Col. Taylor wrote that the setters at the New York show of 1882 were "wretchedly colored." Now, the preponderating color having been shown to be blue-black or black and white, with or without tan, he merely says it does not look like liver. It is not necessary to pardon for doubting it being disliked by Col. Taylor is the same thing as being wretched.

3. As to liver being a "setter color." Here, also, the Colonel has toned down his original statement. He first said he remembered the time when it was regarded as exclusively confined to pointers and "everlastingly condemned" in a setter. Now he says it was regarded as "almost a bluish and not desirable." But even this last statement is too strong. The worst that should be said of liver is that for setters it is not so desirable as some other colors, principally, I think, because of its liability to fade. Faded liver is certainly a very ugly color, but it is my impression, although I do not know the fact, that a good deal of liver is as durable as any other color, and it is certainly handsome. To my mind it is absurd to regard it as a sign of impure breeding; while for utility in the field it is



GLENCHO KENNEL'S RED IRISH SETTER DOG "GLENCHO." WINNER OF FIRST PRIZE IN OPEN CLASS, PITTSBURGH, 1883.

unobjectionable. I should like to know just when it was everlaughly condemned. Was it during the career of Pride of the Border? Or before the existence of bench shows in America?

After what Col. Taylor has recently published in FOREST AND STREAM, I think he ought, in fairness, to show us, say at the next bench show in New York, what a setter or pointer should be. I should say he would be willing to take some trouble and incur considerable expense for the purpose. I for one shall look for his entry with some curiosity.

I am conscious that I have written in a more personal vein than I usually care to indulge in. I have done so because I consider that when a man writes in such a lofty strain of criticism as Col. Taylor, everyone else has a perfect right to examine and question his qualifications as a critic and to expose, if they can, his inconsistencies. It is hardly necessary to say that I concur in some of his ideas, especially about the tail-holding and setting up the dogs to look as wooden as possible. That kind of performance has often afforded me amusement, and I should be sorry, therefore, to have abolished. Pitzer, New York, June 2, 1883.

CHICAGO BENCH SHOW.

[From our Regular Chicago Correspondent.]

THE International Bench Show to be held here at Battery D Armory, June 12 to 15, inclusive, is attracting great attention over the country, and being under the management of Mr. Charles Lincoln, there is little doubt as to its great success. The judges selected are well qualified for the position, and it is considered very fortunate that such a selection has been made.

Some information was gathered by your correspondent as to entries, though the official closing is not until June 4. There will be about 1,000 dogs entered in the seventy-four classes. The secretary has heard from the East, and a special car will leave New York on Saturday evening with twenty-five dogs of the fox-terriers, Yorkshire terriers, pugs, bull-terriers and bulldogs, all first-prize winners. A great entry will be a wild Mexican dog, weighing only one pound and one ounce, by T. S. Peabody, of Chihuahua, Mexico, and it arrives here next week in charge of a guard, who never leaves him. This is the second time that one of these dogs has been exhibited in the United States. The other time was three years ago in New York, when a Mexican lady exhibited him. Another great entry is the celebrated pointer Bang Bang, entered by the Westminster Kennel Club for the first time in this country. He is now on his way across the waters. Every one will want to see him. The champion mastiff, Nevison, winner of thirty-three first prizes and cups, and the champion St. Bernard, Bonivard, both world champions will be exhibited. It is announced that the great and the beautiful champion Rake, will be exhibited. The Hornell Kennel Club will enter a number of spaniels. Mr. J. H. Whitman, of this city, will enter some famous dogs, and all in all, the promises for a grand and interesting show will be a large number of toys, poodles and pugs exhibited.

The building in which the show will be held is spacious and easy of access, and without doubt will be well filled each day with admiring crowds.

CHICAGO DOG SHOW.

At a meeting of the local committee of Chicago passenger agents, representing the following railroad companies: Baltimore & Ohio, Chicago & Grand Trunk, Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne & Chicago, Pittsburgh & St. Louis, the following circular has been issued: "Circular No. 45, Chicago Dog Show. To be held June 12th to 15th inclusive. Decided to carry dogs free, at owner's risk, when crated and accompanied by owner or caretakers."

The express companies have agreed to return dogs free if the same have prepaid their usual rates to the show.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt. Arrangements have been made for special baggage car which will leave Jersey City depot of Pennsylvania Railroad 6 P. M., Saturday, and go through to Chicago without transfer, arriving there about 8 A. M., Monday, thus giving the dogs a rest before the show opens. An experienced dog man will accompany the car to take care of the animals, and ample food and water will be provided. Those who desire to avail themselves of this opportunity must apply to Mr. W. T. Dunnell, Room 5, 160 Broadway, before 4 P. M. Friday.

GLENCHO AND TRIX.

WE give this week cuts of the red Irish setters, Glencho and Trix, owned by the Glencho Kennel, Peekskill, N. Y. Glencho is a capital specimen of the Irish dog, with out few faults. He made his bow to the public at Pittsburgh last April, where he easily captured first in the open class. He is not quite two years old and not yet fully matured. He is by champion Elcho out of champion Norsean. Trix is one of the best formed Irish bitches that we have ever seen. Her first appearance was at the New York show last month, where she won first in the open class. Soon after her arrival at the show she was purchased for the Glencho Kennel by Mr. Wm. K. Lentz, of Seville, Fla., who was offered a large advance upon the price paid, but wisely refused to part with her. She is three years old, and is also by Elcho and out of Pire Fly. Both are said to be excellent fielders, and their owners may well feel proud of them. The cuts are from sketches by Harry Tallman, and are capital likenesses.

THE SAN FRANCISCO DOG SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream: At your request I send you a few notes about the Dog Show of the Pacific Coast Kennel Club, held at San Francisco last week. To show your readers that I am thoroughly competent to perform the task, I will state, on possess, that I had the honor of assisting the judges at Watertown, in 1875, or at least one of them (I picked up his hat). I also had the supreme pleasure of howling at Chicago early the next year when the judges placed such weeds as Adam's Rock and old Leicester over my favorite, the beautiful Paris. I had my revenge, though, when Elcho beat Erin and Rufus. Here I rest my case, as the fact that I selected Elcho for premier honors upon his first appearance, when taken in connection with his since brilliant career, is proof "strong as holy writ" that as a reporter of dog shows I am *au fait*.

The show was held in Union Hall, on Howard street, commencing on Friday, April 27, and closing Wednesday, May 3. I was unable to be present until Monday, which was perhaps fortunate for me, as according to all accounts things were badly mixed during the first two days. Indeed, I thought that considerable more straightening out might with benefit have been applied to affairs all through the show. There were said to be about three hundred dogs present, which is perhaps a fair estimate. The catalogue was a "delusion and a snare," as many dogs entered were not to be found; but to balance this there were quite a number shown that were not down in the list; and worse than this, not a few of the dogs were entered in wrong classes. The building is not large enough for such a show, and the space allowed the spectators was at times uncomfortably crowded.

The dogs were upon the whole a fair lot, much better than I expected to see. The English setters were, as a class, the best of the show. The judging was upon the whole as satisfactory as could well be expected, although there was considerable growing by some of the "outs," but in most cases a glance at their exhibits would plainly show the error in judgment could not be charged against the gentlemen who made the awards. Take it as a whole, the show was fairly successful. Let us hope that it is the precursor of a series of meetings that will prove to be both a benefit and an honor to the sportsmen of the Pacific slope. I fully intended to give a learned dissertation upon the comparative merits of the dogs exhibited, but I find upon looking over my notes that owing to the lamentable ignorance displayed in classifying them, some of my winners were transferred to other classes, and I will therefore refrain from comments. *Verbum sap.* Following is a list of the awards:

FOXHOUNDS.

Dogs: 1st, Prof. E. P. Heald (imported Tracky); 2d, withheld. High com., J. M. Bassford (Np). Bitches: 1st, withheld; 2d, J. M. Bassford (Judy). Very high com., Fritch & Martin (Julia) and J. M. Bassford (Track).

GREYHOUNDS.

Dogs: 1st, J. J. Murphy (Stoneval Jackson); 2d, T. J. Cronin (Oshopee). Very high com., W. Lane (Julian). Bitches: 1st, Robert Lyson (Young Minnetta); 2d, John Dugan (Lily Newark). Very high com., T. White (Tyr); Jas. Henderson (Gypsy).

PUPPIES.

1st, J. E. Carroll (Master Paragon).

DEERHOUNDS.

SCOTCH.

Dogs: 1st, Capt. A. J. Hutchinson (Sheik).

SETTERS.

Dogs: 1st, H. D. Bartlett (Rob Roy); 2d, J. C. Nealon (Dlek). Very high com., D. E. Goodman (Bob). High com., J. de Vault (Bill). Bitches: 1st, E. H. Farmer (Queen); 2d, T. R. Jacobs (Fannie). Very high com., J. de Vault (Beauty); M. D. Goodman (Daisy G.). Puppies: 1st, E. H. Farmer (Marcks); 2d, John de Vault (Royal Duke). Very high com., H. D. Bartlett (California Rose). High com., R. W. Martin (Jim Budd); K. W. Martin (Bess); H. A. Mayhew (Mars).

LLEWELLYN.

Dogs: 1st, H. M. Briggs (Race, Jr.); 2d, R. W. Hills (Nemo). High com., Samuel Ustian (Ben). High com., Geo. Kanerer (Flush). Bitches: 1st, H. C. Chipman (Beatrice); 2d, H. M. Briggs (Fern). Very high com., Frank G. Abell (Red Bess). High com., Wm. Hearst (Kate H.).

IRISH.

Dogs: 1st, Dr. H. C. Davis (Duke); 2d, F. A. Tafts (Dorr). High com., J. S. Van Doren (Paisy). Bitches: 1st, C. Krumback (Nellie); 2d, T. J. O'Keefe and S. L. Abbott (Noggy). Puppies: 1st, E. N. Underwood (Fannie); 2d, W. W. Morrison (Professor).

POINTERS.

Dogs: 1st, G. W. Bassford (Razer Boy); 2d, prize withheld. Very high com., R. E. Bell (Jack). Com., Dr. H. C. Davis (Hes). Bitches: 1st, G. W. Bassford (Gracie Bow); 2d, G. W. Bassford (Josie Bow). Puppies: 1st, Geo. H. Peabody (Victor Bow); 2d, H. A. Bassford (Bluffe Bow). Very high com., J. M. Bassford (Keno Bow); Gen. G. B. Crosby (Bow, Jr.).

SPANIELS.

No award. KING CHARLES. Dogs or Bitches: 1st, Albert Miller (Dash); 2d, A. W. Havens (Roger). High com., C. A. Story (Beau).

ENGLISH WATER.

Dogs: 1st, R. C. Johnson (Janius); 2d, J. F. Hoffmann (Sam). Bitches: 1st, John N. Korner (Nigger); 2d, Wm. Dotal (Nell). Puppies: 1st, Miss V. Rutler (Kidulo-a-Wink).

ENGLISH RETRIEVERS.

Dogs: 1st, C. A. Tullio (Curley); 2d, E. H. Fritch (Bob). Bitches: 1st, John N. Korner (Nigger); 2d, Wm. Dotal (Nell). Very high com., James Lawler (Juno).

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Dogs: 1st, John Gufflet (Dovefoot); 2d, J. E. Slenkey (El Monte). Very high com., S. Stahr (Dick). Bitches: 1st, Wm. Cawley (Flora).

ST. BERNARDS.

Dogs: 1st, M. L. S. Ancona (Lion); 2d, H. M. Norton (Jack). Very high com., W. H. J. Mathews (Poon).

GREAT DANES.

Dogs or Bitches: 1st, A. B. Sprackels (Dianna); 2d, O. Tolle (Baton). Puppies: 1st, O. Tolle (Major).

MASTIFFS.

Dogs or Bitches: 1st, James Henderson (Juno); 2d, W. F. Pettigrew (Spot). Puppies: 1st, Thomas F. McNamara (Queen).

COLLIES.

Dogs: 1st, J. McNab (Max). Bitches: 1st, J. Cullingham (Gypsy).

DALMATIANS.

Dogs: 1st, Dr. E. H. Woolsey (Spot). Very high com., Dr. E. H. Woolsey (Speck). Bitches: 1st, A. J. Kelly (N-His Dotzoe); 2d, H. B. Sloonin (Ruby).

BULLDOGS.

Dogs: 1st, F. W. Sharon (Tiger); 2d, W. I. S. Hgley (Bull). Bitches: 1st, A. B. Trueman (Sally McElhattan).

TEBRIERS.

Dogs or Bitches: 1st, W. M. Beger (Sabbath); 2d, Samuel Ambler and J. H. D'Arcy (Nell). Very high com., F. Hoagler (Lion).

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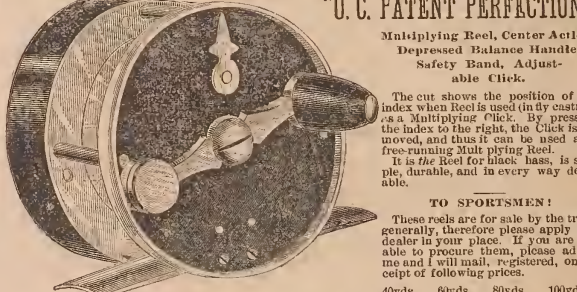
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THE TEAM QUESTION.

BEFORE the issue of another number of the FOREST AND STREAM, the American team will have sailed for the British shores. They will go accompanied, we are sure, with the best wishes of every American citizen, and we hope with enough of the coin of the republic to make their jaunt a pleasant one and enable them to fitly discharge the duty of representing the American National Guardsmen on foreign ranges.

With the history of the make-up of that team our readers are familiar. It is a squad which fairly represents to-day the best available shooting material in the ranks of our citizen soldiers. It is not easy to secure a dozen or more men who are willing and ready to make such a trip as that undertaken by the American team, and especially when these men must be experts in a very difficult art.

The National Guard of the country does not make a very creditable showing in this matter. After months of notice, we find but twenty-nine men appearing to contest for places on the team, and of these several were shooting merely for a record. The fact is, that marksmanship has not yet become a part of the Guard system here. While the public and the men in uniforms will flock from near and far to witness a contest in the manual of arms, or to see a picked company strut up and down a paved plaza in the evolutions of the squad drill, but a man here and there can be found who has a well-founded knowledge of ball practice, and who can put that knowledge into play. Aside from the beggarly show which the Guard of the whole country makes when compared with the whole male adult population, there is wanting in the Guard, as at present organized, that conception of a soldier's duty which gives to rifle shooting an important place.

But the team as organized is a strong one. A glance over the records made during the weeks of preparation and drill at Creedmoor, will show to the experienced reader that the men come very near to the maximum which may reasonably be expected of a military breech-loader. A year ago the

British team, which visited America, and had such an easy victory, were not as competent as the men now leaving our shores. That is, judged by the records made by them in practice and in the match. There were certain points in which the English team showed great strength. Individually they were far in advance of the men who composed the American team, and we cannot hope to equal them in that respect until we too have secured such an immense field of choice as is shown in the ranks of the British Volunteers. This year will find a system of team management and discipline, which will mean a great many points on the American score.

Public opinion in regard to the team has been largely modified by the action of the Board of Directors. A great deal of childish wrangling and foolish exhibition of petty spite on the part of the "has-beens," has served to bring the whole matter into much dispute. There should not have been from the start anything concealed or done in an underhand fashion. There was such a star-chamber proceeding, and while the popular verdict would, in all probability, have sustained the directors had they declared their opinion that the rejected marksman was an undesirable person to place on a team, there is no doubt that the N. R. A. management has lost much in popular confidence by the far from manly fashion in which Mr. Farrow's case was disposed of. This is a matter which, so far as the present team is concerned, has passed into a "by-gone," and unpleasant things of that sort are always best when forgotten.

The work of the team is before it, and for that work it is fully competent. Col. Howard may not be statuesque, but he has managed to show that he has a quiet working method, and if the men are acting in good faith on the ammunition question, he ought to know just what he can rely on from each man. This is something which the captain of the last team never did know. Should defeat come to the Americans, it will simply be that chance of conflict which may at times send the best equipped and most competent adversary to the wall. It will not be from that utter disparity between the opposing forces which marked the match of 1882.

The pressing need now of the team is a substantial financial backing. The entire National Guard of the country will be disgraced if the team is sent abroad poorly equipped, and the civilian citizen will share in that disgrace. From our knowledge of the management of the team we feel safe in vouching for the economical expenditure of all funds raised for this purpose. There has been much sacrifice of time, labor and money by the men on the team, far more than may ever be known to the world at large; but every man who will feel a thrill of pleasure in the victory of the team should do something toward bringing such a result about and this can be done in a measure by liberal subscriptions.

FISICULTURE IN ENGLAND.

IT is only within the past two or three years that a few of the more advanced fishculturists of England have taken to reading the reports of what has been done in the United States and in Germany, and have candidly told their fellow workers that England was far, very far behind those countries. It is exceedingly hard for Englishmen to believe that their land is not up to the standard in all things, and when Mr. Arthur Chambers, President of the English Fisicultural Association, and Mr. R. B. Marston, editor of the *Fishing Gazette*, both publicly stated that their country was far in the rear in this matter, it created some surprise. The fact is, that for years there have been some efforts in this direction, but they have been the work of individuals, who realized the necessity of increasing the stock of fishes, but who lacked the financial support of the government. Mr. Francis Francis early started the good work of salmon breeding, and of sending the eggs to Australia, and he was followed by Mr. Buckland, who, however, seemed to be ignorant of what had been done abroad, and therefore groped in the dark to a great extent. To illustrate this, he packed salmon eggs for Australia on the day they were taken and, of course, lost them, where if he had taken the pains to read American reports, he would have learned a fact known for years previous by all intelligent fishculturists, that the egg does not bear long transportation well until the embryo is visible to the unassisted eye.

These facts have been called up by the following extract from a report on the International Fisheries Exhibition in the London *Field*, which says of the American display:

In pisciculture there is a large and varied show of models and other apparatus. Many of the models appear to be rather needlessly complicated, though exceedingly ingenious. There were plans

of batcheries, trays, carriers, hatching boxes in various forms and of varied ingenuity. The same may be said of a large collection of models of fish passes and salmon ladders. They are ingenious beyond all doubt; but many of them are, we fear, too ingenious to be practicable. In these matters there are certain broad principles to be observed: if these be recognized the work is easy; but if they be not, all the ingenuity in the world will not replace them. Among the most interesting things in the American exhibit is a large and fine series of black and white pictures of all manner of piscicultural operations. The United States have done well, and although they make a fine exhibition.

If there is anything in which the fishculturists of America excel it is in their apparatus which is designed to accomplish the greatest results in the least space and with the minimum of labor. There have been implements devised which are needlessly complicated, and these are possibly shown with the Government collection, but they are not those which are in common use, or which will be found in the models of the best batcheries. Of the salmon ladders which the *Field* fears are "too ingenious to be practical" there are some which exceed by far any in use in Europe. For instance, the McDonald fishway may appear to be complicated, but its principle, which is different from any other, is simple enough when seen at work, and a fishway up which a man can row or pole a boat is certainly a practical one. The "broad principles" in the construction of fishways, a diminished speed of water down an incline as short as possible. The device which accomplishes this in the best and cheapest manner, need not fear to be called ingenious.

There are some excellent private fishcultural establishments in England which sell eggs and fry at high prices, such as obtained in America ten years ago, but beyond stocking the waters of some of the nobility, not much has been done. The proposition to hatch what in England are termed "coarse fish," such as pike, and the cyprinoids of the rivers, has received much favor, and if the new Association carries it out, it will afford both food and sport for those who do not own vast parks with lakes and streams, which are of use only to the owners. We believe that the day will come, and come soon, when England will work up to the present high standard of fishculture on the Continent and in America, and those who plainly tell the people that they are behind other countries in breeding fish are the best friends of the cause. If the new Fisicultural Association can work up popular interest in this question and obtain government recognition and financial aid, we expect to see a body of progressive fishculturists spring up in that land that will make their mark on this industry, provided that some person whose only claim to distinction is a long title is not put at the head of it.

England has several earnest workers in this field besides the gentlemen named. Mr. Charles W. Harding has been experimenting with the breeding of mussels and oysters in Norfolk; Mr. Charles C. Capel, of Fooks Kra, Kent, has a hatchery for *Salmonidae* which is well known on this side of the water, and there are others who are earnest, capable men, who should long ago have had charge of government works to provide fish for the million, instead of for the few wealthy persons who plant them merely for sport.

Fisiculture in England has been mainly a toy for the rich to play with, and hence there has not been that stimulus to devise space-saving and labor-saving apparatus, which will turn out millions of fish into the public waters at the least expense. It has never had the slightest aid from the Government, notwithstanding the fact that thousands are engaged in the coast fisheries, and that the people consume vast quantities of fish. The salmon rivers of Great Britain are kept from exhaustion by protection alone, but with a plentiful yearly stocking would produce many more fish than at present. The Fisheries Exhibition, now in progress in London, should open the eyes of the Members of Parliament to these facts.

THE REPORTS RECEIVED from the various fishing localities, far and near, would seem to indicate that the prospects for the sport this summer are unusually good. The season opened very late in all localities, and those who tried the overfished streams near the cities, as soon as the law was off, returned disappointed, with empty creels and drooping rods. We are inclined to believe, however, that this is to be a good fish year, and that the same old frosts and storms, which annually destroy the peach, the corn, the wheat and the ice crop, have this year left the trout and the bass harvest unharmed.

DR. JAMES A. HENSSELL will publish in illustrated book form the two series of "Florida Sketches," contributed to this journal. The entertaining material contained in those papers was ample for a successful volume; and our readers will welcome them in the new form.

HOW TO BUY A DOG.

A SAD-EYED, low-voiced correspondent, who writes to us from Western New York, and who signs himself "Victim," asks our advice. He complains that when people write to us, and ask us where they can buy a dog, we always refer to our advertisers, and asks what guarantee the inquirer has that the dog he purchases will be as represented, and what is to prevent him from being victimized, as our correspondent has been. He suggests that a person may advertise a number of pups with a pedigree as long as one's arm, for sale at a certain price, but what can a one do after raising one of these pups, and finding that he has a curly-tailed pointer or setter?

We will try to answer our correspondent's questions. We refer inquirers to our advertisers, because they are the only people we know who have dogs for sale. A man should not buy a dog without seeing it, or, if it is a young puppy, seeing its parents. Moreover, it is by no means certain that all the puppies of two excellent dogs will be as good as their parents. On the contrary, it almost always happens that one or two of a litter will have a tendency to revert to some ancestor which had faulty characteristics, and one can never be sure what he has got in buying a puppy. Pedigrees are excellent things in their way, but they are not by any means every thing, and the most splendidly bred dog in the world may fail to show the good points of his sire and dam. People in this country at present are rather given to buying pedigrees and not dogs. Of course they make the purchase in the hope of getting dogs, but they are too often disappointed. Any one who has had much experience with dogs, of whatever breed, should know that in buying a puppy he is taking a great many chances of being disappointed, and the man who has not time to breed and break his own dogs, will save money, time, and an infinite deal of wear and tear of mind by purchasing an old well-broken dog. We may repeat here some remarks printed in these columns nearly two years ago, which will give our readers our views on the very important subject of buying dogs:

In all transactions between buyer and seller, only the strict rules of business should obtain.

What should we think of a merchant who, seeing an advertisement of goods by a stranger, should send his check for the amount demanded without first satisfying himself that the advertiser was thoroughly responsible? How do you suppose his balance sheet would average on such ventures? We know that many men, who are considered sound upon most subjects, are entirely dumb when anyone says dog in their presence, and are easily persuaded to overstep the bounds of prudence in their eagerness to secure some canine paragon, whose perfections are glowingly described in a speciously worded advertisement. There are also many men of stolid habits and quiet lives, who, feeling the need of relaxation, naturally turn to the sports of the field and, all untaught to the ways of business, and guileless of the wiles of a wicked world, confidently comply with the request of some unscrupulous scoundrel to "send the money," and "hold, and to let, that men better." Perhaps an idea of what is proper in the matter would induce them to make inquiry as to the reliability of the advertiser, but an innate feeling of diffidence, that leads them to scrupulously avoid wounding the feelings or giving offense to their fellow men, restrains them and they become the dupes of designing knaves, who knew full well that beyond a letter or two of mild reproach they are safe from any attempt at recovery of their ill-gotten gains; and, emboldened by success, they continue their similar operations as long as they can find victims. So great are the dangers that attend such purchases, and to so great an extent have these dishonest dealers practiced their tricks, that in justice to honest dealers, summary measures should be at once adopted, to put an end to their career. This can easily be accomplished if every one wishing to purchase will take the ordinary precautions that should be observed in any business transaction.

No honest dealer will object to the closest scrutiny regarding the animal he may offer for sale, nor to the fullest inquiry as to his own reliability and responsibility, and no fear of a possibility of wounding any one's sensibilities should deter would-be purchasers from fully satisfying themselves in these respects, or perfect immunity from becoming the victims of fraud.

Before purchasing a dog it is, if possible, very important that you should see him at actual work in the field or game, in order that you may know how he does his work, and learn just how he has been handled. When this is not practicable, you should receive from his owner minute instructions as to all different words, signs and whistles used, as well as a full description of any peculiarities that he may possess, either natural or acquired. You will also find it greatly to your advantage to become well acquainted with him before taking him into the field, particularly if he is young, or has not had experience.

That the complaints of purchasers, who think that they have been cheated, are sometimes unjust or perhaps entirely without the pale of reason, we are well aware. It is often the case that persons who buy a dog are woefully ignorant of everything pertaining to canine management, and because their purchases will not in a faultless manner execute their commands—which probably are enunciated in language which the poor animal has never heard in his life—they at once pronounce him worthless, and seizing their pen, they write us pages of vilification and abuse of the seller, who very likely is entirely honest and has sent them an animal which is just as represented by him.

Every one who has had much experience with dogs should know that, no matter how perfectly trained a dog may be, in the hands of a stranger, he may never so expert a handler, with perhaps the advantage of having witnessed the manner in which his former owner worked him, the animal will not acquit himself nearly so well as when under the eye of his accustomed master. This to one of slight experience is a prolific source of disappointment, and as first impressions are generally the most indelible, often ends in discarding a really worthy animal, whose only fault is that he cannot at once "off with the old love and on with the new."

It is an occasion of regret among Canadians that Mr. J. U. Gregory, of Quebec, could not have gone to London in charge of the Canadian fishery exhibit, his important official duties detaining him in Quebec. It was due in a very large measure to Mr. Gregory's energetic services that Canada's display is so large and complete.

The Sportsman Tourist.

MAJOR JIM O.

JIM O. was a warbler of a different feather from slouchy old Davy W. Dave might be likened to that solitary bird with ventriloquist "kolk" that boys call rain-crow. His manner was that of a trained canary, and he sang the far-off hush-a-by-baby sound, like the rhythmic beatings of a steamer's paddles on a still summer night. While on the other hand, Jim O. seemed to be a cross between a blue jay and a guinea fowl, with all the pert impudence of the one, and the incessant cackle of the other. I think, too, he might be classed among game birds, for there is little doubt but that he would "lie to a dog." In truth, when indulging in his favorite amusement he was never handicapped, whether by either time, place or subject. "No put up Utica" evoked Jim's powers. He could lie in one State as well as in another, and all over the Union whenever the occasion demanded it. Quick in his motions, self-assured in manner and glib of tongue was Major Jim. There was, in truth, no flattery in Major Jim's talk. The words came out of his mouth like stones from a hand-cannon. Sometimes they seemed to come out in "ready-made" sentences—to come out from both corners of his mouth at once, and then run together like a flock of flying geese. Yet Jim was no goose. He had a mother wit that made up in a great measure for his lack of education, and an assurance that fitted him over every difficulty. To many of his associates he was a prodigy of learning, and they listened with open-mouthed wonder to his long Latin quotations, whose meanings neither speaker nor audience had the remotest idea.

My first meeting with the Major was wholly accidental. It was a beautiful day in October, and the sun, hanging low in the western sky,

Shot shafts of gold
O'er shining river and darkened wood

and shone with mellow radiance upon our camp at Brushy Lake. Besides the writer, our party counted as follows: Lucien R., a young planter, Ben H., my old neighbor, and old Steve Slaughter. A word about old Steve. He was one of those unfortunate captives left by that defunct institution, who were "freedmen" by the name, but who were the property of their old masters and buy-outs. A genuine African, with a genuine Afro-American dialect. His grizzled beard, his woebegone look, and shambling walk, with his spical collar carried at an angle of forty degrees with the plane of the horizon, generally led the casual observer to think him old and decrepit. Yet such was not the case, for although he boasted of having "lived ten thousand for nowt" a hundred year, he had at the time of which we write scarcely passed the half-way station on man's allotted pilgrimage. Polite and obliging, brim full of humor, a good singer, with a rich, mellow voice, and a laugh of whose "music" no combination of the letters of our alphabet can give the least idea, Steve, with his half dozen many curs, was always welcomed whenever we went on a "bar" hunt, which was our present business.

The letter to enable the reader to form a mental picture of Steve, let me state that he was a *recomber* of more than ordinary merit, and had a habit before speaking of always doffing his weather-beaten chapeau and placing it under his left arm, and accompanying his recital with a continual bobbing up and down of his head. He was an old Muscovy drake when talking of his "plum" and "plum" and "plum" peculiarly. He invariably began his replies and interlarded his stories with the words "Yes, my master," and contrary to the habit of his race, and to his own usage generally, he always gave the vowel in these words the flat sound which it has in the word fate, or more correctly the prolonged sound which we hear in the good-morning "ma-a" of an angry goat.

On the occasion of which we write, Steve, armed and equipped with a greasy haversack and an old army musket, and lurching as he came through the woods the bugle note of a callophe, had followed Ben and myself into camp, to which we had just returned after an unsuccessful drive. Just as Steve reached our camp a stranger, doubtless led by Steve's song, was seen approaching, riding upon a mule. We were not long to learn who our new visitor was. Riding up, he addressed our party generally: "Glad to meet you, gentlemen. Glad to strike you, sirs. Out hunting stry stock; heard that old darkey's racket and followed him in, you see."

He then went on to inform us that he was Major Jim O., that he had lately moved on to the Bryndake plantation, etc., ending by a request that we should give him a place in our party. Having completely lost his bearings, and having no idea of the way home. We invited him to get down from off his mule, and suggested to him that Lucien R., who had not as yet returned to camp, would soon be in, and intending to return home after an old strike dog that had been accidentally left behind, would put him in the Cold Lake road, and thus enable him to reach Bryndake. He had previously met Lucien R., and they had agreed to go together. Introducing myself and Ben H., and not forgetting old Steve who, doffing his beaver and making a low bow, said, "I see glad to see you, Mister Major." I pointed our visitor to a seat on a convenient log. He had hardly taken his seat before, as Steve remarked after he had gone, "he give tongue like a young dog on a wet rail."

"Really glad to see you, Col. Glad I met you, sir. Hear you're from the old Dominion—a native of the grand old State myself, sir. Born on the shores of the classic James, educated at her noble university, sir."

"Ah," I broke in as he paused to draw breath, "I had the honor of being expelled from that noble institution myself, I suppose, Major, you were a student what time old Gess sat in the canine chair."

"Ah, they say I was," he answered. Never could remember names, sir—never could. Old Gess or old Reckon or something of that sort. I'm just like old Joe Fisher, sir—lived down in Warren county, five miles from Vicksburg, all his life, sir—never went to town but he had to ask somebody the name of the place, sir. Forgot his own name once, sir. Couldn't draw on his merchant—niggers liked to starved to death, sir."

The conversation which may be called a one-sided affair, then drifted into other channels, and in the meantime, while Major Jim, like an old maid at a watering place, was fast getting over his bashfulness, Lucien R. was seen approaching camp. "What luck, Mr. R.?" asked the Major, as he came near, for, as was before mentioned, they were acquainted.

"None at all, Major," he answered. "They say that old

Zack Lukins killed seven bear one day last week, and it seems that the others, if any are left, have vamoosed the ranch."

"That's so," said the Major. "B'ars will leave when you make it too hot for 'em, sir. Why, sir, when I was doin' business for old Judge Snides, down in Madison parish—plantation by the name of the river—Mississippi River you know—one night I was sittin' on my gallery smokin', sir—moon comin' up over the trees on t'other side the river—stars shinin' bright—not er cloud in the sky, and everything jest as still as er dead mule, sir. Well, first thing I knowed I heerd a kinder noise way 'er cross the river, and it sonned rater low like at first, and then it kept gittin' louder and louder, and when I could stand it no longer, sir, I jest jumps up on my feet and I says, 'Old comin' up, sir. God, old, old, comin' up, sir. Well, first thing I knowed I heerd a kinder noise way 'er cross the river, and it sonned rater low like at first, and then it kept gittin' louder and louder, and when I could stand it no longer, sir, I jest jumps up on my feet and I says, 'Old comin' up, sir. 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more for a watch-dog than anything else. After going twelve miles up the valley we reached the Santa Ynez Mountains, and began the ascent. We lightened the load for the mules by getting out and walking up the steep places. Wild cherry or plum trees grew abundantly by the roadside, and their sweet fruit was very refreshing. When plentifully marked of this fruit sometimes intoxicates a person. The day being warm, we toiled slowly up the mountain. Several times we came upon the trail of a huge rattler or other snake, which lazily dragged itself across the dusty road, and after two hours hard climbing, we reached the summit. The view alone well repaid us for the exertion. Range upon range of brush and timber covered mountains stretched before us for miles. Three thousand feet above, and far beyond the canyon, the road in the distance now disappears nor reappears further on, until it is lost to sight in the distance. Fifteen miles away is the grand Pacific, its various currents plainly visible; some of dazzling brightness from the sun shining upon them, and others of a deep blue color. In the air above are a number of vultures that would measure from eight to ten feet across the wings, lazily wheeling about in large circles. Everything is quiet. Even the birds are silent from the heat. A cool and refreshing breeze pervades the scene. One almost imagines he could live forever on nothing but climate and this enchanting view. But we are soon roughly aroused from our reverie by the voice of Frank telling us to "come on, and not keep us waiting all day!" We reluctantly leave the spot, and getting in the wagon begin the descent. On making a sharp curve we rai over a rattlesnake, and it being only crippled, we couldn't resist the temptation to go and get his earthly career, thus adding his nice rattles to our collection, the largest of which consists of fourteen rattles and a button.

We ate our lunch in a shady recess near the road, where a cold spring of pure water bubbles up, and by two o'clock reached the foot of the mountain. About five o'clock we came to the ranch of Mr. Cyrus Marshall and decided to camp there for the night. Mr. M. being an indelicate but we were somewhat surprised to see himself and wife dressed in the most refined and elegant style and good looking on the front porch, but, we found out later, they were keeping Mouday for Sunday, and were horrified when we informed them of their mistake.

We were on the road by daylight the next morning, and camped about eighteen miles up the Santa Ynez River at a beautiful spot. We were kept awake that night by the coyotes, and it being moonlight we endeavored to get a shot at them, but were unsuccessful. Before the sun had risen Jim and I went out and got the traps, and set out two companions to their stumblers, hastily rigged our fish tackle, and stole down to the river a few feet away. The river is not more than thirty yards wide at any place, but it is very clear and contains lots of trout. We made a cast and immediately felt a tug, and then a rush, and presently landed a fine one that would weigh a pound and a half. In a few minutes twenty-three were in our creel, averaging a pound and a half in weight, and had a very good number of them were in the frying pan. The savory odor greeted the nostrils of Jim and Frank on awakening, caused them to den their clothes in haste. After a breakfast of fried trout, camp biscuit and coffee with condensed milk, we made our plans for the day. We were all going to hunt. Jim started out one way and Frank another, while we spent a few minutes to fix up things around camp. Just before leaving we turned to look across the river and saw a large coyote trailing along. He was about a hundred yards away, and taking good aim we blazed away. A little pop of dust raised beyond him, and the fact was made apparent that we were not Dr. Carver or some other famous shot. We concluded not to shoot again, for when we got ready the coyote was about half a mile away. When he heard the shot he started, and all that could be seen of him was a grayish streak.

Before we had fairly started from camp we heard Frank fire six or seven shots in rapid succession, and soon he came running to camp after Dave to help him in capturing two bucks he had wounded. Dave took the track of the one that had gone toward the river, but after going half a mile lost the track, and appeared much at fault. We assisted him, and finally he found it again and soon came upon the deer. He was vigorous and two year-old buck, with one hind leg broken, but he was well rested, and the fight was truly exciting. The deer would strike most forcibly with his fore feet, but the dog would watch his chance, and seize him by the throat, choking him down, when, losing his hold from exhaustion, the fight would begin again with renewed fury. But it was evident that the dog would prove the victor, and calling him off we shot the deer through the head. After trying in vain to drag him to camp, we huffed Dave and he returned to the trail, and in arriving at the spot where it was shot we put Dave on the track, and in a few minutes we saw him ascending the ridge to the west of us. We followed, and a long and toilsome trip it was. Dave occasionally returned to us to see that everything was right, and then would take up the trail again. We continued on over mountains and across cañon for at least six miles, when we heard Dave baying. We increased our pace to a run, but found that he had come upon a three or four year-old buck, with all one leg broken. Everything showed that the battle had been severe, but Dave had conquered, and the deer was now at his mercy. After resting about twenty minutes we pushed the buck with our feet, when he jumped up straight nearly six feet and started down the mountain, bounding over brush and rocks at a rapid rate, but by the time he had gone two hundred yards Dave had him again, and he was soon dispatched. We had followed the deer fully six miles, and were now five miles from camp, as tired and footsore as can well be imagined. We hung the buck and lugged back to camp, gave Dave an early dinner and washed him in the river, he being covered with blood from his recent encounters. Jim returned with a few quail as the result of his skill.

The next day we found a bee tree near camp and Jim rode one of the mules eight miles to borrow an axe to cut the tree down, as we were not in possession to do the same of our own. Mr. Moore, the proprietor of the ranch, was camped. The name of the ranch was Tequempis (Ta-ka-pis) a Spanish word, the meaning of which I do not know. On Jim returning with the axe we proceeded to cut the tree, and although it was no easy task, secured about ten gallons of honey clear as crystal, and left a great deal beside. Every article of material was filled, and for some time it was about the sweetest article we had ever well imagine. On the following day, we moved our camp a few miles on. After while driving at a sharp trot we came upon a young buck feeding by the roadside. He didn't seem to see us until we

were opposite him, and we were so near that we could almost of quite touch him with the whip. He ran about two hundred yards and stopped, looking at us, as if wondering who we were. He had probably never seen the like before. As we had plenty of fresh meat we didn't bother him. Going on a few miles further we came upon a hunter's cabin. The occupant had not seen the face of a white man for three months and was overjoyed to see us, and gave us the privilege of using anything of his that we cared to. He was a fine specimen of a backwoodsman, standing full six feet, straight as an arrow and a fine shot. Surrounded by his dogs, horses and chickens he leads a secluded life. He had about thirty deer skins, and pressed us to accept all the "jerkey" we wanted. He informed us that he came from New Orleans in 1860, and since then had led the life of a hunter and trapper. His prejudice against the breed-keeper is so strong that he would not allow one the space it took up, and so he uses the muzzle-loader entirely, hardly looking at our Winchester.

We pushed on two or three miles further and camped. Not having any fish for supper, Jim and the writer went to the river and saw in one pool what we estimated to be at least a thousand trout, and in the shallow water we caught enough with our hands for two or three meals. Nice, large ones, too. We killed a rattlesnake that day that measured four feet in length and twelve inches in circumference. It was the largest we had ever seen and had eleven rattles. The next morning we saw three deer feeding on the mountain about four hundred yards away, while we were eating breakfast. Frank took his rifle, and by making a detour succeeded in bringing one down. I went to his assistance, while Jim went after a couple of coyotes he saw some distance away. When I reached Frank saw water, that he had killed one of the largest bucks I had ever seen. The bullet went in one ear and came out the other, killing the deer instantly. Frank declared that he had killed it at fully 275 yards. We disputed the matter with him, until we stepped the distance off and it was just 133 paces. With difficulty we dragged the deer down the mountain and then went to camp and hitched the mules to the wagon to bring the deer to camp, but he was so large that we could not lift him into the wagon, even after the entrails were removed, and we were not very weak, either. By cutting the head off we finally got him into the wagon by very hard lifting, and started for the camp. If Nast could have seen us tugging away at that deer he might have enriched Horner's with a cartoon that would have added to his fame. After returning to camp it was hard work to hang him high enough to dress, but after much trouble succeeded in doing so. He was undoubtedly the largest deer we ever saw, and his wide branching antlers probably grew the walls of Frank's ranch at the present moment. Jim returned after we had accomplished all the hard work, minus a coyote, but with a lynx he had killed. Its color was white and yellow, and it was eighteen inches tall and twenty-nine inches long. We saw a large bear track that day that measured nine by fourteen inches. Its large size was caused probably by the hind foot stepping in the track made by the front foot.

No hours were seen by us on that trip, though numerous tracks were noticed. The writer killed only one deer, and that was a small one. We killed a great many quail, they being very plentiful, some flocks that I have seen numbering thousands. When a flock of that size take wing the noise made resembles distant thunder. In some places farmers have to guard their young grain from their depredations. We saw many deer that we did not shoot at, because we had plenty of fresh meat. One herd contained thirteen, all grown ones. Although we saw no bears on this trip, we did on others, and in the future may describe how we were treed by an old chufout.

FALLS CITY, Neb.

FROM A SPORTSMAN'S NOTEBOOK.

NEVER could understand why all compass needles are not of such form as to designate, at a glance, the north pole.

Most of the pocket compasses have the needle pointed alike at both ends, one end being polished, and the other, the north, left blue.

Suspecting a fellow, having failed to notice this difference, should become lost, and "compass" turned around, "what use would the compass be to him? Of course, no old hunter would be caught in any such foolish scheme, but the tenderfoot might. If the f. were a scientific man, or one who happened to remember all the points in the natural philosophy of his school-days, he could easily prove to himself which was the north pole of the needle as follows: Set the compass on a level spot on the ground, hold the gun nearly vertical, and the muzzle of the end of the needle outside the case of the compass, would point to the ground, and violently repelled; this is the north pole. In the Southern Hemisphere he would have similar effects with the south pole, or blank end of the needle. Any mass of iron, set on end, would answer the same purpose as the rifle barrel. This effect is supposed to be due, partially, to the "magnetic moment" of the iron, and also to the natural polarity due to the earth's influence, a subject of prolonged study by Sir W. S. Harris, who published a report for the use of iron ships.

Last Sunday I watched the movements of a crow-blackbird in my door yard. He was only about twenty feet from me, and by using an opera glass I could see everything plainly. He would hop around and tip his head to one side and peck steadily for a moment at the sod, then with a few picks he would bring out an angle worm. This he would put his foot on and pull in two, and swallow the parts. Finally he found what appeared to be a May bug. This he pulled to pieces, but I could not tell whether he swallowed any of it or not, but he kept what appeared to be the legs or thighs, and, perhaps, some other parts in his mouth. Then he found more worms and would lay down the pieces of bug until he had eaten the worm. This he repeated several times, always picking up the pieces of bug, which he finally flew away with. I suppose these were tidbits for his young.

Talking about fishing, I did some funny work one time. It was during the war. I was on the Gulf, bound for South-west Pass, mouths of the Mississippi, from Brazos de Santiago. The little schooner was sailing along very slowly, when we noticed some large fish acting very strangely. One was much larger than the rest. I should think, as I remember it, some five or six feet long. This one kept directly under the boat, except when she came out to chase away five or six smaller ones, perhaps thirty inches long. She

would drive them further than we could see in the beautiful clear water, but returned to false station under the boat, to be soon followed by the smaller ones, which would linger just under and alongside the rail. We had a dolphin line over the stern, with a rag attached to the large hook. I took this hook and bound it to the end of a pole, with the stout cord still attached to the hook, and carried up the pole as a means of safety. With this rig I sat on the rail midships, and by divers jerks and reaches finally hooked one of the fish near the tail. With the help of the captain I succeeded in hauling him aboard.

These fish were called by the captain of the schooner "albicore," as near as I can remember, and he said he never saw one caught, and laughed at the idea of my attempting it. After one was caught he took a lively interest in the matter, found an old spear-head in the hold, which we soaked out to the same pole, and succeeded in spearing another fish, when the rest suddenly disappeared.

That day we had a fish dinner. I was hungry; had been living for some days on army rations, broom smothered in onions, which I detest. My mouth waters as I write of it. I have "fed" at some high-toned tables, with all the adjuncts of sauces, but no fish ever tasted half as good. This isn't much of a fish story, compared with your "Jottings from Jersey," but the statements are cold facts.

Would like to know whether I have the correct name for this fish; he was dark blue, I think, on the back and light beneath.

We afterward speared a dolphin, the "King of the Sea." It was the most beautiful fish I ever saw, the "magnificent" sides of the "speckled beauties" being way off in comparison. I remember that the top part of the dolphin's head struck me at the time as being of the most perfect lines for clearing the water; that is from the mouth up. Turn him on his back and the top of his head would make a model for the prow of a clipper. Am I right or is my memory at fault?

In cooking the dolphin the old superstition of putting a piece of silver in the pan with the fish was followed, and as the silver was not discolored we ate the fish.

Speaking of explosives, the *Scientific American* quotes from the *Loudon Observer*: "An explosive is a body of unusual chemical composition, which, when its chemical equilibrium is disturbed, violently expands in bulk. A Gun cotton may be held in the hand and burnt, but if a detonator be attached to it, and it be clapped between the palms of the hands, it will blow a man to pieces. * * * Chloride and nitrogen will explode with terrific violence if the bottle containing it be tapped with a feather. * * * Explosives may be roughly divided into combinations which are purely chemical and those that are chemical and quasi-mechanical. Nitro-glycerine is purely chemical. All purely chemical compounds decompose spontaneously and group themselves into sub-combinations of a treacherous nature. * * * Nitro-glycerine can be carried about safely, but it kept for any length of time it passes through interred changes which render it unsafe."

I suppose black powder to be a simple mechanical mixture, and if kept dry can be kept for centuries unchanged. Does it about wood powder? Probably the boys had better use it if at all of fresh manufacture, and before it may have "grouped itself into combinations of a treacherous nature." It is pretty powder to use, for many occasions, and it is to be hoped it is as safe as it is declared to be by the manufacturers.

CLEVELAND, Ohio.

Natural History.

ANOMALIES IN BIRD-LIFE.

I HAVE spent most of the present spring at Northford, Conn., a little village just above the mouth of the Long Island Sound, just above Northford. On Thursday morning, April 26, as I was walking there near Farm River, a man named Dunkle told me he had just seen a "white robin." Thinking he possibly was mistaken, I hurried on in pursuit of the curiosity. I found that Dunkle was right; it was a genuine red-breasted robin (*Turdus migratorius*) and as tame as a chicken. It permitted me to come within five or six feet of it, and even my nearer approach occasioned it no serious start. Its head and breast had the usual color and markings of a male robin, but every other portion of it was perfectly snow white. Flight, size, "chirrup," everything, except the strange coloring, proved unmistakably that it was a robin.

This and several similar instances already narrated lead me to suspect that some species of birds occasionally cohabit with other species. Many ornithologists will smile at this, while others, perhaps, will think it over and consider that it is not altogether impossible. When it is once considered that, with the exception of a mere handful of scientists, the habits and peculiarities of birds are not generally observed, and that new facts are constantly coming to light, equally as strange as my theory, those deeply interested in things ornithological certainly must concede that what I have said is worthy of a second thought. In support of my theory one instance has come under my personal observation which I must give now for the consideration of others. A Baltimore oriole (*Icterus baltimorensis*) nested in my door-yard last summer that differed from all other orioles that I ever saw or heard of, in this respect: after singing its own sweet song it would rattle off the whole halcyon jargon of song, common to the catbird (*Icterus carolinensis*), even to the spiteful cat yawl that gives the catbird its common name. (Orpheus Hutton, decision, or other absurdity may be argued, but they know better; the bird was near my study windows all summer long, and I saw and heard it every day. It is possible, and barely possible, that the oriole had learned to imitate the catbird's song, but I doubt it. It would be no more absurd to argue that a eagle might, under certain circumstances, learn the coo of the dove. Scientists accept the term hybrid, or mongrel, in describing monstrosities in the quadruped kingdom, and I am at a loss to understand why they reject its appli- cation to birds. It is possible that thorough investigation may some day succeed in ascertaining the pretty theories that now exist respecting "bird-vice."

NORVILLE, N. Y., May 11, 1883.

[That hybrids between different closely allied species do occasionally occur among birds is well established, but that such occurrences are rare is very certain, and that such hybrids are fertile *inter se* and produce young like themselves

LEW VANDERBILT.

has never been shown to be the case, or even to be likely. The subject has been pretty thoroughly investigated by our best ornithologists, and the above conclusions are those which have been reached.

SEBAGO SALMON.

A SALMON of thirty inches length, nine inches depth, and a weight of fifteen and a half pounds, three days after capture, was taken with rod and line at Sebago Lake May 5, 1883, by Jonas Hamilton, Esq., of this city. It was an active male fish in good condition and gave good sport to its sport captor. This is the largest salmon of record as taken within recent years in Sebago waters by rod and line.

Although the salmon (*Salmo salar*) is popularly regarded as a salt water or "sea" fish, yet its home is in fresh water, and even those of our rivers that annually visit the ocean are in the habit of spending the greater portion of each year in the rivers frequented by them.

The Sebago or lake salmon is of the species (*S. salar*), accustomed to remain in fresh water continuously without visiting the ocean. The name "land-locked," so often used to distinguish individuals of the lake or fresh water variety from the "sea salmon," is absolutely a misnomer, as the fish are in no instance "locked" within the land or in inland waters, but have easy access to the ocean. The habits and food of the salmon of Sebago Lake are almost identical with those of the salmon of the Kennebec and Penobscot rivers in Maine. In the districts of the pure waters of this lake a cool retreat is found, where there is an abundance of smelts, the favorite and most common food of the salmon in Maine. In April, or just as soon as the smelts begin to ascend the streams, the salmon are found following them. In the larger rivers many salmon remain throughout the summer and until obliged to seek suitable spawning places in the autumn, although many of them probably return to the tidal portion of the rivers or to the estuaries for food and cooler water during the summer months. The streams tributary to Sebago Lake are small and shallow, and after the spring "run" of smelts is over and all have returned to the lake, no salmon, except stragglers, are found in the streams, as both the salmon and the smelts return to the lake, their "inland sea," to pass the summer months. In autumn, all the salmon that are found in the pure waters and gravelly beds of the upper portion of the streams, there to deposit their eggs. At one of the breeding places of the Sebago salmon a poacher killed a fish weighing twenty-four pounds in the autumn of 1883. This was the largest salmon of record as ever taken in Sebago waters, and the fact of this capture was made public by the detection and conviction of the poacher who killed the fish at its breeding place.

It is impossible to absolutely determine whether a salmon killed at its breeding place in autumn has ever been to the ocean; and I have seen salmon taken in the spring from the mouth of the principal streams tributary to Sebago Lake that were precisely similar to the ordinary kelts taken sometimes in spring in tidal rivers. In spring the lake salmon, or those living constantly in fresh water, can usually be readily distinguished from salmon that have been in salt water.

The salmon of our lakes are scientifically distinguished by a varietal name (*Salmo salar sebago*), but as the term "land-locked" is neither euphonious nor of correct application in its generally accepted meaning, I would suggest to sportsmen and others the brief and expressive terms "lake salmon" and "sea salmon" whereby to distinguish the two varieties. It perhaps hardly seems necessary to add the above list of facts, generally well known to ichthyologists but less so to sportsmen, a mention of the fact that the varietal name *sebago* was adopted because in Sebago Lake are found the largest fish known to be of the fresh water variety. Similar fish in other waters, in Maine and Canada, do not commonly exceed a weight of five pounds each. EVERETT SMITH.

PORTLAND, Me.

It is impossible to absolutely determine whether a salmon killed at its breeding place in autumn has ever been to the ocean; and I have seen salmon taken in the spring from the mouth of the principal streams tributary to Sebago Lake that were precisely similar to the ordinary kelts taken sometimes in spring in tidal rivers. In spring the lake salmon, or those living constantly in fresh water, can usually be readily distinguished from salmon that have been in salt water.

BIRD LIFE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

"There is a deal of quiet enjoyment, in this world of ours, if one keeps eyes and ears quiet."

HERE we are quietly seated. The incessant chatter and noisy fussing of the English sparrows is all around us, and to the casual observer it would appear as though there were no other members of the feathered tribe to be seen beside these persistent little fiends, who always thrust themselves into such noisy prominence. But wait. Quietly but rapidly a pair of robins are putting the finishing touches on a neat summer-nest they have built in the willow overhead. Another pair are slowly completing the construction of their new quarters they will, we trust, succeed in rearing a brood of little choristers, to swell the music of nature, despite the thieving efforts of the purple grackles, those black egg-sucking ogres. Even as we speak four or five of the latter swoop down and flutter into and among the bending twigs of the bushes that fringe the opposite bank, and presently we see them stalking sedately along among the bushes at the water's edge, veritable destructive canibals. Now and again their harsh grating cry comes over the water, as if the villains were sharpening their teeth and enjoying in prospect the feasts of nestlings they are sure to have before the season is over.

What is that shy, dusky fellow flitting his tail and making the little flowers on that bank tremble and quiver in response to his nervous movement as he thills up and down from the grass to the hush above? Oh, you sneer, do you, because I say catbird? He is preparing to take a bath; remain quiet until he has finished and perhaps you may hear something which will surprise you. There he goes, all damp and fuzzy, up, up, among the drooping boughs of that spruce.

Here is a summer yellowbird in the grass, his canary coat, streaked with little brown dashes, is in due order this morning. Look that way through the branches, there is an oriole clinging to that willow; Oh, you sneer, do you, because he balances himself there directly over his nest. His subdued colors proclaim him to be the orchard or garden oriole, as he is called. Why should he chatter so? Now he is off, and his swinging perch is bending under the fairy form of Lord Baltimore himself, who, resplendent in orange and jet, glances like a live coal in among the tender green leaves. His arrival is no doubt the cause of the more humble cousin's hurried departure.

Here is a little chap, demurely poking along in the grass, now running down to the water, now back again, as though afraid of wetting his feet. What a pretty contrast his modest gray coat and white vest make with the dark green of his surroundings. He seems thoroughly at home, and is enjoying himself in his own way, as he snoops in the soft

and on the margin for grubs. You hardly recognize in him the "beetle snipe" of our boyhood. I shouldn't wonder if his little red coated spouse were snugly sitting in a nest somewhere near by.

Hark! do you hear that subdued warble now swelling out in a clear ringing note, now modulated and dying in a soft ripple? The notes come swelling out from that dark spruce. Look up there and tell me what you see. Can't find him? Look up toward the top and close in to the trunk. Ah! yest! that fluffly little ball of dusky feathers is our catbird of an hour ago. You would acknowledge that he could perform in that way? Well, there are hundreds of others who share your ignorance and cannot believe him capable of anything better than chee! chee! chee!

So close in shore here come a pair of wood ducks. How proud the drake is of his sweet little wife, and what a pretty picture of domestic content they present as they paddle industriously by.

It may have surprised you to learn that all these sunny pictures of nature are copies from the gallery located right in the heart of this city, and the originals may be seen by anyone who will turn his steps to Central Park and quietly use his powers of observation. There are many secluded nooks where all and more than I have thus briefly mentioned may be enjoyed by anyone not too oblivious of all that is lovely in nature.

[Our correspondent has called attention to a matter of great interest and one which will be new to many of our city readers. No less than one hundred and thirty species of wild native birds have been observed within the limits of the Central Park, and of these many make it their summer home. During the migrations, no doubt, a host of the tiny warblers, which would escape the eye of any but a naturalist, stop there for rest and food, and in the late autumn not a few ducks alight in the reservoir or on the ponds. Several species of herons, one or more of rail, the coot, and a number of gulls have been observed about the water. The presence of the squirrels does much to interfere with the permanent stay of many of the smaller birds, while the prowling cats and the packs of wild dogs which infest the shrubbery at night would probably make it impossible for quail or partridge to successfully rear their young. We have heard quail whistling here in the spring, but have never seen any young birds. It is interesting to note that the common brown rabbit is extremely abundant in the Park, though it might be supposed that they would be especially exposed to the attacks of night-hunting carnivores. It would certainly be a delightful state of things if the Park could be made a preserve where many of our wild birds and animals could be viewed at home. And we may reasonably look forward to a day when this shall be the case. In the meantime let everyone who goes there keep his eyes open.]

DESCRIPTION OF A MERMAN.

SOME days ago in reading a collection of quaint documents written by the first visitors to Newfoundland, I came upon one entitled "Captaine Richard Whitbovnes discovere an discovery of Newfoundlndm, unprinted at London, 1623," which interested me so much that I procured an extract which I believed would prove interesting to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. The Captain has related many wonderful things of what he saw upon the new-found land, and among other marvels relates:

"Now also I will not omit to relate something of a strange creature which I first saw there in the yeere 1610, in a woman's entry, which she said that she saw in the harbor of St. Johns, which very swiftly came swimming towards me, looking cheerfully on my face, as it had been a woman; by the face, eyes, nose, mouth, chin, ears, ucker & forehead it seemed to be so beautiful, and in those parts so well proportioned, having round about the head many blue streakes resembling haire, yet I beheld it long, and another of my company also yet behaving, that was not then far from me, and he said I comming so swiftly towards mee; at which I stepped backe; for it was come within the length of a long pipe, supposing it would have sprung ahand to mee, because I had often seene huge whales to spring a great height above the water, as divers other great fishes doe; and so might this strange creature doe to mee if I had stood still where I was, as I verily believe it did such a party, which I sawe as it went from me, it did theroutop dive a little under the water and swam towards the place where a little before I hauded, & it did often looke backe towards mee; whereby I beheld the shoulders & backe down to the middle to be so square, white & smooth as the backe of a man; and from the middle to the hinder part it was poynting in proportion something like a broad hooked arrow; howe it was in this part from the neck & shoulders, he said I did seee it discease, he came shortly after to a boat in the same harbor (wherein one William Hawkbridge then my servaunt man) was that hath been since a captaine in a ship to the East Indies, & is lately there so employed again; & the same creature did put both his hands upon the side of the boat: whereat they were afraid, and one of themstrucke it a full blow on the head, whereby it fell off in the harbor, when they lay by the shore the men in them for feare fled to land and beheld it. This (I suppose) was a mermaid or mareninn. Now because divers have writ much of mermaids, I have presumed to relate what is most certaine of such a strange creature that was thus then seen at New-found-land, whether it were a mermaid or no I leave it for others to judge; and so referre you to the persons that sawe it, and the several letters following which have been lately sent from the New-found-land, which I doubt not but that they will also give you some satisfaction of what I have written of that country whereby to bring you the more in love to the imbracing of a plantation in that country which may be well styled a sister land: which God grant to blesse and prosper."

What this strange creature could have been I cannot venture to say. But in my opinion that it was a seal, as I have frequently shot seal in the harbor of St. Johns, but that these animals are shy, and will scarcely permit a boat to get within forty yards of them. J. E. COLLINS.

TORONTO, Canada.

A FALSE ALARM.—The daily papers of last week announced, with something of a flourish of trumpets, that a young sea cow had been captured in the surf off the beach at Spring Lake, N. J., and had been sent to the Zoological Gardens at Philadelphia. The animal turns out to have been neither more nor less than a small specimen of the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*). It is quite remarkable to find this species so far south at this season of the year, though in winter they are not specially uncommon along the coast.

MORE ABOUT THE "STICKFISH."

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in yours of the 3d of May an interesting letter on the "stickfish" *Halipterus haka*. Stated by Mr. J. C. Hughes. I can add a few facts in regard to it, which may be of interest to him and to your other readers. This animal belongs to that group of polyps generally called "sea pens," on account of the endostome which supports the soft polyptidum, or external fleshy mass to which numbers of the individual polyps are attached or form a part. Most of the kinds are much smaller, and reach six to ten inches in length, though there is one found in the depths of the North Atlantic, which has the polyps grouped in a rosette at the tip (instead of being set like the vanes of a feather, as in the *Halipterus*), which reaches nearly as large a size. They are both deep-water animals, and the west coast species certainly normally lives erect in the mud, above that part and the bulb are buried in the mud, the latter acting as an anchor. The smaller species occasionally swim in the water by simultaneous rhythmic contractions and expansions of the bulb and polyps. I have seen one in the very act in the Santa Barbara Channel, Cal. It is quite possible that if accidentally detached from its anchorage, the *Halipterus* may be able to progress slowly in the water, but probably not as well as itself again. The smaller and more fleshy species must be more adapted to active exertion than one of such elongated and slender form.

The "stickfish" is found as far west and north as the cod-fishing grounds in the Shumagin Islands, Alaska, where, in 1880, I obtained a bundle of the rods from a generous fisherman, who told me there were certain banks where they were so thickly set on the bottom, that no fishing could be done there. They probably are in the mud, the latter being the more favorable, from Puget Sound to the extreme end of the Aleutian Islands, throughout the extent of the Oregonian fauna. But as this region is little known and the deep waters are almost wholly unexplored, they have not come to light elsewhere than in Bursard Inlet and the Shumagins.

The sub-genus *Ferrillia* of Stearns is not thought by naturalists to differ essentially from *Halipterus*, beside which I believe the name *Ferrillia* has been used before for a coral or other anthozoan.

Wm. H. Dall.

United States National Museum, Washington, D. C., June 3, 1883.

WHAT WAS IT.—Le Roy, Minn.—Editor Forest and Stream: Having taken much interest in those articles on the rattlesnake bite and antidote, I will relate a circumstance that occurred in my neighborhood some nine or ten years ago there came into the neighborhood two young men that professed to be snake-charmers, having with them several snakes, which they would handle with as much ease as they would a kitten. My friend having an idea that the poison fangs were extracted, thought to try them with a boua file Minnesota rather than had been to a dentist, and shortly the opportunity came to do so. I slipped around the neck of the snake was taken from the house and thrown upon the ground. One of the men took up the snake, and in doing so was bitten on the hand. He dropped the snake and started for his satchel, which contained a grayish white powder, which he applied around but not on the bite, and also touched his tongue to the same. He then continued to handle the snake. The bile seemed to have no more effect on him than a mosquito fly bite. He claimed that he obtained the above powder from an Indian chief in Missouri, and called it *teubeah*. The boys tried to obtain some of the magic powder, but could not get any. Can some one of your many readers tell what the antidote was?—SMITH EXE. [Among the Pawnees in old times in Nebraska we have several times seen horses cured that were bitten by rattlesnakes. The Indians said that of the remedy was a plant that could be consumed in the prairie, but we never succeeded in inducing them to point it out to us, and have never been able to learn what it was.]

"DO RAIL CARRY THEIR EGGS?"—Last Monday evening, I found the nest and eggs of a sore rail. After seeing the bird walk away from, and pass within ten feet of me, not being prepared to take the eggs, I left them and went for them the next evening, but was disappointed in finding nothing but the nest, which was partly submerged in water. It having rained for twelve hours during the day, I went to the ground over and finding no tracks, I came to the conclusion that the bird had removed the eggs. On Saturday evening I tried the swamp—which is about three by eight rods in extent—again, prepared to make a thorough search. I found the bird on the opposite side, and shot it, and after half an hour's search, found another nest about two rods from the first one, and about eight inches above the water, containing the same four eggs. Never having seen any rail eggs before, I examined them very closely the first time and noticed a peculiar x-shaped marking on one of them—which I had no difficulty in recognizing when I found them the second time. If any of your readers have had a similar experience, I wish they would make it known in your columns.—J. L. L. (Lockport, N. Y., June 4, 1893).

NIGHT SONG OF THE CUCKOO.—A cuckoo that has envied our shrubbery and fruit trees with its peculiar song for the last week, awakened the echoes of a startling night on the 5th inst., at 11:50 o'clock P. M. His voice appeared to me a little subdued and softened, not quite so full and strong as in the daytime. It is common for the American cuckoo to sing at night.—E. S. HOLMES (Grand Rapids, Mich., June 6).

MAY ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Purchased.—Two weavers (*Coturnix fiber cordis*), two gray siskinets (*Parus palmarum*), two blue jays (*Cyanus cyanocephalus*), two bluebirds (*Sialia sialis*), two house wrens (*Troglodytes aedon*), two chipping sparrows (*Spizella chipping*), two meadow larks (*Melospiza cinerea*), two common nuthatches (*Sitta carolinensis*), one black-headed vireo (*Vireo flavifrons*), one brown capucin (*Cebus felleus*), five elephant seals (*Morichionus angustirostris*), one turkey vulture (*Cathartes aura*), two blue-winged parrots (*Cyanocitta stelleri*), one green chinch (*Carpodacus elegans*), two blue jays (*Cyanus cristallus*), and two unadorned grass parakeets (*Melospiza undulata*). Presented.—Two ring-necked pheasants (*Gallus gallus*), two rosebreast Grosbeaks (*Agelaius phoeniceus*), one white-fronted goose (*Anser albifrons gambeli*), one snow goose (*Anser hyperborea*), two diamond rattlesnakes (*Crotalus adamanteus*), two water moccasins (*Aligatoron piscivorus*), one hog-nosed snake (*Liopeltis phyllorhina*), one diamond rattlesnake (*Crotalus oreganus*), three black snakes (*Discophora constrictor*, and three alligators (*Alligator mississippiensis*). Born.—Five prairie voles (*Citellus talpoides*), six prairie dogs (*Cynomys ludovicianus*), and two mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*).

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes on private game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

A DEER HUNT NEAR MONROE, LA.

BY G. D. A.

SEVEN miles above Monroe, on the east side of the beautiful Ouachita River, is one of the most noted, pleasant and successful places for deer shooting in the State of Louisiana. I mean in late-bellian days—but it is at this time I am unable to say. In addition to deer, no better ground could be found for indulging in the delightful amusement of hunting wild turkeys or chasing woodcock. The lake and river abounded in barfish—or striped bass—trout, and every variety of perch usually found in Southern waters. It is called the "Horseshoe," being a peninsula formed by a large lake in the form of a horse shoe, the heels of the shoe reaching into fifty yards of the river, and not over two hundred yards apart. The interior of the Shoe was a long, rather narrow body of land, pretty high in spots, and covered with dense long fisting-pole cane. Parallel with the banks of the lake were several sloughs filled with water in winter, but dry in summer. Many water oaks and persimmon trees grew in these sloughs, the acorns attracting the ducks and the ripe persimmons the deer, which are especially fond of this fruit. The Shoe was a long and wide lake, deep in places, and with high banks generally on both sides. At the time in which this hunt, to which our article is devoted, came off, this lake abounded in alligators; in fact, they were so numerous that the deer would not take the water unless absolutely compelled in order to escape the dogs and hunters, and no dog would cross it often than once or twice if not caught by the alligators, being so badly frightened that they never ventured upon the land side. It was not very wide across the Shoe, but there was a sufficient body of land to offer a strong attraction for the deer, on the same side of the river on which the lake was, to go there and lie during the day, and even a stronger one to the deer frequenting the pine flats that bordered the river on the west side. Those deer would swim the river at the point between the heels of the Shoe, and thus were safe from the hunters that pursued them on the land side. At night they swam back and fed on the hills and pine flats.

Often as many as twenty to fifty deer would lie in the Horseshoe at a time. It only afforded hunting for one day. The plan of the hunters of Monroe was to send up a party of servants with the dogs in yaws, to go by water, and land at the mouth or rather head of the Shoe, while they rode by land and generally arrived some time before night, so as to occupy the whole heel and keep the deer inside until next day.

Mr. Charles W. Phillips, of the old firm of Williams, Phillips & Co., had arrived from New Orleans on his way to visit his plantation on the De Siard Island, on which island was this Horseshoe. His friends, consisting of James McEnery—the eldest brother of the Gov. McEnery, Tom Scarborough, Joe Masou, Henry Dinkrave, his half brother, John Ludeling, subsequently the Chief Justice of the State, and your humble servant, met and agreed to give Mr. Phillips a hunt at the Horseshoe; to go up one afternoon, camp that night and return the next day.

A more lively, jovly set never went hunting, prepared to enjoy themselves no matter what turned up. All were successful hunters except Mr. Ludeling, who, I think, had never taken so long a hunt before, and I am certain had never killed a deer until on this occasion. The three yaws were sent up the river with the hounds, and supplied with all the line liquors, wines, cards and good things that the eating and drinking saloon of Charlie Austin (who was then living, but a short time afterward was basely murdered) could supply.

The hunters took their guns and rode on horseback to the appointed place. Strict orders had been given to the servants that rowed the yaws, to make no noise until they had got into the boat, and to be certain to keep the yaws bound, should they reach the rendezvous before us. My shotgun had been sent on the yawl, and I bore my rifle, intending to have a turkey hunt, or a still-hunt the next morning at daylight.

There were seven of us, four have been gathered to their fathers, and three survive. In those days, fine wines, liquors and card-playing, (whist and euchre), were the fashion, and must be done to get the good things and the cigars, that one could get then in perfection. I never drank, nor did I play cards, but as to cigars, one could always get on my good side, if I had one, by offering me a genuine old black Cuba-Principe.

We reached the ground in advance of the negroes, kindled fires along the 300 yards between the heels of the Shoe, and had a merry time before the arrival of the yaws. After that time, ten or twelve men, with their dogs, were sent out and each secured himself to have a good time generally. We congratulated ourselves on being the first camping party of the season, since we could find no signs to indicate that any one had been in to disturb the deer. My particular hunting friend, Henry Dinkrave, gave me directions how to take a stroll outside of the lake, in order to learn the bearings of the woods, so as to have the still-hunt the next morning. I took my rifle and went out in one of his directions, and during a part of the hunters rigged their fishing poles, and during my absence had succeeded in catching more bar, or striped, bass than we all could eat. I returned by sundown, having learned all I desired about the surroundings and the game. I found a long piece of ground on the lake, from which the cane had been burned, leaving it clear of undergrowth, and on this piece were plenty of signs of deer and turkeys. The ground under the water was covered with acorns, on which the deer fed at night. I saw several fresh and large "scrapes" made by the bucks, and I was confident of finding one there the next morning.

It had been agreed, too, that no one should fire a gun before morning, for fear of frightening the deer inside of the Horse Shoe. Mr. Dinkrave had taken a walk along the high bank between the heels, and reported finding a great deal of sign of deer. Sammie was every one's favorite and drinkable set of successful hunts that had been witnessed in the State. After the heartiest supper I ever ate, and one I really enjoyed, I laid down in my blanket to watch the party earnestly engaged in playing euchre. "I'll bet a hundred dollars," said Phillips, putting a small trumpet on Scarborough's

ace of diamonds, "that I kill the first and biggest buck to-morrow."

"Take that bet," replied each, "that you don't."

"Bring that basket of champagne here," said McEnery, speaking to his servant; "I'm getting awful dry."

The old already had an open cask, and how much good old Brandy whisky I do not know.

"I'll bet fifty dollars that Ludeling kills a deer," said Scarborough.

"I'll take it," said Dinkrave, "for he never shot at one in his life."

"Don't you bet, Tom, for I really never shot at one," said Ludeling.

Before lying down I had got Mr. Dinkrave to promise to wake me up before light the next morning. I knew they were going to play and drink all night. So, after watching them for some time, I turned over to go to sleep, but I heard, before I went off into the land of Nod, Mr. Mason offer to bet a large sum "that if a deer was killed that Col. A. would be the one to kill it," and another sum that I "would kill one on my still-hunt in the morning," both of which bets Mr. Phillips took, and then called for the fish and oysters and coffee.

I heard no more, until nearly daylight. I felt someone pulling and shaking, and recognized the heavy speech of Henry Dinkrave, "Get up (hie) Col. A. (hie), if you want to go still-hunting (hie), here's a cup of hot coffee." In a moment I was up, drank the coffee and started, telling Henry if I shot and blew my horn, to come to me, with a horse. Unfortunately I omitted to take with me any matches. I had lighted a cigar when I started, and had a pocket full of matches. It was the dark of the moon in October, and it would only be visible a short time before day-break. A more favorable time for finding the deer could not be chosen, besides, the ground was damp, it having rained the day before we left Monroe.

It was about a half a mile to the "burn" I had found the evening before. There was good walking along the edge of the water of the lake, and all I had to do, after getting to the burn, was to softly creep up the high bank and peer over to see if I could see a deer. In the first and second time I did so nothing was seen, but the third (by the way, is not the number three a lucky one?) I was rewarded by seeing a massive head with a wide pair of antlers appearing above a large prostrate cottonwood tree. The buck neither saw nor smelt me. I had discovered the omission of having no matches, and I could not afford to lose my lighted cigar. Creeping back, I hid the cigar in a place where I would have no difficulty in finding it, took up my rifle and the triggers, and then stepped over the bank. The deer had not moved his position. Never did I take more deliberate aim. It was true, it was barely light enough to see the sights; but then the deer was not over forty yards from me, and I could make allowance for that distance. Not the least excitement about me, the heart beat all right, the nerves were steady from the cup of strong coffee, and the stock and barrels of the rifle were held as steady as if in a vice. I thought the eyes were not very strongly for a deer that had been shot at, I quietly stepped down, and getting my cigar, which was alive, loaded my rifle and cautiously went up the bank and peeped over again. There was that huge buck still in sight and whistling and snorting, but further off, not less than 150 yards. Putting down the cigar on the top of the bank, I raised the rifle and fired with a rising aim as it came to the shoulder. The deer presented a beautiful broadside shot. I aimed for the heart, and oh! how glad I was when I saw him spring from the ground and then pitch over on his head. My esteemed young friend, Joe Masou, had won his bet. First giving the cigar a few long whiffs, I seized my horn and blew three long blasts as heartily as I ever did on any occasion. I had to blow a good many times before Dinkrave, with Tom Scarborough and James McEnery, came to my assistance with two horses. Hearing the shot, Henry Dinkrave insisted on taking two, as he asserted he was confident I had killed two deer, predicated on the premises that I did not miss when I had a fair shot.

When the three arrived I am very certain three weaker-kneed hunters never assembled around a big deer with the intention of putting him on a horse's back. They were not drunk, but in the most agreeable state of "tightness," in the best of humors with themselves and everybody else, and so merry, out of it whole night's carousal, they did not collectively possess the strength to get up and out to the deer's head off and take out the entrails in order to render it easy to put him on the horse. This Tom Scarborough and Dinkrave objected to, as they wanted to take him just as he was to Charlie's for a show, and to wiu a champagne supper on his weight. It was the most awkward squad I ever saw undertake to get a big buck on a horse. When not under the influence of such a night's frolic, I have seen Henry Dinkrave take such a deer, and put him behind a rider as easily as I would a small doe. Now, all three failed to do it, until after many an effort, my part being that of holding the horse and keeping him steady. Finally they succeeded and we started back. When we got opposite to where I first shot at the deer, looking over the big log, I asked Tom Scarborough to ride to it and look to see if there was not a dead deer there, telling them what a pretty shot I had and how steady I was to have missed that deer. I had a ride.

"Hold, Scarborough," said Henry, "I'll wager an oyster supper to-night for the crowd there is a dead deer behind that log."

"I'll take a half interest in it," said McEnery.

"And I won't risk a cent," said Tom.

"Well, I'll give the supper if there is one," said I.

Mr. Scarborough rode out to it, and then shouted for us to come and see the biggest and fattest buck I ever saw. Sure enough, I had made a center shot, and struck him precisely where I aimed. The second deer must have been either lying down, or, if standing by the side of this one, was concealed by his greater size. The sudden death of his

companion, and not seeing any one, caused him to net as he did, and lead to his own death.

"Now we are in a fix," said Mr. Henry Dinkrave. "Let us all blow our horns and get the others to come. If we had as much trouble to get that buck on the horse, what will you do with this one?"

The proposition was agreed to, the horns blown, and not being answered at the camp, I proposed to ride to it, and get the rest, for if either of the others should go, they would consider it only a ruse to get them to come. This was agreed to. I had not gone fifty yards before Dinkrave shouted, "Be sure to lunge the negroes and the demi-john."

The camp was reached. The rest informed of the success and wants, and taking one negro man, we all started back.

I shall never forget Charlie Phillips' hearty oah of admiration, (and he could swear with more emphasis than any one I ever heard) when he examined that buck.

Dinkrave proposed that I should drive for them, as I had my share of the sport, and it was unanimously resolved that I should not be allowed to take my Greener launch and barrel shotgun, as Henry remarked, "it would be the nearest accident to get a shot with it, and he did I propose I should have another chance that day. With the aid of the negro man, who was quite sober, the buck was lashed on the saddle and we went back. Mr. Joe Masou telling Mr. Phillips he would have enough champagne not to drink at his expense for a couple of months. Breakfast was ready when we got back to camp. I had a vigorous appetite and laid in a goodly supply of eatables, and had a lunch put up, as I expected to make repeated drives in the Horseshoe until all the deer were driven out, and it would be time to return to Monroe.

Mounting my horse, and securing my rifle, with partial instructions from Dinkrave how to drive, I blew my horn and dashed into the drive. The hounds struck a trail wiu sixty yards of camp, where the deer had been as far as a drop of the second bottom, and seeing our camp-fires I tried to venture down. The dogs started, and I bounded down the heels of the Horseshoe before the dogs jumped deer. In ten minutes began the skirmish firing, standers had been posted about forty yards apart, from north end of the heel to the south, a distance, as before mentioned, of some two hundred yards. The one at the outer stand being Phillips, and at the lowest stand was placed Ludeling, the other four gentlemen respectively filling the intermediate distances. I had been agreed upon to shoot at the deer as soon as it bounded down the bank, and if possible not suffer one to escape across the river, which ran some ten or fifteen yards behind their backs.

The deer that came out proved to be a solitary fine buck. He came direct to Mr. Phillips's stand, who emptied both barrels and did no damage. The buck turned parallel with the standers, giving each a double shot. After running the gauntlet of Phillips, next Scarborough let him have both barrels, and Dinkrave, who occupied the best stand, next the dogs' report. From McEnery's gun followed, and still no flagging of the terror-stricken animal. Then boomed the barrels of Joe Masou without a halt, when the last shot had to be made by Mr. Ludeling. Adjusting his gold glasses to take a better sight, as the deer passed broadside about twenty-five yards, mechanically he shut both eyes after seeing which way the animal was running, pressed both triggers at once, and then came a tremendous report, a double shot, and he had, for the first time, had with him the loads from Ludeling's gun and replaced them with double charges of powder and shot. Down went that unfortunate deer as dead a shot as ever was made, only one shot striking, and down went Mr. Ludeling on his back.

The dogs ceased running after the last shot, and I came out as fast as possible to ascertain the luck, fully expecting to find not less than a half dozen dead deer after twelve successive heavy gun shots.

All were in a merry glee and bent upon giving Ludeling a good hooding, according to hunters' usages, as this was his first deer; while he was contending most strenuously in arguing he had gotten enough by that joke of Masou's, as his face and shoulders would not get over it for a month of Sundays.

Toddies and cigars were distributed, and I went back into the drive, to stand seven several other days besides this one. In a very little while the dogs started again. The deer were rather afraid to go out at the same place, and doubled around the whole drive a time or two before they made the leap down the fatal bank. Five double shots were fired, and when I came out again I found four more had been killed. Phillips, Scarborough, McEnery and Masou each bagging a deer—three pretty good-sized bucks and one stout doe. Dinkrave did not get a shot.

It came out this time I saw quite a number of deer clashing back, with no dogs after them. This I told the hunters, and advised them to keep a sharp lookout, as I felt sanguine of running out quite a herd of deer the next time. Taking the dogs back under the bank of the lake until I reached the center of the Shoe, I rode up the bank and the pack burst into full cry. I had been very quiet in driving, but hallooing to the dogs, and endeavoring to get a shot myself. The game was so thick that, though I had my deer came within twenty or thirty steps, yet I could not get a shot with a rifle. The herd of deer made a straight run for the standers, not doubling any. Again came the hooms of all the guns, everyone getting in both barrels. Dinkrave killed two fine bucks, Phillips killed a doe, McEnery bagged one, and the other gentlemen all had a hand in killing a fawn of one summer.

To my great joy I heard the whole pack coming back, and straight to me. I was riding up a persimmon slough that was open sufficient to get a shot. Quickly I discovered the horns of two bucks lounding over the bushes, and just about to get into the head of the slough, where I had stopped my horse. I was waiting for them to come as near as possible before shooting. The hounds being so close upon me I knew I would have no opportunity to get a standing shot, and if I got one at all it would be running by in the bushes or among the persimmon saplings. Just when they had gotten to the place I wanted to fire, a breeze blew from me to the deer, and instantly the foremost sprang into the high cane, and as the other attempted the same movement I pulled down on him, and was so fortunate as to break his back. This was the smaller of the two. The dogs hit it for a while, until I succeeded in cutting his throat, when all my efforts were unavailing to keep him from following the deer. I then heard him strike in the bushes, and I did not wish the dogs to follow for fear of the alligators. Deer and dogs all crossed without being attacked, and I sent myself on the bank to blow my horn, with a

hope of getting them to come back. I blew until my mouth was sore, and then I turned my attention to shooting alligators. I had shot nearly all my rifle balls away before I heard or saw a dog returning, without killing, as far as I could discover, a single alligator, often getting practice shots at them as they swam in, but, back and forth, along the lake. It must have been two o'clock in the afternoon when I saw one of our best dogs come to the water's edge, get a good drink, and then commence howling. I blew my horn and rode along the lake, with the hope that he would follow my course on the opposite side, and not attempt to cross. Instead of that he plunged into the water and began swimming across to me. One of the alligators that I had seen, and at which I had shot over a dozen times, kept the middle of the lake. He discovered the dog swimming, and as if conscious of his power to catch him, acted like the cat that lets the mouse run as if he did not intend to spring upon it. He swam back and forth, apparently without any intention of pursuing the dog, and seemed to be eyeing me more than he did the poor fellow. The dog had gotten over half ways when the listlessness of the alligator gave way to the most powerful efforts to catch his prey. So great and so swift was his velocity in swimming, that the waves rolled far ahead of him, striking the shore where I was and running a few inches up on the sandbar. The hound had discovered he was pursued, his efforts to escape redoubled and he gave from time to time, quick, mournful howls. I kept my rifle ready to shoot at the last moment, with the hope of making a successful shot and saving his life. On came the dog, on followed his deadly pursuer, the distance between them lessening each stroke of the great paws of the alligator which kept its body entirely sunk out of sight, with nothing but the great frog eyes visible above the water, which rolled in waves so high as sometimes to hide those eyes. I shouted and gave all the encouragement I could to the dog, hoping an alligator would be killed but I was determined to have a sup on that poor dog, and I vowed to prevent it if possible. The dog had gotten in some twenty-five yards of the bank, the mouth of the alligator nearly close enough to seize him. A few more strokes of those great paddle feet, and he was up with him, but the heavy waves sunk the dog, the rifle was passed to the shoulder, the forerunner ready to touch the spring-trigger, the alligator raised his whole head out of the water, struck the dog, with the hope of making the couical ball, forty to the pound, crashed through one eye of that alligator and burst through the brain, coming out near the center of the head. He sprang clear out of the water with the whole body, not less than twelve feet long, and down he came on his back, resting in the throes of death for a few moments on the surface, and then sank out of sight, the last seen being the four great paddle feet, with the long claws stretched out like the hands of a drowning negro. The dog was saved. I felt happier over that shot than any shot I had made at any time of my life previous to this.

Three long blasts of the horn brought in twenty minutes Mr. Scarborough and Mr. Dinkrave. The nice shot and the exciting chase were related, the buck I had killed was tied behind my saddle and we returned to camp.

While waiting for the dogs to return, I had eaten my lunch, and smoked up every cigar, and now I was as hungry as hunters generally get, and nearly dead for a smoke. After a tremendous dinner, enough for three men, I was ready to rehearse the comeliness and join in getting ready to return. The deer were put into two yaws, with some negroes to row back to Monroe, the horses and dogs sent by land under care of some two or three negroes, and we seven whites got into the banks by torchlight, and started down the river, a better pleased set of hunters never before landing at that old picturesque and most hospitable city.

It was getting dark as we rowed up to the landing opposite the saloon of Charlie Austin. Coming in under a good chorus of a hunter's song, everybody was out on the bank watching for us, and when we got past, fat, fine deer, thirteen in all, were carried up the banks by torchlight, and deposited before Charlie's door, many beds were made as to weight, and everybody that wanted a toddy or a glass of wine, or a cigar, was invited to participate, and thus ended one of the most delightful and successful camp-outs that the oldest inhabitant had ever known to have taken place at the "Horeshoe."
MINNESOTA.

THE MINNESOTA LAW.

THE text of the Minnesota game law passed at the last session of the Legislature and approved March 5, 1883, is as follows:

Section 1. No person shall kill, or pursue with intent to kill, any woodcock, snipe, quail, or any other game bird, after the third (3d) day of said month, and during the months of August, September and October; nor any prairie hen or chicken, nor any white-breasted or sharp-tailed grouse or prairie chickens, save only between the 15th day of August and the 1st day of October in any year, nor any quail or partridge, nor any ruffed grouse or pheasant, save only during the months of October, November and December, nor any other game bird, save only between the 1st day of September and the fifteenth (15th) day of May succeeding in any year. Any person or persons offending against any provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than five (\$5) dollars nor more than fifty (\$50) dollars and by the forfeiture of any and all of the above named game birds, found in his or their possession, and by the forfeiture of any gun or guns and sporting implements and any dog or dogs, in his or their possession, together with the costs of prosecution, or both, in the discretion of the court.

Section 2. Section two (2) of the said chapter be, and hereby is, amended by striking out the word "November" when the same occurs therein, and inserting in lieu thereof the word "December."

Section 3. That section five (5) of said act be amended to read as follows:

Section 5. No person or corporation, or any employee of such corporation, shall, at any time or in any manner, export or carry out or cause to be exported or carried out, or have in possession for the purpose of carrying out, or attempt in any way to carry out of the limits of this State of the birds mentioned in section one (1) of this act, or any of the animals or part of animal mentioned in section two (2) thereof, or any person or corporation offending against any provisions of this act shall be punished by a fine not exceeding one hundred (\$100) dollars, nor less than five dollars (\$5), or by imprisonment

in the county jail not exceeding three months; and provided further, that for the purposes thereof, the transportation or attempted transportation, or having in possession thereof as aforesaid of each bird or animal or distinct part thereof, shall be and constitute a distinct and separate offense.

Section 3. This act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

THE NEW SPORTING POWDER.

BY H. CHOLMONDELEY-PENNELL.

IT is not a little singular in this age of chemical discovery and in regard to an article of such universal demand as gunpowder, that it should be still possible to say with accuracy that until quite recently no powder, or substitute for powder, has been invented which is not only not imperfect but which is not open to one or more fatal objections. Such, however, is literally the fact. Of all the cottons, felts, compounds and what-not that have from time to time been introduced with flourish of trumpet to the public notice—two only—common black powder and Schultze or Wood powder—remain for practical purposes in existence; and they are both open to objections which, unless I am much mistaken, will very shortly consign them to the category of the "things that have been."

We all know, alas! and only too familiarly, on both sides of the Atlantic, the vice of our old friend Curtis and Harvey, *et hoc genus omne*; when they smoke, how they recoil, how they foul—the (coagulated dirtiness accumulating, moreover, with every additional shot)—in fine, how well they merit their original sobriquet of "villainous saltpetre;" while the faults of their rivals, the Schultze, or Wood powder, though (unfortunately, perhaps) not lying so much on the surface, are only too well known to those who have had any experience of their effects. That such an especially rare heavy charge must be used, as in pigeon shooting, manifest themselves in what may be described as their regular irregularity, no two issues being apparently alike in strength, and in the extreme inequality of shooting which is the natural consequence. But this is not the only, nor even in my judgment, the most formidable drawback to Schultze powder, the chief being to the detriment of invariably by different amounts of pressure, or as was lately suggested by the editor of the *London Field*, to the large admixture of dust, which possibly gets into the cap, it is certainly the fact that while on the one hand it will happen, and not infrequently in my experience, that there seems to be an almost total absence of explosive force, it is occasionally developed in such a startling and inexplicable manner as to result in split cartridge-rims, ghastly gas-blasts blown back and barrels, or, as sometimes happens in the more serious class of accidents, a complete carrying away of wood and iron, after which the shooter may be only too thankful if his head is left on his shoulders. An illustration of this sort of escape occurred within my own small range of acquaintances only during the last month or two; and several of such accidents I have witnessed. I remember when Lord Ronald's bird was killed, and the gunner, who did not we all feared the worst. I recollect, also, seeing the gun of a well-known pigeon-shot of his day broken right into two pieces, the barrels after the accident remaining in one hand, and the stock absolutely divorced from its partners, in the other; and I am satisfied from the extraordinary recoil which I have experienced over and over again in my use of these two different kinds of powder, that the same must we all feared the worst. I recollect, also, seeing the gun of a well-known pigeon-shot of his day broken right into two pieces, the barrels after the accident remaining in one hand, and the stock absolutely divorced from its partners, in the other; and I am satisfied from the extraordinary recoil which I have experienced over and over again in my use of these two different kinds of powder, that the same must we all feared the worst. I recollect, also, seeing the gun of a well-known pigeon-shot of his day broken right into two pieces, the barrels after the accident remaining in one hand, and the stock absolutely divorced from its partners, in the other; and I am satisfied from the extraordinary recoil which I have experienced over and over again in my use of these two different kinds of powder, that the same must we all feared the worst.

Of course, there are strong reasons which prevent these accidents, as a rule, from coming before the public—such as, for example, the direct and personal interest of the gunner for the moment in the use of the *corpus delicti*, &c., and besides, the world is getting so terribly "mealy-mouthed" where trade and other "vested" interests are concerned that few people nowadays venture to call a spade a spade. I can have no hesitation, however, in telling plainly what I believe to be unvarnished truth without circumlocution or beating about the bush. Probably, however, I have said enough and added facts sufficient to show that my strictures are not unfounded, and that despite its many advantages over black powder, which have of late years caused its very general use among sportsmen, Schultze powder has its faults, and those such serious faults that nothing but the very great practical inconveniences of black powder have caused it to be so long tolerated. It has been, in short, in vulgar parlance, "Hobson's choice."

The new E. C. powder, which takes its name from the Explosives Company, by whom it was patented and brought out, is, so far as my judgment and experiments go, entirely free from the defects of both the black powder and the Schultze powder. It belongs to what is technically termed the nitro-compound class of explosives, in which the oxygen required to produce the explosion is present in the form of nitric acid in combination with some organic substance, while in ordinary black powder the oxygen is united with a mineral substance, commonly potash. In both compounds the nitric acid is converted into gas at the moment of ignition, its oxygen uniting with the carbon and hydrogen present. In the E. C. powder, the nitric acid molecules being in "chemical combination" with the carbon and hydrogen, combustion is so complete as to almost entirely do away with the after-smoke; whereas in the case of black powder, the carbon and sulphur being only "mechanically" mixed with the nitrate, combine but imperfectly with its oxygen, the unconsumed particles mixed with the solid products of the explosion issuing from the barrel in the form of smoke. Again, the fouling produced by black powder is cumulative, the recoil, of course increasing in proportion to the obstruction created in the barrel; whereas with the E. C. powder the recoil is reduced to a minimum, the very slight "kick" or "deposit" which is left being removed by the wads at each fresh discharge. The grain of the new powder is hard, spherical, and free from dust, so that it readily admits of being accurately measured and equally compressed where desirable, and its explosive force is always in exact accordance with its chemical constitution, a perfect regularity, and equality in the strength of each issue can be insured. It is unmanufactured, or, at any rate, issued, in two separate grades, one that is of a light yellow color, which are of a light pinkish shade, and that for rifles, of which the color is yellow and the grains considerably larger.

While the drawbacks inherent in black and Schultze powder are thus entirely obviated, the advantages of each

are combined and improved upon. In pattern and penetration alike, as has been shown by recent carefully conducted and independent experiments,* the E. C. powder is superior to both its rivals. This is fully confirmed by the "practical" tests which I have applied myself, as chronometer in the London *Field* and elsewhere. As in every really scientific experiment, however, complete success depends primarily upon the requisite conditions being complied with, and I recommend any one wishing to try the E. C. powder to adopt the following rules in loading their cartridges:

Charge.—The best game charge for 12-bore gun with 14 ounces of shot is from forty-five or forty-six to forty-eight grains of powder. For heavier charges of shot the powder should be increased proportionately. A very good charge for pigeon shooting or heavy work is fifty or fifty-three grains of powder and 14 ounces of shot—which is the largest charge that can be conveniently got into a 24in. case, without some mechanical means of compressing the powder.

Wadding.—Wads are very important in order to get perfect regularity of pattern and penetration, and I find the following give the best results. Over the powder a common (gray) cloth wad; then a felt, and over the shot again a common (gray) cloth wad. The wads should all fit the cartridge closely. The felt wad especially should fit tightly. With 24in. cases an extra 1/4" felt wad should be added over the first felt wad, to fill up the space.

Pressure.—A heavy pressure is essential; and in the absence of a machine adapted to the purpose, which I have no doubt would give still better results, I get the best pressure that can be obtained by hand. The shot should fill the cartridge-case (filled as to powder, and with the first cloth wad inserted in front of me on the loading-table, and, holding the rammer with both hands, apply the full weight of my body, giving at the same two or three heavy lunges or downward jerks. I repeat the same pressure on the second, or felt wad. The pressure of one hand and arm on the other side of the cartridge-case will not do.

Cartridge-cases.—Up to the present moment none of the cases I have tried give such good results, either in regular shooting, pattern, or penetration, as on these manufactured by Messrs. Eley & Co., expressly for this powder, and which have a specially constructed cap, anvil, and flash-hole.

A gentleman is now in America endeavoring to get up a company to develop the E. C. Powder Company's powder here in this country, and I am expecting to be almost more popular than in the Old Country.

RANSLER POLO CLUB, St. James Street, London.

THE OUACHITA SPORTSMEN'S CLUB.

PERMIT me to call your favorable attention to the recent organization of the "Ouachita (pronounced Washita) Sportsmen's Club," of this place. The following are the names of the members:

Dr. T. Y. Ahy, President; W. C. Williams, Vice-President; M. N. Coe, Secretary and Treasurer; W. A. Bracey, J. S. Boatner, C. J. Boatner, T. G. Dabney, F. Y. Dalney, Austin, J. G. Hudson, J. G. Hudson, J. G. Hudson, J. G. Hudson, M. J. Hilton, M. J. Liddell, J. E. McGuire, R. Richardson, Wm. Sandell, L. W. Stubbs, E. H. Hills.

(Limited to twenty-four members.)
The object of this association is to promote skill in shooting by practice and competition with other clubs. The preservation of game, and stocking our rivers with game fish. Procuring the enactment of proper game laws, the improvement of the manners and habits of the members, and the enforcement of such observance among others. The recreation of its members by encouraging healthful field sports and target practice, the preservation and cultivation of fraternal relations and good feeling toward all other similar associations, and the co-operation with other clubs in the furtherance of these objects.

Monroe is a very pretty town, situated on the east bank of the Ouachita, and very pretty river. This stream is about one thousand feet wide, and navigable, except at low water, for the largest steamboats. The water is always clear, which is unusual in alluvial countries, and when high enough to bathe the lower branches of the luxuriant trees that fringe its banks, and wash the green grassy slopes, it presents a beautiful picture. At low water it affords a sport to the anglers. It abounds in bass and striped bass, the former called trout here, and the latter bar fish; also white perch, the finest of our fresh water table fish, but not very game, as well as several other varieties of perch, locally known as sun perch, goggle eye, etc. Monroe has a population of about 3,000. It is almost perfectly level, having a gentle slope, sufficient for drainage, away from the river bank, a characteristic of alluvial formations. It is of Spanish origin, having been settled before the cession of Louisiana to the United States.

It is on the extreme western margin of the great Mississippi Delta, and is nearly on the 32d parallel of latitude, being on the great southern transcontinental railroad route. It is connected with Vicksburg on the Mississippi River, by a line of railroad, and with New Orleans and Pacific, which is also under construction westward to Red River, and will be completed this year, thus supplying the only missing link in the chain of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, on this parallel of latitude.

This country abounds in a great variety of game. In the fall and winter, the numerous lakes and bayous literally swarm with ducks. Snipe and woodcock are plentiful in the low ground, but locally exterminated the non-migratory game, such as deer, bear, partridges (mis-called quail in the North), and wild turkeys, all of which were more or less abundant before. The squirrels are still very plenty everywhere. West of here, the country extending from the Ouachita to Red River, about one hundred miles wide, is upland for the most part, and in many localities deer and turkey are very numerous.

On three different "drives" during last winter, a party, of which I was one, "jumped" five deer each time, within five miles of Monroe, but failed in every instance to bag a deer, and I have no doubt that the same would have been the case had we not been so fortunate.

* "Experiments on Velocity, Time of Flight, etc., of Small Shot" By Robert McCord, published in the *Report of the Royal Small Arms Factory, Enfield Lock*. Published in the *London Field* of February 3, 1883.

probably owing to the fact that I have always been considered a Jonah on a deer hunt.

One day last winter two sportsmen, belonging to a New Orleans club, bagged 320 ducks in Lake Bistacneau, west of here, most of them being single shots. You will perceive that there is abundant material about here to excite the lively interest of sportsmen. The completion of the railroad from Shreveport, which will be accomplished early next winter, will open up an extensive game country, heretofore inaccessible to outsiders.

MONROE, LA., June 7.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

THE subject of protecting our small birds is, we are glad to see, occupying each year a larger share of the public attention. A correspondent sends us the following clipping, taken from an Easthampton (Mass.) paper, which expresses the views of every right-minded man upon the subject:

"Bird shooting should cease. Every man who owns a gun should not be allowed to destroy the songsters under the thin pretense of scientific purposes. It is too easy to get a permit, and they often fall into the hands of men who have as little idea of science as they have respect for the lives of the feathered beauties. A man who takes sufficient interest in natural history to be allowed to shoot birds for scientific purposes will have too great a love and reverence for them to kill common varieties in nesting time. The Legislature has made stringent laws to protect the birds, but it has left a top-hole which, by the leniency of the permit-granting powers (the presidents of colleges and incorporated natural history societies), has undone the whole business. If a local party has found the law standing in the way of his pleasure, all that has been necessary was to write to President Seelye of Amherst College, and a permit to shoot birds has been immediately forthcoming. Such a license ought not to be granted unless the applicant is a known scientist, or until he shows recommendations sufficient to satisfy the grantor, never that he is a safe person to be entrusted with a gun. It is a matter of importance that we should protect our birds, and public sentiment should be aroused to such an extent that bird shooting in nesting time for any purpose would not be tolerated, and that it would be properly restricted at all seasons."

Our correspondent says: The above from our local paper is particularly interesting to a few sportsmen here, who, with some friends at New Orleans are endeavoring to stock this season with quail obtained from Tennessee. To look from an office window and see one of those incompoops going past, with a gun on his shoulder and a permit in his pocket, and feel that he is as likely to shoot the quail, which we have been to so much trouble and expense to obtain, as he is a jay or a crow, is not a particularly pleasant sensation to the writer; but, to repeat the words of the great Tweed, "What are you going to do about it?" Of course, if we could know that they shoot the birds the law prohibits, we would make it expensive for them, but that is hard evidence to obtain. I hope the FOREST AND STREAM will take up this subject, as it is one that needs looking after. EASTHAMPTON, MASS., June 8, 1883.

A MINNESOTA GROWL.—Leroy, Minn.—In your issue of March 20 the poor old market-shooter tells very many more truths than the majority of sportsmen are willing to admit. Now, I am not a market-shooter, but I do dislike to see those that claim to be gentlemen and true sportsmen make such hogs of themselves by slaughtering the game the moment the law is on their cannon. I do not believe in doctoring laws all the time and not living up to them. One year ago Minnesota extended the close season of pinnated grouse from August 15 to September 1, and what did we gain by it? Nothing. By the last week of July every man and boy that could procure a gun, even to the law-makers themselves, was out in quest of snipe. Each one had agreed not to give the other a way. Now let me see where the gun comes in to the sportsman that quietly waits until the law is off and then goes out to find the game all killed, or what little is left so wild, that he cannot get within rifle range of it. Such is the general complaint all over the northern part of our State. I now learn that the season opens August 15, which will give universal satisfaction. Our legislators have also shortened the open season for deer, which, in my humble opinion, is all wrong, for it will be practically the same as our other law did. I maintain that the laws, as they stand, were good enough, if they could be properly enforced, and if not enforced, of what use are any of them? I was talking with a friend from Chicago county a few days ago, and learned that the natives shoot deer whenever found, from August 1 till the last of winter.—SHARP EYE.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—June 7.—The flight of shore birds, robin, snipe, bullhead plover, dowitchers and calico-backs, which arrived on our New Jersey coast during the past week, immediately preceded, as was expected, the present "warm spell." Let it be noticed each season—these latter weather-makers have their position in the year in advance of a real touch of summer weather. How much better would it be, if they are to be killed and eaten at all, to have them pass on their nesting grounds unmolested in the spring and shot on their return in August, when there are more young birds in the flocks, and they would be certainly a more palatable dish if one can abide them in any condition, which the writer confesses he cannot. It is so with the brant on the same coast. A snipe would do much better and make finer sport. Woodcock have hatched plentifully in the swampy marsh bordering the New Jersey creeks which flow into the Delaware River, and broods have been seen two thirds grown. Some have been already killed; two pair by a farmer's son, who "shoots straight," knows the law, but says, "As the birds were bred on his place, they are his at any season."—Hoxo.

TO WASH A SNIPER!!!—San Francisco, May 31.—In your issue of May 24, "Scaipe Scaipe" spoke of washing snipe. Can you conceive of doing anything to that delicious bird that would more effectually spoil its flavor? Wipe it, "Scaipe," wipe it! Wash a snipe! A wail!!!—Quon.

INDIANA.—Hanover, June 7.—The prospects for a good quail crop are excellent, the birds having wintered splendidly. Rabbits, squirrels and quail are our principal game. Any one coming here after October 15 could have fine quail shooting and also some woodcock shooting.—F. J. B.

WERE THEY RUFFED GROUSE?—I am 75½ years old, commenced shooting when 7½, and have hunted and shot every year since. About thirty-six years ago I killed my first bird on the wing and was so elated I was willing to give up my rifle for a "scatter gun," and since then have "killed my thousands" and have hunted with some of the best wing-shots where ruffed grouse (or partridge) were plenty and scarce. I once knew of fifteen being bagged in a day, never more, and I think six or seven the most I have ever known killed "consecutively." I wish to ask S. L. Wilson, Shelby, Linn county, Missouri, if he is correct in his statement in your paper of May 31, 1883. Were not his ruffed grouse pinnated grouse, of which he says he had often killed fourteen and sixteen consecutively, and had bagged thirty-two in a day, and once nineteen without missing a shot?—LEVI STROUDES (North Bloomfield, O.).

LEFT-HANDED SHOOTING.—In reply to "Snapshot's" inquiry in FOREST AND STREAM of May 31, I think a solution to the phenomenon may be found in the supposition that when shooting from the right shoulder with both eyes open, we insensibly use the right eye more than the left, and years of practice confirm the habit, so that when we shift to the left shoulder, although our left eye is over the rib, we are really looking at the object with the right eye, which is out of line, and hence the aberration complained of.—R. K. B.

MINNESOTA.—Leroy, May 7.—Game notes are scarce, but I learn that pinnated grouse have wintered nicely. Quail and pheasants (ruffed grouse) have, I fear, many of them succumbed to the deep snows and cold weather. Still, we hear the familiar druu quite often, and know that they are not all gone. Ducks have been very plentiful this spring and in very good condition.—SHARP EYE.

THREE-CLIMBING FOXES.—The common foxes of California invariably ascend trees if pursued. If chased by dogs they climb the first tree they approach, and are frequently seen in trees when undisturbed. Have known them to take to tall pines and ascend for thirty feet before reaching a limb.—ESAU (Shasta, Cal., May 31).

NEW JERSEY.—Toms River, June 7.—Quail are very plentiful here at present. While out walking recently I saw eight pair within an hour, and found a nest with thirteen eggs in it. But as there is a good supply of hawks, they will be taken care of.—T.

QUAIL PROSPECTS.—New Harmony Ind., June 6.—The woods and meadows of Southern Indiana are alive with quail this season, and we aim to make the pot-hunter quail too.—A. D. (Secretary, Rod and Gun Club).

PENNSYLVANIA.—Waynesburgh, June 9.—Quail are rather plenty, and if the weather for nesting is at all favorable, we look for good fall shooting.—RAMBLER.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Editor of FOREST AND STREAM, and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESOLVES.—We shall be glad to have for publication notices of good fishing localities. Will our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

THE NATIONAL ROD AND REEL ASSOCIATION.

A MEETING of the National Rod and Reel Association was held in the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, on the evening of Wednesday, June 6, at 6 P. M., President Endicott in the chair. The secretary read the minutes of last meeting, which were approved. Letters of regret at not being able to attend were read from Messrs. W. C. Harris, Hon. James Geddes, and James L. Vailinton.

Mr. James Benkart was made chairman of the committee of arrangements for the coming tournament, but the other names which had been selected by the president had been temporarily mislaid.

Mr. Mather stated that he had been informed by Mr. Benkart that the members of the South Side Sportsman's Club of Long Island would renew their very liberal offer of prizes amounting to one hundred dollars in cash this year, and he thought that rules governing the tournament should be thoroughly revised in the light of last year's experience.

Mr. Endicott favored drawing the lines between amateurs and professionals very closely. It had been complained that last year the amateur class had been filled by persons connected with the manufacture of rods, and that the prizes had been carried off by them. Many gentlemen came to the tournament with rods to cast, but were deterred by finding that "trained amateurs" had entered, and that under the rules these exports could not be declared. This, however, can and will be arranged differently this year. Even the makers of rods objected to having rods given by them as prizes go to rival makers instead of the amateur anglers, as they hoped. He would recommend that all prizes given by the trade should go to the amateur class, from which all who handle fishing tackle as a business should be declared. At the same time he favored the giving of liberal cash prizes to the "professional class," as we could not afford to pass them by without having their presence. The extreme length of line cast by these gentlemen was an attraction and showed what could be done by practice.

Mr. Benkart said that the tournament would not be a success unless the amateurs thoroughly understood that their classes were strictly for themselves, and that they were not expected to compete with those who by constant practice in testing rods had attained an excellence that ordinary fishing does not give.

Mr. Mitchell inquired if such rules would apply to the bass casting, or if there would be changes or modifications. The president answered that he thought the same rules should apply, although last year the amateurs in bass casting beat the professionals, but that all this would be left to the committee.

Mr. Van Brunt asked if the tournament would be held in the same place as last year.

Mr. Endicott thought not. There was a prospect of getting a lake lower down than Harlem Mere, and he thought

that the Park Commissioners would have no objections, as the Chief of Police had given such a favorable report of the conduct of the audience at the last meeting.

Mr. Mather hoped that the platform would be lower than last year. The elevation of three feet above the water had been criticised in England, and had been made use of to account for the extraordinary length of the casts. He did not believe that it had much to do with the cast, but it would be well to remove all chance for cavil.

Mr. Endicott thought that six inches or a foot above the water would be sufficient, but as he had said before, these matters would all be left to the committee.

With a vote of thanks to Mr. Henry Chair, proprietor of the Metropolitan Hotel, the meeting adjourned. Several new members afterward joined.

BASS SLAYERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I clipped the following from the Mail of May 29. The Mail is a daily paper published in Toronto, Canada.

"Messrs. W. C. Matthews, H. W. Nelson, Townsends, Budge Dwight, and J. Kilgour returned on Saturday from a trip north after black bass. The party had a phenomenal success, taking 526 bass in two days' fishing, the bass averaging about two pounds. The best fish weighed five pounds one ounce."

The above gentlemen are, I presume, "sport-men," but wherein lies the sport slaughtering so many bass in so short a time? It is far beyond my ken. If the publication of their wholesale destruction is intended as a beacon to call others to the north of Toronto, where such innocents may be caught on their spawning beds, then the work of the fish and game protective clubs has been in vain. Our close seasons for bass does not suit every year in Canada, this year especially, and in the district referred to, the Grand Muskoka District, the season is exceptionally late, as it is here, where our close season does not reach far enough into the summer. We leave to every true sportsman his own conscientiousness as to whether he should defile the object of our clubs by a willful destruction of fish in a season when, had they but thought, the fish could not yet have spawned, and the extraordinary catch referred to no doubt can be explained for that reason.

We have good fishing in many parts of Canada, and it has improved greatly since the protective clubs have educated the people up to the proper seasons for killing. We had hoped to have heard better reports from Toronto, and we are again to believe the practice general.

Bass and muscalonge are only beginning to take in this season. Our trouting is exceptionally late this year, and parties for our lakes back of here are only preparing. When some of their catches are reported I will drop you a line.

MONTRÉAL, June 4, 1883.

RANGELEY LAKE.

"THE ICE went out on the sixteenth." Our good friend Page, of the Elmwood, at Phillips, sent us a telegram, of which the above is a copy. We marshaled our forces and on the morning of the 19th left Boston in a special Pullman car by the Eastern Railroad, a jolly party of fourteen, and with minds and bodies somewhat wearied by the whirl of active business, we sought all the comfort, rest and recreation which the angler always enjoys in his allotted season of ten days among these beautiful Rangeley Lakes surrounded by these grand old mountains and bordered by the primeval forests. The thought that, for a few days you may dream only of your poor wives and children enjoying themselves so at home while you are having such hard work in the wilderness is rather depressing, but you brace up with the determination that this time the largest trout of the trip shall drop gracefully into your landing net, and your guide shall carry the first money of the pool.

All goes well to Portland, where the baggage is shifted to the Maine Central Railroad. This carefully watched process over, our good enterer, R., calls all hands to lunch. Farmington is duly reached, thence by the tiny two-foot gauge up the beautiful Sandy River. Old Blue Mountain rears his majestic head and the train rolls up to the depot, where, greeted by lads and lassies, we leave our baby engine and the obliging officers of the road. Page is there with a four-wheeled, and in a jiffy we land the Elmwood. The next morning we divide our party in three portions of six and two fours and make the drive to Esty's. Here we walked down the carry to the inlet, where the Molly Clunkamunk waits, to take us to the Mountain View, our headquarters for the trip at the lower end of the lake. Each one of our party had secured the best guide in the whole region and we were happy.

With song and story we glide over the charming lake, and are duly greeted by Kimball, of the Mountain View. He is flanked by his neighbor, Cal Penock.

The next morning opens finely; rods are a-peak, reels examined; leaders, swivels, sinkers and hooks are adjusted. One, two, three, up to twelve, boats start out. "Man proposes, God disposes"; and at the close of the day we return all weary, some elated, with their catch and others depressed.

"The fisherman's luck." "Water is too cold." "I told you so."

"I lost a five-pounder; had him alongside; tore out; just my luck; always lose a five-pounder—never landed one yet!"

With varying fortunes we visited from day to day the "Eddy," the quick water below the dam, the Cupshape, and the "Big Edge." A portion goes down with Fred Parker and pass the night at his cheery camp at Bemis. The sunset view from his camp is a thing of beauty.

To sum up our experience: The largest trout caught was 7½ lbs., second 5½, third 5½, fourth 4½, fifth 3½, with sizes ranging from three down to one pound by the score. Smallest catch by any boat any day, when not actually white-washed, one. Largest catch, any boat, thirty-five. In fact we caught all we should.

Now we are packed, baggage and fish, ready and willing to "go out." Strong mentally and physically, ready to do battle with the outside world, and meeting others coming in, as eager as we were ten days ago, to be pleased or disappointed as we severally may have been, and with the same old stories to tell.

And so year by year we go and return, stronger and better for our communion with nature. Reader go thou and do likewise.

By the way, the BULL MOOSE, RANGELEY LAKE, May 29.

him some training on woodcock. At the first fire of a gun the dog made for another part of the country, and we never saw or heard of him again. When we packed up our things, we couldn't find the dog's chain or the collar it was fastened to, and we started on without it. I was walking out of the woods behind the wagon. We hadn't gone more than a hundred yards away from camp, when I heard a noise behind me. I looked back. There was that mink, snapping at my heels. He had the dog's collar around his neck, and when I turned around, he raised up on his hind feet and held the chain up to me with his fore paws. That mink was so blame grateful to me that he wanted me to take him home with me. It touched me to the heart. I took him in, but, poor fellow, the trap had injured him so badly that he died of lockjaw."

PHILADELPHIA FISH NOTES.

BLUEFISH appeared simultaneously on the different points of the New Jersey coast this week. Every inlet of any importance was thronged with them, but, as is generally the case, Barnegat showed larger fish than Little Egg Harbor Inlet. The bluefish at the former place ran from three to five pounds in weight, and at the latter I told they were smaller. The writer last week (June 2), anxious to learn the exact condition of the bluefish, went to the Schuylkill and at the same time wishing to give a beginner his first lesson in fly-casting, took a boat at Flat Rock Dam and rowed up the river as far as Conshohocken, and on the route passed a number of anglers and found quite a number of fish had been taken during the day. Those a mile or so above Shawmont were quite large.

While casting along the shore for snuff for practice, I saw a Mr. Sellize, of Philadelphia, take a bass, weighing three and a half pounds, and having left his landing net on shore, manage his boat with one hand, rowing in for the net, while with the other he played the fish, and finally hoisted him, a very masterly feat to witness, I assure you. Mr. Sellize had several other bass he had taken during the day, and tells me all the fish he secures in the Schuylkill are from the river above the dam at Manayunk, about the locality I saw him, above Shawmont, and that the residents about the place do not know how to take the large ones, and hence rarely catch fish.

The last "haul" of the season with the big seine was made at Gloucester, yesterday, and it was stated by the captain of the smack which brought the final catch of ninety-five shad and a quantity of herring to Dock street wharf fish market, that the Gloucester shad fishing had been "cut off" for the season, although it does not end by law until June 10.

The take has been so poor this year, especially recently, that it was determined to wind up on the 6th. The highest catch was on the 14th of May, when 1,400 shad were secured, on the 8th of May, 1,200 were taken, and on the 15th of May, 950 were brought in. The lowest number caught any one day was 51. The season has been a very poor one both in quantity and quality.

Two small whales (black fish) were stranded last week on Peck's Beach, N. J., and the natives are trying out the blubber and a half pound, and having left the locality for a time. Could this have affected the late move in petroleum?

The rock bass should by all means be planted in the Eastern Pennsylvania streams, near Philadelphia, by the Anglers' Association of Philadelphia. It is not so palatable a fish for the table as the black bass, but he will take the fly more readily than his larger cousin, and is a game little fellow no one need wish to lose. He will rise where the black bass will not make good sport for in weight and no doubt many streams could be found where he would thrive. Are they not easily procured?
Jesse T.

PERSISTENT POACHING.—We are informed by Mr. S. V. Brayton, one of the New York State game protectors, that on the 28th of May he took from the Mohawk River two pike nets belonging to a Mr. Wolf, a deputy sheriff of Waterford. As one net was in Albany county, and the other in Saratoga county, Mr. Brayton began an action against Mr. Wolf in each county. He says that Mr. Wolf has defied the law for three years, and has now begun an action against him (Brayton) for destroying his nets, and the latter has been summoned to appear at Saratoga on the 10th inst. Mr. Wolf is a man of some means, and his deputy sheriff it costs him nothing for counsel, and therefore the latter has an advantage over him, he having to give bail, which would trouble him. There is no protective association in either county, and he therefore asks for assistance.

THE ROCHESTER WEST SIDE CLUB.—The West Side Fishing Club, of Rochester, N. Y., held a meeting at the Bay View House on Thursday, June 7. Much successful fishing was done by some of the members during the day, and at the club dinner there was a full attendance. After the banquet the following officers were elected: President—Fritz Ziegler; Vice-Presidents—J. Bauer, Joseph Fleckenstein, Joel Gerling, H. MacGregor, John Seape, Philo Baker, and Christian James Cassidy; J. Fleckenstein, S. S. Brewer; Recording Secretary—Charles Bernhardt; Corresponding Secretary—Frank R. Swain; Treasurer—John A. Felsing; Master of Ceremonies—Charles R. Pimegan; Committee of Arrangements—Joseph Haungs, L. Stadler, L. P. Steimes, H. Berdel, C. Mackley, J. Schreiner, A. Haangs, W. Bishop, George Mumbach.

WEAKFISH AND STRIPED BASS.—Oceanic, North Shrewsbury River, June 5.—The weakfish are just commencing to bite. I took the first two this afternoon with crab bait. The New York Herald of Monday stated that only two ripe striped bass had ever been taken. Thirteen years ago I purchased a thirty-pound ripe female. This was in March. I am quite positive that this fish spawns in the spring. I think the habits of this species of fish could be studied by the Maryland Fish Commissioners, as the hauls of rock are at times very large at the mouth of the Bush River, Maryland.—W.D.

MASSACHUSETTS GAME LAWS.—The Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association have issued in neat and convenient form a pamphlet containing the laws of the State for the present year. The little pamphlet is so small that it can almost be carried in the vest pocket, and its general distribution through the State will do much to help on the objects of the Association.

SALMON FISHING.—The undersigned has done salmon fishing upon two of his best rivers. All lands at his disposal. Address at once "Salmon," this office.—Ad.

HARD TO CATCH IN TEXAS.—The turpans are never eaten here, they are so active that one is seldom caught; are made of fiddle strings, we think. As soon as they strike the bait and get fast they commence leaping high in the air, shaking their heads as a terrier does a rat until entirely free from the hook and line. Although fishing in this bay during the summer months for many years, and having had them taken my tackle almost every time, I have never yet caught one.—CARONKAWAY (Galveston, Tex.).

LAND-LOCKED SALMON IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—On May 18, Mr. B. F. Tappan, son of Attorney-General Tappan, of New Hampshire, took, on Snake Lake, N. H., a land-locked salmon weighing 64 lbs. This was one fish of Mr. Samuel Webber's plant of 1877.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE ERIE.—Erie, Pa., May 28.—The black bass season has been at its height here for the past week, and is still excellent. One man has caught from ten to forty nearly every morning for the past week or two.—C. H.

BLACK BASS.—In the July *Century* will be an illustrated article on "Black Bass Fishing," by Dr. J. A. Henshall. The name of this writer is a sufficient guarantee that the sketch will be of a high character.

NEW JERSEY.—Oceanic, June 8.—9 P. M. The first small bluefish of this season are coming up the channel, but full fed, only caught one. 5 P. M. Just caught first bass (striped) trolling.—W.D.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS.

The annual meeting of the Association was held in the Farmer's Club rooms of the Cooper Institute, on Wednesday and Thursday, June 6 and 7, President Page in the chair. On opening the President said:

"A year has rolled round since our last meeting, and there are indeed many things to be glad of in the progress made. It can be said with truth that, since the beginning of fishculture in the United States, there is no other branch of industry that has made such progress. It has spread from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Texas, until nearly every State and Territory has its fish Commission, and most of them have an appropriation to work with. These funds have been put in the hands of Commissioners, who give their time and energies to the work, and but few receive any compensation for it other than the knowledge that they are doing good to their fellow men. It will be needless for me to go into detail in this matter, for I see before me men who have for years carried on the work in its broadest form for the National Government, and who are familiar not only with the work which they have been engaged in, but are also familiar with the whole literature of the subject, and know what fishcultivists in other lands have done. I might, however, be permitted to refer to the efforts in stocking waters heretofore made, to which has been added what is known as the American game fish. In the West and in the South it is found in the creels of the angler and on the slabs in the Markets. They are now so abundant in the States and Territories that it is difficult to say they were unknown a few years ago, that they can be bought in the markets at a price within the reach of the poor man. Coming recently from the interior, I had an opportunity of examining the markets in St. Joseph, Mo., and found among the marketmen frequent acknowledgments of the work of fishcultivists, and of the teachings of this Association, and a thorough knowledge of the fact that, if the bass are protected in the spawning season, they become the commonest and most plentiful everywhere, and tend to lower the price of other fishes. We who live on the shad rivers, mark the manner in which the supply is kept up, in spite of the increasing demands of a growing population. Col. McDonald, who has been the constant attendant in the process of hatching at Mr. Blackford's Fulton Market, which he brought on from Washington to show the process. After they are hatched, they will be taken charge of by Mr. Mather, of the New York Fish Commission, and deposited in the Hudson near Albany, where Prof. Henshall has secured one million a fortnight ago. Pardon me for relating a bit of my personal experience abroad. Happening in London at the inception of the plans of the Fisheries Exhibition, now in progress there, I had the honor to be invited to make a paper at that time it was not known that our Government would make a display, and by request, as there was only three days before the passage of the yearly appropriation bill, I cabled to Senator Frye, of Maine, on the subject, and also sent a duplicate message to the President, who was very ready to oblige. The bill, being in the balance, yet in two days an appropriation was introduced into both Houses, and was signed by the President. Our exhibit at London is a most creditable one, and is generally well received, and has met with success favorably. Another fact: Making the acquaintance of Sir James Maitland, of Sterling, near Edinburgh, I found that within seven years he had achieved great results in fishculture. He has hatched and reared 1,000 eggs, all alone, without the assistance from any of his men, and has made the process cost sixty thousand dollars, and he has made fishculture so successful in Scotland. Up to April, of this year, he has sold ten thousand dollars' worth of young trout and salmon, and his example has been largely followed in England, Ireland and Scotland."

The Secretary then read the report of last meeting, and the following new members were proposed: W. H. Schieffelin, Prof. D. B. Fish, and Mr. J. H. Lott, eggs, all alone, without the assistance from any of his men, and has made the process cost sixty thousand dollars, and he has made fishculture so successful in Scotland. Up to April, of this year, he has sold ten thousand dollars' worth of young trout and salmon, and his example has been largely followed in England, Ireland and Scotland."

Mr. Blackford read a valuable paper, entitled "Facts Regarding Food of Fishes, and their Spawning Seasons on the Atlantic Coast," of which the following is a summary: The season of the spawning of striped bass, sheephead, and bluefish had for several years been the subject of investigation by the association. During the past summer the Senate Sub-Committee on Foreign Relations visited several fishing points on the coast to obtain evidence from fishermen, dealers, and others as to the habits of the fishes. The report was also as to the fact that this fish formed one of the principal articles of food for the bass, bluefish, and other valuable food fishes. No accurate information, however, could be obtained upon which to base any reliable conclusion for the protection of salt water fishes. Mr. Blackford, at the suggestion of Prof. S. F. Baird, some time ago undertook the task of examining the viscera of all the important fishes that passed through his market. He secured the assistance of Prof. H. J. Rice, who prepared a general table of the contents of the stomachs examined had in their stomachs from one to seven fishes in various stages of digestion; they were always, eels, flounders, menhaden, and in one instance one of its own species. In a small bass he found a large quantity of small fish, including small shrimps and a few fish scales. In sea bass remains of small fish were found, and in Bluefish (crab). Bluefish were found crammed with small bluefish, weakfish, butter-

fish, kingfish, menhaden, and other small fish. In conclusion, Mr. Blackford stated that they were not prepared to draw conclusions from these examinations, because the time in which they had been conducted was so short. Another year's work would have more of a value.

Mr. Fred Mather read a paper on "Smelt; their Habits and Plans for their Destruction." He declared this fish to be a pest to fishcultivists. It was a voracious feeder and produced nothing but waste. It was no food for fishes, as its numerous spines made it a thorny mouthful. It ate worms, flies and insects, and thus became a formidable competitor to young, valuable fish, and it also devoured young shad. The smelt made its nest near the shore, and June was its spawning season. Dynamite was first suggested as the best substance to destroy this fish, but Mr. Mather thought that they could be more easily destroyed by dropping small alumps of quick-lime into their nests.

The following paper by S. M. Johnson, of Boston, on "Legislation for the Protection of Lobsters," was briefly as follows:

The true sportsman angler, when he carefully releases the fingerling trout and returns it to the stream, intuitively recognizes the true economy of fishculture, which an application of this same law to lobsters great good might be done. By returning to the grounds all that are immature, and placing the limit so as to allow time for reproduction, a constant and increasing supply would be insured, and finally Mr. Johnson thinks, can be accomplished in no other way. The merits of this plan seem to be very generally understood, but the great difficulty in determining what good has been or may be accomplished arises from the fact that the laws of the different States are not uniform, and moreover, they are often disregarded altogether, so that no satisfactory knowledge of the benefit derived is possible until these difficulties are removed.

It was suggested that all traps or pots be so constructed that the lobsters or sticks shall be sufficiently far apart to allow all small lobsters to escape, and that a funnel hoop shall be used of not less than five and a half or six inches in diameter. The disposal of the spawn-bearing lobsters is an important question, and is worthy of careful and serious consideration. The opinion is that if the limit is large enough, a sufficient quantity would be included in the number returned to the grounds to provide for breeding necessities. The plan of having a closed season is frequently advanced.

The essay closed with a regret that lobsters are becoming every year scarcer and scarcer, and the hope that legislation would soon end this difficulty.

The Association passed a resolution at the conclusion of the reading of the paper, that legislation be urged to make provision for the preservation of lobsters, as suggested in Mr. Johnson's paper.

A recess was then taken and in the afternoon a very careful reading of the paper on "The Distribution of the Rock Bass," by Dr. J. A. Henshall, was read, and elicited much discussion. The original habitat of this fish ranged from Virginia to Florida, and from Canada and the Red River of the North to Louisiana and East Mexico; it embraced the whole of North America south of the British possessions, and east of the Rocky Mountains except the waters flowing into the Atlantic in New England and the Middle States. Of the two species, the large-mouthed bass had the widest distribution. The small-mouthed bass had a somewhat more restricted range, not extending east or south of the Alleghany mountains. The habitat of the black bass had been extended by transportation and by means of artificial canals. It had also been successfully introduced into waters where it had never before existed, occupying a wider range than any other fish in the world. The black bass was in a manner omnivorous. Crawfish and minnows were the principal food of the adult fish, and in addition to this they fed upon insects, larvae, frogs, etc. Mr. Entomologist protested against the practice of catching the bass into trout streams, where it would be sure to devour that game fish.

"An interesting paper entitled "Food Fish and Fish Food," by Dr. Henshall, was then read, in which he advocated planting food for the fish when they were placed in ponds or streams.

SECOND DAY.

Col. McDonald read a paper on "The History of the Experimental and the Development of the Automatic Hatching Jar." He traced the work of practical fishcultivists from its inception to the present time, and showed the various forms through which the hatching of fish eggs has passed. He demonstrated on the blackboard the different experiments which had been tried by himself in the order of success, and the loss of eggs and to provide for the separation of the dead from the living eggs. The separation of the dead from live eggs, he said, was formerly done by picking out the dead eggs, and the result was a loss of many eggs, and a great deal of time. The syphon had been used, but this system did not prove satisfactory. Noticing that the specific gravity of dead eggs was less than that of live ones, Col. McDonald has introduced a method of separating the dead from the live eggs, and also the young shad when hatched. This jar in shape resembles the glass flasks that are seen on the shelves in apothecaries' stores, but with a rounded bottom. The water in the middle of the jar is raised up to the bottom of the jar. Another tube passes about one-third of the way down. The jar is half filled with shad eggs, and the water is forced through the long center tube, causing a gradual revolution of the eggs. The water, being healthy, immediately fall again to the bottom, while the dead eggs are thrown up and forced by the current through the other tube into another jar.

Mr. Fred Mather read a paper called "The Transportation of the Water Culture Jar," in which he advocated ending them packed as fish eggs are.

A paper of great interest, by Dr. T. Garlick, on "The Beginning of Fishculture in the United States," was then read. It was a very interesting paper, and was particularly well listened to with great attention. He drew diagrams on the blackboard and illustrated the principles of the construction of the new fishway. Among other things he said: It is a well attested fact that the river fisheries of the Atlantic States have steadily diminished in value and importance, and the causes, probably, have concurred in producing this decrease. First, the capture of the greater portion of the run each year may not have been sufficient to maintain production under natural conditions. Second, the question of obstructions in the rivers has, in some cases, entirely cut off the run of fish from their spawning grounds. The remedy for this condition of things is to be found, first, in such legislation as will remove all existing and prohibitive destructive modes of fishing; second, in compensating the value of the natural supply by artificial propagation and planting; third, in extending the area of breeding and feeding by overcoming natural obstructions by means of fishways. Fishways are various devices of artificial construction, the object of which is to otherwise be impossible to them. A fishway to be effective must fulfill certain conditions. First, it must be accessible; that is, the foot of a fishway must be so located that the fish will readily enter it. Second, it must be such that a sufficient volume of water to attract the fish. Third, the water must be discharged with such velocity that the fish may readily enter and swim up it. In what is known as the stop fishway or pool-and-fall fishway, the water is brought down from its elevated position by a series of short, vertical, rectangular weirs of such a size in comparison with the volume of water entering them as to bring it practically to rest after each drop, and in this way to deliver the whole volume at the bottom with sufficient force to attract them. It has in dropping from one pool to the next.

IN THE MATTER OF LEWIS.

Editor Forest and Stream: Oblige me very much by publishing the enclosed letter from Mr. Wade. He has acted in a very frank and handsome manner...

It is truly strange, and to me incomprehensible, that when one writes earnestly and truthfully, and for the best interest of our country, one should be called a chameleon. However, the gentle spray which has been dashed upon him don't start him from his firm base.

W. WADE, 7 EAST THIRTY-SIXTH STREET, New York.

Mr. Wade's letter is as follows: PITTSBURGH, June 9, 1888.

Col. Stuart Taylor: MY DEAR SIR—Yours of the 5th is duly received. I am much pleased that my explanation is satisfactory. I could not rest easy until I had endeavored to make amends to you...

W. WADE.

EASTERN FIELD TRIALS CLUB MEETING. At a meeting of this association, held on Wednesday, June 6, at 3 o'clock P. M., at No. 59 Wall street, this city, it was voted to extend the time for entering an entry for dogs coming from foreign countries to August 1. The following gentlemen were then elected to membership: Mr. B. P. Wilson, Mr. J. Worth and Mr. Howard Hartley, all of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr. William Johnson, of North Carolina; Mr. Edward Dexter, of Boston, Mass.; Mr. Fred E. Perkins, of Providence, R. I. The meeting then adjourned.

KENNEL NOTES.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Kenel notes are inserted in this column free of charge. To insure publication of notes, correspondents MUST GIVE the following particulars of each animal: 1. Color. 2. Name and residence of owner. 3. Breed. 4. Age or sex. 5. Date of birth, of breeding or of death. All names must be plainly written, communication on one side of paper only, and signed with writer's name.

NAMES CLAIMED.

See instructions at head of this column. Foyot, Parhall, Finance and Frolic. By Mr. Robert Blackwood, Minneapolis, Minn., for black and tan Gordon setter dogs, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora).

NAMES CHANGED.

See instructions at head of this column. Pointy to Finest Fun. Pointer bitch, 5 yrs. old, by Faust, out of Minnetonka (Shot—Countess Royal), owned by Mr. S. E. Riley, Rosedale, Wis.

BRED.

See instructions at head of this column. Nell—Singsby. Mr. J. Coleman Drayton's (New York) greyhound bitch Nell (Tippecanoe—Cleitran Glib) to his Singsby (Rapid—Sally) May 25. Coquette—Singsby. Mr. J. Coleman Drayton's (New York) greyhound bitch Coquette (Den—Fam) to his Singsby (Rapid—Fruitie) Girl, May 29. Josie—Nip. Mr. Leroy F. Patterson's (Bainbridge, Ga.) pointer bitch Josie (Nip—Casper) to her Nip (Casper) June 10. Lark—Robin Aldair. Mr. Geo. H. Whitehead's (Trenton, N. J.) collie bitch Lark (A.K.K. 7), to Mr. Thomas H. Terry's champion Robin Aldair, June 4.

WHELPS.

See instructions at head of this column. Young Flora. Mr. Robert Blackwood's (Minneapolis, Minn.) imported black and tan Gordon setter bitch Young Flora, March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora). Valfrey. Mr. Robert Blackwood's (Minneapolis, Minn.) black and tan Gordon setter bitch Valfrey, June 3, two (one dog), by his Major (Major—Young Flora). Cornelia. Mr. L. Shuster, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Cornelia (Leicester—Dirt), May 24, six (three dogs) by champion Tom (Pinder—Floss). Gossamie. Mr. L. Shuster, Jr.'s (Philadelphia, Pa.) English setter bitch Gossamie (Thunder—Peers), June 2, two (one dog), by Mr. P. Bryson's Gladiator. Gretchen. Mr. Leroy F. Patterson's (Bainbridge, Ga.) English setter bitch Gretchen (McLeod of Dura—Brenda), June 8, nine (four dogs), by Roy (Pinder—Floss). Countess Belle. Mr. Edward Lohman's (New York) imported English setter bitch Countess Belle, May 7, seven (four dogs), by Mr. E. A. Herzog's Duke. May David. Mr. J. A. Rockwood's (West Medford, Mass.) black and tan Tweed setter bitch May David (Druid—Nelson) June 2, five (one dog), by his Nelson (Nelson—Floss). Nellie. Mr. W. E. Bassett's (Jersey City, N. J.) English setter bitch Nellie (Elmo—Floss) May 24, nine (seven dogs), by Jack (Tom O'More—Floss). One dog and one bitch since dead. Vir. Mr. H. Drain's (Baltimore, Md.) Irish setter bitch Vir, June 8, seven (five dogs), by Thos. Hudgins's Supp.

SALES.

See instructions at head of this column. Elcho II. Red Irish setter dog, 5 yrs old (Elcho—Rose), by Mr. Adolph Nelson (Brooklyn, N. Y.) to Mr. P. Russ (Harrisburg, Pa.). Phantor—Finnie whelp. Byron foxhound, by Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker (South Grafton, N. C.) to Mr. E. D. Shippington (Arrow Rock, Mo.) and one blue to Mr. C. Newell (Ashburnham, Mass.). Phantor—Ench whelp. Black and white Byron foxhound, by Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker (South Grafton, N. C.) to Mr. E. D. Shippington (Arrow Rock, Mo.). Phantor—Kelpie whelp. Blue Byron foxhounds, by Mr. Thos. Goode Tucker (South Grafton, N. C.) to Mr. E. D. Shippington (Arrow Rock, Mo.) and one to Mr. C. Newell (Ashburnham, Mass.). Phantor—Black and tan Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora), by Mr. Robert Blackwood (Minneapolis, Minn.) to Mr. J. E. Duchanin (Montreal, Canada). Phantor—Black and tan Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora), by Mr. Robert Blackwood (Minneapolis, Minn.) to Mr. L. A. Boyer (Montreal, Canada). Phantor—Black and tan Gordon setter bitch, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora), by Mr. Robert Blackwood (Minneapolis, Minn.) to Mr. James Cox (Montreal, Canada). Phantor—Black and tan Gordon setter dog and bitch, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora), by Mr. Robert Blackwood (Minneapolis, Minn.) to Mr. John McCaven, Jr. (Montreal, Canada). Phantor—Ench whelp. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped March 1, 1879 (Dash III., Orial), by Mr. John Reynolds (Fall River, Mass.) to Mr. J. J. Scullin, same place. Kuckelcocker—Rose whelp. Liver and white pointer dog puppy, whelped Dec. 5, 1882 (champion Kuckelcocker—Rose), by Geo. L. Whins (Jersey City, N. J.) to Mortimer Milk, same place.

PRESENTATIONS.

See instructions at head of this column. Finance. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora), by Mr. Robert Blackwood (Minneapolis, Minn.) to Mr. H. McNickin (Winnipeg, Manitoba). Phantor. Black and tan Gordon setter dog, whelped March 27, 1888 (Major—Young Flora), by Mr. Robert Blackwood (Minneapolis, Minn.) to Mr. W. J. McLenn (Montreal, Canada).

KENNEL MANAGEMENT.

No Notice Taken on Anonymous Correspondents.

F. E. Independent Hill—You forgot to give your name and address for each dog. E. S. F. Albany, N. Y.—The pointer bitch Louy Frances was by Boss out of my dog, Supp. C. A. Lawrence, Mass.—Ans. 1. Yes. 2. We fail to comprehend your meaning, write more fully. C. H. E. Boston, Mass.—Marble's Grouse is by Wakefield's Jack out of Conslaud's Nell. Tipton's Lou was imported by Mr. H. N. Munn. Pedigree not reported. Remyer, Boston, Mass.—Give two grains of finely powdered arsenic for each pound of dog weights. Give out empty stomach and follow in two hours with a dose of castor oil. C. H. Erie, Pa.—In using any preparation of mercury upon a dog great care should be taken, as it is a poison and very liable to produce bad effects. If you are obliged to use it with vegetables, give it in small quantities for mange. It should be diluted with three parts water. J. A. C. Newburyport, Mass.—You do not state whether your dog has had distemper or not. The itching you describe is often a sign of distemper, and should be treated accordingly. The decaying of his teeth is probably caused by a disordered stomach. Change to meats, and wash his teeth with a stiff brush on his teeth twice daily, with a solution of one grain of chloride of zinc in one ounce of water.

Rifle and Trap Shooting. RANGE AND GALLERY. THE AMERICAN TEAM.

MATTERS have been very lively in the preparation for the match in England. The team which has been selected by the managers has been very valuable and most discreetly jealous. The shooting men, or such of them as reported for practice, had three days' work at Creedmoor, on Wednesday, Thursday, and again on Thursday, when, with an unusually wind, the scores ran: 700 500 600 800 500 1,000. T. J. Dolan 35 35 30 31 33 32 186. M. W. Bell 35 35 35 31 33 30 183. F. J. Rathbun 31 33 30 31 33 30 179. G. Joiner 30 33 31 29 27 25 178. W. J. Smith 29 33 32 32 30 27 172. W. L. Cash 28 32 32 30 29 25 171. J. M. Pollard 31 30 33 28 26 23 170. A. H. Van Heusen 30 29 30 29 27 23 168. T. W. Griffith 31 28 28 27 27 23 167. S. J. Scott 30 33 29 28 25 22 167. F. Stuart 28 29 28 27 26 23 164. J. H. Brown 33 32 30 29 30 14 155. J. Smith 29 27 27 27 27 27 144. C. W. Himman 31 27 21 31 32 11 148.

On the day following the men were again on the range, and with a large attendance. The marksmen took advantage of the favorable condition of the weather and piled up high scores. The wind, as usual, was a little troublesome, but not enough to interfere with good shooting. The teams showed the 800, 600 and 1,000 yards only, as Captain Howard, under whose direction the match took place, they required more practice at the long ranges than at the shorter distances, at which they are very proficient. The following is a summary of the shooting: 800yds. 600yds. 1,000yds. Total. W. J. Smith 35 31 24 91. F. J. Rathbun 34 29 26 89. T. J. Dolan 25 27 31 83. J. H. Brown 31 31 24 86. W. L. Cash 28 25 28 81. J. W. Griffith 28 25 28 81. J. M. Pollard 31 34 30 95. A. H. Van Heusen 30 23 27 80. C. W. Himman 33 29 18 80. F. Stuart 28 29 27 84. G. Joiner 30 23 25 83. W. Scott 30 23 21 75.

On Monday the team met for range drill. The weather during the morning hours was fine, although it was too warm for comfort. Shortly after 1 o'clock the sky became overcast with heavy clouds, and before the afternoon commenced there was a shower of shelter a terrific thunder storm burst upon them. The storm abated after raging for half an hour, and the drenched men resumed their shooting with undiminished interest. The conditions were fair at the first two ranges, but at the latter were very trying, a strong and choppy wind blowing from the east over the range.

The following is a summary of the shooting: 800yds. 600yds. 1,000yds. Total. F. J. Rathbun 27 33 30 90. T. J. Dolan 27 33 28 88. J. L. Faulding 30 31 25 86. S. J. Scott 30 31 25 86. F. Stuart 28 29 27 84. J. H. Van Heusen 30 29 26 85. J. W. Griffith 28 25 28 81. J. M. Pollard 31 34 30 95. A. H. Van Heusen 30 23 27 80. C. W. Himman 33 29 18 80. F. Stuart 28 29 27 84. G. Joiner 30 23 25 83. W. Scott 30 23 21 75.

The team concluded its practice at Creedmoor on Wednesday of this week. It will sail for England on the Alaska on Tuesday, the 19th inst. The match will be held at Wimbledon on Wednesday, the 20th and 21st of July. Fourteen only of the sixteen men now shooting will be taken across the water, and the interesting question now remains as to who will constitute the two unfortunate who will be "shot off." This question will be determined by a summing up of the records made in practice.

The men were doing such good work the directors were making a great commotion in the newspapers. The hubbub of the meeting on Tuesday the 6th had done much to bring discredit upon the match. Nothing has yet been resolved. Of course, the directors had not been very liberal and this exhibition of a dog-in-the-manger spirit cut them off entirely. With the intent of stirring them up they had directed E. Karsened of the Finance committee to announce saying: "I deem it my duty to notify you in order that you may notify the directors of any probabilities now or here that the international team will go to Wimbledon. A special meeting of the Board of Directors has been called for next Tuesday afternoon at 3:30, to discuss the matter of my committee's address. The acting president on the 23rd ult. no subscriptions have been obtained by those outside of the committee, and our labors fail to reach the necessary amount. Nothing has yet been resolved. 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cooling off, as the change from the heat and exertion of paddling to sailing or swimming may be very harmful. If suitable ground is at hand a race of the stumpler and lighter boats over land and water is always amusing, starting on shore. Carrying to the water, launching and paddling, then landing, and over some obstacle and paddle to the beach.

Canoes to carry four are sometimes used in England for racing only, but the expense of a boat and difficulty of training specialist crews make them unsuitable, except for large clubs. The association rules are explicit as to the details of racing, and will serve as a guide to those in charge of the races. The regatta committee should be organized in good time on the day of the race, with mark flags, timing watch, entry lists, time slips ruled for keeping records, horn or pistol for signaling, and a committee of one or two men to read and report for himself. One member will be appointed to look after visitors, and if reporters are present to give them accurate information, one with an assistant or two, to attend to the boats, giving clear for the use of contestants; while one will have charge of starting flags, timing, etc., with the assistance of a time-keeper, to whom each start should be agreed on in case the wind fails, or it is necessary to conclude the race unexpectedly. In the event of fouling and protests, the regatta committee must endeavor to decide fairly according to the rules, and their decision should be cheerfully accepted by all. During the season a long-distance race in cruising trim, occupying an entire day, would be best late in the fall, as all are in proper condition for a long pull after the cruising season, and it would be a fitting conclusion of the season's races.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION'S CAMP.—A meeting of the general committee to make arrangements for the camp of the American Canoe Association, at Stony Lake, next August, was held in the Post-office Block, Peterboro', on Tuesday evening. The reports of the various sub-committees showed that the work entrusted to them is progressing satisfactorily. There seems to be every probability of a large influx of the brethren of the paddle and the oar from other parts of Canada and the United States. We feel sure that they will not regret a visit to our beautiful waters, and that many will return here subsequently for a holiday trip.—Peterboro' Advertiser.

A NEW CANOE.—Mr. C. W. Smith, of Lansingburg, N. Y., has patented a new method of building south-skin canoes, in which strips of hardwood one-half inch square are used for the ribs, and the various sides, instead of having one round and one hollow side to avoid beveling, is laid in place and fastened with wooden shoe pegs to the two preceding strips. After the hull is completed and the deck when it is ready for rubbing down and varnishing, the inside being smoothed down and painted, making a hull that is light, strong and perfectly smooth.

PETERBORO C. C.—A party from this club ran the rapids of the Trent River on May 24, making the distance from Campbellford to Trent in 27 minutes, with only a stoppage of an hour and a half for lunch and several shorter ones.

A MAINE CRUISE.—Dr. Neidé and Mr. Frank Hubbard, of Boston, will start shortly on a cruise up the Kennebec and Dead rivers and down the Chaudière to the St. Lawrence, following Arnold's route to Canada in 1775.

TORONTO C. C.—The Toronto Y. C. have arranged a race for small yachts, sailboats, and also the canoes of the Toronto C. C.

A. C. A.—We have received from Commodore Edwards the new rules as finally adopted by the Executive Committee.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

J. C. C., Eagle Pass, Tex.—Write to Hartley & Graham for the ammunition.

Victoria, Buffalo.—We know nothing either in favor of or against the person or stock referred to.

W. Sheldon, Ia.—Can you furnish me with Norris's "American Fishculture," and at what price? Ans. Yes, price \$1.50 and 10 cents for postage.

G. W., Boston, Mass.—You neglect to give any details of bore of your gun, but if you can find the shells to fit the execution should be first-class.

W. Corning, N. Y.—Where and at what price can I get the best work on the life and writings of Isaac Walton? Ans. Get Beddome's edition by John Wiley & Sons, New York. Price, \$6.

OLD READER and WARWICK and many other inquirers will understand that their questions are not answered because no names are signed to the communications. See line at head of this column.

RAMBLER, Waynesburgh, Pa.—We should certainly recommend your taking some of the Kynochs, and giving them a fair trial. Let us know the result. We know of no tests such as you ask about.

L. F., Red Hook, N. Y.—Will you kindly inform me who owns and where is the Irish terrier dog Barryown, imported by Mr. William Graham, of Belfast, some months since. Ans. Mr. C. H. Mason, Yonkers, N. Y.

J. L. T., Baltimore, Md.—No gun on back in your State except that in the waters of eastern branch of Potomac and its tributaries in Prince George county the season is August 15 to May 15. In Virginia the season is from May 1 to July 1.

A. B., Huntington, Ind.—1. Where did the ferret originally come from? Where is its native country? 2. Do you know of any breeder of the ferret near this State? If so, please give me his address. Ans. 1. Africa. 2. We know of none. See advertising columns.

W. L.—I send you by this mail a shell. I have never seen anything like it in my river. Will you please inform me what it is the shell of. Ans. It is the mantle shell of the minute shrimp, *Squilla gwynna*, and is not uncommon in the salt waters of New York and New Jersey. We have seen specimens that were eight inches long.

W. St. Paul, Minn.—1. For ducks use Nos. 4 and 6 shot. 2. In 16-bore gun for ducks use 34s, to 31s, powder, and 3/4oz. to 1oz. shot. Experiment until you get the proper charge for your particular gun. 3. The necessary number of decoys depends upon where you are shooting, the more of them the better, from twelve to fifty.

J. W. M., Silverton, O.—1. The last book includes all the important matter of the former books by same author. 2. Can you give plan for construction of the best fish ladder to enable trout and other small fish to pass dams on small streams? Ans. Write to the Maryland Fishery Company, Lock Box 285, Washington, D. C.

H. R. T.—How are guns gauged, or to put it more plainly, what is the diameter of the different gauges? Ans. The following are the diameters of the different gauges in thousandths of an inch: No. 9, .28; No. 10, .27; No. 11, .25; No. 12, .23; No. 13, .21; No. 14, .19; No. 15, .17; No. 16, .15; No. 17, .14; No. 18, .13; No. 19, .12; No. 20, .11.

W. F. H., Allentown, Pa.—Would not the raising of what is called the casimere coat be a new and profitable business in the south-western part of this country? Where and at what cost could they be brought? Would two hundred dollars be enough to start on? Ans. 1. The experiment has been tried in California, Nevada and we believe, Arizona, but we have not heard that it was so successful. 2. To induce any great amount of capital to be invested, 2. Doubt-

ful if they could be obtained in any numbers in this country. 3. No. For fuller information on this subject, address *Breeders' Gazette*, Chicago, Ill.

W. J., New York.—I have studied carefully your advertisements, hoping to learn where I can have a dog clipped for the summer. Failing to find the information I seek I venture to write and ask you to inform me through your journal. Ans. We presume that any one who makes a business of clipping horses will perform the same service for your dog.

H. F.,—and Ergo fishing: A bet B that he (A) will catch the largest fish. A catches a fish that weighs five pounds and eight ounces. B catches one weighing four pounds and twelve ounces. B's guide catches a fish weighing five pounds and nine ounces. Ans. A has caught the largest fish at the time. Who wins the bet? Ans. A has caught the largest fish, he wins. The terms did not include the guide, nor any persons except the two contracting parties.

W. K. M., Salem, Pa. 1. Do you know where I can get the genuine Indian moccasins the shoe worn by the American Indian? 2. Do you know of any individual or firm who deals in or buys bullfrogs? 3. What is meant by the term choke-bore, and do choke-bore guns possess superior shooting powers over regular bore guns? Ans. 1. Philadelphia. 3. A gun bored so as to throw the shot closer together than the ordinary cylinders. Superior at long distances because the empty spaces between the pellets of shot are smaller.

J. H. G., Detroit, Mich.—Please tell me where or whom I could get shells for my gun, either rifle or shot shell. The piece is an old rifle. It was originally a breech-loader, and used in the civil war, but was bought from the Government and changed into a breech-loader by the fishermen for their special use during the Fenian excitement. No dealer here has shells small enough to fit. Ans. The bore of the Enfield was .477. If your rifle is of so small caliber as you imply, it cannot be an Enfield. Ascertain the exact size of cartridge for which it is chambered, and apply to some of the New York dealers.

B. J. M., N. Y.—Can you give me any information with reference to either the Muskoka Lake region in Canada, or the northern Michigan lakes, for good shooting and fishing during August. Ans. As to the Michigan lakes for fishing see *FOREST AND STREAM*, "Camps of the Anglers," vol. xvii, pp. 26, 28, 30, 43, 45, 55, and 64. There is said to be good fishing for brook trout and bass near Charlevoix, eighteen miles south from Petoskey. In fact you can hardly go wrong in looking for the State. For information about the Muskoka district see *FOREST AND STREAM*, vol. xx, pp. 207, 327 and 362. You will love no shooting, as it is illegal to kill any game except wood-

TRU, Tom's River, N. J.—1. What size was should be used in No. 12 brass shells to insure the best shooting. 2. Also what size was should be used in No. 12 paper shells (choke-bore gun)? 3. What shall I use to keep my gun barrels from rusting on the outside, and not injure them? 4. Do you know where I can get a book or pamphlet on loading? 5. What size shot do Boscovius and Carver use in their pigeon matches? Ans. No. 10 was in brass and No. 11 in paper. 6. By watching them and keeping dry, scarcely any oil is required, but if needed any good animal machine oil will do. 7. Green's "The Gun and its Development," price \$7.50, or Duggal's "Shooting," price \$3. 4. Nos. 6, 7 or 8, according to circumstances.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

There is a tradition handed down from time immemorial that a lady can never write a letter without a postscript. If the latter is heeded, an *Restorook* pen No. 335 will answer the purpose admirably.—*Adv.*

Wrecks and failures are visible everywhere. Causes: Ignorance, want of skill, and carelessness. Put Boscovius's Cement Plasters stand at the head of external remedies, like a lighthouse on a stormy coast. They act thoroughly, scientifically, and begin their work as soon as applied. All other counterfeits are time and temper. Per, and cost. Word "Capitino" cut in center of each plaster.—*Adv.*

THE MILD PAIN CURES. DR. J. C. HUMPHREY'S OMBOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

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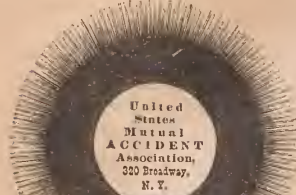
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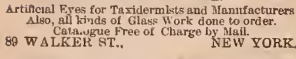


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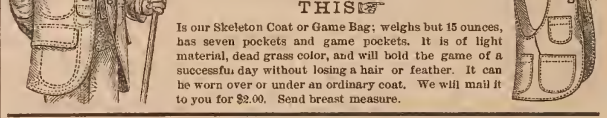
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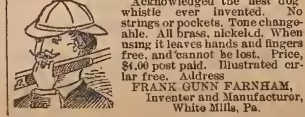
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GAME SLAUGHTER IN THE WEST.

INFORMATION from authentic sources makes it appear that the Game Protective Association of Wyoming is not doing the good work that we had hoped to see performed by it, and which the list of its officers and the tone of its inaugural address to the citizens of the Territory, warranted the public in expecting. In two essential particulars complaint is made that there is a failure to take necessary steps to punish violators of the law.

Some years ago the rapid decrease of the beaver within the Territory induced the passage of a law protecting these animals for a term of years, and forbidding their capture under severe penalties. For two or three years this statute was well observed, but during the past winter it has been openly violated, and the Wyoming newspapers have at frequent intervals contained local items like the following:

"John Smith has been trapping on the Labonté and neighboring creeks, and has brought in forty beaver as the result of his season's work."

"Peter Jones killed two beaver last week near the head of Rock Creek. Beaver are scarce there now, and Pete was lucky to get these."

Items such as these have had sufficient currency in the press to have attracted the notice of the officers of the association, and it would seem that by a little effort some one of the numerous law-breakers might have been brought to book and punished. A single conviction would have put an end at least to the open violation of the law, and would have greatly increased the respect in which the society is held by the public. The protection of the beaver is not less important than that of game animals, and we hope that the recurrence of another trapping season will find the officers of the Wyoming Association so far on the alert, that any open violation of the wise act in regard to this great rodent will receive prompt punishment.

During the past winter not a little elk skinning has gone on in the Territory. The law forbidding the sale of hides

has been evaded by transporting the skins by wagon down to Fort Collins, Col., where they are readily sold. It is true that the elk and the blacktail deer and the antelope are not slaughtered in anything like such numbers as they used to be a few years ago, but this is the result more of the scarcity of the game than of any respect felt by the skin hunters for life or law, or any apparent efforts on the part of the Wyoming Association to stop the butchery. We have no desire to be hypercritical nor to belittle the difficulties of enforcing the law in a country where the conditions obtain which are found in Wyoming, but we do wish to see the fast disappearing game of the Rocky Mountains protected from the skin hunter. We know (few men better) that it is simply impossible to prevent the slaughter, except by closing the markets, but the wagons which carry the butchers' spoils to Fort Collins pass through or close to Laramie City, and so the traffic ought to be detected and stopped. If, as was at one time hoped would be done, the stock men all over the Territory would take hold of this matter of game preservation in earnest, they could, in a very short space of time, make the butchers and illegal trappers feel that their shameful business was a dangerous business as well.

If anything is to be done for the game it must be done speedily, for each year shows more plainly than the preceding one that the big game of this continent is doomed. Only in the Yellowstone National Park, if the United States officials do their duty, has it any hope of surviving the ruthless persecution to which it is constantly subjected.

ONE OF THE FOOLS.—A correspondent writes to us that, misled by the glowing but false representations of a contemporary, he forwarded some time ago the fee for membership in a certain Western hunting club, and received from the officers promises of information and assistance in a proposed expedition to one of the Territories. Since the receipt of the acknowledgment of his money, he has had no further advice from this so-called club, and he now asks whether there is any means by which he can secure the return of his fee or in any way obtain satisfaction. We presume not. This is evidently a case of the "fool and his money soon parted," and we confess we have no sympathy with the fool. A man who has not intelligence enough to use ordinary prudence in dealing with strangers, deserves to be plundered.

It is from the ranks of this class of simpletons that the unfortunates are drawn who become the prey of the "bucco steersmen" and "sawdust men," and those, scarcely less silly people who answer catch-penny swindling advertisements under the impression that while all the world beside will be duped, they will be dealt fairly with. How anybody outside of the walls of an idiot asylum can be imposed upon by the shallow devices of these sharpers is very mysterious, and yet the rascals, if we may trust the frequent exposures of their practices by the newspapers, make a fat living off the world at large. It may be set down as a true principle, that in the long run all attempts to get something for nothing will prove failures. All things have their price and are worth what they will bring, and any effort to obtain them without rendering an equivalent, whether it be in money, in labor, or in marketable goods, is a clear violation of the most self-evident principles of political economy.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the capture of a hooded seal on the New Jersey coast, and its exhibition alive for nine days at the Zoological Garden in Philadelphia, will be a matter of great interest to many of our readers. Mr. Brown gives in another column some valuable notes on the subject, though the death of the captive precluded any lengthened observation of the habits of the species in captivity. The hooded seal is known among sealers as the most ferocious and difficult to capture of the species commonly found on the North Atlantic coast, and the Philadelphia specimen, even though so young, appears to have shown the usual temper of its race. We learn from Dr. C. H. Merriam, whose name is familiar to all our readers, that during a recent cruise which he took on a sealer along the Newfoundland coast, and among the ice fields off Labrador, he found this species quite abundant. He secured during the cruise 120 specimens of seals, most of them *Cystophora cristata*. Mr. Brown is to be congratulated on having secured for his collection so uncommon a species of seal. And the bringing together of the hooded seal and the sea elephant—two rare and closely related forms, yet from such widely separated localities—was a piece of great good fortune. We shall look with interest for Professor Chapman's paper on the anatomy of the present specimen.

THE WIND-GAUGE QUESTION.

THE wind-gauge question is the one drawback upon the prospects of the American team, so far as its preliminary practice is concerned. It was thought that the Wimbledon rules might be construed into keeping the American team men from practice during the Wimbledon meeting, but the discussion at the spring meeting of the members of the British Rifle Association further showed that the rifle-men of the visiting team using the screw wind-gauge had little prospect of admission into the many matches at the great meeting.

The speaker, at that meeting, who urged that the utmost liberty should be given the American team, was silenced by the remark that as the Americans had not made a formal demand for the use of the screw wind-gauge, therefore it was evident that it was a matter in which they had no interest, and that it was a matter of utter indifference whether or not the rule prohibiting the use of such wind-gauges was enforced at Wimbledon.

The speaker should have remembered that it would hardly have been courteous for the visitors to look ahead in this way. It is known to the British Council precisely what sort of weapon the Americans have prepared for the match, and it is known that they will wish to practice with these arms as much as possible upon the very range and at the very firing points from which the final match is to be fought. If such privilege is not accorded them, they will go into the match handicapped to a certain extent, and certain very invidious comparisons will be made with the treatment which the British team received a year ago. At that time Creed-moor was thrown open fully and freely to the visitors. They fired over the same ground which was to be used in the final match, and no restriction of any kind was placed upon their use of the range.

The American team in England would like the privilege of getting all the shooting possible over the Wimbledon ranges during the fortnight of the general competitions. It will not do to say that the pool targets are open to the general marksmen on the range. The exercise at the pool targets generally consists in standing for an hour or more in line, and then hurrying through a few shots, so that the value of the shooting, so far as making any acquaintance with the range is concerned, is about nothing.

If the full value of the fortnight's stay at Wimbledon is to be gained by the Americans, it must be by the right to enter without hindrance all the several military breech-loader matches. In this way, too, the English rifleman may learn something from the methods of the Americans, and there certainly will be cultivated a good fellowship between the Guardsmen of the two countries, which is after all no small part of the permanent benefits of an international match.

We beg our English friends to dislodge their minds of the idea that the American team are indifferent over the fact that the Wimbledon programme, as it seems to be arranged at present, shuts them out of many of the most valuable practice matches, and if this exclusion is kept up, it will do much to weaken our present faith that the match is to be one of a fair field and no favor.

THE MEN who sailed on Tuesday in the steamer Alaska to compete with the best rifle shots of Great Britain, went off in good health and spirits, accompanied by the cordial good wishes of a large throng of spectators. Although no predictions can as yet be made as to the probable results of the contest in which they are to engage, it seems certain that the prospects for victory are far better than they were at this time last year. We have every confidence that the men will do their best, and the arm with which they are equipped has shown that it can do most accurate work. With which ever side the victory may rest, it seems likely that the scores on both sides will be very satisfactory.

PLENTY OF BIRDS.—Private advices from several of the Western States speak most encouragingly of the prospect for the fall shooting. It is rather too early yet to predicate much upon such reports, for a great many things may happen in the two months that intervene before even the prairie chicken shooting opens. Still it is satisfactory to learn that in many sections the birds wintered well and have had favorable nesting seasons.

GAME PROTECTOR NEEDED.—The need of a game protector for New York city, and one for Long Island, is every day more apparent. Will not the State executive help the sportsmen to protect the game and fish?

THE ICHTHYOPHAGOUS CLUB.

THIS famous club will have its fourth annual dinner at the Manhattan Beach Hotel on Tuesday, June 20. The invitations, requesting members to assemble at the time and place named at 6:30 P. M., have been issued. These say that the club will meet "to discuss the qualities of many rare and excellent fishes, as well as of some less prized but not less toothsome mollusks, reptiles, and denizens of the deep, interspersed with such due admixture of familiar flesh and fowl as may sustain the strength of the least adventurous, and satisfy the yearnings of the most fastidious."

We fear that this indicates a backing down of the club from the high ground it has occupied, as it certainly intimates that it is about to make concessions to popular prejudice by introducing into its feast a "due admixture of familiar flesh." The club has claimed to be a medium for introducing to the public certain inhabitants of the water, as well as "denizens of the deep," which may prove to be wholesome food, but against which there has existed an ill-founded prejudice because of a lack of beauty in either their countenances or in their general appearance. In this good work they have had the moral support of those who look beyond the surface of that vague science called political economy. The club has introduced to public notice the despised skate, which is now occasionally sold in the markets, but which was long tabooed for no good reason. The skate is largely eaten in Europe, but not being in fashion here, our poorest people would not touch it because it had the reputation of being unclean, and, as consequence, tons upon tons of this very good fish are thrown away every week, while thousands of people in New York are in want of a dinner.

The new departure of the Club is to be regretted because the average man will decline water snakes, snails, angle-worms, and shark's liver, when the menu contains "familiar flesh and fowl," and so the usefulness of the club may be greatly impaired. We hold that a member of the Ichthyophagous Club is bound to sink all inherited prejudice, and eat every living thing which the waters produce, even including those vague and possibly horrible things described as "denizens of the deep." To this end each member should insist that there be no "familiar" dishes, and that every other member and guest should eat of every dish that is served, in order that the public may know what is good and wholesome. If by any chance a few of the members should die from the effects of some poisonous monster's flesh, then those members' names should be inscribed upon the roll of honor, and pass into history as those who have died to benefit their fellow men. Certainly no one can accuse those brave men, who have unhesitatingly swallowed hellbender steaks and fried sea-snails, washed down with octopus soup, of being afraid to carry on the war against prejudice through any fear of personal harm. We certainly do not; we know too well the stuff that they are made of, to suspect that the proposed concession is at all dictated by personal considerations, and feel sure that had they been among the grounders of Frederick the Great, when their comrades hesitated before a charge which looked hopeless, and their king rode in front and asked: "What! do you fellows want to live forever?" they would, with one voice, have answered: "No."

Reading between the lines of this invitation, we see only a desire to please the new members, and perhaps to cheer them on by devouring the mysterious "denizens" before them, while they (the new members) content themselves with "civilized" food until they can sew their combined courage to the sticking point, and gradually arrive at the point when all pre-conceived notions as to what is edible have vanished, and the effect of an early education which was filled with prejudice, is partly or wholly gone. All have heard of the honor that is due to him who makes two blades of grass grow where but one vegetated before, but we think that an equal amount of merit should attach to those who teach us how to use what the earth or the waters provide, especially such things as are thrown aside as not fit to eat, when no one has tried them to find out whether they are or not. The fact that our grandfathers did not eat certain things is no reason at all why we should not test them, and a broiled "toad-fish" may be equal to any other fish, for all that the fisherman, who catch and throw them away, may know. The fishermen of Connecticut will not eat sturgeon, the royal dish of England, and yet they eat lampreys which the New Yorker turns up his nose at. Neither of these persons have tasted the fishes in question, nor would they do so unless under compulsion.

It might be well for the Ichthyophagi to consider the propriety of having different degrees among the memberships, and to mark these degrees by divisions at the table. For instance, a new member sits at the foot of the table, and notes are taken of the dishes of which he partakes. If he goes through with the muskrat stew and the toad-fish, he is admitted to a higher seat at the next feast, when, if he devours his water snakes and fried angle worms with gusto, he is promoted to be a brother in full standing. We are glad to learn that the old custom of the club of holding a new member on the floor and inserting repulsive "denizens of the deep" one after another down his oesophagus with a pump, has been abandoned. This course only produced nausea in the strongest stomachs, and in several fatal cases the coroners strongly condemned the practice. That was one extreme, the new departure of pandering to prejudice is another. The true method of inducing the novice to eat of the unusual viands lies between the two.

Those of our readers who would like to unite with this body of philanthropists, may have an opportunity of joining the martyrs to nightmare and dyspepsia by addressing the officers of the club, which are, as given on our invitation, as follows: President, John Board. Executive Committee—Engene G. Blackford, Robert B. Roosevelt, Fred Mather, Charles R. Miller and Barnet Phillips. We hope that all who propose attending this fourth annual dinner will notify us where we may find suitable data for an obituary notice, as we already have on file complete ones of the older members in the readiness for any emergency.

FOOD AND SPAWNING OF STRIPED BASS.—In the proceedings of the American Fish-cultural Association, in another column, will be found some notes on the food of the striped bass, by Prof. H. J. Rice, and also some account of the successful hatching of the fish, by Mr. S. P. Worth. The bass has been hatched in very limited numbers, just enough to experiment with, for years, but the fish-culturists have found where they spawn, so that they can be obtained in quantities. Mr. Worth is the first to obtain the eggs in large numbers.

JUNE WOODCOOK.—A correspondent writes us that at the Manhattan Beach Hotel, at Coney Island, John Breslin proprietor, he saw a few days ago twelve woodcock—small young birds. Will Governor Cleveland give Long Island a game protector?

The Sportsman Tourist.

SPORT IN CALLAO BAY.

IT may be of interest to some of my fellow-readers of FOREST AND STREAM to hear a little of life, from a rod and gun standpoint, in this quarter of the globe; and on that supposition I give you a few bits of experience from the lives of a friend and myself, who are in temporary exile in this dreary spot, and who are forced to devise all sorts of expedients to prod dull time along.

On account of the present military occupation of this unfortunate country by the Chileans, which precludes all possibility of getting into the interior, my experience has been confined entirely to the coast, and, indeed, to a very limited extent of that. From all accounts the upper plateaus of the mountains, fifty or seventy-two miles inland, abound in game of great variety, and, barring the rarest atmosphere, it is easily bagged. Properly speaking there is no game at this point on the coast, unless an occasional flock of bay birds, with a stray curlew or two, may be so denominated. But to my yarn which, though it has little to do with game, does deal to a slight extent with fishing line and rifle.

To premise I will state that our present home is on board the United States steamer —, at this time lying at anchor, close under the lee of the island of San Lorenzo, some four miles southwest of Callao. I make this reckless statement with a full realization that it will be apt to blast my reputation for veracity among those acquainted with the present state of our navy; but, if necessary, I can produce affidavits to prove the fact, and so I will condemn me without previously investigating the case.

Having stretched your imaginations sufficiently to grasp this fact, please consider us in strict quarantine, greedily willing to receive anything in the fresh fish line capable of being eaten, and you have our exact status.

The Doctor and I, being the only officers on board who were fond of fishing, nobly sacrificed ourselves on the altars of our respective duties, and volunteered to daily sallies forth with hook and line, in search of what the sea might yield us. For a fishing ground we chose an old launch, anchored near the island shore, in some three fathoms of water, and thither, with hand lines (neither love nor money will purchase a rod in Lima or Callao), we daily repaired and caught large quantities of fish, called by the natives "cabrilla." They are a fine food fish, weighing from one to three pounds each, and outwardly much resembling the ordinary fresh-water perch. We also caught mackerel, eels and various other fish, mostly useless for table purposes. Every day white fishing, we lost several hooks and parts of lines, which were carried off by some immense fish, whose movements, when hooked, were as uncontrollable with our light tackle as would have been those of a locomotive. After a few days this naturally grew a little monotonous, and we determined to try and get a glimpse of the creature that was apparently amusing himself so highly at our expense. We, accordingly, each procured a large eel-line, to which we fastened three heavy hooks, and half a pound of lead. These machines we leaved with a good-sized mackerel, and let the bait lie close to the bottom alongside the launch. We took the precaution, luckily, to coil down about 100 yards of each line in the launch free for running.

The second day of the trial of this device, just as we were winding up our light lines for the day, and when the bottom of the launch was well covered with flapping fish and squirming eels, the Doctor's big line started over the side for Callao at about fifteen knots an hour. He made a wild grab for it, missed it, fell down in the bottom of the launch, recovered himself, spit out a couple of stray eels, and a good kind of strong language, and finally got hold of his machine. He had here since wished that he had fallen down again, for that line was probably the worst thing he ever got hold of. The Doctor is not of a prevaricating disposition, and when he took firm hold of that line and excitedly shouted, "I have got him," he doubtless thought he was telling the truth; but it was but another version of that old, old story of the man and the bear, and he only kept up communication with the terminus of the line long enough to get two of his fingers cut well in toward the bone. He let go, remarking with a good deal of unnecessary force, "The d—n beast can go — Cotopaxi." Whether or no the occupant of the far end of the line heard this expression, I cannot say, but I presume it did, for it immediately stopped, doubtless to give the remark due consideration, and to cogitate upon the feasibility of taking up the liberal course of travel, opened up for it by the Doctor's quaintly worded remark.

The sudden stoppage of the line caused us both to think that our game had escaped, but a cautious pull satisfied us

that his flag was still there, and, as it showed no signs of immediately renewing the fight, we prepared to do a little work on our end of the line. The fish was on the Doctor's tackle and the place of honor belonged to him; accordingly, having duly fortified his hands with a pair of gloves and some old junk, he declared himself ready to begin offensive operations. Fearing our customer would foul the anchorage of the launch, we got into a small boat alongside, the Doctor handling the line very gingerly during the transfer operation. When all was ready I took the oars and rowed gently in the direction in which the line trended, the Doctor meanwhile taking in the slack of the line and coiling it carefully down in the bow. When he had got in about seventy-five yards he found it about up and down. He then braced himself for another trial, and, with a light yarn brake, for cutting my fingers," and gave a yank on the line that would have fairly staggered a bull. It was sufficient. The fish evidently thought a young earthquake had generated right under it, and accordingly started for a cooler clime, but in making calculations it forgot to take into consideration the new ties it had so recently formed, and was forced to stand upon the order of its going. The Doctor had his blood up at the time, and the fight began, our fish came to the fifty pounds pressure. Even with this strain on the beast and if all its own way for a long time, and towed the boat backward and forward like a cork. When the brute tired of this kind of fighting it began sulking. It would lie on the bottom and would not stir more than a few feet, jerk and pull the line as we would. Whenever it did move the Doctor worried it as much as possible, and finally, some forty minutes after the battle began, our fish came to the surface about twenty feet from the boat. As soon as it broke water our curiosity was appeased, and we saw that our line-breaking, hook-stealing friend was one of the ray tribe. We thought it had given up, but it was apparently satisfying its curiosity also, for as soon as it saw the two objects it was fast to it made a desperate rush for liberty. That was the end of his last effort of fight, and, though extremely violent, did not continue long. It came to the surface again and again, and we shortly had it close alongside the boat. I told the Doctor to keep a taut line on, while I took a knife, with a ten-inch blade, and prepared to give the beast a death-blow through the brain. Our scheme of annihilation was very well planned, but "the best laid schemes o' mice an' men gang aft agley," and when I, with my trusty knife, was ready to give the fatal blow, the brute, with a tremendous splash, moved off a yard or two, and I ranned that knife countless fathoms down into the bright blue waters of Callao Bay. I stretched my temper further than I did my arm, but, although I shortly regained my usual sweet disposition, my right arm is still several inches in excess of its normal length. You can, perhaps, imagine the blissful satisfaction I experienced when, shortly after the day's mishap, I succeeded in putting that knife (with my left hand) into a fatal spot in our quarry.

The Doctor thought my accident very funny, and did not get over his hilarity till he had been surveying his captive. Then the overwhelming knowledge of his own puissant prowess so overcame him, that he would not deign to notice so insignificant an individual as myself. I felt my own inferiority, and humbly begged his pardon for the blow from the water, by means of a crane, and deposited on a small hand-car, whence it was removed to the scales at the smelting works adjacent, and found to weigh 81 1/2 pounds. The Doctor, whose fishing experience had heretofore been mainly confined to trying how far he could throw a three-quarter-pound bass through the cerulean atmosphere of a clear day, means to try to make a record. He has quite overcome by the weight of his own laurels, and fully realized that, unless I wished to everlastingly forfeit his regard, I must catch a fish weighing well up in the double figures. So the following day I girded up my loins and sallied forth to redeem my lost position. The Doctor endeavored to accompany me, but the expedition was a barren failure, and my greater good fortune led me to make the day succeeding that, however, fickle fortune smiled upon me, and I succeeded in hooking two rays. The first one got the line foul of the buoy anchorage before I could get him under control, and soon broke away. Shortly after I hooked another, and after about an hour's hard work, much similar to that described before, I landed the largest fish, by over a hundred pounds, that it has ever been my good fortune to capture. The fish was a fine specimen of the genus: From tip of nose to tip of tail, six feet two inches; from the extremity of one enormously developed pectoral fin to the extremity of the other, five feet eight and one-half inches; weight, 136 pounds. Its large bulging eyes, uncouth rhomboidal shape, and long flexible tail, gave it anything but a fish-like appearance, and made up a *total ensemble* that was extremely peculiar. The fish I have been speaking of gave a single spike at the base of the tail, and from the limited means at my command for obtaining such information, I concluded them to be *Raja trigloca*.

If any of my readers wish to get information as to the edible properties of this fish, I refer them to Col. H., of the Island. He, burning to make a discovery in gastronomy that would pleasantly astonish his fellow gourmands, had a steak cut from one of the fish, and served it to me the following morning as the first course at a breakfast for two of my friends. His guests were not hunting for discoveries in that line, and, after being helped, they patiently waited for the Colonel's verdict on the newly discovered delicacy before bestowing their meed of praise upon his deserving head. He took a generous mouthful upon his fork, placed it where he thought it was going to do the most good, and, with an ecstatic smile, began his hasty way at it. He had scarcely taken a few mouthfuls, and soon died away entirely. Then his face assumed a sickly green color, and remarking, "I am not overfond of rich pastry for breakfast," he left the room amid the roars of his guests. The new discovery was afterward tried upon a dog, but he, less reckless than the Colonel, would not even deign to put a bit of it in his mouth.

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A short distance off the southern end of San Lorenzo there lies a small, barren, uninhabited island called Bugan, and from the limited means at my command for obtaining such information, I concluded them to be *Raja trigloca*.

This we resolved to take advantage of, and a few days since we made up a party of six, suitably armed, took possession of the ship's sailing launch, and got under way for our proposed fishing ground. As we intended to be gone most of the day we carried a loaf of bread, to stave off all danger of water famine, and the Doctor thoughtfully compounded a few mild prescriptions, in suitably labeled bottles, that gaunt hunger might be lulled should he attack our jolly crew.

After a pleasant sail of a couple of hours we dropped anchor behind an out-putting point that completely hid us from the land. We had a bag of bait, and had a couple of lines on hand. We got the small boat (which we had towed alongside, and made preparations to land. Here arose an obstacle, which we had completely overlooked, viz., a difficulty in landing. There was a pretty heavy sea running, and a single beach to disembark on. The water, however, was deep close in shore, so there was no greater danger than that of getting a partial ducking, while jumping from boat to beach. We had made elaborate preparations to land, and this consideration to take a long, and a half, was soon in the small boat, and two blue-jackets at the oars, rowing briskly toward the shore. We approached the beach stern to, and when at the proper distance, the first man, inwardly commending his soul to his maker, made a wild jump for it. Much to his own surprise he reached it, and succeeded in scrambling up over the loose stones without wetting a hair. The second man foolishly tried to get out between the same two bays, and got beautifully scalded as high up as his knees for his untoward haste. Of course he got well laughed at, and I being left in the boat, called into exercise the Nestor-like sapience for which I am noted, and concluded to show that young man how to land dry-shod. Carefully balancing my fiery-like form in the stern sheets, I assumed an attitude of unobtrusive grace, and at the critical moment stepped lightly from the boat. My foot, with but slight noise, struck the sand, and I was up, with my hands on my hips, and when it struck the noble stones on the bottom. I assumed the latest disposition, and was sauntering leisurely ashore, when old Neptune, doubtless thinking I was not going to fetch, kindly sent another roller to help me. This coming as high as my armpits, was of material assistance in carrying me to my goal. I got above high water mark as soon as consistent with my dignity, and by a new system of drainage, there and then, I formed an up and salt lake of very respectable size. In the meantime the balance of the party had got ashore, along with more or less water, and we started over the hill for our prey. From its crest we discovered about a hundred sea lions on a strip of beach a little to our left, and exercising due care, we all, in about ten minutes, got safely ensconced behind a large flat rock, within a few yards of the nearest lions, and they utterly unaware of our presence. There we were spread over quite a long beach and in all sorts of positions, most of us with our backs to the sea. For a long time we watched them in their fancied security, great hulking fellows from seven to ten feet long, and then, each picking out a victim, we drew bead, in a good deal of excitement, and cut loose. After the first discharge it was touch and go with us as fast as we could load and fire, until the beasts got into the sea, but I don't think there were many effective shots after the first round, as everyone was pretty highly excited. This impression was made almost certainly afterward; I found that two of the party had been firing at an elevation of 200 yards, when their targets could not possibly have been more than thirty yards distant. Among the sea lions the first discharge seemed to produce nothing but astonishment, for they merely reared up on their flippers and looked at us, perhaps wondering what we were making such a devil of a row about. In the subsequent part of the day we were anxious to try to shoot some, and they lumbered into the sea, one over the other, in the unbecoming confusion. When we ceased firing we found four dead ones and two others so badly wounded that they were unable to reach the water. These we soon dispatched, and then hastily went down to the next beach, where we repeated our previous tactics and succeeded in killing three more. After this we perched ourselves on a huge rock, and kept up our ammunition in tabling snags, pots and things at them in the water. They seemed to be highly endowed with curiosity, and would rear their large heads out of the water and gaze intently at us for at least half a minute before going down again, thus affording a fair target for a reasonably quick shot.

On the morning after our expedition, men were sent down to our shooting rounds to collect the skins and blubber from the dead animals. The blubber was taken up on the beach. The blubber from these, dried out by a very slow process, yielded an average of about sixty pounds of oil to each animal, and I, from this data, judge their weight to range from 700 to 1,000 pounds each. The skins have been sent to Lima to be tanned, and I await with considerable curiosity the appearance of the resulting leather.

There is a Peruvian law against killing these animals, as they are the main source of food for the Indians, and since the Chilean occupation, this law, for obvious reasons, has not been enforced. They destroy an almost incalculable amount of valuable food fish every year, and we feel no compunctions about hunting them, as we consider they do far more harm than good.

I have heard a good deal about killing seals by hitting them on the nose with a cudgel. That this is true is a fact altogether too well established to be doubted; but if anyone has an idea that these sea lions can be gathered in in that way, and is foolish enough to experiment on that idea, he would soon become convinced of his mistake. Opportunities are not wanting, just here, for adventurous spirits to try this means of killing them, but they are never taken advantage of. It is my candid opinion, that the remains of any person, who gets between a herd of large sea lions and the water, will be lying in a gummy sack.

I have tried the cudgel act on an ordinary walrus once, and it had about as much effect as if I had pounded a bag of sand with a toothpick.

I hear that the Oroya railroad is about to be opened up and that trains will soon be running up into the mountains. If this be true, and quarantine does not prevent, I shall soon go up with a few friends on a shooting expedition. If we go I will give you some of our experiences in the highest altitudes.

DEATH OF THE "BROWN STUD."

SOUTH of Boise City, Idaho, there is a great tract of lava country bounded by the Snake River, which is only fit for pasturage. This vast expanse is seventy-five miles one way and from twenty to thirty the other way. No living streams or springs intervene, and in summer heat it is impossible even for stock to live in some parts of it. For ten or twelve years we have seen the home of a number of wild horses, roving in bands of ten to twenty, five or six to twenty or thirty. Each band is led by a stallion, and he guards them like the most watchful sentinel. Snuffing the danger, away he gallops to some elevation, where in a moment he spies the intruder, and back he gallops to his band to lead them in an opposite direction. Many horses each year were lost, and only a short time elapses before the same are all wild alike. This year these bands have been

broken up and most of them captured in a great corral. This corral has wings spreading out to catch the animals as they were chased down by their pursuing pursuers.

To the Damstien brothers, of Boise City, belongs the credit of doing this. It involved great expense and took an iron will, endurance and good plans to accomplish. Among all these horses there was one noted for his surprising swiftness and nobleness of bearing. A hundred dollars had been offered for his capture, and when the different bands, numbering altogether 125, had been run down and captured, it was thought that by having twenty horses or more for relays stationed at points where the chase could be plainly seen, the noble animal would have to give up. Accordingly on the 26th of May a party started out from a dry camp twelve miles from any good water, to find and chase down the "brown stud," as he was called. And no one ever supposed that his blood would redder the larrikin's noose that night. He was sighted with his hand near Dorsey Butte, and, after a most exciting run of about seventy miles in four hours and a half, mostly over a lava country, rough and broken with fissures and naked masses, with high sage brush everywhere reaching to the knees, he was captured. Nine of the best saddle-horses took him by relays, one of these, a celebrated horse called Portland, himself of great power and activity. This horse alone gave the stud a breathless chase of twenty miles on one circle. When tired, panting, but bright and noble to the last, the brown stud reached one of his old watering places, pausing as if for some lake farewell, he staggered and dropped struggling mightily against death. The terrible convulsions of the noble horse brought pity to the hearts of his captors. Everyone brought water in their hats to the horse and tried every remedy in vain. He had run his last race. Captured with him was a fine, fast, iron-gray gelding, which always ran with the stud and scemed his inseparable companion. As a usual thing, the stallion will not allow a gelding in the band. This was an exception. He never allowed the iron gray to camp, but he never rallied; toward night the look of death came over him, and in the morning he, too, was dead. The color of the stud was dark brown. He was six years old and weighed 1,000 pounds.

JAMES M. HAMILTON,
BOISE CITY, IDAHO, JUNE 5.

Natural History.

A CAPTIVE HOODED SEAL.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Some days since you wrote me inquiring as to the identity of a seal which was captured on the 3d of June, near Spring Lake, New Jersey, and forwarded to the Zoological Garden. At the time of my reply, I was able to refer it only to the common species of the North Atlantic (*Phoca vitulina*), and it was some doubt of the correctness of the identification. It was quite different externally from any I had ever seen, and yet might well have been taken for one of the dark, unspotted individuals of that species. Any close examination was made impossible by its vicious bites and struggles when handled. It was in poor condition when received, steadily refused food, and died on the ninth day after arrival, when its incisor dentition ($\frac{3-2}{3-2}$), the large development of claws on hind feet, with other details, proved it to be a young female hooded seal (*Cystophora cristata*). Although a few specimens of this seal have been seen on our shores, even as far south as the Chesapeake, yet its occurrence is sufficiently rare to be worthy of note, and at this season of the year it may be inferred that a considerable part, at least, of the voyage was performed on an iceberg or floe.

The short life of the animal gave little chance to observe peculiarities of habit, the only ones observed being its extremely savage disposition, to a degree far greater than I have ever seen in the common seal, and its habit of floating in the water with the axis of the body almost perpendicular instead of horizontally, as with most other seals. Both of these habits I find to be mentioned by those who have observed the animal under similar circumstances.

It is much to be regretted that the specimen did not live, as its presence in the same pond with specimens of three other North American seals, the common seal (*Phoca vitulina*), the California elephant seal (*Moschophoca angustirostris*), and Gillespie's hair seal (*Zalophium californianum*), would have offered a rare opportunity for studying the moral differences of these species.

It is curious to observe that the habit of floating perpendicularly, above referred to, is shared by it with the seal-elephant which it resembles in dentition, and quite strikingly in internal anatomy, the two genera forming a group quite apart in subordinate characters from the other *Phocinae*.

ARTHUR ERWIN BROWN,
ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 14.

THE SWALLOW.

OUR swallow is a cheerful, untiring little fellow. Never a meadow at sunset, without some members of his immediate family darting across, over and back, with doubles, and twists, and swift glides, all combining to make up a most erratic though graceful flight.

Now high in the air when the minute insects seek the upper strata, he dashes through their midst, gathering his food, and rolling in his scales of health, as testified by his intermittent bursts of joyful rattle. Meeting a friend in his airy flight, they career off in company, giving utterance to a continued though not strikingly melodious warble, as they take long stretches together with outspread wings, until a fresh impulse sends them back again to spread dismay among the insect rattle.

All this is carried on amid the most rapid changes of light and shade in the sky, over the western sky, until twilight steals on; then our little singer and we are left alone with our thoughts. We stand in imagination in the doorway of the old barn, and memory sends a flood of yellow sunshine around us, lighting up the old building as in the past. The farm hands are in at dinner, and, save the comfortable sound of munching, coming from the stalls under the mow, all is quiet repose. We step again into the silo and hear the busy buzz of that same old blue bottle fly we used so often to see, as he quietly stretched his wings and revelled in the full glare of the midday sun. What are we here for? To stone the swallows' nests! Would we do it now? No sir! But at that time we were boys! The hay which crammed the barn last autumn, has been fed to the stock, and the great cavernous mow shows its ribs of

poles as we look up, with here and there a wispy hanging straight down, or fastened on dusty spider webs, swaying to a gentle movement of the air. Our volleys of stones whiz through the air, and great swarms of mud and rubble all around the little mud house, so cozily resting on the lowest peg that pins the rafters. As the harmless missiles bounce down among the cattle, causing a momentary panic, we hear the warning slam of the blind door on the kitchen stoop, and scamper out through the back door into the current bushes, as Tom charges down on the other side, in a vain effort to catch us, until, enough of this, the dust we made in those days is still visible in my eyes, and I have lost track of the swallows for a moment.

I have an old saying in mind, "When the swallows fly low, look out for a thunder storm." True on the borders of the woods, or on the lawn, where the insects which form its food instinctively seek the shelter of the shrubbery on the approach of a storm, which then subtle nature warns them is not far away. There the swallows follow them, darting round and gathering them in by scores, but not so invariably the case on the meadows, where they will follow the grazing cattle, flying low and catching the myriad insects disturbed by them in feeding. Here you may see all the family congregated—swallows, swifts and martins, all tumbling around as they gather their food in a regular jumble of uncontrollable fun and good spirits, and on a bright day with no trace of storm in the sky. A pair of swallows were building under our front porch at one time, but owing to the interference of some dozen English sparrows, had hard work to carry on their labor. Noticing their distress I championed them, and by careful watching enabled them to carry the work to a successful issue. The eggs were laid, and the little couple happy in their wedded life, before I thought it wise to relax my watchfulness. Thinking then safe, I omitted for a day or two any supervision, and the sparrows, with a vindictiveness that never sleeps, took the opportunity to nest the inmates, and kick out the eggs. Not content with destroying their happy home, they had installed one of their number in the broken nest, and there he sat, a feathered "dog in the manger," greeting with open beak and savage chirrup, the fluttering approaches of the distressed swallows. With my Floret I slew him where he sat, and his rotting carcass still held possession of the deserted nest a week afterward.

During the month of October the swallows gather in flocks, and especially near the salt marshes, and the telegraph wires spanning the Diker meadows near Bath, L. I. are black with their little forms, while thousands more are continually hovering near, trying in vain for a resting place, so closely are they clustered together. After days of excited debate, each individual lending his voice to swell the general twitter, off they go, and only a solitary loiterer now and then reverts our search in their accustomed haunts, as he fits by with a lonely trill.

The "Indian has a happy hunting ground in store for him," and I often wonder if our hereafter will not be peopled with the fairy forms of nature's feathered darlings! This world would indeed be dreary without them.

L'HONOREL,
NEW YORK.

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.—My house on the seaside fronts the water. The Chesapeake Bay is about five miles distant in the west, and the Sound about two miles in the east, and the Atlantic Ocean twelve miles off in the same direction. One of the rooms in the second story fronting the west, had a pane of glass broken out, and it was not put in because hawks would silt in the trees in the lawn, and if a door was opened they would leave, so we silted them through the door for storm protection. In the fall of the year, through a storm from the southwest, the room spoken of was blown out much, and all the ladies of the family being absent it was not entered by any one for more than a month. Something took me in there one day and I saw sitting upon the mantel a bird. I found that it was dead, almost a skeleton as far as flesh was concerned, and dried up. It was a stormy petrel. How did it get there? I can only suppose that during the storm it was blown in from the bay to the sea, it had accidentally flown into the room, through the broken pane, and not being able to find its way out had starved to death. It is very seldom that one of them is seen in the bay, and I have seen only one inside, and that was at Great Egg Harbor, New Jersey, many years ago. The curlew and bay snipe were scarce here this spring. The spring shooting tells upon them and the gulls are so persistently egged that they too are not as abundant as usual.—Old POPE (Johnston, Va., June 9).

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.—I notice with pleasure E. C. Bell's letter regarding this nuisance. Their constant chattering is enough to drive any birds away that are not deaf, for their song is about as melodious as a fishmonger's trumpet or the warbling of a laying hen. We should crush out this too prevalent bird. Around our parks people have erected for their use boxes and fine houses. If the same attention was displayed in attending to the comfort of our native songsters, I think the parks would be increased. Inverse conditions in numbers each year, we shall rue the day we ever invited them to our shores. They were imported, at least some of them, for the purpose of looking after the interest of canker worms, when the orchards in this vicinity were stripped of their foliage, but it is evident that they did not hanker for the diet that is prepared for them. One cedar bird will do more toward destroying canker worms than the food of it. If any of our native songsters should be made scarce, a good number of birds, such as sparrows, would encourage the parties to eat these sparrows. I will guarantee that a supply of birds will be furnished the eaters at no expense to them. Or suppose some Yankee should see a chance for a "canning factory," have them put "boneless sparrows" or "evaporated," we do not care which way they are served.—FRICK FLICK (Hartford, Conn., June 16).

FOR THE FIRST TIME.—The five elephant seals, or, as they are more commonly called, sea elephants (*Moschophoca angustirostris*), now on exhibition at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, are the first that have ever been shown alive. These great seals are so much sought after for the oil which they yield that they have become very scarce and their skins and skeletons are very rare in museums. They are practically extinct on the Pacific coast of the United States and are found in numbers only in the Antarctic seas.

GREAT HORNED OWL.—Bay Ridge, L. I., June 12.—Took a fine specimen of the great horned owl this A. M. Is not this unusual for this time and locality?—DICK. [They stay with us the year round but are not often seen in summer.]

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

THE CAMP.

IT was the close of a hot dusty day toward the middle of August. That a party of adventurers lighted their campfire on Elizabeth Point, on the eastern shore of Thirteenth Pond, a small lake just beyond the hither bounds of the great northern wilds.

A group of four, all of middle age, men whose harsh hands gave token of daily toil, though they had left their cares and labors, turning their backs for a season upon the harvest field and the workshop, they had come hither for rest.

Their mission here was to give respite to muscles, long taxed, to divert minds from a constant unvarying round of cares. The location and arrangement of their camp showed that they were no novices at least in this branch of woodcraft, for their tent was pitched on a little timbered promontory commanding a view of the whole western shore of the lake, some three miles in extent, a rough and jagged mountain line coming down abruptly to the water's edge, indented here and there with sharp gaps between peaks that loomed darkly against the evening sky, and threw their black shadows now quite across the lake at their feet. An army tent set with front toward the landing, formed an awning under which boxes of provisions and utensils were arranged for convenient use, four stakes supported the large square cover of one of the boxes for a table, towels hung from a line overhead, a bar of soap lay in a notch cut in the side of a convenient tree, and by the side of a huge log upon whose trunk one or two of the party were sitting, a pile of coals which, fanned by the little gusts of wind now and then whistling up from the lake, threw out a genial warmth quite pleasant in the somewhat chilly evening, which in these forest wilds often succeeds even a hot day.

They had evidently finished their supper, for the tin plates and cups were neatly washed, arranged bottoms up on the table, and, save a kettle steaming on the fire, a frying pan, coffee pot, and tea-kettle, but from the table, driven in trees conveniently near, no other utensils of cookery were to be seen, but a covered box adjacent to the table and now used as a seat, is strongly suspected of being the corner cupboard of this forest kitchen. The party sat some time in silence, looking dreamily at the decaying fire, or watching as the darkening shadows close over woods and lake, till the sharp outlines of the opposite peaks become only the dark background of a dim, uncertain picture, growing more indistinct even under the eye of the observer.

But now an awful of dry branches thrown upon the fire sends up an inverted shower of sparks among the overhanging leaves, and soon a bright and ethery blaze brings out in clear relief the figure of him who is evidently the chief cook of the party, as now stirring into great activity the crackling pile, or kicking back some stragling brand, he smiles fitly with a knowing nod of the kettle on the fire, peers for a moment into its steamy depths, replaces the cover, and turns his back to the fire with the remark:

"Well, boys, there's the foundation of our breakfast, anyhow, provided we can't do better, but I'm bound to try again to coax those stupid trout to bite in the morning."

An instant's pause—a deprecating glance at the dull smoky sky and, "It's up hill business, this confounded dry weather tonight." The speaker, Vulcan, Knight of the Hammer, spare, muscular, square-shouldered, above the median height, with a forehead and phreological development combined with a quick decided movement that proclaimed him at a glance a master of whatever he undertook, now stood facing the others with the question, "R, did you notice how much below the mark along the rocks the water has fallen?"

He addressed a farmerlike-looking person, who smiled familiarly, looking up for a moment from a breech-loading rifle which he was cleaning, and then with some casual remarks, resumed his work.

Seated on the box previously mentioned, with elbows on the table and his head resting on both hands in an attitude of deep meditation, was perhaps the most remarkable man of the party. Slightly round-shouldered, but with a chest both broad and deep, fully six feet in height, with massive limbs, somewhat unathletic in manner, and person, his strongly marked features and the accompanying head made up an organization that Fowler would, unthought, have pronounced one of great power.

Here was a man of signal ability, and one who, upon occasion, could reef off yarus or swear oaths which his great prototype in morals and creed, perchance in person, glorious old barbaric Ethna Allen, might have equalled but certainly never surpassed.

As was his wont when thinking lurdest, oblivious to all surroundings, with ever and anon a monotonous whistle or humming so much of melody as might be dictated by an ear claimed equally by heavenly tones of Sweden's Jenny or discordant screech of Taunton engine, "The Battery" was roaming deep in unknown lore, but whether of Newton, Euclid, or Blackstone the historian sayeth not.

An animated conversation ensued between the two at the fire, who were soon joined by the fourth and last of the party.

Taller than any of the others, the listless manner and languid step proclaimed the invalid. Gaunt, lean, dyspeptic and cross, Paul Devereux scented but a sorry companion in a hunting camp.

Various topics were discussed—the procuring of a guide, prospects of getting deer, the locality and distance of other lakes, hopes of a better success, and though the evening was well advanced and the party evidently tired with the labor of bringing in their "traps" and arranging camp, there was no indication of a desire for sleep.

It was plain that the party was not yet complete, and that they were expecting an addition of some sort, for their plans were not definite, and a letterer could have heard occasionally an expression like, "We'll see about that when he comes" or "He knows the ground better than we do," etc. Conversation at last began to fail, the seat by the table was empty, but a pair of enormous long-legged boots projecting into the freight at the front of the tent, and a steady rumbling snore of wondrous depth and power, starting a shade below double B flat, and rising a semitone or so under the fullest pressure, neither of which could by any

possibility have pertained to anyone, but "The Battery," accounted for the vacancy.

As conversation waned, the numerous sounds of the wilderness became audible, the chirp of the tree frog and cricket, the weary note of the circling night hawk and distant cry of the loon, the whole family of owls, each with a different note all served to fill the vast space otherwise left to total silence.

The fire had burned low, till just enough of light remained to render visible the thin wavering spire of smoke that wound up among trees, when a faint ticking as of oars in the rowlocks came up from toward the foot of the lake, at first scarce audible, but regular, and becoming gradually more distinct. "Coming from Bennett's Landing," says one. "Yes, but who is looking about on the lake open's night as this?" "Why, it's darker than the Stygian Pool, and none too smooth at that."

"They are not steering toward us anyhow," said Paul, who was intently listening.

"How do you know?"

"Listen to the stroke and the echo, that boat is in the bay below Shanty Point, across the lake and a good half mile from here."

The rowing now ceased a moment, and was again renewed, not, however, with the light, one-handed movement of a boat at landing, but with a full sweep and a double stroke, as if the rower looked or listened a while and then pulled ahead.

It was decided to strike a light, and a few dry pine branches soon sent up a blaze that could hardly fail to be visible from that part of the lake under which the boat proceeded. A few moments passed, and a distant, faint haloo came across the water.

Vulcan bounded to his feet, "O. B. for a thousand," and an answering yell rang through the woods, over the waters, and was echoed back from the mountains beyond. Another haloo and its answer, and the oar-strokes rang quick and clear again.

"I thought I knew that yell, only he was a little out of breath. Well, I don't wonder at it, if he has pulled up from Bennett's Landing against the wind. Mind you, it blows out on the lake."

A lighted lantern was by this time down at the landing, and as the light streamed across the dark waters a whoop came back that left no doubt as to the comer.

"What in creation brought you here? I was looking for you on Shanty Point."

"All right, I'm here bare as a fallow."

"Oh, ho, it is, eh? But this ain't good camping ground."

"Wait till you see."

As the boat touched the shore, out jumped a wiry little fellow, and with a mimic bow, "How are you all? happy to see you, how's your friends, wives and babies? wasn't looking for company this evening, hey? hope I don't intrude, brought my knitting work you see. And he heaved a stack of logs, and began scrambling up the bank toward the fire without stopping to look for the path, or waiting for the lantern to lead the way, all the while rattling his jokes, questions and comments, never waiting or caring for any answer either. Arrived at the fire he pitched his pack under the table and plumped down on the log with—

"Hain't got no deer, no, nor trout either. I'll bet it, couldn't do nothing this come, no matter though, we'll have 'em, stacks of 'em. I'll show you how," and immediately began a discourse on hunting, fishing, and woodcraft in general, and of this locality in particular, telling of at least forty places on this lake where one could not fail of catching trout at any time, of more sure places for deer than the whole party could visit in a week, and interlarding the whole with seemingly no end of anecdotes of hunting adventures of his own, in fact from the time his feet touched land, becoming the life of the party. During the latter part of this performance Paul had sat cross-legged on the log with his back against a tree, taking little or no part in the conversation but regarding the speaker, at first with an air of total indifference, to which succeeded a half quizzical smile as he listened, vastly amused in spite of himself at the animated stories and quaint jokes of O. B., who but for Vulcan, several times essayed to fling a fire-brand at him, as the little rascal declared "just to walk the poor devil."

"Had a cracking shower at the Port yesterday; rain any here?"

"Not a drop."

"Pity, can't catch no trout till it rains, that's certain. Say, I drove my mare from the Port up since ten o'clock this forenoon, and not a wet hair when I got to Bennett's. What do you think of that?"

"That's nothing." This answer came from "The Battery."

"Oh, but I had a load in my buggy, myself and baggage, a bag of oats for my horse—by George, I forgot my corn or we'd have a roast—I had a sack of green corn, and blankets and so on; a load, I tell you. It's more than any of your old ricks of bones can do."

"This much of a hostile demonstration would draw the fire of that 'Battery' at any time, and with a short pause it came."

"Ho—buggy? that straddle-bug concern I kicked across the canal by Vulcan's shop the other day, and you stuck on top of it like a flea on a 'granther graybeard.' It's a pity if a horse couldn't make seventy or eighty miles in a day."

The little one roared with laughter, lying back over the log and kicking up his heels till his head nearly touched the ground, and then came back with a brisk snap on "The Battery" knee, sprang to his feet, and started on a tour of exploration around the tent, exclaiming, "Let's see how you got it anyhow," pitching headlong over three guy ropes in succession without the least ruffling his temper, or stopping the string of comments rattling from his tongue, which seemed to run just as well when down as up, he soon emerged into light from the tent for an examination of its contents, with the remark, "Pretty well, pretty well after all, most as well as I could have done if myself," to which "The Battery," by the fire, rolled up his eyes in geometrical astonishment, with a sub-bass growl of, "Thunder, hear him go it, forgot his corn, he hain't got none, too darned lazy to pack it down to the boat, I suppose, anyhow." The subject of the remark having finished his survey of the outside row, literally dove into the tent for an examination of its contents, and came out of nothing so much as a vigorous terrier in hot pursuit of a rat, he proclaimed the name and quality of each article, hauling out to the light whatever he could not determine by other means, whether it be gun, fishing tackle, wearing apparel, catables or what not, and keeping up a while a running fire of remarks for the edification of the company. Suddenly, however, the bubbling cess-pot and the astonishment of all, even the irrepressible member no longer wagged

For an instant all were at fault, but the silence was broken by Vulcan with, "Come out of that I say! come out of that, or I'll—"

What the threat might have been we shall never know, for the Knight seized a blazing brand and made a furious rush for the tent. As the light began to play about the entrance, there came a sound as of opening the valve of a suction pipe under a heavy pressure, and the curtain being lifted showed the occupant seated flat on the ground by a box of 'stores' tugging at his boot-straps as if trying to force the bottom out, and muttering in a strangely altered voice about "wet feet" and "that plaguy boat," "dry socks," etc.

Vulcan, however, was incoercible, and proceeded to examine his treasures, under a package of Dr. Whitehead's famous "specific," which, in his zeal for the welfare of the party, the worthy doctor had with his own hands prepared and with oerks securely tied and safely packed for the journey, committed to Vulcan's charge with many and full directions for use, was found in a had condition, strings broken and contents partly gone. Upon interrogation the accused stoutly denied all knowledge of the matter, declaring that the suspicious sounds must have been produced by pulling off his wet boots.

The lateness of the hour compelled the party to seek that sleep which was to prepare them for the morrow's sport, leaving the question undecided.

The curtain was buttoned, down, and wrapped in blankets spread above the beds of soft and fragrant evergreen boughs, the hunters forgot in dreamless sleep the labors of the day, its mishaps and its jokes, so also their anticipations of the future.

And now, though the pen of Paul hath even become rusty by reason of long disuse, the readers of FOREST AND STREAM may rest in the assurance that if the fates be propitious, they shall certainly, in due time, hear of the days that followed.

PAUL DEVEREUX.

FLORIDIAN EXPERIENCE.

I HAVE just read with regret "Didymus's" seathing article in FOREST AND STREAM of May 24 on Florida, and the deceptive nature of the accounts of hunting to be had there. Without wishing to cast reflections on the writer's veracity or the sincerity of his opinions, I still do most severely condemn the article in which he admits that persons will go into this State. I am not at present a resident of Florida, but from November, 1880, to February, 1882, I spent my time on Indian River, and conversed with gentlemen who had hunted the coast from St. Augustine to Tampa. From my own experience, and from the remarks of these sportsmen, I have formed an entirely different opinion of the sport and accommodations obtainable by genuine lovers of the lake and gun. It is to be regretted that persons will go into a new country and expect such a style of sport and bring as "Didymus" was looking for, and particularly is it to be regretted and repented, when such persons, not finding everything as easy and comfortable as at home, write for publication articles condemning at one sweep hotels, game, and the country at large. "Didymus" is not to understand that I am taking sides against him in his description of Florida. I am not at present a resident of Florida, but from November, 1880, to February, 1882, I spent my time on Indian River, and conversed with gentlemen who had hunted the coast from St. Augustine to Tampa. From my own experience, and from the remarks of these sportsmen, I have formed an entirely different opinion of the sport and accommodations obtainable by genuine lovers of the lake and gun. 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a moulter. Look at Mineo, who was given first in the bitch class. She is a Leonora—not a good one—with a split nose.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

JAMES MORTIMER.

Mayor of Bingley was in his usual good form and easily captured first. Pete, who won second, is a fine young dog of good size with plenty of bone. His coat is much too curly. Cesar, who was entered in this class, was transferred to the St. Bernards; he is a very good dog, but he is not a setter. He is a bluish-gray nondescript with brown spots, and should have been shown in the miscellaneous class.

GREYHOUNDS.

JAMES F. KIRK.

Friday Night was an easy winner in the dog class. He was looking well, but was not quite so well shown as at New York. You Know, who won second, is a very fair dog. He has a good back, legs and feet. He is not quite up to the mark in head, and is a trifle heavy in shoulder. His eye is also a little full. Lady, who won first in the bitch class, is rather a good one, were her ears right she would be a beauty. Tony, who won second, is also a fair looking animal.

DEERHOUNDS.

JAMES F. KIRK.

Oscar, who won first, is a very well formed animal of great beauty. He is of good size with plenty of bone and substance. He is a little too heavy in head, but he is not so much as the harsh; it is also like that of his aesthetic namesake, too long. There is also a decided feather on his tail, which detracts somewhat from his otherwise thoroughbred appearance. Lord Agincourt notwithstanding his title, has a fair smattering on his tail, but that shows a decided tendency toward assuming the form of those in whose veins the royal blood so long the pride and boast of "Scotland's favored Isle."

ENGLISH SETTERS.

JOHN W. MUNSON.

In the champion dog class Royal Ranger had a walk over, Plantagenet, the only other entry, being absent, as were all of Mr. Goodsell's entries. Royal Ranger well deserved his honors. He was looking in good form, and was given first by Mr. Moore, who has had him in charge, is deserving of great credit for the excellent condition in which he was shown. In the bitch class Dido II. also had it all her own way. The little lady was looking better than when she was at New York. She was greatly admired for her beauty, and was given first in the open dog class Laverack Chief was deservedly placed first. He is a capital animal, of medium size, with lots of quality. He was not in good condition owing to want of time to prepare him. Should he have been in good form it will take a very good one to beat him. Snow Flake, who won second, is a very handsome dog with a capital coat. He is pure white, with the exception of a few lemon ticks on his ears. Belvidis, who was vice, fully deserved the ribbon. He was looking very much better than when at New York. He has a capital body with good legs and feet. Laucelot, who was also vice, is a big, upstanding dog and looks like a workman. He also liked Prince Rake for the three letters. He is also a big dog, but a very good one. Count Derby, who was he, deserved the place. He is of medium size and well put together. Count Blythe, who was commended, should have been given another letter. He is a very fair animal of Laverack type. In the bitch class, Gladys, who won first, was a very good bitch, and except that she was a little too fat, she was shown in elegant condition. This, we imagine, carried her through, as Queen Alice, who was second, was her superior in nearly every respect. Queen Alice, who was third, was also a very good one. Queen Alice is a very sweet head, and except that her lip is not quite so well arched as we like, she is very near perfect. Mr. Howard Hartley, of Pittsburgh, liked her so well that he paid \$100 for her under her very close guard, both on account of her breeding and good looks. Jessica, who was given vice reserve, although only thirteen months old, fully deserved the honor. She is by Count Noble out of Sandborn's Nellie, and is the best Nellie puppy that we have seen. Mr. Sandborn, who bred her, offered a long time for her, but could not prevail upon his owner to part with her. She is said to possess very good field qualities, and will run in the field trials at High Point next November. Nobby, who was vice, we thought was a very good one. He is by Count Noble, and is a very good one. Princess Draco II, Zara, Lill and Fannie, unmentioned, were all worthy of mention. In the dog puppy class there was not much to choose between Post Boy, who won first, and Chicago, who was second. Both are very good ones, and very promising. Mr. E. H. Thompson, of St. Paul, Minn., claimed them both at the catalogue price. They make a beautiful brace. Duke Gladstone, who was vice, is also quite a promising puppy. Aside from these there was nothing worth mentioning in the class. The only first in the bitch class, was entitled to the place, although had Comtesse Daisy, who was placed second, been as old as she, their positions might have been reversed. The English setter classes, although not so well shown as at New York, were of good quality. The bitches in the open class were a very good lot.

BLACK AND TAN OR GOLDEN SETTERS.

JOHN W. MUNSON.

In the champion class the judge stated that he failed to find one that conformed to the standard, but that he thought they were advertised to be judged, and consequently he should judge them according to the points as laid down by Stonehouse. Argus, who was awarded the prize, is a very good dog and deserves the honor. There were four in the class, all good ones, and all were very well shown. In the open dog class King Dan was the only one that approached the standard. He is a very fair animal. Moss, who won second, is rather large and heavily made. In the bitch class Young Flora, who won first, is a very good one of the proper type. Gracie, who was placed second, is also a fair specimen. The others were not worthy of mention. There was but one puppy shown, quite a pretty one, but too young to show.

HUSH SETTERS.

JOHN W. MUNSON.

There were no entries in the champion classes. In the open dog class first was awarded to Brush, a very good animal. He has a typical head, is very well made up, and of good color. Irish Kork, who was second, is also a nice dog. He was shown in a very good condition. Earl, who was vice reserve, is also quite a good one. Elcho II, who was vice, we do not like. He has a good head but is a little too lathy; we liked Derby, who was he, better, and should have changed their position. In the bitch class, who was first, was a very sweet bitch, and fully deserved the place. She was in beautiful condition, as were all of the Emporia Kennel's dogs. Queen, who won second, was also liked. There was not much to choose between her and Thornton's Dancer, who was vice reserve. The puppies, with the exception of Fawn in the bitch class, were only a fair lot. We thought they were well placed. Fawn is very handsome, and good enough to show again. In the dog puppy class there were very good all through, but the best and most uniform set of heads that we remember to have seen at any previous show.

POINTERS.

JOHN W. MUNSON.

There was but one entry in the champion classes, and he was absent. In the open dog class Chancellor won first. He is quite a good dog and was very well shown. Tim, who was

placed second, is also a capital animal. We liked Cavalier, who was vice reserve, full as well for the place. Although he is a bit high on the leg, we have seen these legs do most excellent work. He has improved since we saw him last, and makes a beautiful dog. We liked Don, who was vice, although he is a bit lathy. In the bitch class, Dove, who won first, is a very fair bitch. She is just a trifle snipy and is a little snippy in the neck, but otherwise she is good. Maggie, who was second, is also a very fair animal. She had capital legs and feet. Her ears are not quite right, and she was shown much too fat. Devonshire Lass, who was vice reserve, was also very fat and heavy in whelp. Rose, who won vice, has a good body, legs and feet. She was in head and has a coarse tail. There were only two puppies shown. Both were good, with not much to choose between them. The quality of the pointers shown was good. We were disappointed in their numbers, as we had expected to see a grand exhibit.

SPANIELS.

JAMES F. KIRK.

The champion Irish water spaniel class was divided and an extra class was made for those who had already won a champion prize. This we think to be wrong and very liable to lead to confusion, as there can be but one champion in a class at the same show. Mike, who was given the extra prize, is a capital dog of very good form. His coat was in very bad condition, but otherwise he was good. In the champion class Count Bendigo was awarded the prize. He is a grand dog and was in the best of condition, except that his coat was ragged and faded owing to a hard season's work. Dan O'Connor is a very well built dog, but his coat was in wretched condition. He has a very nice face of white on each ear, which is decidedly objectionable. In the open dog class, Storm, a rattling good one, won first. Mr. Gardner, who owns the second prize winner, protested Storm, on the ground that he had been shown in the open dog class, and had lost the root of his tail. Mr. Kirk, after a careful examination, announced that the protest was not sustained. Storm has a light tan marking around the neck, but the blemish is not a disqualification, as the coat is very good. In the bitch class, Tim O'Morkin, who won second, is well made dog, but he is feathered on his legs like a setter. In the bitch class Swan was placed first. She is a capital specimen, strong and well made with a capital head, but in wretched coat. Queenston, who was second, is a very good dog, and has a good coat and proper feather. Her topknot is first class. Cricket, who was vice reserve, is also very good. The others that were noticed were very fair animals, but not in good condition. In the water spaniel class, we saw the largest in number, and the best in quality that we have ever seen together. Nearly all of them were of good form but were lacking in condition.

FIELD SPANIELS.

Benedict was alone in the champion class. He was in good form and added one more ribbon to his large collection. In the open class, Hornell Dash, quite a nice looking one, was placed first, and Hornell Gaudin was awarded second. She was in very good condition. Mr. Kirk, having so frequently judged at shows, has thus been precluded from exhibiting heretofore, but by special request he was induced to bring some of his favorites to Chicago. Being an enthusiastic student of scientific breeding, he has imported some very fine spaniels of guaranteed pedigree, with the object of improving the spaniels of America to a position of usefulness as well as retain for them their beauty and affectionate character. Toronto, who was vice reserve in this class, is a very handsome chestnut liver dog of great power and substance for his size. Although he is of good length he is not the excessively long back of the clumber. His feet are very good, and his ears are not too long. He has a handsome head and long heavily feathered ears add much to his attractiveness. In the champion cocker class Lass of Breda was given the pride of place. She has improved greatly since we saw her at Chicago, and is now in the best of condition. She was in beautiful condition and is one of the best that we have seen. Hornell Dandy, her only competitor, is also a first-class animal. Both were purchased by Mr. F. S. Waters, of Chicago, who paid \$300 for Lass of Breda, and \$300 for Dandy. They are very good dogs, and their owners will feel proud of them. In the open class, for "other than black," Nellie was alone. She has improved since the New York show, where she won the American Cocker Spaniel Club prize. In the class for "black and white," Frank, who was placed first, is a capital dog; but his early coat spoils his appearance. Flora, who won second, is also quite a good bitch. Mr. Kirk's Negress, whose long list of winnings on the show were in England, which is recently published, and the fame of her pedigree and famous as an animal of rare quality, with a perfect head, and the longest ears we have ever seen on a spaniel. She was shown a trifle short of coat and feather, but otherwise in splendid condition. Toronto, who was vice reserve, is a beautiful, wiry, active little black bitch, of the old-fashioned cocker stamp, with a true, flat cocker coat and plenty of feather. She has a beautiful expressive eye. She is a trifle short, and round in the skull, but has a good face and a very good tail. Her legs are very well whelp, was not exhibited. There was only one entry in the puppy class; Bertie, quite a nice one. The spaniels, although small in numbers, were as good in quality as the country can produce.

FOXHOUNDS.

JAMES F. KIRK.

There were only two foxhounds shown. Both were good, but of different types. Forester II, who was placed first, is a fine racing looking dog, with a capital head, neck and shoulders. He is a little light in build and a trifle off in legs and feet. Waterman, who was second, is one of the true type, with a grand, open face and a beautiful, wiry, active coat and tail. He has a short neck, and is too thick through the shoulders; he is also a trifle out at elbows, and is rather weak in hind quarters. They were placed perhaps as well as was possible.

BEAGLES.

JAMES F. KIRK.

There were only four beagles shown. Rattler, who won first in the dog class, is rightly named. He is a bit light in bone, but all over a beagle, and a good one. He was in capital condition, as were all of the dogs shown by Dan O'Shany, who takes great pride in his dogs. He is a very good one, who was second, is also quite a good specimen, with the same fault as Rattler. He is also light in ear. Music II, who was the only entry in the bitch class, we liked about as well as any. She has a sweet head, and is very well built.

DACHSHUNDE.

JAMES F. KIRK.

Gratchen, who won first, is a rare good bitch, and except that she is a trifle heavy in the hind quarters, she is a very good one, who was placed second, is quite a fair specimen, and a bit too small and too straight legs.

FOX-TERRIERS.

JAMES MORTIMER.

There were no entries in the champion dog class and only one in the bitch class, Topsy, a very good little one. She is a trifle light in bone and was a little off in coat. One of her eyes has a film over the sight caused by a scratch from a wildcat nearly twice her height, which she was fighting with. She prosecuted struggle in which she displayed game qualities of the highest order. In the open dog class first was won by

Fuenei, a very good one indeed. He is a trifle thick in skull, which is about all that can be said against him. Barney, who won second, has a good body, legs and feet. He is too thick in skull, carries his tail too high, and his eye is very blue, is only a fair specimen. He is leggy and light in bone and coat. Dash, who was c, is quite a fair dog, but with too much black for the show bench. Nora, who won first in the bitch class, is quite a nice bitch, with a lovely head and well carried ears. She has rather open feet and lacks a little in bone. Beauty, who was placed second, is also very good except that she is a little weak in jaw and has too full an eye. In the puppy class there were five that were very fair, with not much to choose between them.

COLLIES.

JAMES MORTIMER.

In the champion dog class Robin Adair had a walk over. He was in capital condition except that his top coat is not yet grown. Zulu Princess was also alone in the bitch class. She was looking her best and made many friends. Phillip, first in the open dog class, is a fair dog with a good coat. Glen, who won second, was the only other entry. He has a good coat. His skull is a bit heavy, and he is too straight in the shoulder, and a little long-gaited. There were no entries in the bitch class. In the puppy class Daisy, who was given first, was the best of a bad lot.

BULLDOGS.

JAMES MORTIMER.

Romulus was an easy winner. He was in good form. The second prize was withheld, as the only dog to show against Romulus was a very poor specimen with a split nose.

TERRIERS.

JAMES MORTIMER.

In the bull-terrier dog class, Spring was the only one to face the judge. He was in capital form and well deserved his prize. Young Bill was afflicted with an abscess on his jaw and was withdrawn.

In the black and tan class there were only three to show up. Topsy, quite a good one, was placed first, with Wallace second. He is also good but too large. The only entry in the Bantle Dinnout class was absent. There was a very good dog in the same class, but it was not shown. It is a very good specimen of the old style. Jersey, who was second, we liked full as well as Dart. He is of good form, hard as nails and has the most punishing set of ivory that we ever saw in a dog of his size. Anna, who was vice reserve, is also good all over, except that he is too tall in the hind quarters, but for this fault he was as good as any. The Skyes were very good, and the prizes were properly withheld. There were three very good ones in the hard-haired Scotch class; we thought them well placed. The same may be said of the Yorkshire class. In the class for Irish terriers, Garrywood was properly placed first, but had Erin II, who is but eight months old, been a year older, he would have made a good fight for the place. He is a nasty, game-looking little dog of good type and will be heard from again. The Yorkshires were a good class without a poor one in the lot. They were as well placed perhaps as was possible, although we should have been better suited with Tot, who was vice reserve, for second place.

PGGS.

JAMES MORTIMER.

With the exception of Sanjo, who won in the champion class, and Mr. Mortimer's Joe, who was on exhibition only, there was not a good one in the lot. The first prize in the dog class was withheld, as the only dog to show against the best was a very poor one, but the best were only fair. The puppies were very poor and the prize was withheld.

TOY TERRIERS.

JAMES MORTIMER.

The toys were all very good with not much to choose between Flora, who was awarded first, and Minnie, who was given an extra first prize of \$5; had her ears not been cut she would probably have won first as she is a handsome little animal.

TOY SPANIELS.

JAMES F. KIRK.

The class for King Charles, Blenheim and Japanese spaniels had two entries, but as neither of them could fill the bill the class was changed to toy spaniels, and as they were about equal in beauty they were given equal first.

POODLES.

JAMES MORTIMER.

Captain was the only poodle for competition. He is a very good specimen. He is a black and white and is a first-class retriever. His owner gratified the audience by showing off some of his accomplishments, in the performance of which he displayed great intelligence. His owner informed us that it was not so easy to guess his breed with the Irish water spaniel, with the expectation of getting some good retrievers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAMES F. KIRK AND JAMES MORTIMER.

This class, as is usually the case, contained a truly miscellaneous lot. First was given to Gipsy, a fair harrier in capital condition; and second to Hornet II, a fair white English terrier. He has a good body, legs and feet, but is a little weak in the head and has a poor tail. All of the others were commended with fine ribbons, but we failed to learn how much honor they conferred. Chihuahua, the Mexican dog, is quite a pretty little pet, and is highly prized by his owner. Miro, entered as a Lapland deerhound, was so fat that no correct idea of his form could be had. His coat is very like a mastiff's, only shorter and finer, and if our ideas of the climate of Lapland are correct, he would at least need a lap-robe, if not an overcoat, to make his stay in his native land comfortable or prolonged. Snow, a white dog, like the St. Bernard and Newfoundland, we greatly admired. He is of noble build and has a beautiful seal-brown coat. Dragoon, the celebrated Irish wolfhound, greatly disappointed us. We expected to see something nearer the type of this grand breed. He is quite too small, although he has a fair power and ability. He resembles the Great Dane in make-up, and is said to be a useful animal for hunting large game. Nearly opposite the stalls of this class was a very handsome collection of spaniels belonging to Mr. J. H. Waters, of Chicago. There were seven of them in an open stall, and beauties they were. They were constantly surrounded by a throng of admirers, whose praises and caresses were insisted.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Several special prizes were offered too late for publication in the catalogue. No entry was required, all dogs being eligible to compete. Following is the list of prizes and the winners: Class A.—gentlemanly dog of any breed. Won by Mr. A. C. Waddell's Laverack Chief. Class B.—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., offers a silver cup for the best Irish setter. Won by Mr. J. A. Sprague's Brush. Class C.—Mr. C. H. Mason, Yonkers, N. Y., offers a silver cup for the best sporting dog in the show. Won by Mr. Howard Hartley's Royal Breeze. Class D.—Chicago, Ill., offers \$100 to let her complete, believing that the different breeds should not be pitted against each other. Class D.—Mr. C. H. Mason, Yonkers, N. Y., offers a silver cup for the best St. Bernard dog. Won by Mr. E. D. Sturges's Bismarck. Class E.—Mr. F. S. Waters, Chicago, Ill., offers \$10 cash for

the best cocker spaniel dog under 38 lbs. Won by the Hornell Spaniel Club's Hornell Dandy.

Class F.—Mixed Bloods.—W. & Webber offer a silver cup for the best Irish water spaniel exhibited from Milwaukee, Wis. Won by Mr. A. J. Cooper's Storm.

Class G.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$10 cash for the best brace of beagles. Won by Mr. D. O'Shea's Rattler and Mutt.

Class H.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$10 cash for the best greyhound. Won by Mr. C. H. Mason's Friday Night.

Class I.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$5 cash for the best pug. Won by Mr. C. H. Mason's Sambo.

Class J.—Mr. J. D. Aloft, Milwaukee, Wis., offers \$10 cash for the best kennel of Irish setters. Won by the Emporia Kennel Club with Irish York, Karl, Irish Comber, Irish Duck, Irish Faith, Irish Rock and Irish Biddy.

Class K.—Dr. Wm. Jarvis, Claremont, N. H., offers a silver cup for the best Irish setter puppy. Won by Mr. S. L. I. Woodbury's Pawn.

Class L.—The managers of the show offer a silver medal for the best collie. Won by Mr. Thomas H. Terry's Zulu Princess.

Following is a complete list of the

AWARDS.

Class 1. Mastiffs, Dogs.—1st, Mrs. Mason's Navion, fawn, 3 yrs., Girth—Imo; 2d, Chas. H. Mason's Girth, fawn, 3 yrs.; 3rd, 2 yrs.; 4th, Capt. R. D. Dullwinkle's Nelson (formerly Mercha) grindle, 3 yrs.; 5th, G. Greenwood, High com., Mrs. Henry Kisteman's Rover, 2 yrs., full pedigree.

Class 2. Mastiffs, Bitches.—1st, withheld; 2d, Wm. Wade's Diana H., imported, dark fawn, 2 mos.; Wyn's Taurus H.—Miss Hesketh's Rance, com., Paul Merker's Major, black, 3 yrs., Rover—Nette.

ST. BERNARDS.

Class 3. Rough-coated St. Bernard Dogs.—1st, Mrs. Henry Kisteman's Marco, reddish, 1½ yrs., full pedigree; 2d, David Stephenson's Ivy, orange, tawny and white, 3 yrs.; 3rd, Mrs. H. C. Smith's Haweka's Spot, orange, tawny and white, 3 yrs.; 4th, bred from imported stock, com.; Jas. A. Metcchie's Cesar, orange, tawny and black pug, 3 yrs.

Class 4. Rough-coated St. Bernard Bitches.—1st, Mrs. Henry Kisteman's Mince, fawn, 2½ yrs., full pedigree; 2d, Mrs. H. C. Smith's Snow, white, 2 yrs.; 3d, Mrs. H. C. Smith's E. B. Shum's Bishop, orange, tawny and white, 3 yrs.; 4th, Brannell—Koscan.

Class 5. Smooth-coated St. Bernard Bitches. No entries.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.

Class 7. Newfoundland Dogs.—1st, Chas. H. Mason's Mayor of Bingley, black, 3 yrs., Sam—Fly; 2d, S. R. Ireland's Pete, black, 3 mos.; 3rd, very high com., Paul Merker's Major, black, 3 yrs.; 4th, Rover—Nette.

GREYHOUNDS.

Class 8. Greyhounds, Dogs.—1st, Mrs. Mason's Friday Night, black, 1 mos.; Master's Prince—Sally; 2d, Carl Young's You Know, fawn, 3 yrs.; 3rd, 4 mos.; by Manie's imported dog out of Gersbert's imported bitch, High com.; Harry L. Goodman's Rat, fawn, 4 yrs.

Class 9. Greyhounds, Bitches.—1st, Dr. Edwin Warren Sawyer's Lady, fawn, 3 yrs.; 2d, G. G. Gerritt's Tony, light fawn, 2½ yrs.; Cash—Zulu.

DEERHOUNDS.

Class 10. Deerhounds, Dogs or Bitches.—1st, Dr. Van Hurnard's Oscar, blue gray, 3 yrs.; 2d, H. Moran; 3d, Jas. B. McKay; 4th, Lord Achanloo, brindle gray, 3 yrs.; imported Brim—Imported Bark.

ENGLISH SETTERS.

Class 11. Champion English Setters, Dogs.—1st, Geo. W. Moore's Royal Kauger, lemon bellon, 2 yrs.; Royal—Shortnose's Novel.

Class 12. Champion English Setters, Bitches.—1st, W. B. Slatton's Dido H., black, white and tan, 2 yrs.; 2d, 1 yr.; 3d, 1 yr.; 4th, 1 yr.; 5th, 1 yr.; 6th, 1 yr.; 7th, 1 yr.; 8th, 1 yr.; 9th, 1 yr.; 10th, 1 yr.; 11th, 1 yr.; 12th, 1 yr.; 13th, 1 yr.; 14th, 1 yr.; 15th, 1 yr.; 16th, 1 yr.; 17th, 1 yr.; 18th, 1 yr.; 19th, 1 yr.; 20th, 1 yr.; 21st, 1 yr.; 22nd, 1 yr.; 23rd, 1 yr.; 24th, 1 yr.; 25th, 1 yr.; 26th, 1 yr.; 27th, 1 yr.; 28th, 1 yr.; 29th, 1 yr.; 30th, 1 yr.; 31st, 1 yr.; 32nd, 1 yr.; 33rd, 1 yr.; 34th, 1 yr.; 35th, 1 yr.; 36th, 1 yr.; 37th, 1 yr.; 38th, 1 yr.; 39th, 1 yr.; 40th, 1 yr.; 41st, 1 yr.; 42nd, 1 yr.; 43rd, 1 yr.; 44th, 1 yr.; 45th, 1 yr.; 46th, 1 yr.; 47th, 1 yr.; 48th, 1 yr.; 49th, 1 yr.; 50th, 1 yr.; 51st, 1 yr.; 52nd, 1 yr.; 53rd, 1 yr.; 54th, 1 yr.; 55th, 1 yr.; 56th, 1 yr.; 57th, 1 yr.; 58th, 1 yr.; 59th, 1 yr.; 60th, 1 yr.; 61st, 1 yr.; 62nd, 1 yr.; 63rd, 1 yr.; 64th, 1 yr.; 65th, 1 yr.; 66th, 1 yr.; 67th, 1 yr.; 68th, 1 yr.; 69th, 1 yr.; 70th, 1 yr.; 71st, 1 yr.; 72nd, 1 yr.; 73rd, 1 yr.; 74th, 1 yr.; 75th, 1 yr.; 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Class 13. English Setters, Dogs.—1st, Thomas G. Davey's Post Boy, black, white and tan, 1 mo.; 2d, E. McCracken's Chicago Boy, blue belt, 1 mo.; 3d, E. McCracken's Very High Com.; 4th, E. McCracken's Dec 1st, black, white and tan, 1 mo.; 5th, champion Gladstone—Lavalette, 1 mo.; 6th, English Setter Puppies, Bitches.—1st, F. L. McCracken's Charlie Girl, 1 mo.; 2d, E. McCracken's Daisy, 1 mo.; 3d, C. E. Willard's Comets, Daisy, blue belt, 4 mos.; Count Derby—Daisy.

BLACK AND TAN OR GORDON SETTERS.

Class 17. Champion Black and Tan or Gordon Setters.—1st, Dr. J. S. Niven's Argus, black and tan, 2½ yrs.; Blossom—Moll.

10,00 yards this would have caused a difference of elevation at P. M. of about 10 P. M. of 30 yards or 30 inches in height on the target. The variation occurring between P. M. and P. M. would have produced a fall of 29 inches on the target. In the above instance the relative humidity was not stated. It has been assumed at 65 per cent, as in the case of the other trials.

The 50-grain bullet and service charge are taken to illustrate the effect of the above variations because I have not been able to ascertain the exact initial velocity of the ammunition actually used at Creedmoor in the match.

[EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF S. HENRY HALFOUD.]

WISTOW, LEICESTER, ENG., Oct. 30, 1882.

I think the best thing that I can do will be to send you along with my cards a small memorandum which Mr. Metford used to point in his sporting books.

"I do not know the real angles of the rifles you used to make your calculations with, but you will see in Mr. Metford's paper, the angles of the rifles from which most of my experiments have been made I have also shot much with Sharps' and Remington's rifles with practically the same speed and weight of projectile, and they agree with Mr. Metford's rifles in wind deflections as they naturally should from having the same speed, form and weight of projectile. I have also used a 391-grain bullet at very high speed, giving an angle of 2° at 1,000 yards, but from its lightness it is deflected as 10° to 2° compared with a 500-grain bullet. [The ratio of deflections in this instance is in the inverse ratio of the weights.—E. L. Z.]

The general angle of the rifles I have used with match charges of 12-grain Hazard or of Curtis & Harvey No. 6—(as 10-grain Hazard) is 2° 15' with the thermometer at 50° Fahrenheit. On any card you will see that a wind which would give 30" deflection if square across, would require 2° 15' H. from 75 to 500 yards. A 49-grain bullet requires 8° rise for head wind, a 570 only requires 3°. Mass tells me I may mention that all our sighting is in degrees and minutes of angle, and the wind gauge is also out in minutes. We find it the easiest way of working. The rifles are all shot for zero at 135 yds. here the scales cut, so that I can take up any of Mr. Metford's rifles and expect to get the same result as well as with a rifle with which I am well acquainted."

"I find the effect of temperature on angle is that, say from freezing night to 90° Fahrenheit, I can get 1/2" difference in angle by lowering of 1/2" of angle. There is, too, some queer difference in winter and summer of angle, not entirely due to temperature, and I find that angles range from 1/2" to 1 1/2" in winter. We find it the easiest way of working. The rifles are all shot for zero at 135 yds. here the scales cut, so that I can take up any of Mr. Metford's rifles and expect to get the same result as well as with a rifle with which I am well acquainted."

I see you have taken great pains with your tables. Ours are based on 200 yards range, and I have a table with a 100-grain bullet gauge and with a spinning gauge; also a pocket spring gauge with a chronometer spring set to grains weight on outer of disk. I never use, or have used, a scale, but I use only in minutes. We find it the easiest way of working. The rifles are all shot for zero at 135 yds. here the scales cut, so that I can take up any of Mr. Metford's rifles and expect to get the same result as well as with a rifle with which I am well acquainted."

WISTOW, LEICESTER, ENG., Dec. 3, 1883.

It is almost impossible to lay down a law or make a table that will suit more than two sorts of small game conditions. I have practiced 100 yds. you will suit bullets from 540 to 570 grs. in weight. A 50-grain bullet will require the head wind to be nearly double when shot at 100 yds. as compared with a 500-grain bullet required more elevation for head winds, so I think one must be satisfied with getting practical results, for I don't see how one can lay down a law.

And as to side wind, I think I do it, you, but am not sure, that a 50-grain bullet with an angle of 2° at 1,000 yds. requires 10° to 17° over match bullets of 500-grain weight.

You are quite welcome to make any use of my letters if you think them of sufficient interest.

As to water, I never summer, they are not due to difference of barometer, for I noted that point.

American riflemen are very frightened at changes of light. For my own part I am not. I have noticed a difference in the wind, it is never not to take a fuller or finer sight, and with a match rifle I never been changed of light. I have set carefully a theodolite and levelled it for day and night, and the variations are almost in direct due to refraction.

Graduations, 3"-5", roughly for every 10 yds., is very easy to see and easy to calculate. I have these spaces on my military rifle, and one can set sights very accurately with it.

Some years since Mr. Metford made me take up some half-inch caliber rifle weighing 11 lbs. for 2,000 yds., with telescopic sights and did very good work with them. I could reckon on hitting 12", by 12", but it was felt that two sorts of small game conditions. I have practiced 100 yds. you will suit bullets from 540 to 570 grs. in weight. A 50-grain bullet will require the head wind to be nearly double when shot at 100 yds. as compared with a 500-grain bullet required more elevation for head winds, so I think one must be satisfied with getting practical results, for I don't see how one can lay down a law.

I send you a copy of Mr. Metford's paper on trajectory in *Spirit of the Rifle*, 1878. I have also written a book on "Rifles and Marksmanship" by *Spirit of the Times*.

WISTOW, LEICESTER, ENG., May 30, 1883.

"I am sending you a table of trajectory for 2,000 yds., and will send you a copy of some of the tables I have made on the angles by absolute shooting on Metford's formula."

Note.—This last extract is given to show that the experiment of very long-range rifle firing, dropped a few years since, is being resumed, and the time may not be distant when competitors will take place at distances of 2,000 to 3,000 yds. In the succeeding paper I will endeavor to show that the increase of elevation in air over that required in vacuum, for a given range, is directly proportional to the square of the range, and that the increase of grains of weight of air for each minute of this increase of elevation over that required in vacuum is in the inverse ratio to the squares of the ranges.

"It is desirable to have uniformity of the graduations of the sights on the guns to be used. The 'drop' of sight by the members of the team may assuredly benefit by the experience of those who have fired before them, and that the captain of the team may more easily direct or advise as to the 'drop' of sight."

"Since writing the above, the initial velocities of the Remington rifle using 550-grain bullet and 40 grains of powder, were measured at Frankford Arsenal. Between each measurement a thermometer was inserted in the cartridge, and the 'drop' of sight was noted for the next day. The following table shows the mean of results:

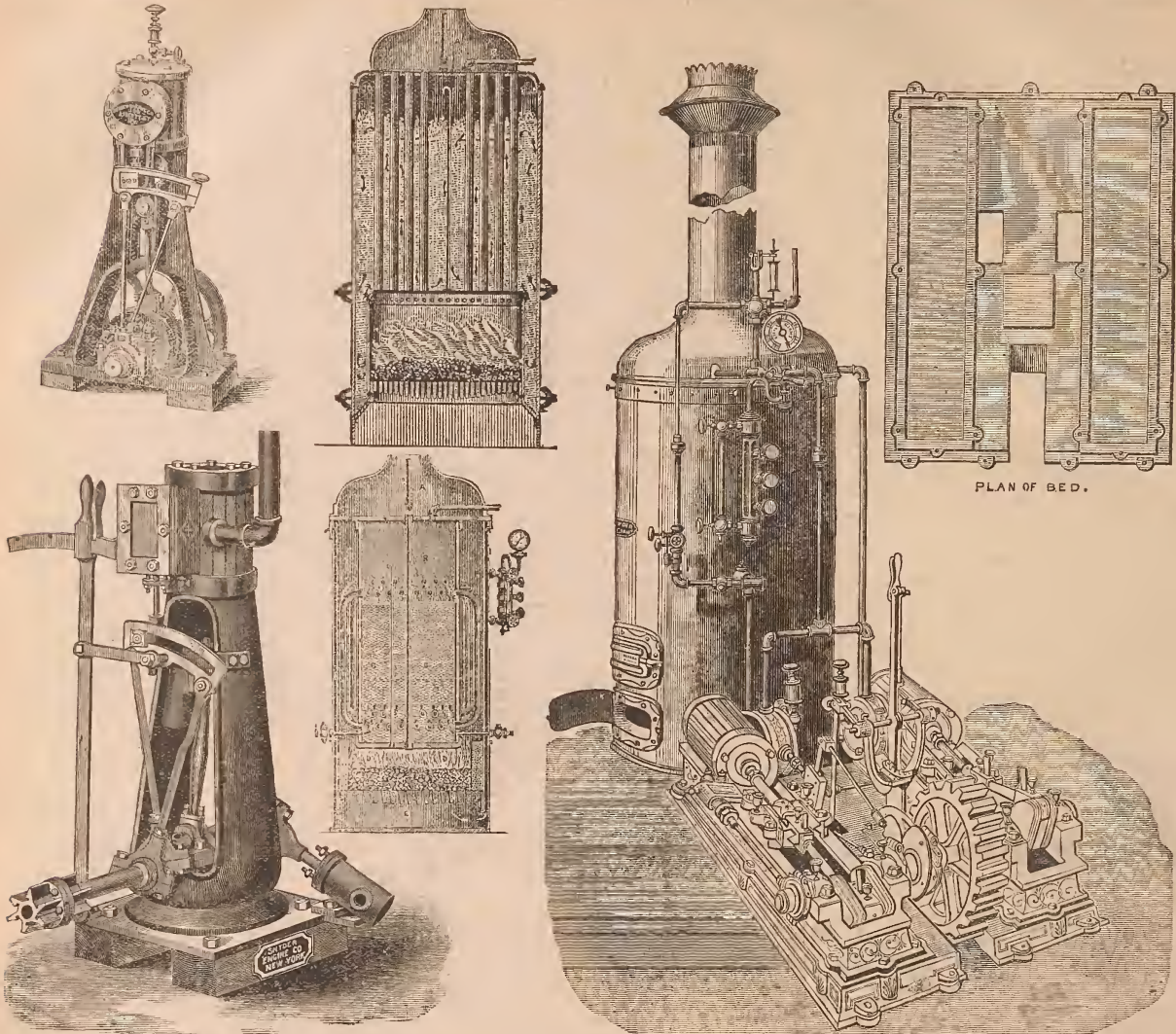
Number of Rounds.	Mean Temperature of Barrel.	Mean Velocity.
4	92.25°	1308.3
6	95.50°	1310.0
8	98.75°	1312.0
11	115.00°	1318.6

It will be seen that the velocities increase with the rise of temperature. This appeared to be very curious, and the barrel was cooled by passing water through the barrel. The ensuing results are given in the first line of table. Furthermore, it was noticed that the 'drop' of sight was comparatively low, and within narrow limits than when the barrel became hot. The 'drop' of sight was not so much affected by the wind, and does not appear to be due to reduction of velocity by fanning, as, in these experiments, the rifle was not cleaned before completing the shot. The 'drop' of sight was not so much affected by the wind, and does not appear to be due to reduction of velocity by fanning, as, in these experiments, the rifle was not cleaned before completing the shot. The 'drop' of sight was not so much affected by the wind, and does not appear to be due to reduction of velocity by fanning, as, in these experiments, the rifle was not cleaned before completing the shot.

NEWARK, N. J.—At the meeting of the Newark Rifle Association on Wednesday evening last, at the range of the Essex, it was decided to hold an annual target shoot, to be held on the 21st of June. The committee from each association was appointed, and a special meeting will be called by the president later to make final arrangements. The shooting will probably take place at the Newark range.

THE SWISS TRIFLE.—The Swiss Federal Rifle Tournament will take place this year at Lugano, on the lake of that name, from the 25th to 29th of July. Emilio Cessi, the president, sends a most cordial invitation for American riflemen to participate in the matches.

CREEDMOOR.—During the remainder of the month of June, on each Saturday the range will be open for gunners to qualify in their several rifle matches on the 100, 200, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1,000, 1,100, 1,200, 1,300, 1,400, 1,500, 1,600, 1,700, 1,800, 1,900, 2,000, 2,100, 2,200, 2,300, 2,400, 2,500, 2,600, 2,700, 2,800, 2,900, 3,000, 3,100, 3,200, 3,300, 3,400, 3,500, 3,600, 3,700, 3,800, 3,900, 4,000, 4,100, 4,200, 4,300, 4,400, 4,500, 4,600, 4,700, 4,800, 4,900, 5,000, 5,100, 5,200, 5,300, 5,400, 5,500, 5,600, 5,700, 5,800, 5,900, 6,000, 6,100, 6,200, 6,300, 6,400, 6,500, 6,600, 6,700, 6,800, 6,900, 7,000, 7,100, 7,200, 7,300, 7,400, 7,500, 7,600, 7,700, 7,800, 7,900, 8,000, 8,100, 8,200, 8,300, 8,400, 8,500, 8,600, 8,700, 8,800, 8,900, 9,000, 9,100, 9,200, 9,300, 9,400, 9,500, 9,600, 9,700, 9,800, 9,900, 10,000, 10,100, 10,200, 10,300, 10,400, 10,500, 10,600, 10,700, 10,800, 10,900, 11,000, 11,100, 11,200, 11,300, 11,400, 11,500, 11,600, 11,700, 11,800, 11,900, 12,000, 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STEAM LAUNCH MACHINERY.

THE increasing use of steam as a motive power for yachts and launches renders information concerning existing practice of great value in giving those contemplating investment a review of the field as it is now occupied in finding them in their selection. Continuing the series of articles on this subject we produce this week illustrations and data of considerable interest to those interested in launches, side wheel and stern wheel boats.

The Little Giant Vertical, an example of which is shown in the accompanying cuts, is built by the Snyder Engine Company of this city, to be run in connection with boilers of their own design. It is suitable for screw launches of the smaller size. Simplicity, compactness and durability are the chief points kept in view. All working parts are easy of access and provision is made for taking up the wear of all parts. The stroke is short, the crank counter-balanced, and the frame is strong with good spread to the standards, so as to make the engine especially adapted to high speed and pressure. Cylinder heads and steam chest cover are turned and bright finished, the cylinder is encased in polished brass, the crank shaft, piston and connection rods are of steel, link and rods being highly polished. The link blocks, fastenings, packing nuts, etc., are of polished brass. The engine is furnished with brass cylinder lubricator and oil cups, and hand wheel for turning off center. Reversing levers are not required on these small engine, the link and handle being sufficient. In the following tables, of great use to the student, the horse power is calculated for a pressure of fifty to sixty pounds and four hundred revolutions for the small engines and two hundred for the larger style, where this is exceeded in practice the power of course becomes greater.

Size of Cylinder in Inches.		Horse Power.	Approximate Weight in Lbs.	Height from floor to top of cylinder in inches.	Size of Boat for which suitable, Length, Feet.	Beam, Feet.
Diameter.	Stroke.					
2 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2 to 4	22	13	12 to 15	...
2 3/4	1 3/4	1 3/4 to 4	30	15	15 to 18	...
2 3/8	1 1/2	1 1/2 to 3	30	17 to 20
3 1/4	1 3/4	1 3/4 to 4	40	20 to 25
4	1 3/4	4 to 5	125	28	25 to 30	...
4 1/2	2	5 to 10	200	30 to 35
5	2	5 to 8	250	35	30 to 35	...
6	2	8 to 12	400	47	35 to 38	7 to 7 1/2
6 1/2	2	10 to 14	500	58	40 to 43	8 to 9
8	2 1/2	12 to 18	800	70	45 to 50	9 to 10 1/2
10	3	20 to 27	1200	76	55 to 60	10 to 12
12	3	25 to 35	1600	80	65 to 75	12 to 15

For boats above thirty feet in length the larger style of engine with reversing lever is the most appropriate. It is known as the Snyder Vertical Marine Engine. Their frame is strong and graceful, the crankshaft is in finished steel; finished forged connecting-rod with heavy brasses; jacketed cylinder and forged cylinder and steam-chest heads. Two solid bearings for the crankshaft which, with the crosshead slides, are cast in one with the frame. A plain slide valve is used. The pump is at the base of the engine, run by an eccentric. The engine is noiseless in its working. For driving side wheels or stern wheels an arrangement is adopted shown in the large cut. Fastenings can be coupled to the crankshaft as required, or the shaft can be extended out to the boat's side to admit of tying on cranks and long connecting-rods to drive one wheel over the stern as in the steamers of the Western and Southern rivers. The plan of the engines are bolted to a cast iron bedplate, the plan of

which is also to be found among the illustrations. The cranks are coupled together at right angles to one another, so that the machinery can always be started. The reversing lever operates the links of both engines and will steam can be cut off at one-sixth to seven-eighths stroke. A spur wheel is shown in the cut in case gearing up to higher speed is wanted. Engineer's data as follows:

Size of Cylinder in Inches.	H. P.	Approximate Weight Lbs.	Bed Pl.		H ^o C ^o Crk in. Slits	Dia. of Boiler in.	Size of Boat for which suitable Length, ft. Beam, ft.		
			L.	D.					
2 1/2	1 1/2	2 to 3	250	30	22	7	14	20 to 22 1/2	4 to 5
3 1/4	1 3/4	4 to 5	325	35	26	8	14	25 to 30	5 to 6
3 3/8	1 3/4	4 to 8	375	38	28	8 1/2	14	30 to 37 1/2	7
4	2	9 to 12	525	46	35	10	2	40 to 60	7 to 10
4 1/2	2	12 to 16	850	63	45	12	2 1/2	50 to 75	8 to 12

^o Height of center of shaft from floor, inches.

In respect to boilers, we give sections of two kinds of verticals. In one the heat passes up through tubes surrounded by water, in the other the water circulates through tubes, around which the heat rises. The best quality of iron or steel is used to enable a safe working pressure of one hundred pounds to be carried if required. Space is economized and the weight kept as low as possible by the arrangement of fire and heating surfaces adopted. The Vertical Tubular is adapted to yachts and launches up to 90 ft. in length. They are built of lance iron or steel, having a tensile strength of 50,000 to 70,000 lbs., and are inspected and tested up to 200 lbs. per square inch. The cut of the tubular boiler shows the manner in which the water circulates. Handholes are cut near top and bottom of the furnace, to remove mud or sediment from crown sheet and water leg. The water is carried high above the furnace, and danger from low water lessened through a safety plug as fitted. The outer shell is nowhere exposed to the action of the fire. Ash pan, grates, smoke-box, spring safety valve, atom gauge, water gauge, gauge cocks, blow off cocks, feed check, feed globe valve, steam stop valve and whistle are the principal fittings which go with the boiler.

Dimensions of Boilers.		Size of Bed-plate to be driven. (Verticals)	Size of Boat for which suitable. (Approximate.)
Diam. of Boiler.	Height of Boiler.		
24	42	1 1/2	24 x 4 1/2
26	45	1 1/2	28 x 4 1/2
28	48	2	32 x 4 1/2
30	45	2	4 x 4 1/2
33	48	2	4 1/2 x 4 1/2
36	48	2	4 1/2 x 4 1/2
40	48	2	4 1/2 x 4 1/2
44	66	2	6 x 6
46	70	2	6 x 6
48	82	2	8 x 8
50	82	2	8 x 8
54	82	2	10 x 10
		2	12 x 12

The water tube boiler will be easily understood with these explanations. A is the dome top or smoke box; B the steam space; C the water space; D the furnace; and E the ash pit. Number 1 is the main shell of 5-16 lap-welded wrought iron, withstanding a pressure of twelve hundred pounds to the square inch. No. 2 is the stay-rod also acting as boiler flue. No. 3 is the fusible safety plug. It consists of a plug threaded on the outside to screw into iron of the boiler, with a hole in and through the center. This hole is filled up with an alloy which will melt out as soon as the water gets dangerously low and leaves the plug uncovered and unprotected from the full effect of the fire, and as it melts, the steam escapes into the furnace of the boiler, putting out the fire and giving the alarm. No. 4, crown sheet of wrought iron. No. 5, top cap, the flanges of which support the sides of the boiler. No. 6, side tubes for circulation of the water, increasing the heating surface. No. 7, outer casing on which the inner boiler is suspended. The weight of a twenty-inch boiler of this kind is 200 lbs., contains twenty-eight tubes and drives a cylinder 24 x 24. A boiler thirty inches diameter will weigh 850 lbs., contains eighty tubes and is suitable for cylinder 4 1/2 x 5.

For small launches, two-headed propeller wheels are preferred by the company. The pitch of a twenty-inch wheel is thirteen inches, that of a twenty-four wheel is twelve inches; that of a thirty-two-inch wheel is fifty inches and that of a forty-eight-inch wheel is sixty inches.

The cost of boilers and engines is something most people will be anxious to know in forming an estimate. The engine and pump for a launch fifteen to eighteen feet long will cost about sixty dollars; one for a launch thirty to thirty-five feet long will cost one hundred and fifty, and the engine for a yacht say sixty feet long will cost about five hundred and fifty dollars. The cost of corresponding boilers will be about a hundred and fifty, three hundred and fifty and five hundred and fifty dollars, all the fittings included.

FORTUNA.—The trial spin of Mr. H. S. Hovey's new schooner down the Bay June 19, was very satisfactory in all respects. She proved herself extremely handy, working like a top, headstays requiring no hauling in coming about. She carries her water almost on mainships, with just enough water to keep her well in hand at all times. "There is not the slightest show of gripping. Heels to about 15° and at that reaches her 'stickiest' point. She seems to set fast, though actual trial with others can best determine her capability in this respect. She will require no changes or alterations of any kind.

EXHIBITS.—Concerning the season's exhibits prospects seem to be rather better than the average, especially among yachts of small tonnage. *Land and Water* says: "So far as racing is concerned, Vivienne won't be entered, and it seems during the summer, as the ordinary yearly regatta will be supplemented with the amateur matches of the Royal Thames on the river, and there will be important regattas at Ascot and Amersham, besides various other matches and regattas round the coast."

YALE Y. C.—The spring tuck of the club was sailed June 7, in a blustering wind with rain squalls. One lost her side, Clarence passed some gear, and Hilda got in trouble with her spinaker. Classes for sloops under 30 ft., cuts over 23 ft., and cuts under 23 ft., Course ten races. Vivienne won in class A, in 1:29:12, beating Hilda and Clarence. Ripple won in class B, in 1:34:39, beating Fearless. Hovey won in class C, in 1:41:35, beating Frolic, Yale and Yale.

AMONGST.—This steamer, Mr. James Gordon Bennet, is now under the shears at the yard of Day, Sumner & Co., Northam, Eng., for new and larger spars, cleaning bottom, etc. Later in the year she is to be given iron deck plating, alterations to the bows, and a thorough overhauling.

DEATH TRAPS.—The yacht *Habe*, bound from Burlington to House's Point, captured in a squall June 9, of Colchester Point, Lake Champlain, Captain and crew were drowned.

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Departments are also provided for the registration of stud visits, dogs at stud, births, sales and transfers, dogs at sale, and deaths.

Prize lists of all the American shows will be given, with descriptions of the principal winners and dogs exhibited; also prize lists of important shows abroad. This department will include a record of field trials. The first two numbers of the Register contain prize lists of Washington, Ottawa and Pittsburgh shows.

The publication day is the fifth day of each month; and nothing can be received for publication later than the first day of the month. All matters intended for publication should be in the hands of the editor at the earliest practicable date. Entry blanks for each department will be furnished free on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

TERMS.—Issued by yearly subscription only. The subscription price is one dollar per year. Make drafts and money orders payable to the Forest and Stream Publishing Company. Address, AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER, P. O. Box 2,832, New York City.

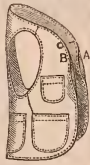


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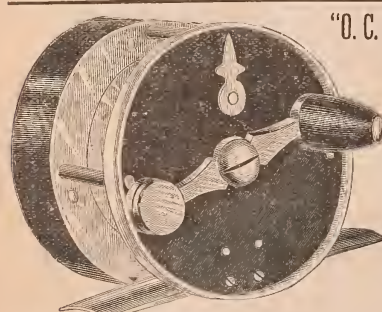


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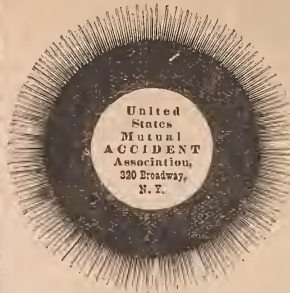
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THE SCREW WIND-GAUGE.

It seems that the worst anticipations of the gentlemen of the American team are to be realized, and that there is to be no chance for the men using the screw wind-gauge to shoot over the ranges during the Wimbledon meeting as contestants in the several M. B. L. matches.

The Council of the National Rifle Association of Great Britain has had the matter under consideration, and in a letter written by Sir Henry St. John Halford, he acts as the mouthpiece of his associates. The letter bears the appearance of an apology for the action of the Council, and an apology certainly is needed. It has been decided not to alter the old Wimbledon rule, which declares that a rear sight set by a screw is not a military sight, and that those of the American rifles having that attachment are to be barred out from the many Wimbledon matches.

The *Volunteer Service Gazette* has ably seconded the efforts of a large body of the English shooters who wish to see the antiquated rule abolished, and urge that this permission be now given the American team, in order to show at once a gentlemanly courtesy to a visiting body, and also to show such unpractical apologists as the council members that a screw wind-gauge is not only an excellent range device, but may be made so simple as to be serviceable in the field. Our esteemed contemporary has taken a wide view of the situation, looking at it from the American as well as the English standpoint, and very properly refuses to be convinced by the letter of Sir Henry Halford, which is not only misleading in its review of the history of this wind-gauge discussion, but erroneous in the conclusions which it draws.

The screw wind-gauge to-day is not a mere range device to secure higher scores. It is in use on the Springfield rifles now coming from the armory in Massachusetts, and in con-

tradition to the opinion of the British N. R. A. Council that it is "an addition to a rifle which they do not consider practicable for a military arm on service," may be brought to the opinion of marksmen here that in any form of carbine or rifle the screw may be and is made so ready of adjustment that it is not one whit behind the slide in rapidity of manipulation, while it is far more exact and reliable.

Sir Henry, in his somewhat remarkable letter says: "There will be no difficulty in their unshipping their screw adjustment, so that their rifles will come under our rules for our M. B. L. competitions, leaving their sights precisely like ours. They, as well as I, believe that the screw adjustment gives a certain advantage to those using them, as the slide can be moved more certainly by it, and with greater accuracy, and I have no doubt they will gain by it in the match as we shall not use it. We have yielded this advantage to them at their earnest solicitation, because we beat them last year, and not because we think it a matter of no importance; but we do not think they would be justified in putting our own men at a further disadvantage in the All-Comers' matches, for it is our duty to see that they are fairly dealt by."

It is indeed a display of more than usual conservatism that the British riflemen, having conceded to the Americans the use of a screw wind-gauge, should not adopt the same themselves. It is the coming improvement which must be made in any military rifle which hopes to hold its own. It is nonsense to suppose that the old open sight, even when given a pretense of improvement by any such clumsy arrangement as a sliding sight bar, is to continue in use when such important modifications and improvements are made in other parts and features of the rifle. Sir Henry ought to know this, and any skirmish match, such as the Dryden match at Creedmoor last year, where the men fired at random distances while in advance and retreat up and down the range, ought to convince the veteran marksman that the competitor using the screw-gauge is not at all handicapped as against the one using a slide-gauge. This is as near a semblance of real warfare as we can get, and it ought to settle the question as far as it can be determined by range experiments.

Sir Henry reverts to his favorite match rifle, and bewails the improvements made in small-bore weapons, as they have made the highest possible so easily attainable that there is no longer much competition when a marksman of judgment, armed with one of these latest weapons of precision, enters a match.

If the object is to keep in a liberal factor of uncertainty, then let the how and arrow be revived for match purposes, and the match rifle laid aside as too mathematically correct.

While we for a moment wish to reduce the M. B. L. to a mere target tieker instead of a service weapon, we respectfully urge that the screw-gauge has been proven fit for field work, and that while the improvement is sure to come, there is no better time than the present to introduce it upon the Wimbledon range.

THE GREELEY RESCUE EXPEDITION.

THE expedition for the relief of Lieutenant Greeley is to leave New Foundland early next month. The rescuing party is to consist mainly of officers and enlisted men of the United States Army, and the only members who are familiar with Arctic life are three "hard ice men" to be taken from St. Johns. The steamship Proteus has been chartered for the occasion, and the orders to the expedition direct that every effort shall be made to reach Lieutenant Greeley by ship, but if this cannot be done, the winter is to be passed at Life Boat Cove or Littleton Island. After the winter has set in, attempts will be made to proceed northward by means of sledges. The instructions announce that the provisions of the Greeley party will be exhausted this autumn, although at the time of its departure and subsequently, it was stated that it was vitualated for three years.

Two naturalists, Messrs. H. G. Dresel and A. A. Ackerman, accompany the expedition on board the United States steamer Yantie, which goes as a tender to the Proteus. Both gentlemen are ensigns in the navy, and have for the past eight months been acting as assistants in the United States National Museum at Washington, Mr. Dresel working on fishes, and Mr. Ackerman on mineralogy. Their equipment is mainly for the collection of marine fish and invertebrates.

It seems unfortunate, in view of the probable difficulty of reaching the Greeley party, that a selection had not been made of men better qualified for the work than the present party appear to be. If the views set forth in these columns as to the personnel of Arctic expeditions had been adopted, we cannot but think that this relief party would set out with much brighter prospects of success.

THE ENGLISH ANGLING TOURNAMENT.

IN another column we give a full account of the last tournament at the Welsh Harp. From our report it will be seen that Mr. Reuben Wood gave a good account of himself, casting eighty-two and a half feet in the trout contest, and one hundred and eight in the salmon casting, taking both first prizes.

We had hoped to see accounts of this contest in the daily papers of New York the morning after it occurred, but so far they have not had a word of this international match, although we know that the secretary of the National Rod and Reel Association informed the agent of the New York Associated Press on the 9th that the contest would come off two days afterward. Had it been a base ball match or a game of marbles, or other interesting event, we would have seen it flashed across by cable in quick time. It really seems as if the great dailies are not aware of the interest taken by the angling public in these events, nor of the extent of that public. The fact that anglers are quiet gentlemen seems to hide the other fact that they are numerous.

It has been said that these tournaments are useless as tests of angling skill. This may be so, to some extent, but they are very useful in exhibiting excellence in all that they claim to do, which is in casting the fly, not in the capture of fish. It is barely possible that a man might learn to cast a fly who never saw a fish taken, and would therefore be ignorant of fishing. We have never heard of such a man, and do not believe he exists. The tournament is an excellent school for those who wish to learn the art of fly-casting, which is a most beautiful one, and the time will come when our daily papers may even rank it as high as a dog fight and give the details.

The *Fishing Gazette* Tournament, just held near London, was more fortunate in the matter of weather than last year, and it seems to have gone off smoothly, and to the satisfaction of all. Certainly it went to the satisfaction of Mr. Wood and the American delegation, and from a perusal of our correspondence on the subject it appears that the competitors were pleased also. The only complaint that "Uncle Reuben" has made is in a private letter to one of the FOREST AND STREAM staff, where he says that they nearly kill him with kindness over there, and that if he should eat and drink all that he is invited to, he would either have to be hooped or burst.

We hope to see some of our English anglers on this side of the water next October at the tournament of the National Rod and Reel Association. We can assure them of a cordial reception at a good time.

RACING WEEK.

THE fact that a very large number of the most important yacht races about New York have taken place within the past week, obliges us to devote much more space than usual to this sport. It is in some respects unfortunate that so many of the important regattas come together, but there are other, and perhaps equally good, reasons why June is above all others the month for racing. It is important that FOREST AND STREAM, which is the yachtsman's journal of America, should give to its readers accounts of these races which shall be more intelligent than the hastily written reports in the daily papers, and at the same time be something more than a mere record of courses and times; and for this reason we have treated these important events very fully. It may be said, however, that occasions like the present only come once or twice a year, and that we are not often obliged to allow any one department to so far overrun its usual limits.

The widespread and rapidly increasing popularity of yachting is of comparatively recent growth, and is in part attributable to the interest which is now taken in canoeing, for the canoe is often the primer of the yachtsman. The canoeist who has cruised for two or three years and has thus learned something of the delights of a life on the water, feels an ambition to own a larger vessel, and is likely to become a Corinthian and obtain a single-handed cutter, and from this his development is rapid and only limited by the depth of his pocket. We rejoice to see the sport taking the high rank it does, for it is one which cultivates some of the highest qualities of both mind and body.

HIGH POINT QUAIL.—Advices from High Point, N. C., give us the pleasing intelligence that quail have done wonderfully well there during the past winter, and promise to be extremely abundant during the coming season. A part of this abundance is attributed to the non-shipping act of that State.

Natural History.

MORNING IN COUNTRY AND CITY.

silly enough to believe that he could find good shooting and fishing in the streets and gutters of cities, towns and villages. "Didymus" admits that he "wandered in an unwise-factory way nearly all over the State," and there are such wanderers to be found everywhere. From his own statements, it is evidently quite unnecessary to make him a fisher of men, while not hunting and *not dead* "sportsmen" have been shooting at every living thing clothed with feathers for the last eighteen years. It is evident that he is not a sportsman or a competent judge, for he states that he "actually shot six times at three wriggling snipe before he got them in his pocket." He refers to fishing at Ocala, and unless he fished in a rain-water barrel for wigglers, he could not find fishing within six miles of that place. He refers to Ocala, "he doesn't find turkeys gophling at him from every brush." Such a statement is, to say the least, silly, if it did not convey the idea that such statement had been published by some interested party. Every winter, samples of "sportsmen" like "D." visit the State, and are disappointed, and misrepresent it because they cannot shoot deer, quail and turkeys in the public streets, and capture fish in every river and lake. Game and fish exist in endless quantities in certain portions of Florida, but sportsmen must visit the localities where they exist.

From the tenor of "D.'s" communication it is evident that he is interested in a "hotel" enterprise in St. Augustine, or has "land" to sell near the "Port," and used your columns to advertise his wares. The whole communication "smells of the shop." "D." asserts "that fishing and shooting in the neighborhood of St. Augustine is far better than in any place I have ever been." This statement is evidence that he has not visited the best "shooting and fishing places" in the State, and that he is ignorant. Any person residing in St. Augustine would have informed "D." that Matanzas, Halifax, and Indian River inlets, far exceed the neighborhood of St. Augustine for fishing. If he had inquired of any sportsman where he should go to make a bag or kill a deer, he would have been directed to Diego Pines. He complains of some sportsmen (sic) being prevented from shooting in the neighborhood of St. Augustine. This is a wise provision, for some "sportsmen" cannot distinguish the difference between a tame duck and a mallard, or an old hen from a pheasant, and some of them are so careless with the use of firearms, that to protect the lives of residents protective laws are necessary.

To me it is evident that "D." has not visited the "unsportsmanlike" fishing parts of Florida, and that he has used your columns to benefit a hotel in Florida. If "D." like Dr. Ferber, Dr. Heushall, or Ward, of Grayling, Mich., will follow in my tracks, eat loose from hotels, "hog and hominy," and leave his "fastidiousness" in a first-class hotel, he will tell a different story, and apologize to your readers for occupying valuable space with mere twaddle, and a puff regarding a hotel in embryo, and lots to sell near the "Port."

AT. PRESSCO.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., JUNE 11, 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Please allow me a word in defense of what I said about the local laws of St. Augustine. This question, like most of the two papers on this subject, is entirely unnecessary, more explicit in my statements. The prohibitory law which you commend, if I understand it, has nothing to do with the "extermination" that you speak of "when the rush of Northern visitors first set in," but was a very recent enactment, and instigated by a man irritable of bitter prejudices, who is affected by the sight of a gun as a mad dog is by a stick. This man enjoys the use of a gun as a child enjoys a stick, and a stick with a worm at its end, and a— etc., etc., but he will not interfere with your enjoyment if it happens to be something that he approves of. If the prohibitory law had been sensibly framed it would meet even my approval, but as it stands, it certainly does not.

To prohibit shooting within a radius of half a mile from the City Hall would be very well, but the city limits are close to the city proper on one side, while on the other they include the marshes nearly to the ocean, and extend a great distance above the city. On these vast tracts of marsh lands there are a great many birds, but as it is difficult to get at them there is no danger of extermination. That idea came from the fact that, while there was no law to prevent it, every boy who could carry a gun was constantly popping at the birds on the flats almost within a stone's throw of the City Hall, and when they found it too hot for them and left for unmolested feeding grounds; they were not exterminated.

That the privilege of shooting plover on the marshes a mile or more above the city can do anything more in the way of extermination than the same privilege would in any other place I fail to see. Consideration for the birds had nothing to do with the enactment of this law. If the "city fathers" care anything for the birds why is there not a law to prevent the infamous business of robbing birds' nests? This wholesale "slaughter of the innocents" is universal here, not the slightest effort is made to stop it. A mocking-bird is lucky if she can find a place for her nest that these impudent, annoying little rascals cannot reach. But the singing birds are not the only sufferers, for the depredations of these little devils extend out into the marshes. One, at least, of the rail tribe (a large bird) breeds here in great numbers.

A few weeks ago a man surprised a small gang of these exterminators near his fence; one was carrying an old bird which they had killed with a stick while on the nest, and another had the eggs in his hat. They roamed and steal wherever they choose, and the only law they have to fear is a cross dog.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15.

Our correspondents appear to have taken too seriously some things which "Didymus" wrote in jocular mood. He is not a grenshorn, nor, as one writer unkindly suggests, a "dude," but a gentleman who has traveled extensively, and as a sportsman can probably hold his gun as "dead on" as the next man. His praises of old St. Augustine appear too lavish, they are at least pardonable, and it is not necessary to scribble them to any sordid motives. It is one of the most beautiful cities of Florida citizens to exalt some particular point in the State, and in comparison with it to decry all other localities as in some respect or other inferior. The State has been sufficiently vindicated by those who have replied to "Didymus," and this discussion carried as far as can be useful. To prolong it would probably not affect next winter's Florida travel. When "Didymus" knows more about St. Augustine he will agree with us about the wisdom of the law referred to.]

Oh, the beauties and delights of rural surroundings. The cheerful awakening from sound, healthful slumber. For instance, the time is about 4 A. M. or a little before. Dick, the game-cock, having gone to roost at sundown, suddenly awakens to a sense of his responsibility as boss of the entire premises, and sends out a clarion note that may be heard one mile away. Nine female geese and one old gander at once respond, with outstretched necks and voices shrill and deep. Three guinea hens, with their Brigham, take up the cry. The old peacock gets on his wings, sails up to the peak of the barn, and lets down the bottom of his lungs. A flock of ducks start up suddenly and waddle off to the creek, with most noisy quacking. Four milk-eyed, deer-faced Alderney cows commence a musical howling from the paddock on the flat by the creek; four fawn-like calves answer with responsive bleating from the calf pasture above.

It is not yet 5 A. M., and the thrush, the robin, the song sparrow, the Phoebe-bird, the cardinal, the peewee, the chickin, the bluejay and the vireo are making the whole house very musical.

How about the awakening of a summer morning in New York? I am not so certain. I have tried both sides. I prefer the donkey engine to the guinea hen; the steam whistle to the peacock. The rattle and roar of the waking city is hardly more disturbing to nerves than the racket of a farmyard. I know something better.

"I know something better. O'erhance the verdant banks of Otter, Where wood-ducks build among the vines, That bend above the crystal water, 'Tis there the bluejay makes her nest, In thickest shade of water beeches; The fish-bawk, statusque in rest, Keeps guard o'er glassy pools and reaches."

Well, I am "going through the Wilderness." The Sairey Gamp meets me at Booneville the first week in July. The Sairey weighs 140 pounds. I noticed since I commenced writing light canoes in FOREST AND STREAM, several makers have discovered that the "one" will carry a light canoe and his duffle. Have they ever seen it done? They placed a few 10-pound cones in the hands of skilled canoeists for lone, independent cruises in the North Woods and other glorious lake-dotted forests? Am I to meet one of them here and there, go into camp with him, divide the last ounce of provisions, and then paddle in company with him over the blessed clear waters, and over the islands, outlets, etc.? I guess not. There is no 11 or 12-pound cedar canoe afloat in this section with 150 lbs. in her. I think a 16-pound canoe would be safer and more comfortable. All the same, she is bound to go through. Maybe she will do better than her maker thinks. Possibly he has builded better than he knew. There is a possibility that I may turn out to be an old gray-headed expert in light canoeing. Maybe I have been there. Perhaps I have paddled a kayak, the most ticklish boat that ever floated a man. And I may get drowned. I shall certainly take in some duckings.

NESMUK.

EDIBLE CRABS OF THE UNITED STATES.

AN interesting, though brief, article in the catalogue of marine invertebrata sent to the London Fisheries Exhibition, Mr. Richard Rathum, of the U. S. National Museum, gives a list of the principal edible crabs of the United States, and the methods by which they are taken. He says: Over twenty species of crabs belonging to the coasts of the United States are now regarded as of greater or less practical importance to mankind. The most valuable of these are the blue crab (*Callinectes hastatus*), lady crab (*Platyonichus ocellatus*), stone crab (*Menippe mercenarius*), and rock crabs (*Cancer irroratus* and *borealis*), of the East coast, and the common crab, rock crab, and red crab (*Cancer magister*, *antennarius*, *productus*), of the Pacific coast. The remaining species are utilized simply as bait, or to a slight extent only as food.

The blue crab is the common edible crab of the Atlantic coast, and ranges from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. The season for its fishery is of variable duration on different parts of the coast. At New York it lasts from May to October, while in Florida it begins as early as March and continues until December, or, if the weather be mild, through the year. This crab is eaten in both the hard and soft shell condition, but is greatly preferred and commands a much higher price, when in the latter state. This is contrary to what holds true with all of the other species of crabs upon our coast, as well as the lobster, which are only eaten when hard-shell. However, soft-shell crabs are seldom taken in marketable quantities except on the New Jersey coast, whence New York derives the greater part of its supplies. The crab fishery for New Jersey alone amounted to over \$100,000 in 1880. The blue crab also forms an excellent bait.

Several different appliances are used in the capture of blue crabs, the most common being the ordinary scoop or dipnet, also called crab net. For attracting the crabs from depths not easily reached by means of the dipnet, the fishermen resort to baited lines, without hooks, which are used singly or made up into trawls. In a small boat, each fisherman is furnished several single lines, which are hauled up at short intervals, the crabs being secured in a dipnet as they approach the surface. The crab-trawl, or trot-line, measures 250 to 700 feet in length, and has small lateral lines arranged at short distances apart. There are several methods of setting it. One is to anchor each end by means of weights, and another to attach the ends to long poles, which are driven into the bottom. A man in a skiff rows continuously from end to end, hauling in the net and lines and taking the crabs as in the first instance. On the Louisiana coast the trot-lines are stretched along the beaches, the lateral lines being thrown out into the water and hauled in at regular intervals. Seines, hoop-nets, lotted with meat, and chain tows are also occasionally employed for catching crabs. As the soft crabs remain in a semi-normal condition, and will not take the bait, they are secured almost entirely by means of scoop-nets from the beaches, or in the hands. Floating enses are extensively employed in some localities for keeping the hard crabs until they shall have cast their shells and become soft. Crabs are generally shipped to market in boxes, baskets or barrels, with or without packing. Some boxes are usually preferred for the soft crabs, which are packed in

very snugly in order that they may stand transportation without injury, and so that the moisture will not run too freely from the gills. The crab catchers consist largely of women and children, especially in the Southern States.

In 1880, there were three crab canneries in the United States, two being located at Hampton, Virginia, and one at Oxford, Maryland. Only hard crabs are used in the supplies coming mainly from the neighborhood of the canneries. The process of canning crabs is somewhat similar to that for lobsters, as practiced on the New England coast. The crabs are boiled or steamed, after which the meats are removed from the hard parts and packed in one and two pound tins, the shells or carapaces being cleaned and sold with the meats, to serve as holders in making deviled crabs. The refuse is used as a manure.

The crab fisheries of the eastern coast of the United States, in 1880, amounted to \$328,000 (fishermen's prices), of which the greater part belonged to New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. South of Virginia, on the Atlantic coast, the crab fishery is of but slight importance at present; on the Gulf coast it amounts to about \$10,000 annually, and is mainly confined to Louisiana.

The rock and Jonah crabs (*Cancer irroratus* and *borealis*) are eaten only to a slight extent, probably for the reason that their range is co-extensive with that of the lobster, which is much more favorably regarded as an article of food. *Cancer irroratus* is caught at the mouth of Boston Harbor in small quantities, to supply the Boston markets, and both species are taken for the Newport market, in Narraganset Bay. They are also used as bait for several species of fish.

The stone crab (*Menippe mercenarius*) is very much esteemed for eating, but nowhere occurs in sufficient abundance to supply more than a limited demand. The shell of this crab is thick and heavy, and the claws proportionately large, furnishing a generous supply of meat. The stone crab lives in holes in the mud, which it excavates, and in cracks between rocks, and is, therefore, somewhat difficult to capture. In taking them from their holes, which are sometimes very deep, the crabber thrusts down his arm, and seizing the occupant by the elbow of the nearest claw, draws him quickly out, allowing him to fall upon the ground, where he is better able to secure him without injury to himself. The crab offers stout resistance, and is sometimes taken out piecemeal. The crabber occasionally resorts to digging out his prey. This species is rarely shipped away from the seaport towns where it is taken, and is, therefore, seldom seen in the larger markets, excepting at Charleston, S. C., in the vicinity of which it is abundant. On some parts of the Florida coast it furnishes the inhabitants with a considerable share of food at certain seasons.

The lady crab (*Platyonichus ocellatus*) is occasionally taken for food on the Atlantic coast, in the same manner as the blue crab, but is rarely seen in the markets. In the Gulf of Mexico, and especially on the Louisiana coast, it is an important article of fishery, and large quantities are shipped to New Orleans every season. On the New England coast it is used as bait.

Six species of crabs are regarded as edible on the Pacific coast of the United States—the common market crab (*Cancer magister*), rock crab (*Cancer antennarius*), red crab (*Cancer productus*), kelp crab (*Epilattus productus*), yellow shore crab (*Paralona orgonensis*), and the purple crab (*Hemigrapsus oregonensis*). Only the *Cancer magister* is now extensively used as food, although the other two species of the same genus are said to be equally good as regards flavor. The *magister* is, however, the most abundant species in those localities and depths which are most frequented by the fishermen, and also averages somewhat larger in size. It is captured mainly on the sandy beaches of San Francisco Bay, by means of seines and crab nets, baited with fish and offal. The principal market is San Francisco. The season continues more or less throughout the year, but the summer catch is much larger than the winter. The red and rock crabs are most abundant on the rocky shores of the northern side of the Golden Gate, where but little fishing is done. The *Cancers* are not, apparently, caught elsewhere for food on the Pacific coast. The yellow and purple shore crabs are eaten by the Chinese, who spit them upon wires and cook them over open fires. The kelp crabs are used by the natives of the northwest coast. A large "red rock crab" (*Echthrococcus setimimus*), living about the Farallone Islands, off San Francisco, is occasionally brought to the markets of that city as a curiosity, and sometimes brings a high price as ten dollars each. Species of *Chionectes* and *Lithodes* are eaten by the natives of Alaska.

ALBINO ROBINS.—About half a mile from this place there keeps a white robin, the bird is entirely white with the exception of few wing feathers, and one or two feathers in the tail. That this bird is a robin is certain; its flight and "chirrup" proves that. It is very tame, allowing a person to advance within a few feet of it. This is its second appearance in this locality, last year there were more dark feathers in its plumage than now. It is evidently a male. Another instance. Early this spring I noticed a robin with more than its usual allowance of white in its plumage. I shot the bird, and found the tail to be entirely white, the breast was nearly white, there were several white spots on the wings, back and head. This bird was also a male. In this case, and in the preceding one, other robins were making war upon their unnatural brothers. Now, was this a freak of nature, or were these birds hybrids? The white bird can be seen almost any time, and the one I shot I have mounted.—H. B. GLASCO, N. Y. June 18.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH EXCHANGE.—Sherbrooke, Quebec, Canada.—Editor Forest and Stream: One of the most valued items of my camp kit during the past three years has been a photographic outfit. I have been thinking that an exchange of views with other sportsmen would be very agreeable. I have a dozen or more that I think would be of interest to lovers of the wildwood, and which I would be glad to send to any of your readers who have copies of their own work to spare.—JOS. G. WALTON.

A LARGE CAT.—A wildcat weighing thirty-five pounds was recently caught and brought into Nashville by Reuben Cain, of Clatsop county. It was a superb specimen of the species, and should have been secured for one of the zoological collections in the North. Reuben said: "He was regular hell in harness, and most er got off, but for Nanny, my wife. She's more nor any teu cats in Tennessee."—J. D. H.

animal. In like manner I cannot believe that the muzzle-loader is the best rifle, because it is a little more accurate and has a slightly flatter trajectory. My little hunting rifle is a "Irrecci-loaded from the muzzle" (sometimes), or a "muzzle-loader loaded from the breech," but not a gun through the barrel of which daylight cannot be made to shine without several minutes' work with a huge fraction of a blacksmith's set of tools. L. I. FLOWER.

CAMBRIDGE, N. B.

SENSIBLE VIRGINIANS.

THERE were a good many sportsmen here this week. As I write, a large sloop has just filled anchor, and has headed for the Virginia capes with some twenty-five of the Baltimore Sporting Club on board. She is bound for a month's cruise. Another sloop from Suffolk, Virginia, with some twenty-five of the gun and rod, has put in an appearance, and will leave to-morrow for Hog and Monacan islands. The Richmond, Va., Club will commence their annual cruise the first of next week, as also will the Norfolk Sporting Club. It is no wonder that the ladies wander disconsolately alone at the watering places, for this custom of the Virginians of leasing a vessel and spending their mid-summer holiday in a snug party afloat, has grown steadily in favor, and now represents the men as represented at the springs by headless boys, or by those effeminate young men who avoid the sun and wind, as if it bore on its beams and breeze the pestilence itself.

Besides, the Virginians find it not only more enjoyable, but cheaper. Twenty-five young men clubbing together can, upon paying a sum of twenty-five dollars apiece, rent a sloop, provision it, and enjoy a delightful, free Bohemian life for a month, and not a vessel that would cost half that amount to go to the springs, and they would not have half the enjoyment either. This place is the rendezvous of all of the clubs, and they stop going and returning. The rough-looking sailor grub of the day is changed into a gorgeous butterfly at night, with full dress suit, who circles in the "mazy," as Mr. Dick Swiveller expresses it.

The fishing is unusually fine this summer, and trout, sheephead and hogfish are caught in great quantities close to the hotel. There are a party of five returning from a fishing excursion over across the Rip Raps, who had averaged eight fish to the line, all of good size, too.

Sportsmen just from Cobb's Island and vicinity, report the robin snipe as having disappeared, but that the curlew, willet and yellow-leg snipe are arriving in good quantities, and the sport is fair.

OLD POINT COMFORT, Va., June 22.

MY FIRST WOODCOCK.

IN after years the matron mused smilingly on her first hunt; the station on his first speech; the mother on her first child. Delicious memories, all of them, and happy are they to whom they can come unalloyed with sorrow. In my own heart lingers one fond memory that, perhaps, lacks the sweetness of the first, the fervor of the second, the beautiful frenzy of the third: yet to me it is as thrilling as any or all of these, for it takes me back to that happiest day of my boyhood when I shot my first woodcock.

That prince of sportsmen and gentlemen, Prof. Beach, who has just returned to his northern Columbia colony, N. Y., near the rugged hills of Green River, that region long immortalized by William Cullen Bryant, did everything together. My boyish enthusiasm and wild love for nature pleased him as much as his wonderful culture and genius charmed me; from our earliest meeting there was a tender and mysterious bond of sympathy between us, that made us the most congenial of companions, until the premature end of his sad and unhappy life.

One perfect morning early in September, a day of vastly more moment to me than that which witnessed the victory at Marathon, or even the later episode of the Charter Oak, we, Prof. Beach and I, arose bright and early, breakfasted, and went off over the hills together after woodcock. He was armed with his light, trusty shotgun, I with an antiquated "rover," about as well calculated for efficiency as a fowling-piece was the formidable saumon made by one Krupp, or some other jackpaws with an equally heathenish name.

We tramped through swamp and swale nearly all the forenoon, each burning about the same quantity of powder, though with vastly different results—he had half a score of handsome woodcock, and I—nothing, alas! but one wretched blue Jay that I had shot (and I blush to record it) sitting stock still. A burning shame!

The Professor made numerous puns about my proficent shooting and deficient hitting, for I made it a matter of religion to blaze furiously away at whatever crossed the range of my vision, in dignified disregard of all considerations of distance or other disadvantage. I had long since abandoned all hope of ever hitting anything smaller than the woods, or the Professor's retriever, yet "try again" was the motto emblazoned on my escutcheon, and I swore inwardly with a wild sort of a deacon's oath that I would try until at least one genuine game bird perished.

When, as a reward to my pertinacity, success finally came; of the three, the Professor, the bird and your humble servant, I was the most surprised.

Late in the afternoon, when fatigue and failure had made me despondent, his capacity for producing smoke and wild, each discharge, put the combined efforts of a whole battery to shame. I attributed the silence of the Professor's gun to the fog of smoke which enveloped the whole clump from mine. But I was mistaken.

"You've got him!" yelled the Professor, "Got what?" I demanded.

"Why, the woodcock; that's what you fired at, wasn't it?"

Great essence of smoke! I surely must have frightened it to death. I didn't see it when I fired, or anything else for that matter, and certainly couldn't have hit it. I had emptied my gun from mere force of habit, into space, with no other intention than such a disposal of its contents. However, it was hit and severely, too, for when we dressed it the next day, its unfortunate skin completely resembled a horse-radish grater.

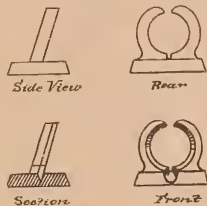
Years have passed since then; long, weary years; but I think I live that day over again, in memory, far oftener than any other day of my life. LEW VANDERPOEL.

HUNTING RIFLE SIGHTS.

FOR the benefit of those that may be interested I enclose herewith a rough sketch of a hunting rifle sight that I have found to be very effective, with the following description:

I have always had them forged from solid steel, the upper part standing at an angle with the bar (which has dovetails into the barrel), and leaning to the rear, so as to prevent any chance for light to reflect back into the eye, as it might do if this part were vertical.

This upper part is first made solid, and then drilled out accurately with a $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{3}{16}$ inch drill, according to the gun



and the size of "horns" required, and a fine slit is sawed through accurately on top and in the middle, separating the metal into the two horns, and a fine notch is cut in the bottom of the circle, vertically under this slit, for the sight notch. This "notch" may be of any form, according to the fancy of the shooter.

The "horns" are now filed up to shape as shown in the sketch, their rear face being left a dead flat, and their front faces being beveled off toward the inside, so as to bring them down to almost a knife-edge on the edges on the orifice. This prevents any chance for light to reflect back from the edges of this orifice and strike into the eye.

Directly in front of the slot or notch a deep hole is drilled, and this carries the notch always to be in shadow, with no light to glimmer on its edges and blur the sight.

Now, the horns and orifice between them give quite a field of view, and (if the gun fits the man) the front sight is seen instantly on the gun being brought to the face, and but a slight movement is necessary to bring the front head accurately into the rear notch, and still have the game in the field of view. The line through the fine slit on top of the horns and the hole gives a vertical line by which to hold the gun level, and also a line on which to take a coarser sight, as the game is further off, and there being no raising sight to foot with and so lose time, the sight is almost instantaneous.

By experiment with a graduated peep sight and one of these rear sights, I found exactly how coarse a sight to take over the fixed rear sight up to 500 yards. At 500 yards I had only to sight in the top slit between the horns and hence the bottom notch, and I could, therefore (after I had learned from the use of the peep sight at fixed targets), take my sight fine or coarse at once, according as I judged the game to be far or near.

It is my experience that adjustable rear sights are a "delusion and a snare" for ordinary hunting. They may be all very well at times when game is quiet and knows nothing of the hunter's proximity, and he then has time to accurately judge the distance and set his sights accordingly; but under ordinary circumstances this is almost impossible, and I have known the game to be lost by the loss of time in adjusting sights. With a fixed rear sight (as nearly point blank as may be), the hunter knows he must "allow for distance" by a finer or coarser sight, and he can soon learn how much to allow and do it almost instinctively, and the temptation to adjust sights is not there to disconcert the shooting.

I have always used a "silver bead" front sight with this rear sight, and have made it the rule to get both down as close to the barrel as possible, and still see them both clearly and quickly over the breech mechanism; by this the deviation caused by the piece not being held level is reduced to a minimum, and the sights are both made better able to stand rough usage.

After aligning the rear sight accurately, it is fastened in permanently and a reference mark made on sight and barrel for future use, should the sight have to be removed or become deranged by accident.

I have never shot without a rear sight, but I know it is done in some of the armies of Europe at distances over 100 yards and at long ranges. The soldier is taught to sight over the horns of his left hand laid over the barrel and bent to greater or less height according to the distance; this might or might not answer for hunting purposes, according to the amount of skill acquired by the shooter. I never have tried it, preferring the fine or coarse sight through the buck-horn sight herein described.

Nothing original is claimed for this sight. It used to be very common on the Pacific coast and in Arizona, but as I never have seen one on sale or advertised as made by gunsmiths, it is sent as of possible value and interest to brother sportsmen in the East. C. D.

FORT McKINNEY, Wyoming.

INFORMATION WANTED.—While on a trip across Lake Umbagog two years ago, I was informed that the lower end of the lake had been scooped down to wild rice by a New York sportsman's club. I have since made inquiries as to the fact, but can get no information. Can you tell me anything in regard to it? I am contemplating a duck and grouse shooting trip this fall and thought of going to Umbagog or the Bangskeys. Will you or some of your many readers advise me as to the best point to strike, also the best month in the fall to go?—G. N. K. (Lancaster, N. H., June 19).

KYNOCH SHELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Being a student in connection with your issue of 21st inst. by "D." of Mallowwood, Wisconsin, I know Kynoch shells it is apparent to me, as doubtless it will be to many other sportsmen who have not only thoroughly tested, but habitually use the "Perfect" shells, that "D.'s" trouble was caused by the simple fact that his guns are not correctly chambered. With paper or thick brass shells, this fault would not matter so much, but the "Perfects" being thin and pliable, they of course swell to fit, and if the chamber is slightly larger at the muzzle the shells will naturally be difficult to extract. When they first appeared I was prejudiced against them, notwithstanding their high repute with English sportsmen, and was first prompted to try them from motives of curiosity. I was, however, so agreeably surprised at the result, that I now use no others, and find they work well in every respect, and have so many advantages over both paper and the thick brass, that to my mind there can be little doubt they will soon be the rage here, as from perusal of the English sporting papers I judge them to be abroad. H. V. L.

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J., June 22.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As a matter of course, all readers of your interesting and instructive journal feel in duty bound to inspect and test whatever of implements or apparatus are found advertised therein, more especially when favorably noticed by the editor.

Being something of a connoisseur in fine breech-loading shotguns, you will readily see how easy and natural it was for me, as soon as I saw the advertisement of the Kynoch patent "perfect" brass shell, to begin at once to consider the "ways and means" whereby a supply of the aforesaid "perfect" might be "reduced to possession" for the purpose of inspection and trial. An opportunity soon presented itself, and I became the fortunate possessor of twenty-five of the coveted article, and having loaded them with three drams Hazard's duck-shooting No. 3 grain, and one and one-eighth ounces No. 10, I repaired to our range for the purpose of testing them on our weekly glass ball shoot. A friend of mine, Mr. E. P. W., prepared the same number in like number (the shells were 12 gauge). At the conclusion of our shoot we were surprised to find that the shells on four of our entire number had burst or broken off at the point where the reinforced body of the shell met, or about one-quarter of an inch from the head.

I reloaded what remained unimpaired, and at the conclusion of the second trial found as many more ruined in the same manner. I then determined to consign the remainder to the section of the back yard.

I enclose a shell that you may get the better understand the matter and see exactly how it is done. These shells were tried in my Parker, in Mr. W.'s Fox, and in guns of other manufacture, and in all cases fitted the chamber nicely, with the exception of being a trifle close in the Fox, and they in fact went a little close in all, so that it could not be due to any misfit in chambering. Taking into consideration these facts, we concluded, Mr. Editor, that the Kynoch is very nearly on a par with the best of the situation in no. Now I believe a nice, light, durable shell is "consummation devoutly to be wished," and the field appears to be open to some smart, enterprising Yankee for the exercise of his ingenuity, and whoever first brings out a light, durable shell will undoubtedly reap a rich and well-deserved harvest of thanks. The metallic shell now in common use is far too heavy, no doubt about it, and must soon be replaced by something lighter and nearer, and the sooner the better.

VINAILIAYEN, Me., June 20.

MEDICUS II.

INCIDENTS OF A JERSEY QUAIL HUNT.

DEPARTED this life, June 3, 1881, Nellie, in the twelfth year of her age, lamented by her own and his family, and acknowledged, by all who knew her, to be one of the best red Irish setter bitches in the house or field, that this country or any other ever knew. This should be the epitaph placed over the head of one of the most remarkable dogs in the field. She professed no tricks, but when she was sent to retrieve a bird, or to "back" of the situation, no instructions necessary as to where and how to hunt either quail, pheasant, woodcock or snipe, for she was equally good in hunting all. She was what some of the inexperienced would call a "winder." To make this explicit, I will illustrate. Some dogs hunt with their noses close to the ground (these are called "trailers"), in order to strike the scent of a covey, as they break from the brush to feed, in the first place, and then to follow up the bird.

Nellie was too high-minded for this, and would jump into a ten-acre field, throw her head up in the wind, sniff once or twice, and if the birds were out she would go to them without further ceremony, and slay there until you came up, if she had to wait for a week. When on a point, you could lay a cane from the end of her nose to the tip of her tail—straight as an arrow, and as stiff as a poker she stood.

She was nearly on one occasion when shooting in the fall at Cape May, some years ago, with Nellie for my "right bower," and several other of the canine specie to help fill the bill. My companion was Charles Clark. The dogs after ranging over two or three fields and finding nothing, at last brought up to a high rail fence, dividing the field we were in from the adjoining farm. Nell, the fleetest-footed of all, sprang on the top rail, and the moment she got there came to a point, looking back and forth to keep from going, while the other dogs sprang over without winding, and flushed a covey of about twenty-five quail. Never in my experience had I seen such a point, so ridiculous it appeared to me that I forgot to shoot, while Charlie got one with each barrel, which Nell retrieved one after the other in fine style.

We marked the rest of the covey, which flew and scattered in all directions (down there) a "blue bed" or "Landing grass." Nell found and pointed about two-thirds of the birds we killed out of that bunch, and we went on seeking for another. Before the day was over she came to disgrace in the following manner: About two o'clock in the afternoon the dogs drew up on a covey in the middle of a stubble field, backing nicely, and as they rose, we cut five from the number with the first two barrels, and got a single one with a third, returning back and forth to keep from going in the edge of a little swamp. Nell started at my command to retrieve this one, which she found, and came capering up to me with the bird in her mouth, sat down on her haunches, looked up in my face with expressive eyes, as if to say, "haven't I done it?" and as I reached out my hand to take the bird, she opened her mouth, and—and the bird flew off

and settled in the thickest part of the swamp. She looked foolish, but that was the last crippled bird that ever got away from her, because ever after she would pinch them enough to be sure that they would not get off after her trouble in retrieving.

We bagged forty-nine birds that day, and I went back to the city entirely satisfied with the day's sport. One more illustration of this bitch's wonderful sagacity and I will close. About three years ago, she had a hater of fine red jays. Among the hater one, Ned, at an early age began to show great promise. In the back part of the yard where the kennel was built, and in one of the stalls could be seen Nellie with her family. Master Ned, full of curiosity, was roaming around the yard looking and sniffing for stray pieces of garbage, and while thus engaged a sparrow lit in the yard and began to make a breakfast of the scattered crumbs.

The moment Ned saw the bird—the first in his life—he began with cat-like tread and little tail straightened out to approach the sparrow, which was entirely unconscious of the danger that threatened, being busy with his meal. Ned keeps up his alternate crawling and standing, and at last pounces upon the luckless sparrow, and with great triumph hears it to his mother in the kennel. As he came tumbling in, she took him by the nape of the neck and shook him until the air was filled with his dismal howls, and then put him out and he dropped the sparrow. The only way I could interpret this action of Ned was, that he was like that of a mother whose child has been guilty of some misdemeanor, and to whom she desired to give a moral lesson that would be lasting in its effect. By shaking Master Ned, she desired him to know this was not the kind of game that a scion of a noble house should bother with—a bird not worthy of notice. Ned at this time is a first-class bird, but not to be compared to the bird that I am now writing of. I could relate innumerable instances of the sagacity and affection of this beloved and faithful dog. Kind and affectionate to children, she was a terror to beggars.

Never brought prominently before the sporting public, yet she had sufficient "pints" to carry off the first premium in the bench shows in which she was entered, to wit: Centennial Dog Show and the Philadelphia Kennel Club Show.

CAMDEN, N. J.

J. S. M.

CONNECTICUT RAIL LAW.—We are indebted to the courtesy of Dr. J. W. Alsop, of Middletown, Conn., for the following, which comprise all the game legislation of Connecticut for the year. Chapter XLIII, approved March 28, reads: "Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person to hunt, kill, destroy, attempt to destroy, or use any gun, rifle, or other weapon, in the counties of New Haven, Fairfield and Litchfield, between the first day of January and the twentieth day of August; and every person so offending shall be fined not more than twenty-five dollars for each offense. Section 2. The provisions of chapter one hundred and twenty-one of the public acts of 1882 (page 201) shall not apply to the counties of New Haven, Fairfield and Litchfield." This, it will be seen, allows rail shooting in August in the counties named. Elsewhere the open season remains as before, from September 12 to January 1. The other law, approved May 3, relates to game-wardens, and is as follows: "Section 1. The selectmen of every town shall appoint two or more persons to be game-wardens, who shall assist in detecting and prosecuting offenses against the game laws, and shall be paid the same fees allowed to grand jurors in criminal cases. Section 2. Game-wardens shall hold their offices for the term of two years from date of their appointment, and shall have the same powers as other officers to arrest for the violation of any law relating to game." The effort to open summer woodcock shooting was defeated. Dr. Alsop was chairman of the Senate Committee on Agriculture to which the game bills are referred, and to his careful attention Connecticut sportsmen owe very much for the excellence of the present law.

TENNESSEE NOTES.—The almost to the day, the noisy pair (or a pair) of woodpeckers have arrived to take possession of their breeding place on the wood pile in the corner alongside of my bedroom. Every year for the past five I have mentioned their arrival to the readers of the FOREST AND STREAM, because their constancy of purpose, and untiring energy, have served as a valuable lesson to me. How many times the actual visitors have changed, or more properly, which generation of the original pair are now by me, is a mystery, but I am sure, and am sure, that of the skilled matter, they arrive, and seem to know the exact place to stop at. One year a company of bluebirds had taken possession of the nest, and the woodpeckers had a long and desperate fight before driving them away, but so effectually were they eluded, that they never tried it again. From various sources I learn that the nesting and hatching of quail has been unprecedentedly large this spring, and, having accident, there will be great quantities of them next season. I noticed while out driving a few days ago, that there are myriads of doves this season. The "Nimrods" around Nashville prefer this to any class of shooting they can get. The birds are strong fly very fast and are hard to hit. No dog is used in hunting them, though their habits are such that when their watering place is discovered, they will go every day despite any amount of shooting at them. Sportsmen by the million infest the regions, and even near the city a capital day's shooting could be had after them.—J. D. H., (Nashville, Tenn., June 16).

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION INCORPORATED.—Articles of incorporation of the New York Association for the Protection of Game were filed last week. The objects of the corporation are to advocate the passage of suitable laws for the preservation of game and certain varieties of fish, to enforce such laws and other existing game laws, and to promote a healthy public opinion in relation thereto and in relation to the same. The incorporators are Robert B. Roosevelt, Benjamin L. Ludington, Charles E. Whitehead, John W. Green, John W. Balfour, Chas. E. Strong, Royal Phelps, Paul E. Thebaud, Stephen A. Main, Alfred Wagstaff, Wm. M. Fless, John H. Rhoades, Clinton Gilbert, J. Nelson Tappan, James Reynal, Thomas N. Cuthbert, H. C. Falmesest, Henry J. Scudder, Henry T. Carey, James Curpley, Townsend Cox and Roland Redmond.

SPRING CHICKEN GUN CLUB.—Permit me to call your attention to the organization of the Spring Chicken Gun Club, of Beaver Falls, Pa. The following are the names of the members: J. F. Kurtz, President; H. W. Baird, Secretary and Treasurer; W. H. Criss, D. B. Wilkinson, Bay E. Surks, Ernest Mayer, J. A. Tatro, Joseph Otto, S. R. Patter-

son, H. C. Patterson, Ed. Hutebison; honorary members, Jas. M. Fessenden and Mr. Smith. Limited to fourteen members. The object of the club is to promote skill in the use of the shotgun and the rifle, the preservation of game and game fish, the recreation of its members by encouraging healthful field and target practice; the cultivation of fraternal and good feeling toward all other such organizations. The club has secured a very desirable ground from H. T. and J. Reeves, of this place. The ground is just outside of the borough limits, at the upper end of town, and we anticipate a very pleasant time every two weeks during the summer. The regular day will be on Wednesdays afternoons.—Bad Shot (Beaver Falls, Pa., June 18).

NEW METHOD OF GAME DESTRUCTION.—While in Dakota last fall I found it was customary to rob game birds and ducks' nests. In a local paper I saw an item about one man who had secured over 5,000 duck eggs from Ranney's Lake, one of the small lakes with which that country abounds. I stopped at one farmhouse where the woman said her two small children had brought in sixty-eight prairie chicken eggs in one day, and she had cooked the fresh ones. I did what I could to try and educate them differently. Some attention should be paid to it this season or we shall miss our usual fall and spring sport.—M. (Hastings, La., June 19).

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—There is a dearth of shooting news in our city, owing, of course, to its being an inter-season. It seems impossible to entirely break up the illegal killing of woodcock before July, and we every now and then hear of their being shot before the broods have separated, while yet we must confess the birds were nearly grown. The only way out of the difficulty is to do away with all summer shooting of woodcock, and we feel the majority of this morning wish that it will be best for all.—HOMO (Philadelphia, June 22).

GAME PROTECTOR IN NEW YORK.—State Game Protector J. S. Collett is at No. 391 Fifth street, Brooklyn, where he may be seen or written to in reference to any violation of the game laws in this vicinity.

BURLINGTON, IOWA, JUNE 18.—The outlook for next season seems very promising, as we are having continual rains, and an unusual number of ducks are breeding on the islands and lowlands opposite this place.—W.

QUAIL.—Moscow, June 18.—The quail in this vicinity are doing well, many young ones are now to be seen. The rabbits and squirrels are plentiful, and the prospects for fall hunting are good.—G. G. J.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

IMPROVED BLACK BASS TACKLE.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

IT is a source of great pleasure and gratification to the angler at the present day to note the march of improvement in the manufacture of fine fishing tackle, and to observe the commendable enterprise manifested by the manufacturers in producing light, elegant and suitable implements of the craft. In deed, the skill, study, ingenuity and good taste employed in this branch of the art is scarcely excelled in any other; all of which is highly gratifying, for it would seem to imply that the love and practice of angling has taken deep root, and that fine fishing and scientific angling are in a healthy state of growth and development. Especially have black bass anglers cause to rejoice in this matter, for in no other direction has this progressive feature been so marked as in the production of improved implements for black bass fishing during the last five years. Among some of the recent improvements in tools and tackle, designed more especially for black bass fishing, I take great pleasure in describing several which I have lately had the opportunity of examining and testing.

While the tapered, enamelled silk line is all that can be wished for fly-fishing, the lines heretofore furnished for bait fishing are open to several objections. In my "Book of the Black Bass," in reference to this matter, I said: "The perfect line for black bass bait-fishing is yet in the future. The best manufactured at present is the smallest size (letter G, or No. 5) hard-braided raw silk line, and it is very much to be regretted that the caller and snappers, and closely braided, and as firm and hard as the twisted, or laid Japanese grass line, it would be all that could be desired for a bait line. I have great hopes that a line of this description will soon be made, as I have invited the attention of Henry Hall & Sons to this subject.

"A bait line for casting the minnow should, in the first place, be composed of the very best material, and in this case, it is raw silk. It should be of very small caliber, the smallest that can be made consistent with strength, and the raw silk fulfills this condition better than any other material. It should be very hard, compact and closely braided. These conditions secure a line that renders freely and easily, is quite elastic, and at the same time absorbs but little water, and will not kink or snarl in casting. The line should, moreover, be fitted some suitable color, to render it as nearly invisible as possible, for it must be remembered that we cannot use a gut leader in casting a minnow."

The Henry Hall & Sons Company, of Highland Mills, N. Y., recently sent me two lines, one raw silk, the other boiled or dressed silk, marked size "H," or No. 6, saying: "We think this line is something new what you speak of in your book; but we will be better satisfied when you thoroughly test it and report. We are not quite ready to put this line on the market, but after hearing from you (if report is favorable) will put it in hand at once."

I have thoroughly tested both these lines, and find them the best yet made for the purpose. They are round, hard, and very closely braided, absorb but little water, and consequently render very freely in casting. They will be liked with delight by the bait-fisher as a very welcome desideratum. They seem to contain the same amount of stock as

the "G" line, but being more closely braided the caliber is reduced, while the strength remains the same. The raw silk line sustained a strain of 8 pounds, and the dressed silk 6 1/2 pounds, which is at least three times the strength actually required with a pliant rod. I have often caught bass averaging three pounds with a line that would not sustain a pound dead weight.

The dressed silk line is a quaker drab or light chocolate color, and is very light, weighing not quite 2 grains to the yard, 300 feet weighing 185 grains. It is of the same caliber as the No. 1 sea grass line, and fully as strong. The raw silk line is a trifle larger in caliber, though not so large as the "G" line, or sea grass No. 2, but as strong as either. It weighs about 2 1/2 grains to the yard, or about 225 grains to 100 yards, and is white, mottled with green, the usual color of raw silk lines. It is to be hoped that the company will soon put these lines in the hands of dealers who will promptly bring them to the notice of anglers by their usual custom of advertising in FOREST AND STREAM.

Abney & Imbrie's new compensating device, as applied to their multiplying black bass reels, is a very desirable feature, causing the spool to revolve as swiftly and noiselessly as though running on jewels; and as the bearings become worn, they can be adjusted and compensated by the device mentioned. This consists of conical recesses in the ends of the shaft, or axis of the spool, into which are fitted the conical ends of screw-pivots, which are tapped through the center of each outside plate, or disk. The heads of these pivots are covered by caps in the usual manner, by removing which, the pivots can be served in or out, adjusting their conical points, perfectly, to the conical recesses of the shaft. By this compensating device the reel can be made to run smoothly always, thus avoiding the wobbling, unsteady and noisy working of the spool in ordinary reels after they become worn. This improvement leaves nothing more to be desired in this respect in this class of reels.

This compensating principle I know to be a good one, and is the same in effect as one applied to reels more than thirty years ago by Mr. Snyder, now dead, formerly a watch-maker of Paris, Ky., and a contemporary of Mr. Meek, of Frankfort, Ky. The reels of both of these makers were built upon the same plan, but Mr. Snyder constructed his spool shaft with beveled, or conical, ends, fitting into corresponding conical recesses in the frame, by means of Abney & Imbrie's method, but subserving the same purpose. I have lately examined one of Snyder's reels that has been in constant use for more than thirty years, which, by virtue of the compensating device, runs as smoothly to-day as when first made. From this fact it follows that Abney & Imbrie are to be congratulated for making a happy hit. I have also recently examined and tested a black bass reel of a new superior shape, made by the same mechanic (a member of the Kentucky Fish Commission), fitted with Snyder's compensating device and an automatic thumb for casting (invented by myself), which works admirably in every way.

The new and novel treble multiplying reel and automatic drag, made by Wm. Mills & Son, is the best reel yet devised for fly-fishing for black bass. As they truly say: "It has no equal in this class, and is a real multiplier in value as a multiplier." The reel, in shape, approaches very nearly the ordinary click reel, but more particularly the Leonard reel. It is quite light, a 40-yard reel weighing but little more than four ounces, and is made entirely of metal, oxide and nickel-plate. The handle is firmly affixed to a revolving disk, which is the best plan in a click reel, the handle revolving through the center of the frame, instead of being cast into it from the outside, as in the new principle, as applied to the gearing of reels, which consists of an epicycloidal wheel at the outer rim, and a large cog-wheel affixed to the axis of the spool; between these two wheels is geared a small pinion, attached to the inner surface of the revolving disk; one revolution of the latter causes the pinion of the outer wheel to revolve three times by the spool in casting. It multiplies the force of the hand, in the most powerful multiplying principle yet devised for reels.

The automatic drag of this reel is also a novel feature. The central pinion is countersunk at its center, to admit a coiled watch spring with a ratchet or pawl on its free extremity, which engages with shallow cogs, or cams, on the end of the revolving disk, and causes the drag to revolve as the spool is cast. It is retarded somewhat by this ratchet-wheel, the same as a click; but in reeling up the line the ratchet-wheel, or pawl and cams, are inoperative, and the line is reeled rapidly and without hindrance.

Wm. Mills & Son have also patented a new landing-net which is a very compact and convenient tool, and, I think, the most portable of the kind, and is made of fine mesh, which is made of flexible material of brass or nickel—when released from its socket at the end of the handle, can be straightened and inserted in the hollow bamboo handle. The net can be carried in the creel or pocket.

When we add to these various implements the light and elegant rods, Sprout and O'Shannessy hooks, invisible leaders and neatly fitted flies which are now the pride of any first-class angler, the angler of the present day has much to be thankful for.

BLACK BASS FISHING.

I AM fearful of being misunderstood by some reader of THE FOREST AND STREAM, when I tell my brother sportsmen of one of the finest bass fishing grounds in this State. I do not wish to be thought a hotel runner, nor agent for any railroad or omnibus line. My desire is simply to give a few directions whereby sportsmen can reach good fishing grounds easily and conveniently.

The place of which I speak is situated in the town of Mexico, in Oswego county, and is called "Mexico Point," and is one of the finest bass fishing grounds between Cape Vincent and Oswego. At this place is found the natural home of the Oswego and black bass. A bar runs out for four or five miles parallel with the lake shore, and one-fourth of a mile from it. On this bar bass have been taken during the entire open season for the last three or four years. They are now taken by the minnow or small spoon, the former being the best bait, and the latter the best fly. The season opens in the month of August they take the fly readily.

Sportsmen can reach Mexico from Rome or Oswego via the R. W. & O. R. R., or from Syracuse via the S. N. R. R. I understand that a bus will be at the depot here ready to convey all passengers to the lake, distant four miles. At least a conveyance can be obtained. There are two hotels at the Point, the Lake View, kept by Mr. Will Wright and the Point Hotel, kept by Mr. J. C. Hancock. At the Lake View will be found all modern conveniences, good boats and oarsmen. I will add that the Little Salmon River flows

into the lake just between the hotels, and good trolling for pike and pickerel can be had here when it is too rough to go outside.

Mexico, N. Y., June 14.

Parties who wish to have moderately good black bass fishing, either fly or minnow, can find it on Goose Creek, near Clear (which is, I'm sorry to state, not the case now), in Loudon county, Va. One who examines the map will find this tributary of the Potomac within easy access of Washington by rail, sizable enough to hold many and large fish, and small enough to be fished at many points with the fly by wading. As this stream empties into the Potomac, one has a choice between two good things. Boats are used, not on the Potomac, and may be taken up Goose Creek for about a mile before coming to a dam. One may find excellent accommodations at Lent's Dam, not far from the railroad. Mr. Lent has taken once, and I suppose would do so again, a pair, brace or couple (whichever is right) of anglers to stay a night or two.

I know from the gentlemen so entertained that they were pleased with their host and his treatment of them. Mr. Lent's house is within thirty or forty yards of the stream, and admirably adapted to fish-like warfare. Mr. L. and his son-in-law are so fond of fishing themselves that they take a personal interest in the angler's success, and cheerfully do all they can to assist him. They have a large dip net, to catch minnows for bait, at their sawmill, and can procure branch minnows from parties living on Sycolon, a tributary of Goose Creek not far off. Mr. L. and his son-in-law constitute a perfect contradiction to the idea that persons from the city of the rod are lazy, as they have successfully made a clearing and built their houses and mill in one of the rockiest parts of the country, and are now cultivating land which seemed to be covered at first with rocks tumbled in confusion down the sloping country near the creek. A clear cold spring (nicely enclosed in hydraulic cement) bubbles up through an opening in the kitchen floor and within a foot or two of the stove, so that a person may dip water from the spring to fill a vessel on the stove without moving the feet. A room adjoining has a trough cemented in the same way, which serves as a dairy for milk, butter, and even fish can be kept alive ready for transportation at the close of a trip. Everything about the house is as neat as a new pin, and Mr. L. and his family are genuinely hospitable and kind, as indeed folk fond of angling generally are. I hope it is not necessary to say that I have no earthly interest in this matter, except that I have made pleasant acquaintances at Lent's Dam among the people of the forest and the stream, the artistic fly and the bending rod.

In one particular this place is deficient, viz., in a first-class host. There are good boats on the creek at other points. Leesburg is about three miles off. Two Baltimore gentlemen have lately tried this stream, and I can procure their address. THOMAS WILLIAMSON.

THE ENGLISH TOURNAMENT.

THE Fishing Gazette International Anglers' Tournament, in aid of the Anglers' Benevolent Society, took place at the Welsh Harp, Heudon, on Monday, June 11. The day opened with a cold northeast wind and rain, and it threatened rain all day, and this detracted somewhat from the attendance. The presence in London of so many persons from foreign lands who are interested in fish matters brought out many strangers. A correspondent of the Fishing Gazette writes:

Toward evening the sun shone out beautifully, and a group of the visitors was taken in the ground by Mr. R. W. Goodden, photographer, of Putney. The first competition was the amateur fly-casting competition, with single-handed fly-rod. The competitors were Messrs. Murphy, Mallock, Baker, R. B. Marston, and Rowba Wood. This was a very pretty competition and resulted in the victory of the stars and stripes. Mr. Wood, throwing 27 1/2 yards, though he was closely run by Mr. Mallock, who was only half a yard behind him. In the second competition, an amateur competition with single-handed fly-rod, in throwing fly with greatest accuracy and lightness under bushes, the Englishmen had their revenge. Mr. Mallock, of Perth, proving the winner. Mr. R. B. Marston, the editor of the Fishing Gazette, being second, and Mr. Baker third. For the third competition, for amateur fly-casting, with double-handed trout fly-rod, several prizes were given. Mr. Mallock made some splendid casts, being our American friend, Mr. Wood, though he certainly threw a splendid cast. Mr. Parker, of the Gresham Anglers, made some capital throws. For the fourth competition, Messrs. Wood and Mallock again contested, and Mr. Wood won with a grand cast of thirty-six yards, his friendly competitor only being one yard behind him. For the fifth competition, which was for an amateur contest in casting in the Thames style, three prizes were given, and great excitement prevailed. Messrs. Powell, Palmer, Coburn, Grandfield, Chambers, Hobden, Lewis, Adis, Simpson and Da Costa competed, and Mr. Powell won, Mr. Simpson being second, and Mr. Adis third. The sixth competition was for amateur casting from the reel in Nottingham style. Messrs. Slater, Martin, Gregory and Holden competed. Mr. Slater won, but Mr. Holden was only half a yard behind, with Mr. Martin third. The seventh competition was an amateur contest, open to Thames and Nottingham style, at casting at a fixed mark, the angler casting the bait nearest to the mark to take first prize, the next best angler the second, and the third best cast the third. For the eighth competition, Messrs. Slater, Simpson, Chambers, Powell, Lewis, Noris, Deane, Deane, and Holden competed, and after an exciting contest Mr. Powell won, Mr. Slater second, and Mr. Chambers third. The excitement now grew intense, and for the eighth contest three of the Wilders (well known on the Thames), Ted Andrews (of Maidenhead), and Bob Plummer (of Monkey Island) competed. Mr. Andrews won with a cast of fifty-four yards, Wilder being second with a cast of forty-five yards, and very clever that was considered. The eighth competition was that joined in professionally, and the contestants were the three Wilders (well known on the Thames), Ted Andrews of Maidenhead, and Plummer, Jr., being the most successful, rightly from knowledge of the vicinity, and the posted of empty beer barrels and planks, and had moored in front of the store. From this the competitors threw their lines with more or less vigor into the lake. The majority of the contests, however, took place upon dry land, the ground being staked out in lines for the pur-

pose, the site chosen being the center of the inclosure usually occupied as a shooting ground. A word as to the weather will not be out of place especially as this gathering has generally been associated with rain and cold winds. The committee, probably, going on the principle that a good fruit year comes once in every three, looked forward to a glorious time this season, as they had been sadly disappointed at previous meetings. Happily the rain which threatened to help, though the day was cloudy and cool. The number of visitors was larger than at any similar gathering, though the attendance was by no means as large as it should have been, considering the charitable object for which the meeting was promoted. The attendance, however, by no means represented the whole of the profit which will accrue to the society from the tournament, as a very large number of persons who did not attend had bought tickets.

The first competition was for fly-casting with the single-handed rod, which was won by Mr. Wood, who threw 27 1/2 yards, Mr. Mallock, an expert Scotchman, being second 27 yards, and Mr. Baker third, with 25. Mr. Kenner Wood, who took at Syracuse, New York State, is at present staying in England in connection with the Fisheries Exhibition, where he has charge of an American collection of rods and lines, etc. He is the champion fly-fisher of the States, and president of the Onondaga Fishing Club. Mr. Wood is over sixty years of age, but as active as a young man at twenty. He has a lot of prize trophies, but the one he values most is a beautiful gold badge given him by the members of his club before he left for England.

Cast-rod contests are much more common in America than in England, and Mr. Wood has generally figured to good purpose in these for the last twenty years, and he has been champion for twelve. His style of fishing is neat, skillful and clean, and he is a consummate master of the difficult art of getting his fly on to the water before his line—a feat in which so many amateurs fail. Mr. Wood used split bamboo cane rods—implements in the manufacture of which Americans excel. The split or glued rods are marvelous examples of Yankee ingenuity. They have gradually been improved until they are now as near perfection as it would be possible to get a rod. They are made in hexagon form, the strips being leveled so as to fit each other with the greatest nicety. The glue, however, with which they are "fixed up" is a trade secret, known only to about three men, as is also the varnish. Both are perfectly impervious to wet, and it is impossible to get the best made rods apart, or to injure them except by ill-usage. They are tough enough to hold any fish, and yet so flexible that it is possible almost to make them crack like a coach-whip.

But to resume our narrative. Mr. Mallock was first in the second contest for "throwing the fly with double-handed rod" with the greatest accuracy and lightness under bushes. Mr. Marston second, and Mr. Baker third. The said bushes were another triumph of Welsh Harp ingenuity, and were certainly worthy of a stage manager. A contest of double-handed fly-rods followed, and in this Mr. Mallock and Mr. Wood ran a very close race, the American champion being beaten by just half a yard, the winner managing to throw his fly thirty-five yards. Mr. Mallock used a splendid greenheart rod, and certainly made his line travel in extraordinary fashion, but he would have to select his pool if he were to fish for the lonely salmon in similar fashion. He certainly would run the risk of hauling up a tree or two by the roots, to say nothing of clearing off the "wee, moosey daisy" heads behind him. Mr. Reuben Wood beat his friendly rival in the next contest (for salmon-rods), as he managed to throw a cast fifty by Mrs. Williams, of Great Queen Street, no less than thirty-six yards, the Scotch representative failing to get beyond his original distance of thirty-five yards.

- RULES.
I.—Competitors are at liberty to use their own rods, lines and waders, except where otherwise specified, and subject to the under-mentioned regulations.
II.—No rod shall exceed the following lengths:
Single-handed fly competitions..... 12 ft. 6 in.
Double-handed fly competitions..... 16 0
Salmon fly competitions..... 20 0
Thames style bait competitions..... 14 0
Nottingham style bait competitions..... 14 0
III.—No rod shall exceed the following lengths:
Distance in length of rods. The term rod shall be understood to mean a bona fide fishing rod.
IV.—Each competitor shall use the artificial baits and flies for casting provided by the management.
V.—Competitors shall draw lots to determine the order in which they shall cast, and must be ready to commence when called upon by the time-keeper.
VI.—In each competition five minutes will be allowed for casting; the judges, however, may allow further time, if they consider it necessary, for repairs.
VII.—The fly competitions will take place on the water, and each competitor will be required to cast from the same position, either on the lake or on the bank (according to the wind), as may be decided by the judges.
VIII.—The bait castings will take place on the grass, and competitor will be required to stand on the selected ground, which will be reported by the time-keeper.
IX.—In no case will three prizes be awarded in any competition unless there are at least four competitors.
X.—The decision of the judges to be final in all cases.

We are enabled to give the following score through favor of Mr. R. B. Marston, of the Fishing Gazette. Judges: Messrs. Bates, Crumple and C. Hatfield.

Table with columns for competition name, competitor name, and distance in yards. Includes categories like 'Amateur fly-casting with single-handed fly-rod', 'Amateur competition with double-handed trout fly-rod', and 'Professional competition in casting in the Thames style'.

Table with columns for prize level (First, Second, Third) and amount in yards. Includes categories like 'Amateur competition in casting in the Thames style' and 'Professional competition in casting from reel in Nottingham style'.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENTS]
THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION, SOUTH KENSINGTON, LONDON, JUNE 14, 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The enclosed clipping will give the principal details of the Anglers' Tournament, on Monday, 11th inst. It occurred at Welsh Harp, a beautiful village about ten miles from the center of London. The United States was represented by Mr. Reuben Wood, who covered himself with glory, carrying away three prizes (two first and one second). He might have won others had he entered for competition. To cheer him on several of our party were on the ground, including Prof. Good, Capt. Collins, Mr. Hausmann and myself.

Contests I, II, III, and IV, were from a raft on the shore of the pond; other contests in an enclosure on the level turf. In the first contest there were five competitors. Mr. Wood used a split bamboo rod 11 ft. 6 in. long, an E line (water-proof enamel silk), and an automatic reel. He threw 27 1/2 yards. Mr. P. H. Mallock, of Perth, Scotland, threw 27 yards with a hickory rod 11 ft. 9 in. long and a waterproof silk line. Second contest was with same rod and lines, won by Mr. Mallock.

In the third contest Mr. Wood and Mr. Mallock both used the same rod, a 16-ft. greenheart. The latter gentleman won by three-quarters of a yard, throwing 35 yards to 34 1/2 by Mr. Wood.

The fourth contest was a fine one between Wood and Mallock. Wood used an 18-ft. split bamboo fly-rod, called line B, and an automatic reel. Mr. Mallock a greenheart rod 18 ft. long and a heavy silk line, B size. Wood made 36 yards, Mallock 35.

The other contests were not international, but entirely between Englishmen. You probably know the difference between the Thames and Nottingham style of casting, the latter being from the reel, same as the Guttyhunk method, while in the former style the line is coiled or thrown on the ground before casting.

These styles of fishing are for trout and pike, the rods being generally of solid cane 10ft. 6in. long, and very fine lines of flax or hair. In the Nottingham style, the Nottingham reel is used, running with scarcely a particle of friction. Throughout the contest there was a wind from behind, blowing quite fresh at times. A. HOWARD CLAIRE.

LONDON, JUNE 12.

Editor Forest and Stream:
The Tournament came off yesterday, and I will try to give you a little account of it.

When I first arrived in London, I took my letter of introduction to Mr. Marston, and found him a genial gentleman, who has done everything in his power to make it pleasant for me, so much so that I do not see how all the obligations I am under to him can ever be discharged. I went to Hungerford with him to fish for trout, and had a good time, but let me tell you the fishing is very different from ours. Here they use very small flies, and exceedingly fine drawn gut leaders, and have to dry the fly every time they cast. If the fly is not dry when it strikes the water it is no use. This makes it laborious, and you must carry dry flies and gut leaders, and then they go for him; if none rises near they walk along the bank and watch for a break above, or below, and then cast about two feet ahead of the fish, and let the dry fly float down over it, and it must go just to the spot or it is useless. There are plenty of trout in the stream that we visited, but if one takes two or three braces of them in a day's fishing, he has done well.

You will see by the reports that I took two first prizes, one with a single-handed trout rod, and one with a salmon rod. I came out second in a double-handed trout match, which is, as you well know, a style not in use on our side of the herding pond. In this style they swing their fly back and forth through the air to dry the fly. I entered more to fill the class than in the expectation of winning, for there were two prizes and only one entry at first, a third coming in after. Mallock, who won first in this match, is from Scotland, and is a cordial gentleman. He offered me his two-handed rod and urged me to come in. I was glad to see him win in this contest, for he is a clever angler and casts a neat fly.

All through the fly-casting we had a strong wind at our backs, or our record would have been better in all the classes. These anglers are jolly fellows, and have made it very pleasant for me. The prizes are to be given out at Rosebery Hall, Clerkwell road, on Friday, June 22, at 9 P. M. This means, I think, a big dinner and a pleasant time. REUBEN WOOD.

ANGLING AT PLEASANT POND.

THE morning of May 1, a friend and I left our "head and board" at 8:30 A. M., and after an appetizing tramp of six miles reached one of our favorite fishing grounds, where the lively trout hold forth. We at once joined our rods, and baited up with the lowly worm or a piece of clump, for as this brook runs through an almost impassible swamp, it was no use attempting to use the fly. Our luck this season was not near as good as it was the first time last year. The snow water had not yet let out of the brook in a few places, so it did not seem to have any life about them, and would take hold more like a sucker than our fighting friend. Our catch was twenty this year, as compared with seventy last year.

May 24, being a holiday, Dick, Albert, and myself made up our minds to go to Ayr, a small village fifteen miles from here. We made our start at 5 A. M., and took, I think, the coldest drive I ever had in summer. We arrived at our destination at seven o'clock, and after putting our horses up immediately left for "Cock's" creek. It is not five minutes walk from the village, and being quite a large stream, we were enabled to use our rods full length. We once at commenced fishing, just below the old dam at the mill, and working up the stream for half a mile, we got into the thick swamp, and after fishing for about ten minutes in it, we had to stop on account of the mosquitoes. I believe they had already been waiting for some time, and after putting our flies on I found as we had a good square meal. The next time I go, I will be prepared for them. Going down stream we only caught three or four, and arriving at the mill we inspected our catch, sixty-two being the total for the three of



MR. BAYARD THAYER'S LEMON AND WHITE POINTER BITCH "RUE."
Winner of Champion Prize, New York, 1888.

Muzzle square-cut and lips slightly dependent. Neck strong and set on higher than foxhounds. Breast wide and shoulders strong. Body round and rather short, with wide, strong loin; thighs thick and muscular; legs strong, with plenty of bone; stern shorter than foxhounds', and carried slightly curved above line of back. Coat should not be fine or very short. Any Color allowed foxhounds or harriers is admissible. Height from twelve to fifteen inches, and from fifteen to twenty pounds weight preferred.

SCALE OF POINTS.

Head.....	20
Neck.....	5
Legs.....	10
Feet.....	10
Shoulders.....	15
Back.....	10
Loins.....	10
Hind-quarters.....	15
Stern.....	5
Total.....	100

Speed is not desirable in beagles, and a strong compact form adapted for endurance is, in my judgment, what is required.

I was much interested in an article by Gen. F. A. Bond regarding a certain pack of beagles running down thirteen rabbits one day, and fully agree with the General that beagles of correct type cannot, under ordinary conditions, run down rabbits; at least I never had any that could, and having the largest beagle kennel in the world, have been able to put as many into the field as any one, and my pack have never yet caught an unwounded rabbit. Holes and stone walls are too common in this section for puss to allow herself to be run down before retreating to them; and the great sport in hunting with beagles is that they run so slow that game is not compelled to take to earth and gives the hunter an opportunity to obtain a shot.

N. ELMORE.
GRANBY, CONN.

DOGS AT THE NEW YORK SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Perhaps Col. Stuart Taylor will explain why he does not quote from Mr. Dalziel's letter entitled "Babylon?" If there is anything in it inconsistent with his statement to Mr. Cornell (and I may add that he made a similar remark to me) I fail to see it. His letter is a pleasant, chatty one, with very little in it about dogs, and not one word derogatory of the quality of those exhibited here. He makes but one reference to our shows, which is as follows: "The Westminster Kennel Club are also the promoters and responsible for the great international dog shows held in New York, which, speaking of the one held this year, was superior in some of its features to any I have judged at or seen in Europe."

Perhaps your readers can find in this brief extract good reason for the eminent critic's failure to quote. Col. Taylor attitudinizes as the generous, public-spirited lover of the dog, who only seeks by his criticisms to spur his fellow countrymen into more successful rivalry with foreign breeders. The spirit is a worthy one, but I protest against his method. Wholesale denunciation will not attain that end, and is not deserved. It is such statements as the following which I object to. I quote from Col. Taylor's letter in your issue of 31st ult.: "Now, seriously speaking, Mr. Editor, a poorer lot of dogs of the many breeds exhibited it seems to me it were hard to get together, unless we took nondescripts." Whatever of justice there may be in his objections when he particularizes is neutralized by such sweeping charges.

ELLIOR SMITH,
NEW YORK.

Editor Forest and Stream:
Your valued issue of June 21, at hand, and I have just read the highly practical and sensible letter of Col. Stuart Taylor. Your correspondent treats his subject so ably that he leaves very little for any one else to say, except to endorse all the views set forth by him. One subject alone is capable of being enlarged upon. Col. Taylor says: "Let our breeders and our judges stand by, hard and fast, a type of dog pronounced good, and award laurels accordingly; there is too

much change from bench show to bench show in the prize winners, even under the same judge."

He has hit the right nail on the head. Is it not a patent fact that the same dog exhibited under different judges very rarely is allowed by both to score the same honors? Where do our judges get their ideas of type from? And further, where are breeders to get their ideas of type from? Each week we see controversies over certain dogs, some praising, some condemning them. Cannot something be done to remedy this kind of breeding from two types? Witness the trouble over the breed of cocker spaniels. The fox-terrier silver, was under one judge at Ottawa awarded second prize, and was no doubt considered a pretty good specimen. Now at Chicago he is passed over with a vhc., and the remarks made on him are: "Is only a fair specimen, is tery and light in bone and coat." It should have been added that he was broad-chested and had a snipy muzzle. Now, sir, where is the one definite type in this one of many instances? Cannot our judges unite in judging each breed of dogs from a definite, accepted standard and type of each breed? Or better still, cannot we have at each show a judge for setters and pointers, a judge for spaniels, and one for terriers, and so on? Let us hear from others on this subject, for many feel as I do.

FERRIER.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I think Messrs. Cornell, Coster and Pickett's letters in answer to Col. Stuart Taylor's criticisms of our late show were uncalled for. They ought to be very grateful that at last one gentleman has been discovered who has such a thorough knowledge of dogs. A judge who himself tells us that he knows as much about pugs, mastiffs, etc., as of setters, pointers, and all other dogs, is indeed a rarity, and I sincerely hope that the Westminster Kennel Club will let Col. Taylor judge, in future, all the dogs at the show, and do away with having so many judges.

BOSS.
NEW YORK.

SOME STAUNCH POINTS.

TALKING about dogs, I wish to say a few words about the staunchest, and in most other respects the best, dog I ever knew. His name is Joseph E. Johnston. He is a large white setter, which I acquired with him after the way to Mississippi. He called the dog Tramp, in commemoration of this event, before the term had acquired its present unpleasant notoriety. Tramp was a magnificent dog, with a splendid "flag," carried erect and waving as he would gallop all over a hundred-acre field, while the sportsman need only sit on the fence and direct him by a wave of the arm, for which he occasionally paused and looked. His predominant white color made him easily visible among the brown weeds and cotton stalks, and that, by the way, is a great advantage.

Joe Johnston is the son and exact image of Tramp. All the pedigree known of Tramp is that embodied in the pedigree of the Right Rev. Bishop A., who, while he is a sound churchman and an able and worthy divine, does not consider the healthful exercise of bird shooting beneath the dignity of the cloth, and derogatory thereto, was shooting with my friend Skipwith, the owner of Joe. Joe was at a stand on a covey, on ground a little elevated. As Bishop A. approached, an old bird got up, at which he fired, and sent some thirty No. 8 shot into Joe's side, at less than thirty yards. Joe quickly turned his head and looked very reproachfully at the Bishop, then, "without saying a word," as the miner said about his cat, Tom Quartz, he resumed his point until the birds were flushed. When the shot was fired, the white hair flew from Joe in a small cloud. He was taken home, the shot picked out by a physician, and in a couple of weeks he recovered.

In the other instance, Joe was going at a gallop, and jumped through a barbed wire fence. When he struck the ground on

the other side he came to a stand on a covey, a few feet off. Skipwith came up and flushed the birds, but noticed that Joe was standing over a pool of blood, perhaps a pint. On examination he found a gash four inches long, and quite deep, in Joe's abdomen, made by the barbed wire. Yet he stood perfectly staunch, without a whimper. He was carried home and the wound sewed up, and it was several weeks before he recovered.

Your "mink" man can beat me on flights of fancy, but what I have related about Joe are facts. OUAUCHITA.
MONROE, LOUISIANA.

[Almost everyone who has been much in the field with good dogs can recall interesting exhibitions of this kind; and as the subject is a most entertaining one, we hope that some of these points may be described in the FOREST AND STREAM.]

RUE.

THE pointer bitch Rue, whose likeness we give this week, is undoubtedly the best specimen of the small pointer that has been produced in this country, if not in the world. She was bred by Mr. Edmund Orgill of Brooklyn, N. Y. She was whelped August 12, 1879. Her sire, Snapshot, was imported in 1877, and to his long list of winnings in England, he added a number of important and well won victories here. Her dam, Ruhv, was litter sister to Mr. Orgill's well-known Rush. The breeding of Rue, it will be seen, is of the best and she is fairly entitled to her good looks. We are informed by those who have seen her at work that she is an excellent fielder, with a capital nose, very speedy and has lots of style. She was purchased by her present owner, Mr. Bayard Thayer of Boston, Mass., at the recent New York show, at the largest price—one thousand dollars—ever paid for a pointer bred in this country. We understand that it is the intention of her owner to run her at the field trials next fall. Rue was first shown in New York in 1880 when she was given vhc. in the puppy class, and first at Atlanta, Ga. At the New York show this year, she won in the champion class and, with Rush, Random, Rowell and Romp II., in the best kennel of small-pointers. She also won the same year, first at London, Oct., and first at Atlanta, Ga. At the New York show this year, she won in the champion class and, with Rush, Random, Rowell and Romp II., in the best kennel of small-pointers. She also won the prize for the best pointer at the same show. The cut is from a sketch by Harry Tallman.

BOXER IS POISONED.—I can now sympathize with others who have been compelled to deal with that miserable form of a sneak thief who has not the courage to say a word in open light, but vents his cowardly meanness on a dumb animal. Just one week after his return from the Pittsburgh show, my beagle dog Boxer II. was poisoned. A short time before, the same fate befell my pointer dog Dick. I considered Boxer a good specimen of the English beagle and had shown him but twice—last June at Cleveland, where he took first, and this year at Pittsburgh, where he took second; one of his pups, Lill II., taking first at same time. Besides being a prize winner, he was an untiring hunter. Some of his pups at five months old would give tongue on trail, which in my opinion was something extraordinary, and think it shows about the right kind of material. I have grown suspicious as to the identity of the sneak, and hope to gain a little more proof when I will try to make it hot for him.—J. M. BRIGGOLD, Canal Fulton, Ohio, June 12.

ERIN AND BIDDY'S PEDIGREE.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* For the benefit of the parties making inquiries of Biddy (30 N. A. K. C. S. B.) and Erin (6, 120 E. K. C. S. B.) I send you a full pedigree of the first and one of Erin's son, Erin II., which I hope will help to furnish the desired information. I think by closer comparison of the English and American stud books you will see the pedigree of old Erin is the same in both. Champion Biddy's pedigree you made out as by Erin out of Fan. It should be by Erin (6, 120 E. K. C. S. B.) and out of Whitford's Erin, imported (899 N. A. K. C. S. B.) (later St. Louis Kennel Club's). Biddy and Erin II. were bred by the St. Louis Kennel Club and they were sold by that club to Mr. J. B. C. Lucas, of this city, who still owns them and takes them on his annual shooting trips to Minnesota. They were thoroughly broken by C. B. Whitford. I don't think "G. W. G." will find out anything more of the pedigree of Duke of Buccleuch's

WENONAH, CUTTER, WINNING N. Y. Y. C. MATCH, JUNE 21.

NEW YORK Y. C.—JUNE 21.

It was a "luck race," and it was not. It was luck to a great extent to get out to the Lightship and half way to the Jersey beach, where the majority of the yachts bunched and took a fresh departure together for the last quarter stretch home. It was no race at all, inasmuch as it was soldiers' business all round without as much as a "turn," excepting one short board to the westward for a higher position coming out along the West Bank made by Mischieff, and a little later by Vixen. Not that this was really required for lack of close windiness, but the slackening of the breeze and a little more easings to some of the streaks had sagged these two sloops as well as many others making up the rear somewhat to leeward of the leaders, who had run out with about all they wanted for a time. This was of course a great disappointment. A close haul to the Spit with an outside S. S. W. wind, a drift out past the Hook with spinnakers hanging limp, a lot of unexpectably dispersed easings and airs waiting (then out to the Spit, a tolerable turn, a jam on the wind for a long and short leg working back to the Hook, a calm about half way in, and a fresh and smart breeze from S. S. E., finally striking in all along the line, making a free sheet clear to the finish, all this was not likely to produce a hard to hand tussle with rewards bestowed according to merit. In fact but for the bunching near the Jersey beach and the magnificent run home, the race would hardly be worth recording, except as a tedious and unsatisfactory hulk and drift. Three-quarters of the match is a story of make with occasional interesting brushes, but the last quarter made omeads for previous shortcomings, and the race in to the line with the magnificent spectacle at the finish will not quickly be forgotten.

The fleet was probably the finest, and it certainly was the fastest, ever collected in the history of American yachting. Had there been a fair share of windward work it would likewise have been the most absorbing encounter fought in our waters. But the club did all it could, old Froh, failed them, and so we must accept the open field for much speculation which this match was intended to aid in closing. The day was of more than national importance. Such a weighty fraction have deep yachts already become in our leading clubs that races assume an international coloring when sloop and cutter meet. This phase is likely to pass before long, when really American cutters shall have filled the places of the present vessels from S. W. heading in to the beach. The true course in was nearly V. N. W. The rear guard rounding the Lightship in straggled order was on the point of following suit when the wind pettered and a dark squall to the southward brought a newly born breeze from that quarter, taking the leaders aback and causing them to square away quickly for a free run up along the shore edging in all the time to the head up Sandy Hook buoy for a neat turn. They had, however, made so much southing while high on the old wind, that the yachts rounding the Lightship last found themselves suddenly jumped to the one or two tags of their own.

The two batches were all at once put about equally distant from Sandy Hook, and a general rush for that cape was undertaken, scarcely a hundred yards in a cluster some distance below and making a grand company hunt along the beach, affording really a second start for the day and the beginning of the race in earnest. As the lot ran up Sandy Hook and spinnakers filled to tension and in rapid succession hauled around the black cap, a choice bit of racing was witnessed, glorious enough to make one forget the tedious annoyances earlier in the morning, and what seemed to promise only a wretched failure was rounded off to a close as brilliant and imposing as was full of instruction. If any satisfaction can be derived from snatching up a dash in a crowd, our observations may be given to the following effect: Among the schooners, Montauk seemed able to fully hold her own with Crusader and others, but got left by the wind coming up the beach outside, while others holding a rounder drove down on her, blanketing her, and holding their way, shot by

before Montauk could pull herself together for the new state of affairs. She never recovered what she lost. Crusader was admirably toiled, and in her excellent form this year will keep Montauk moving when the latter's tonnage does not stand her in steady besides. Crusader has a grand fitting suit and a perfectly gorgeous array of bills. Grayling, the new candidate, made a fearfully bad start, which, considering the professional talent aboard, was quite unaccountable. Her skipper pulled a deal better than he knew, for this late start put her well to the fore in the lead. She had modestly been closing up the rear clear out to the Lightship, and being one of the last to turn had gone least to the southward when the new breeze struck in from that direction. She found herself in luck, having less distance to travel home than the rest, which she put to best account by turning up in the middle of the hook coming up the beach. Once she had the true wind with the rest, she failed to accomplish anything worth notice, being in fact easily held by Crusader. But, if Grayling gave no evidence of more than ordinary speed, we are inclined to consider her best lay down wind, and of this game she had to her fill nearly all day. So far as her early appearance at the finish is concerned it was a stroke of luck, pure and simple, due to her being at the tail of the fleet while rounding the Lightship, and at the tail she would have remained but for the sudden shift in the wind. Fortuna was brand new and stiff, and being one of the last ones off, struck into the doldrums outside the Narrows and fared poorly for wind all day, missing what there was by a few lengths upon several occasions. She likewise had a crowd to keep at bay when casing around the Spit and was blanketed and covered without mercy, and snapping her spinnaker boom in jibing a short ways out of the Hook. This schooner received, however, a good deal of admiration for her fine appearance, and the spectators seemed to be aware that it was too light for her kind. It was luck principally that seemed to be dealt against her all over the course. In rapid alternations moved off with great ease, and was a good fourth in her class at the Spit, after which she lay becalmed and failed to catch the airs sending others along further to the southward. She was left in the lurch after trimming flat around the outer mark and while the rest wereavoring homeward at a seven to eight knots an hour rate, she rolled helplessly to the long swell without steering way for five minutes, slowly falling away last in the fleet to the new breeze.

As for the sloops, they are all so familiar that relative merits are pretty well understood, but among the cutters it is more difficult to make a fair judgment, and to such good effect that she likewise landed her maiden piece of silverware, winning victory from the fastest fleet in America. Grace in company with Montauk had a big lift down the West Bank by a streak of wind which sent the two along toiling, putting a long lot of water between themselves and the rack. It was the limit, and as a down wind vessel she will not be dangerous. But she made amends during other portions of the race, for she did not monopolize all the luck there was going. Julia was never fairly in the hunt, and as a down wind vessel she will not be dangerous. Her reputation in the past, upon which so much store is laid in some quarters, is more of a myth than anything else, and the chances are she has been greatly overrated right along. She never had anything of her size to sail with in history, and then we know from improvements in rig, etc., found possible within the last two or three years, that the yachts she met were probably fearfully deficient in respect to equipment. Fanny, on the other hand, was something of an eye opener. All knew Grace as a steamboat with spinnaker out, but when they saw Fanny get away rather badly with the old favorite, there was something to talk about. Fanny, her entries, looks to be the dearest down wind we can muster. She is likewise smart on a wind but just how smart remains to be seen. Bischoff had a big share of the bad luck running, but pulled through a good fourth at the Lightship. Thus trimming in for the short-lived windward work, she seemed to sag to leeward and fall to point with the rest. The question is, who had the helm at the time, for the boat could certainly do better. Hilgard and Whiskey fell victims to the great America trister and are now repairing damages. As for the cutters, Bedouin and Wenonah, they sailed a game race through all the vicissitudes of fickle fortune, and came out nobly at the finish. Bedouin made a good start, kept Grace down the West Bank, till the wind fell and the latter got the duke already spoken of above. Then Bedouin drifted into the calm hulk outside, while Grace, easily edging to the seaward, found a gusty breeze, and kept the sea mark, and Bedouin fell among the ruck coming up, but after

some very fair sailing crossed fourth. What she may do on the wind remains to be seen, but we are convinced that with a racing rig Bedouin would be by odds the fastest single decker with a free sheet in America. Considering that she has 46, less hoist than her racing sail plan calls for, her record last Thursday deserves commendation. A stiff breeze and a windward boom will be her play. Wenonah performed wonders, and wrong words of admiration from even the most hardened believer in old time dogmas. In contemplating her doings, we skip the first portion of the race as too lucky, and pick up her record from the Lightship in. She gave close chase to Panis on the wind for a while, being eighth boat in the line. As the new breeze backed them all a round to a free sheet with booms to starboard, she was to leeward of the Hook, emerged with a lead of the whole fleet, Fanny, Grace and the two big sloops. As she span up to the finish, going through clear without a bubble, a vast deal of tooting from the spectators assembled announced the victory over America's fastest flyers by nothing more than a cruising cutter! slower over a forty-mile course than a clipper of genuine racing proportions.

The smaller yachts were much bothered through the earlier part of the race by blanketing from the big schooners. As they could not clear out from under their lee in the light winds, they were mercifully eluded at times. Vixen, in her new form, did not quite seem the old boat, but she scored, nevertheless, in her class, beating Panis, which is something to brag of, after much misfortune. Oriva sailed a thoroughly good race, but lost to the wind and made the outer mark in company with the last, leading her class home, however. The difference in actual speed between her and Vixen was less than three minutes, or ten minutes with allowances applied. For all yachting purposes, except racing, this difference must be considered pretty nominal, of no practical account. Now, no one looking for safety, accommodations, heavy, cool cabins, handiness, sea-going ability, and such sterling qualities, but who would select Oriva and pass by Vixen. If Oriva loses to the latter by only a few minutes in six hours racing, the exchange she offers in other respects so much more than compensates, that our choice is with Oriva every time as the more desirable style of the two.

The race again demonstrated how badly we are off for a good course in New York. The one sailed from time immemorial round the Spit and Lightship is too much of a triangle, and in the southerly winds of June supplies too little turning, which is, after all, the chief attraction and the best test of good qualities. For this match the dreftious were as follows: From an imaginary line between committee steamer and flag-rod of Stopneton, to and around buoys 10 and the 5/8 spindle on Southwest Spit, leaving black buoys on starboard hand, thence out to the Sandy Hook Lightship, passing outside of the black cap buoy, 2 or 3 miles, the Lightship to be turned from the northward and westward, then returning over same course and finishing at the between judges' boat and buoy No. 15, between the Narrows, classes for schooners, ketches and centerboards over Spit, and under Spit, and for sloops and cutters over Spit, and from 45 to 50 ft., according to new line and sail area measurements. For the guests of the club the large steamer Columbia had been chartered. Mr. John H. Bird, of the regatta committee, being in charge, while Mr. J. Frosterie was accompanied the racers aboard the tug Luckenbach. A vast fleet of "outside" yachts got under way and kept along under the lee of the contestants, or underfoot to work their way through the narrow channel as a show, while a dozen steam yachts and half a dozen sail yachts accompanied on speculation bent screws and paddled out to sea, offering several thousand persons an excellent view of the great annual track. Among the steam yachts should be noted the Orienta, a smart looking Herreshoff production with two coil boilers, and the No. 100, that being the swiftest member of the latest high speed turned out by the Bristol firm. Both of these were very fast, the No. 100 toying with the Strauger and Corsair, and speeding



Canoing.

FIXTURES.

- May 21.—Toronto Canoe and Skiff Races.
- May 29.—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stony Lake.
- Aug. 21, 22, 23.—American Canoe Association Regatta at Stony Lake.
- Aug. 24.—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stony Lake.

COMMODORE OR CAPTAIN.—That able and accomplished writer on matters canoeical, ex-Commodore Allen, has lately devoted much time and careful study to the statistics of the canoe fleet, and especially to the subject of commodores. By an interesting and carefully detailed description, he has shown the higher mathematics of the "ometry," and most of the "ologies," which space compels us to omit. He proves conclusively that the number of commodores in present existence in America is eighteen hundred and seventy-three, a most formidable total. As figures, especially the Commodore's figures, never lie, this result must be accepted as correct, but it is to be hoped that his further researches into the subject will suggest some cure for the evil. That it is an evil is the opinion of many old canoeists, and the desirability of changing for some less pretentious title is generally admitted. The Philadelphia Canoe Club, newly established, has started with the title of captain for their commanding officer, a much more suitable term than commodore, and the idea is worthy of imitation by other clubs. It is ridiculous to apply such a term to the commander of a "squadron" of two or three canoes. The days of gilt buttons and gold lace are fast passing away among boating men. If the high sounding titles of commodore, vice-commodore and rear-commodore go with them they will be missed. Just what use the two latter were to a canoe club has never been ascertained, and their places would be better filled by "mate." The commanding officer of the association should retain his title of commodore, while the club officers will appear to much better advantage among boating men as simple captains. Which of the clubs will be first to make the change?

NOVA SCOTIA WATERS.—The writer, having just returned from a flying trip through the Maritime Provinces unfortunately without a fishing net, is unable to remark that Nova Scotia is a veritable paradise for canoeists, the country everywhere being cut up by picturesque lakes and rivers. Yarmouth county is especially favored with the Tusket lakes and river. Starting at Westport, Nova Scotia, one may cruise through this chain to the sea. Trout abound and salmon are frequently caught; no lease or fee necessary for the latter, either. A fine cruise across the province can be made from a point within ten miles of Annapolis, via Sandy Fishers, Fairy and Rossington lakes and connecting streams to Liverpool. A Halifax canoeist known to the writer, and who has been in the province, is indebted for courtesies) has announced his intention of "doing" this trip the present month. Halifax, by the way, has several canoeists, and his intention of visiting the province, and his intention of "doing" this trip may also be had on the Bras D'Or lakes in Cape Breton.—SUNSHINE CITY.

WHAT SAYS THE MAGALLOWAY.—Editor Forest and Stream: My friends lack arguments to discourage my proposed attempt to descend the Magalloway River from Farmhouse Lake to Errol Island in a 25 ft cedar canoe, alone, next July or August. Will some of your many admirers, who are so busy over the route help them out, and at the same time give me some information as to canoe, outfit, etc. Never mind how big the canoe is, but get the canoe to Errol. I will be sure of it. The fact that my friends want are the reasonable risks in order to form some sort of basis of a proper program for an individual insurance policy, as "Nessmuk's" friends have done for him. His "in home" is so. If you know any nice young "feller" who wants to go, tell him to speak out.—MAGALLOWAY.

SAN FRANCISCO C. C.—We have received a copy of the new constitution and by-laws of the San Francisco C. C. in the form of a very neat little pamphlet. There are also given three signal codes, one in French, one in German, and one in English. The codes are for the paddle, and one in which various motions of the arms are used to

distinguish a canoeist when on shore from possible enemies in the shape of sarcastic small boys or warlike hoodlums who may be lurking in ambush.

STONY LAKE.—The Commissariat Committee have adopted as their first resolution the rule enforced at Lorna Island: "The sale and open use of intoxicating liquors is prohibited. A firm of grocers will open a store at the island, and supply groceries, canned goods, bread, butter, milk, etc. They will have hot tea and coffee always ready, but will not furnish meals. The free distribution of leaf to campers is also in their hands."

NEW YORK C. C.—The annual regatta will take place off the club house, New Brighton, S. I., at 3 P. M., Saturday, June 30, and will be open to all canoeists. There will be a senior and a junior sailing race; the latter for a prize and also for the Junior Trophy, single and double paddling races, and an upset race. The club-house may be reached by boats from South Ferry either to Tompkinsville or New Brighton.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

RATS.—For letters apply to Mr. C. H. Van Vleeten, Victor, N. Y. They cost about \$7 per pair.

J. C. V., Warwick, N. Y.—Train oil is whale oil. You can probably get it of your local druggist.

MANHATTAN, Morrisania, N. J.—Rose is by imported ringer and out of the breed. She is full sister to champion Red River.

A. A. W., Kansas City.—The N. A. K. C. Stud Book contains some of the pedigrees. Write to D. Bryson, Memphis, Tenn.

G. K., Boston, Mass.—Write to E. S. Harris, 147 Broadway, he may be able to supply you. The rifle is no longer manufactured, the company having failed.

C. W. W., Fairland, Ind.—Can the E. C. powder be obtained of New York dealers at this time? Ans. We know of no place in the United States where it is to be had.

F. M. P., New York.—The New Jersey woodcock law is uniform throughout the State. The open season are from July 1 to August 1, and from October 1 to December 16.

H. D. C., Midland Park, N. J.—The address of the New Jersey Game and Fish Protective Society's secretary is W. L. Forre, Plainfield, New Jersey. The membership fee is \$2.

W. E. B., Ironton, Ohio.—What is the difference in measurement at breast and muzzle of a duck and a quail? Ans. The difference is in the method of firing. There is no fixed rule.

C. McC., Norwich, Conn.—Cones and Stenrus' "New England Bird List" what you want. Two volumes, price \$5. Manton's "Terrestrial without a Teacher" is a handy little book; price fifty cents. We can furnish both.

G. R. S., Dumont, Cal.—Your bird was probably a harlequin duck (*Harlequin duck*), a species which breeds in the northern Rocky Mountains and on both coasts, but is only of accidental occurrence in your section.

W. F. Marion, Ohio.—At what place and at what time will I be likely to get the best bluefish? Ans. Barrelet, N. J., Long Branch, N. J., Sandy Hook, N. J., or Fire Island. For the latter place go to Babylon, L. I. Any time from now until October.

H. E. H., Boston, Mass.—In New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward's Island, the non-resident is required to take out a license, which costs, we believe, \$30. There is a similar law in the Province of Quebec, but we believe that it is seldom enforced.

C. R. H. W., Canada.—It will be some months, we presume, before Dr. Heisehal's book will be published, and a due notice will be given of its appearance. B. There are two pamphlets on the carp, one by Milton F. Peirce, 117 Market street, Philadelphia, Pa., and the other by Geo. Finley, Pittsburgh, Pa. The fish has been exten-

sively introduced in the Western and Southern States. They require warm water to grow rapidly.

Douglas, Schenectady, N. Y.—The black cocker spaniel Zulu is about three years old. He is by imported Bolo and out of imported Louie. He is owned by Mr. George Macbeth, London, Ont. His windings are: First, London, Ont., 1881, and champion at Cleveland, 1882.

F. L. D., Boston, Mass.—We have no other address of Massachusetts Fish and Game Protective Association than 408 Washington street, Boston, Call at store of Mr. John Fottler, who is the president, or upon Mr. L. S. Tobey, Jr., the secretary; or address the society at Boston.

W. P. S., New York.—If a person shoots a dog maliciously, what remedy has the owner under the laws of the State of New York? Ans. The remedy that he would have were the animal a horse; i. e., resort to law for the collection of damages. In this State as in several others, a dog has been held by the courts to be personal property.

E. F., Newark, N. J.—You can find a good camping place on Greenwood Lake, below the railroad station, almost anywhere. There is a small island there that seems a good place. Black bass can be taken by bait, troll, and sometimes with the fly. Pickrel are not very plenty, but can occasionally be taken by trolling a minnow or a spoon.

A. J., Higginpat, N. J.—Will you please inform one of your patrons by mail whether a reel is placed on top or under the rod when used before the band, and if a fly-rod can be used with the line running along the top of it, instead of on the under side? Ans. We cannot reply by mail. Yes. Different anglers use the reel in all the ways named, according to individual preference.

P. A. B., Philadelphia.—Can you oblige me by giving information about the habits of the frog and the method employed in catching it? Ans. The frog catches insects, snails and small frogs. It is not clear that it takes many fish. They are taken by shooting, striking them with a stick, and by a hook baited with a piece of red flannel, or a hare hook swung near their noses.

J. Port Lyon, Cal.—I have skinned three female Nuttall whippoorwills (*Phalaenoptilus nuttallii*) this spring, and they all have the throat-bar and tips of tail feathers white. Is this normal? In all the rest of the goatsuckers (*Caprimulgus*) I have seen, the colors of the throat-bar and tips of tail feathers are either tawny or fulvous in the female. Ans. Very unusual, we think. We have never heard of a similar case.

A. M. R., Pittsburg.—Would you in form me where I could find a fisher? Ans. I have been told by some anglers that there are small islands of 50 miles, if possible? Ans. There are no lakes within the distance you mention, and most of the streams are foul with the trash and refuse of the city of Pittsburg. There are some catfish, etc., in the Ohio River, but nothing that we would call good fishing.

E. S., Sparta Center, Mich.—How can I carry rifle cartridges with paper patched bullets for hunting so as to keep dry and free from dust and wear, still have them handy to get at? Ans. What style of box would you advise for carrying four, or one that will hold in the storm? Ans. I do not know of anything better than some one of the numerous cartridge belts. 2. An ordinary army wall tent tent by tent.

Schreiber, Grant's Mills, N. Y.—The loafers catch all the trout in the streams of this vicinity. Is there a law in force whereby farmers can protect the streams running through their lands? Ans. You can protect the streams by enforcing the trespass law, which provides: \$10. Any person who shall knowingly trespass upon cultivated or enclosed lands for the purpose of shooting or hunting any game protected by this act, or shall take any fish from private ponds or streams not stocked in whole or in part by the State, or after notice has been given by the owner thereof as provided in the following section, shall be liable to such owner or occupant, in addition to the actual damages sustained, in exemplary damages to an amount not exceeding \$25. If the notice referred to in the preceding section shall be given by erecting sign boards, at least one foot square, upon every fifty acres of land upon the limits thereof, or upon the shores or bank of any lake, stream or pond, or in at least two conspicuous places on the premises; such notices to have appended thereto the name of the owner or occupant, and any person who shall fear down or in any way deface or injure such sign-board, shall be liable to a penalty of \$25.

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 Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork or indolence. This Specific No. 28, is the most successful remedy for Nervous Debility, and is fully known. Price \$1 per bottle, or 5 bottles for \$4.50. Sent free by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents. Samples sent free on receipt of price, 50 cents. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC MED. CO., 109 Fulton Street, New York.

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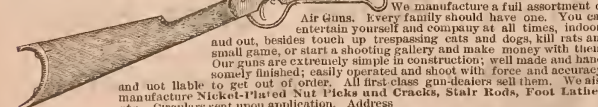


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THE ABSURDITY OF THE FOURTH.

JUST about this season, over a good section of the country, hundreds of thousands of very patriotic and very foolish persons are inviting death by the firearm method. Somewhere at some time some one reached the absurd conclusion that the correct way of celebrating the holiday of our National Independence was to raise as much noise as possible. Unluckily his view has been adopted by the millions of his fellow-citizens, and now year after year there is a repetition of the catalogue of deaths and mangleings.

There is something so utterly ridiculous in using a firearm entirely for the noise which accompanies its going off, that it is surprising no concerted effort has been made by the arm manufacturing companies to discourage this application of their wares. In place of doing this, however, and for the sake of the profit which follows the sale of the pesky little things, we see several large concerns giving up their time and labor in large measure to turning out thousands upon thousands of contrivances which have the name and appearance of firearms, but which in the essential points of accuracy and safety are utterly unworthy of the name.

There is a clear, sharp defining line between a pistol proper, one which has a value as an arm of precision, and these cheap little counterfeits. And there is ample room for the operation of a salutary law which should come in to repress the making and vending of the dangerous toys.

There are plenty of noise-provoking contrivances which may be manufactured to meet the wishes of those who insist upon expressing their feelings by means of a racket, but there is no reason why so excellent a thing as a firearm should be debased into such flimsy pretences as we see hawked at every street corner. It would indeed be an important item in our strength as a commonwealth if every American citizen were familiar with firearms, had a just appreciation of their powers and their dangers, but there is a right and wrong way of securing that excellent result, and one of the worst ways is to put a make-shift of a weapon into the hands of every boy who can beg, borrow or steal the dime or two necessary to secure the toy.

BENCH SHOWS.

THE bench shows that have been held this year have been uniformly successful both in the number and quality of the animals exhibited, and also from a pecuniary standpoint. This shows a healthy state of affairs, and should encourage all who have an interest in the welfare and improvement of man's best friend to renewed efforts in speeding on the good work until every lover of the dog throughout the length and breadth of the land shall become possessed of the knowledge that will enable him to intelligently pass upon the merits and demerits of his favorite breed.

That the bench show has been a great educator of the public in this respect, no one who has been a regular attendant can deny. That still greater good will be accomplished in the future we have every reason to believe. Although the bench show is comparatively of recent introduction in this country, it has already become a permanent institution, and we trust that the day is not far distant that will see not only our larger shows greatly increased in number, but that in every city, village and hamlet in the land, we shall see local shows where friend and neighbor will meet in friendly rivalry, to decide upon the respective merits of their favorites.

This plan is extensively practiced in England, and contributes in no small degree to the success of the larger shows, both in the increased number of entries, and in the improved quality of the animals exhibited. The owner of the village champion, ambitious for higher honors, "seeks other worlds to conquer," and sends his favorite to a larger meeting, and so continues until he encounters defeat or achieves a well won victory that brings to him not only fame and honor, but pounds, shillings and pence as well. That this plan is eminently practicable and feasible it needs no argument to prove, nor of necessity need it entail a dollar of expense upon its promoters, at least so far as the smaller shows are concerned, as the honor of owning the "best of his kind" in the vicinity should be ample recompense for the small amount of trouble entailed. We trust that our readers will give this subject the careful consideration its importance demands, and that we shall soon be called upon to chronicle the inauguration of a series of local shows all over the country, that in a short time will accomplish the much-to-be-desired result, the filling of the benches at our important shows with representatives of the best of their breed from all sections of the country.

THE TOY PISTOL is doomed; State laws and city ordinances have been enacted for the suppression of the pernicious agent of death, and parents and police are united to squelch the nuisance. This is all as it should be; the sooner the sham pistol is banished the better for the thumbs and eyes of the patriotic small boy. But it is very foolish for parents to indulge, as they often do, in an insane horror of all firearms. A boy ought to be taught to handle a shotgun or a rifle just as soon as he is old enough and strong enough to do so. He will be all the more ready for it. Gunpowder smoke is healthier than cigarette smoke, and the associations and influences of the one are better than those of the other.

THE SUNFISH.—In a paper read before the Fishcultural Association and printed elsewhere, Mr. Fred Mather recommends the destruction of the sunfish. From any such proposition the FOREST AND STREAM most emphatically dissents. The sunfish was our earliest friend among the fishes; we hooked him long before our vaulting ambition dreamed of trout or bass, and when salmon was a term unknown to our vocabulary. The fishculturists may wage their campaign against the sunfish, but they will find little sympathy in their nefarious efforts outside of their own fry-entail circle.

THE CLAY PIGEONS were "slaughtered" yesterday beyond count. This target is growing in favor, having very largely supplanted glass balls, over which it possesses many very decided merits. We understand that the enterprising Ligowsky firm are about to perfect the manufacture of a cheaper trap, so that the five-trap style of shooting will be within the means of all. This is by far the most beautiful form of practice with the "birds," and promises to be very popular.

SEND IN THE NAMES.—We should be glad to receive from our readers all over the country the names of their friends who may be interested in any of the departments of outdoor recreation of which the FOREST AND STREAM treats, and who do not now take the paper.

SALMON IN THE MERRIMAC.—We learn from Mr. Samuel Webber, late Fish Commissioner of New Hampshire, that the salmon have at last made their appearance in the Merrimac River at Manchester, and one "guessel" at from eight pounds to ten pounds has actually been seen passing the Fishway at Amoskeag Falls. This proves the prediction which, it will be remembered, Mr. Webber made, that we should see a score of smaller fish, from the plant of 1879, this year. The season is later by two weeks than last year, but the salmon are on their way up now. Ten were seen in one day in the fishway at Lawrence, Mass. What is of more especial interest to sportsmen, however, is the fact that a salmon weighing ten and a half pounds was taken last week in the Merrimac, at Concord, with the artificial fly in a legitimate manner. We have always believed that one was taken three years since by a bass fisher, but owing to the fact that the prohibitory law was then in force, we could never prove the fact; but this catch of last week proves that the salmon bred from Penobscot stock will take the fly in the Merrimac. We note the following change in the New Hampshire Fish Commission, viz., the appointment of Elliot B. Hodge, of Plymouth, Superintendent of the Hatchery, as Fish Commissioner, in place of A. H. Powers, resigned. The Commission now stands: Colonel George Riddle, Manchester, Chairman; E. B. Hoëge, Plymouth, Superintendent of Hatchery; Luther Hayes, South Milton.

THE "AMERICAN KENNEL REGISTER."—The anxiety with which the monthly issue of the Register is looked for by its already large circle of readers, is a fair measure of the high esteem in which it is held by the owners of well-bred dogs. We regret, however, to see a tendency among those who have animals to be registered to hold back their entries until the last moment, and then just at the first of the month to send in their blanks in a lump. This course, while apparently serving no good purpose for anyone, puts the publishers of the Register to serious inconvenience, and has in one or two cases caused a delay of several days in the issue of the periodical. Whether the tardiness in sending in entries has any real reason or not, we cannot allow it to interfere with the date of issue of the Register. To examine the pedigrees, correct the mistakes which the owners make, and prepare the material for the printer, involves much labor and time.

OCCASIONALLY we receive questions from correspondents who ask us to decide for them wagers, and sometimes decisions are requested in games of cards. In the past we have good-naturedly answered some inquiries of this description, but as they are entirely out of our line, we shall no longer do so. THE FOREST AND STREAM does not hold stakes nor decide bets, nor does it profess to be an authority on games of chance. There are many journals which give attention to these matters, however, and we recommend those of our readers, who may be unable to decide such questions in any other way, to apply to them. Questions pertaining to matters within our own scope will, as they have always done, receive attention, but those which have to do with betting or cards will seek the seclusion which a waste basket grants.

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC EXCHANGE.—The amateur photographic outfits are now in general use by sportsmen, and large numbers of picturesque views are secured by them on pleasure tours. We have been greatly entertained in examining many such pictures which have been sent to this office from our friends. They are delightful suggestions of the pleasures of camp and cruise. It has been suggested that an exchange of such views would be welcome to many amateur photographers, who might thus add to their own collections the pictures of others. We think the suggestion an admirable one.

AMERICANS MUST LOOK TO EUROPE for "sporting novel-ties." The latest is a kangaroo hunt, provided for the huntsmen of Vienna by an Englishman, who has transported to the Prater thirty of the Australian marsupials. We learn from our esteemed contemporary, the Allgemeine Sport Zeitung, of that city, that great expectations have been raised among the Viennese, who are eagerly awaiting the chase of the novel game.

THE FIRST BOYHOOD EXPLOIT with rod or gun is always a theme of pleasant recollection. The pages of FOREST AND STREAM contain many accounts by the graybeards of their first successful hunt or fish long ago. "It seems but yesterday that I caught my first trout," said Henry Ward Beecher the other evening, upon the celebration of his seventieth birthday.

you, my marster, dat ole fool nigger he des riz up on his foots, an' open his mouf elean baek ter his ears, an' den, sur, he bar back his head, and he des farly howl."

Here Steve, imitating old Lawyer, sprang upon his feet, threw baek his head, and sang a portion of "Mars Garrett's hime chune," as follows:

"Hens and chikens gone to roos,
De hawk flew down an' he bit dat goose,
An' he bit dat goose in de middle er de baek
An' he mard dat goose go quack, quack, quack."

"Bless yer soul, my master," he continued, when he had ended his singing, "dat yarker town nigger, w'er des firy foot onten his hooves. He didn know w'at ter do, sur. He fuss look like he w'antter jump outen de baek winder. Den he des tun 'roun' an' he gits hime mid in de face, an' he des ups wid dat rod merrocker hime bock, an' he draw baeks, an' he truck Ole Lawyer kerslap right atwix his eyes, sur. He des farly knocked dat ole nigger somerset clean ober Mars Garrett an' Mars Shep. But bless yer, 'fore you knode it, sur, dat ole nigger des riz on his foots ergin, an' he made er lunge at dat preacher nigger, an' he lit elean ober dat white fikes house. An' presenly here come ole mars an' ole miss tarin' down de pall ter de church house. An' ole marster he euss, an' he say, 'What de debil's got inter you niggers you can't go ter hebin' doot fightin' er de road?' Den dat yarker town preacher nigger what look like he bin wraslin' wid er bumbee nigger, he pint at Ole Lawyer, an' he say ter ole marster, how dat big mouf nigger ober der wer siglin' corn-shuckin' songs, an' sackerlin' de mouf services. Den ole marster git red in de face like he do ole 'lection' dat er den, sur, he euss ter de sweet it des drop ofen de eend er his nose. Den he call dat yarker house gal bring him his cow white, an' sur, he des literly wode dat ole fool Lawyer cleau out, sur. He did fur er fark, my marster. Den ole mars tun roum' an' he shuck his fis' at Mars Garrett, an' he say, 'Dis some er your dan's foolisness, my young feller.' But Mars Garrett he never say nothin', he des come up close w'at he w'at he say to me, 'Der Steve, you kin make up er muif har rowe dat pulpit ter make yer a good matris; Ole Lawyer he owe you somthin', anyhow, for larnin' him doot buterful hime chune lass night.' Den he laff an' he say, 'But diden dat dam town nigger hav' er happy time uv it dis mornin'.' But ole 'miss' she come roum' dar w'at we wer, an' she whisper to Mars Garrett he better be gittin' way from dar 'fore his par get rested. An' Mars Garrett say how er ole 'miss' tood leup de ole Gunner ofen his trail twel de scent git eole, he leve he will. But bless yer, ole marster he tone cleau gin out. Me an' big Andy had ter tuck an' tote him up ter de white fokes house. He so lusteder by dat ole nigger dat it laid him up wid de bud fur nose fo' matris. Yas, my marster, laid him up in de bud fur nose fo' matris, sur. Mars Garrett he want me larn Ole Lawyer one yuther dem w'at he call hime chune song, w'at I knode, 'bout

"Adan an' Eve day eum er tree,
An' Eve wer stung by er numble bee;
O carry de nigger ter Mary.'
But bless yer soul, dis here nigger never larn dat ole fool yarrather hime chune sure as you're horn."
MISSISSIPPI. TUCKAHOE.

THE DOCTOR AND THE GRIZZLY.

A HOT WEATHER YARN.

TO hunt wild beasts and brave them in their lair, to conquer and destroy them, has been the ambition of heroes, modern and ancient. Man brooks no rival in the animal kingdom, but disputes with the fierce denizens of the forest supremacy in the wide domain of Nature.

The question may well be asked, whether man is not more savage and blood-thirsty than the beasts themselves, seeing that they slay their fellow-creatures from the mere love of slaughter, while they slay but to appease their hunger. To destroy would seem to be natural to man; nor has civilization altered his nature in this particular. Civilized and enlightened society sends forth the tiger hunters to India and the lion slayers to Africa.

Coupled with this destructive trait, there is in most of us the love of adventure, which must be gratified even though we thereby pay the price of our lives. There is an excitement about danger that fires us on, whether to the "nambunt, deadly breach" or to the tiger's jaws.

The writer is not ashamed to confess to the same love of the chase that animated the demi-god Heracles, alike with "the Chaotic Huntress of the silver bow." And there are times when my soul, revelling from the sordid affairs of daily life, seeks to free itself from society and its trammels, and find relief in the chase.

It was while in such a mood, not long since, that word came to me that a man had been killed by a bear while "prospecting" in the San Antonio Cañon—one of the many cañons which have their source in the coast range of Southern California. It had long been my ambition to kill a grizzly bear, and it seemed now was the opportunity to gratify that desire, and, at the same time, to avenge the death of a human being.

I immediately set about ascertaining the locality as nearly as possible of the fatal encounter, and sought a companion for the perilous journey, not that I expected him to kill the bear, but because I wished to have a truthful witness of my own exploits. Doctor Blank, an enthusiastic sportsman and an experienced mountaineer, gladly agreed to accompany me. The weapon I carried was a Winchester rifle, .45 caliber, 60 grains of powder to the cartridge. It was one presented me by a friend—my companion in many a hunt elsewhere. The Doctor was armed with a weapon similar to my own.

On the morning of April 9, we set out on foot from the mouth of the cañon, packing our blankets and provisions on our backs. Our route lay up the cañon, and we trudged along merrily enough, the Doctor relieving the march with some of his best songs.

The ascent for the first few miles was easy; after that, the walls of the cañon narrowed in, confining us to the bed of the stream, here filled with huge boulders, over which we clambered with difficulty.

At noon we halted at a point where there is a beautiful

meadow, in the midst of which gush out the springs that feed the stream of the cañon. The Doctor had brought along his rod, line and flies, and it was not long before he had caught trout enough for a meal for two men, hungry though they might be. I lingered long at this romantic spot, and soon reluctantly took to the march over a wilder and more rugged trail. Night found us some twenty miles from the mouth of the cañon. The topography here changes from a gorge to an elevated plateau or bench on the mountain side, intersected in places by ravines, and, for the most part covered with brush, with here and there a meadow to be seen. This was the place we sought; it was near here that the poor miner had met his fate. We camped for the night by a little stream, and building a big fire, sat down to our meal. After it was over we lay down, rolled in our blankets, our guns loaded and at our right hands.

It had been a long time since I had slept on, and the novelty of the situation kept me awake for some hours, though I was. At last I dropped off to sleep, to be awakened shortly after by the unearthly scream of a mountain lion. We both leaped to our feet at once and seized our guns, awaiting to be attacked, but we could see nothing of him, so we lay down again. The bear, however, kept us so near that this midnight marauder, however, kept us from again sleeping. Shortly before day we heard the brush crashing, as though some heavy animal were making his way through it. This noise I supposed was made by a bear, as I know that the mountain lion moves stealthily, and a deer would not make such a noise. The Doctor was of the same opinion, and knowing my anxiety to kill a bear, he very generously moved so as to give me the best opportunity to get a shot, placing me between himself and the place of the noise. So the animal passed on without disturbing us; we kept very quiet, as we were not eager for a night encounter with a bear. It is dangerous enough in the day time.

At dawn we were up and eating our meal. Just so soon as it was light enough to see objects at a distance of fifty yards, we buckled on our cartridge belts, took up our guns, and started off. I noticed, at the time, that the Doctor carried a small case in his last pocket. Being so, I was curious to know what the case contained, I inquired of him what it was. He handed it to me, and on the outside I read:

DR. BLANK'S
DOUBLE ACTION LIFE-PRESERVING PILLS.
Caliber .45, 60 grains.

I returned them to him with a smile, and asked him why he brought such stuff into camp with him. "I am never without them," was his answer.

Little did I dream of the important part they were to play in my subsequent experience. But I anticipate. We went in the direction taken by the animal we had heard making a noise in the brush; and soon struck the trail of a large grizzly. It was evident that he had not long passed; so we followed it up the valley, and along the margin of a little trickling stream, with patches of clover growing along its banks. On the roots of this clover he had been feeding. There had probably gone about a mile from our camp, and were just turning an angle in the valley, when we suddenly caught sight of the largest grizzly it has been my fortune to see. He was tearing up the roots of the clover not more than fifty yards from us. His left side was to us. I saw the Doctor turn pale with excitement. Whispering to him to stiffen his left ear, I rested my rifle on that prominent part of his person, and taking dead aim for the bear's breast, fired. At the report of the gun the Doctor, stunned by the explosion, I suppose, fell as though he had been shot. Not so with the bear, however, for starting up with a snort, he looked around. I fired again, but shot wild, and then saw the bear start for us, with hair on end and growling fearfully.

I have looked into the cannon's mouth when the foe was at the breach, and have seen the advancing wall of hostile bayonets at the charge—all this without flinching, if not without fear; but never have I held anything so close to my spirit me with terror as that bear. Shall I confess it that fear took possession of me, even so that I dropped my gun and ran?

Yes, I fled ignominiously and left my poor, helpless comrade to his fate. Yea, more, I entertained the base and selfish hope that the beast would eat him, become disgusted with human food, and so escape. Some fifty yards below where I had fired there was a scrub oak tree, some twelve feet high, and for this tree I ran as fast as my legs would carry me, and swung myself into its branches none too soon. The bear clutched at my feet as I drew up. I climbed to the top, and looked trembling down. The bear seized the tree in his grasp and endeavored to tear it up by the roots; but it was rooted in the rocks, and was too much for even his mighty strength.

I bent my forehead against the trunk of the tree, and I know he could not climb the tree. On looking at him closely I could see the hole in his left side where the bullet had entered and on the other side where it had passed out. It must have torn his heart to pieces. The blood was flowing from the wound and the bloody froth was on his lips. Surely he must soon die, I thought. But he showed no sign of failing vitality, and I soon came to believe that a bear may live without a heart. I saw plainly now that I should have shot him through the head or else through the spine. But it was too late to rectify the mistake; my gun was on the ground.

The bear would not leave the tree, but kept looking up at me. After awhile he took a large boulder in his paws, and laid it at the root of the tree, and then another and another. At first I was puzzled to know what he meant, but soon the terrible truth dawned on my mind that he was heaping stones there that he might stand them and reach me. The thought was enough to make me start, and for a moment I thought of leaping over him to the ground and taking my chances in running. But I knew he would overtake me. Then I thought of the Doctor, and turned my eyes toward the place where he had fallen. He was not there. I shouted his name, and saw him thrust his head out from a crevice in the rocks close by where I had left him. How he managed to squeeze his body into so small a space is a mystery to me.

"Get your gun and shoot the bear," I screamed to him. "Are you going to stand still and see this brute eat me?"

He did not answer, but crept out cautiously to where his rifle lay, and ran quickly back to his retreat. I saw him aim, and then saw the flash of the gun—and one of my hot-heels flew off. I implored him to aim with more care next time, and to shoot at the bear, not at me. I waited with much impatience until he had reloaded, and then the bullet sung a dirge; by my ear, at the time it was passed. Then I asked him to desist, for fear that he might commit murder and that I would be the victim.

Slowly but surely the bear was piling up the rocks at the base of the tree, and must soon reach me. What hope was left to me now? Preposterous as it may seem, I, for a moment, thought of leaping into his cavernous throat when he reached up, but the fear of being caught between his teeth in passing prevented so foolish a step.

The bear reared up again, and had to draw up my feet to prevent his reaching them. I looked into his hideous eyes and they seemed to burn with the fires of hell. I gazed until I began to believe that he was the "Great Beast" himself come to claim me for his own.

For a while hope deserted me and I sat in a kind of stupor, from which I was aroused by a thought that flashed across my mind. At last I said to myself, I should tell the Doctor. "Draw the bullet from a cartridge, quickly, and replace with one of your pills!" Load your gun with it."

"All right," came the response. "Now run out," I said, "and attract the attention of the bear."

In another moment he came out yelling and cawing about. This was more than the bear could resist, and he rushed for the Doctor, who fled to his retreat, followed by the bear.

"When he opens his mouth, fire straight down his throat," I yelled.

I heard a shot, saw the bear stagger back, then rear up and place his paws on his abdomen, howling all the while as if in pain. Then he started to flee, but fell into convulsions horrible to behold, tearing up the earth in his death struggle. Gradually his movements ceased. His limbs stiffened. He was dead.

Then the Doctor emerged from his crevice in the rocks, and rushed up to the bear's carcass and kicked it and leaped upon it, yelling all the while like a devil.

I descended from my perch, and going up to the Doctor, embraced him, and thanked him from the bottom of my heart. I told him that he was the dearest, stoutest—with a pill—had ever seen. And I promised to use my influence in having him appointed physician to the county hospital, provided by the use of his pills, he could do the county great service in causing the permanent disappearance from earthly scenes of those rambling wrecks of poverty and disease who are a burden to the community.

We stripped the hide from the bear, the Doctor claiming it as his trophy, but generously allowing me to keep the claws. The hunt was ended, for we agreed that we had had adventure enough to last for a while. We retraced our steps homeward with light hearts.

That I am now alive to participate in the events above narrated, I attribute to "Doctor Blank's Double Action, Life-Preserving Pills, calibre .45, 60 grains."

If any one should doubt the truth of this story, the Doctor is ready to verify it by affidavit. Or, if such person is ready to wager any money against the efficacy of the above-named pills, let him bring on his bear, and I will undertake that the Doctor will make a dead bear of him with one pill in five minutes. Truly yours,
EL GOZONELA.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Natural History.

THE SWAMP ROBIN.

Turdus swainsonii.

AMONG the many bright visitors at the bath (see "Bath-tub for the Birds" FOREST AND STREAM last June) is one whose graceful form is always a welcome sight to me. His quiet dress is in marked contrast with that of some of his friends, but there is a dignity of carriage, a certain self-respect, about the swamp robin, which lends an indescribable charm to his manners, and gives him an air of aristocratic elegance, utterly wanting in many of his more richly dressed though less noble neighbors. He approaches in a fearless, frank way that wins your heart at once! Dropping into the grass from the tree above, he comes directly to the water, never hesitating for a moment until reaching the tank; he will perch on its edge, and with head knowingly cocked to one side, survey the fussy little clumpy, noisily fluttering just below, and making the spray fly from her wings as she washes. Seemingly not in the least hurrying, he awaits the finish of her noisy performance with an air of such supreme superiority that chirp is riled, and with tail erect, feathers bristling, and wings trailing, she rushes up the little steps leading from the bath, and darts at him in the most insulting manner; but with unruffled temper he gracefully jumps right over her head, and running into the water, calmly begins his toilet. The manner in which this feat is accomplished is indicative of such utter contempt for chirpy, that she is completely paralyzed, and with a spiteful little shriek, she hustles off like an irritable little old woman from the scene of her discomfiture.

His method of bathing is different from most of his fellows; none of the noisy wriggling that characterizes many of our visitors, especially the smaller varieties of warblers, etc. He stands in about two inches in depth of water, and with one or two energetic shakes, his feathers are loosened sufficiently to give the water free access to all parts of his little body; then, deliberately squawking, he thoroughly soaks his breast and under parts for a second or so. The next move is to duck his shapely head well under once or twice, accompanying this with a dash of the wings that sends the water pouring over his back and down between his shoulders.

Two or three plunges satisfy him, and now he trots out and stands again, all dripping, on the edge, with his wings half extended, to let the air pass under, his bright eyes sparkling with the additional dash lent by his refreshing bath.

His rufous coat is a perfect fit, and his speckled shirt front runs into a snow white waistcoat, reaching down to the most delicate flesh-colored hose inclosing his slender legs. See him thins, and you will, with me, pronounce his attire to be the very perfection of taste in dress.

He will use us for the present, now, and mount high among the hothouses to where his mate is keeping house in a snug cottage, built on the branch of a beech; there he will rearrange his dampened plumage, standing, perchance, on the rounding arch of a sturdy limb in full sight of his little lady, as she broods over her household, and blinks at him in admiration from the nest. Here, amid the dark green of the leaves, and the cool gray of the beech bark that covers the branches and overlapping twigs, the whole group forms a picture perfect in the harmony of its colors, on which I never tire of looking.

During the heat of noontide he seeks the silent shade, and

here he hops about in the grass or on the damp, moist earth, daintily picking here and there as he gathers his food.

His song is rarely heard during the day if the weather be hot, but after a shower toward sunset, when the yellow rays light up the diamond drops clinging to every leaf and blade of grass, his full, rich notes ring out above the songing of the breeze in the treetops. There are none of our songsters whose notes appeal so strongly to one's inner nature, so much as this creature, and so full, more especially in that our thoughts, it may be, are tinged with sadness as we listen. The refreshing air brings to us the faint, sweet perfume of the night-blooming jessamine, and still the dear little fellow sings on into the twilight, sometimes, indeed, until the firefly lamps are lighted. Dick.

A PERIL OF THE SEA.

IN the European seas, and extending into those of the tropics, we find a family of swordfishes (*Xiphiidae*), which are well known to attack whales when they meet with them, and occasionally vessels, which they would appear to mistake for their gigantic opponents. These fishes attach to a vessel, and so kill, more especially in that our twenty feet or more in length. Their bodies are compressed, their fins large to afford great propulsive powers, while the upper jaw is prolonged into a long, sword-like process, an evident organ of offense. There are two genera—*Xiphias*, destitute of ventral fins, absent from the seas of India, and *Isiophorus*, which possesses ventral fins, and which not only infests the open seas of tropical Asia, but likewise is not uncommon along the coast, more especially in that our months of the year. I have observed that they arrive off Madras about October, continuing until March. There may be two ways in which the foundering of a ship is occasioned when pierced by these creatures—either a leak may be at once set up, or else the perforating snout may act as a plug, not permitting any leak until decomposition has set in or the salt water has softened the bows.

In 1874 the *Columba*, a new and small steamer, was nearly lost, owing to an injury inflicted by a swordfish. The vessel was on her course from Bombay to Calcutta, when, without any apparent cause, she began to make water, while all attempts to discover the cause of the leak were futile, until, after the removal of a large part of the cargo, the lightened ship rose in the water, and a piece of the snout of a swordfish was observed. This piece pierced the copper and timbers, the latter being perforated at ten or twelve inches below, breaking off by the copper, probably from the impossibility of withdrawing it. The sword had not merely pierced the ship, but split the plank for a considerable distance on each side of the point of contact. In this instance there could have been no doubt that a leak had occurred, while an examination of the ship demonstrated that it had been entirely due to the injury inflicted by one of these fishes.

The ship *Royal George*, of about 500 tons burden, experienced a dreadful hurricane in the Bay of Bengal. So furious was the tempest, that, in addition to the loss of the main and mizen masts, the bowsprit was found broken off close to the hull of the vessel. Its diameter was twenty-three inches, and, on examining its base, the snout of a swordfish was found protruding from the hole in the surface. A similar occurrence took place in 1833, and the perforated planks, with the imbedded sword, was presented to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, and are now in the Calcutta Museum.

The British Museum possesses a specimen of planks from a ship's side, in which may be seen the sword of one of these fishes, which has penetrated six inches into the timber. In the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons is the section of the bow of a South Sea whaler, which has been penetrated through 13½ inches of solid timber by the snout of a swordfish, which latter is 12 in. long and 3 in. in circumference. When *L. M. S. Leopard* was repaired in 1735, after her return from the coast of Guinea, it was found that a swordfish had pierced its outer sheathing, one inch in thickness, near a three-inch plank, and finally 4½ in. further into a solid beam.

The foregoing facts seem to me sufficient to demonstrate that in numerous instances swordfishes have attacked vessels and occasioned leaks. The reason why they should act thus leads us to inquire what can be the common use of such a weapon to a fish which merely possesses small teeth in its jaws? The ancients asserted that it transfixes fish with its snout for the purposes of prey. A practice which has been compared by one writer to skewering larks—but without being able to obtain its prey. We have likewise been informed that the proper use of this sword-like projection is to turn up the sand, etc., to hunt for minute sea creatures on which it lives. If this long process is intended simply for digging up sand, it seems curious why it should have been so rigid, for a softer, wider, and more luctile organ, such as exists in the snout of the sturgeon, would be better suited for such a purpose. I, therefore, would suggest, first, that the rostrum is not intended for turning up the sand; secondly, that it is intended entirely for offensive purposes, or to obtain food; and lastly, that these fishes do not solely live upon "minute sea creatures," although, doubtless, they occasionally devour eels, cepia, etc.

In the Indian Ocean the swordfishes live in the open sea, only approaching the shores at certain seasons. It concurs there is great difficulty in ascertaining among the pelagic fishes whether they are surface-swimmers, or reside occasionally in the greater depths, or even at the bottom. It is generally believed that the inhabitants of the ocean live within a certain definite bathymetrical or vertical zone; and, if such be admitted, the anatomy of the swordfish must lead to the belief that it is a more or less surface-swimmer when in mid-ocean, to whom an apparatus for digging up sand would hardly be useful in ascertaining its food. It possesses a large bladder, having thin walls, and which is not provided with any pneumatic duct or safety valve, by which the gas in this organ could escape were it to be suddenly distended. If, in short, this fish lived at the bottom of the sea, and employed itself in digging up the sand searching for food, the result must be as follows: Were it to rise suddenly to the surface in pursuit of mackerel or tunny or similar forms, its bladder would be subject to great pressure, owing to the sudden expansion of the contained gas, which would necessarily ensue on the pressure of superincumbent water being decreased; then, having no safety valve, this organ would burst. Consequently, as the swordfish could not be a resident in the depths of the sea, one is led to inquire what does it feed upon? *Coniferiformis* us (that a European form (*Xiphioides*), which I examined on the evening of February 15, 1867, when I saw a swordfish (*Isiophorus gladius*) nine feet

in length, being carried by two fishermen toward their huts; for, although this fish is unremarkable, their families consume it. Its long back fin was of a bright Prussian blue, covered with large dark spots; hence its native name *Mylmen* or "peacock-fish." I purchased the example found inside it a full-sized Indian mackerel (*Scomber vateropidibus*), two large half-heads (*Hemiramphus*), and numerous small fish, at once testing the nature of its usual diet; in short, it is a voracious feeder, eating merely small forms, would scarcely seem to account for the necessity of its being provided with an elongated, sword-like snout, which, added to the great rapidity of its movements, would render it a truly formidable opponent. *Belouin* tells us that shoals of tunnies (*Thynnus thynnus*), in the Mediterranean, are as much alarmed at the presence of a swordfish as a flock of sheep are at the sight of a wolf. It pursues them with great pertinacity and transfixes them with its snout. In *Bancroft's "Rural Sports"* we read that "in the Severn, near Worcester, a man bathing was struck, and absolutely received his death wound from a swordfish. The fish was caught immediately afterward, so that the fact was ascertained beyond a doubt."

It is thus evident that the swordfish eats other fish; that it can kill them, as, for instance, the tunny, by transfixion; and it has been known to kill man, as happened in the case being. A step further takes us to the fact that it will attack even whales, and, as it eats fish, we may fairly conclude that hunger induces them to do so for the purpose of obtaining food. *Capt. Crow*, on a voyage to Menel, tells us that one morning during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at 3 A. M. to witness a battle between several of the fish termed thrashers or fox sharks (*Alopias vulpes*) and some swordfishes on the one side, and an enormous whale on the other. As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water the thrashers, springing several yards to their, desecrated with great violence upon the object of their rancor, and inflicted upon him the most severe blows with their long tails, the sounds of which resembled the reports of muskets fired at a distance. The swordfish in turn attacked the whale, and transfixed him with its sword; and, thus beset on all sides and wounded, the water around him was dyed with blood. *Conch* was of opinion that as the swordfish has no teeth to tear the flesh, and he supposed it only could swallow its food whole, it must have been gratifying its appetite with blood. He tells us how in August, 1861, near Westra, one of the most northern of the Orkneys, an individual of the smaller species of whale, termed the "bering loch," was attacked by a swordfish; and when thus compelled to leap out of the water, which it did to the height of six feet, it was observed that the sword had been thrust into the whale's body behind the pectoral fins. Its leaps continued, and then it was perceived that a thrasher was assailing it on the sides.

Dr. Jerome Smith, in his "History of the Fishes of Massachusetts," states that one calm, sunny day during the previous summer (1832), he was walking upon a beach, with a little skill, he was suddenly roused from his seat by the plunge of a swordfish, thrusting his long spear, more than three feet, up through the bottom of his slender bark, but the pilot broke it off with the butt of his oar before the marine assassin had time to withdraw it.

Irrespective of using this organ to obtain food, it is evidently occasionally employed when fighting with another fish. The *Vestminster Museum* I was shown the cast of one of these fishes, nine feet long, captured near the town in 1873. On its left side, opposite the hind edge of its first anal fin, existed a large cicatrix, evidently due to a wound which had nearly transixed the fish, there being a spot on the opposite side showing to where the injury had extended. The appearance of the wound seemed to show that it had been inflicted by another of the same family, perhaps fighting during the breeding season.

Lastly, I would advert to the case of the ship *Dreadnought*, which, in 1868, while on her voyage from Ceylon to London, suddenly sprang leak, and upon an examination being made, a round hole, about one inch in diameter, was found in the copper sheathing of the vessel. Those who had insured the ship claimed £5,000 on the ground that the injury had been inflicted by one of these fish, while the insurance company contended that some other cause had been at work. After a protracted trial the jury returned as a verdict that the damage had been caused "by contact with some substance other than water, and that probably it was caused by a swordfish."

Although these fish are taken off the Madras coast in the large seine nets, say at an angle of about 30 degrees, in the Mediterranean, they are speared with a swordfish; and the method of capture appears to have remained unchanged for centuries. A man ascends one of the cliffs which overhang the sea, and as soon as he spies the fish, gives notice, either by his voice or by signs, of the course it takes. Another individual in the boat climbs the mast, and on seeing the fish directs the rowers to it. As soon as he considers that they have got within reach, he descends, and taking in his hand a harpoon to which a cord is attached, strikes it into the fish, sometimes from a considerable distance. After struggling for some time the exhausted animal is dragged into the boat, the whole process somewhat resembling a whale fishery on a miniature scale. The superstitious Sicilian fishermen have an unintelligible chant, employing which they believe essential to success. The clamor of the rowers, the noise of the oars, and the vicinity of the boat; and were a single word of Italian to be spoken, their belief is that it would drive into the sea and be no more.—*Francis Day in London Field.*

A BIRD BATH TRY.—Many of our readers will remember the pleasant account of the "Bird Tank" given in *FOREST AND STREAM* over a year ago by our correspondent "Dick." We have again been assured by that gentleman of its utility to those who are interested in ornithology, for it proves a very great attraction to the birds, which visit it all hours of the day to bathe and drink. As an instance of the number of visitors to it, we are told that during one of the hot days in the early part of June the constant splashing and drinking of the birds lowered the water in the tank, which is two feet square, nearly two inches. Of course evaporation played some part in this, but not much, for the tank is not directly exposed to the sun's rays.

POISON OF THE GILA MONSTER.—It has been generally believed, and stated by writers, that the bite of the "Gila Monster" (*Heterodon nasicornis*), was extremely painful, and that the bite was deadly, and some recent experiments made by Drs. Mitchell and Reicher, indicate that the natives were right

and the scientific men wrong. This lizard is usually sluggish in its habits, and only bites when provoked, but this bite is poisonous and may be fatal. In his experiments, Dr. Mitchell induced the reptile to bite the edge of a saucer, and when the saliva began to flow it was caught in a watch glass. This saliva gives an alkaline reaction, thus differing from most venomous reptiles, which is acid. A very small quantity of the saliva, when injected into a pigeon, caused it in less than three minutes to walk with a tottering gait, and in less than nine minutes it was dead. The *Heterodon* sometimes attains a length of three feet, but the individual upon which these experiments were made, was only fourteen inches long.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of game and game resorts as will be of help to the readers of *FOREST AND STREAM*. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

WILD BOAR HUNTING IN JAMAICA.

ON a cattle pen and pimento plantation in the Ocho Rios (eight rivers) district of the Parish of St. Andrew, Island of Jamaica, resides a Mr. L., who possesses a fine breed of bull-terriers, much prized by their owner for their indomitable pluck. Being well trained they are invaluable while hunting the wild boars that are frequently met with in the woods, providing good sport for those who indulge in the pursuit of game, which is attended with some risk, and is especially flavored with excitement when the hunter spends a fortnight with this gentleman, renowned for his hospitality. I met two young Englishmen who had lately arrived. Several points of a sporting nature were discussed one evening after dinner, and the prospect of a boar hunt was eagerly entered into by the party. The headman (a Maroon) was summoned by the proprietor, and instructions given for him to get ready on the following morning to take us to the spot in the woods where good sport was likely to be obtained.

Early next morning after a hasty breakfast, the three of us mounted and made a start, the Maroon and two other natives leading the way, cutlass in hand, and with a rope each coiled over their neck and shoulders. Having ridden for an hour or more, a fine track made at the foot of a limestone mountain, and the guides and the Maroon, carrying half a dozen lancewood spears, and splitting them into rough spears ten feet long by two and a half inches wide, and with their cutlasses and clasp knives tapered the spears to a sharp point. The lancewood being light and flexible, but at the same time a hard and tough wood, is admirably adapted for the use they put it to in "pig sticking." The horses were hitched to the party, and the Maroon, who had proceeded up the hill, gave for a distance of a mile or more when, on arrival at a level piece of tableland, final instructions were given to the two Maroons by their "boss" (Maroon No. 1). They separated, taking different points of the wood, while the dogs, led by a coolie boy, were swivelled in a loose manner by the collars on their necks. The three terriers were loaded, and all the party were ready to start on the approach of a boar. The excitement shown by the four hunters increased so that they were as anxious as we were for the boar.

The Maroon suddenly assumed a most ludicrous position, kneeling down and laying his woolly pate on the ground, with ear inclined to mother earth. Suddenly he sprang up and took shelter behind a limestone rock, bidding us do likewise with the boy and dogs, and to hang on long to wait for the boar's rustling in the bush, and a most extraordinary thing on within twenty feet of our hiding place. Our rifles were all leveled at him, and although the balls hit they did not in any way affect the animal's progress. The Maroon, seeing this, rushed out and with good aim sent one of the lancewood spears into the boar's jaw. The dogs were let off from their tether, and the excitement of the chase continued for him to tread upon the party proceeded up the hill, giving the grunting of the boar, and the shouts of the Maroons at the prospect of soon securing their prize, was enough to unstring one's nerves. Down the ravine the beast started, one terrier securely fastened on the back of his neck, while the other three were making a good hold on the flanks. Another and yet another lancewood spear spins through the air and strikes the boar, and the boar, having recovered his footing, had hold of the last flank. The boar, undeterred with pain, frantically rushed on over rocks and tree roots, stumps and thick undergrowth, at times quite lost to view, and making it risky on the dog's account to fire.

In a short while the wood was cleared, and with the spear still sticking in his jaw, and the dogs still holding fast, the boar passed a shallow brook and took an open common. No time was lost in mounting the horses, and my two friends and self galloped as hard as the stock could go, and were just in time to prevent the animal from getting into a thorn up coffee piece, so dense with overgrowth of tropical vegetation, that we would in all probability have been unable to secure him. This surprised he retraced his steps, still dragging the dogs, which still maintained their hold. From the thicket we came on him from the rear, and the Maroons having so far followed us, they attacked from the fore. Two well-directed bullets hitting between the ear and the jaw caused the brute to fall, and in rolling over he nearly squashed two of the pups. Another spear through the throat settled the matter for the boar. Then out with our knives and with great dexterity the boar was severed. There was distinctly to be seen the spots on his body where bullets had hit, but no further impression. Round about the jaw and mouth hung masses of thick froth mixed with blood, which was pretty well distributed on the dogs. One of the terriers was lost, having been ripped by the boar, and the other three were one mass of cuts, bruises, and blood. In spite of their condition, some idea of its greater or different weight, when compared to the animal, and they were apparently thoroughly indifferent to their share of injury sustained during the encounter.

Preparation was at once made for conveying the booty home. After being dressed, the Maroons hung it on lancewood spears, and supported on their shoulders it was carried down for safety. The animal was considered as large as any dog I have seen. Some idea of its size may be gathered by the standard at 350 pounds. The meat is of a very fine flavor, attributable, no doubt, to the fruit and wild berries these animals live on. The flesh is sometimes boiled or fried fresh

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favour us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

ANGLING AT BEAR LAKE.

ON the morning of the 12th of June, our party of five landed at our annual fishing ground on Bear Lake, in Clearlevoix county, Michigan. On our way up we agreed upon a prize, which should go to the one taking the largest fish during our stay. At noon of the first day, when we came into camp, it was discovered that the prize belonged, for the first time being, to Sam, who brought in a black bass weighing three pounds. During the afternoon the water landed a five-pound pickerel, which enabled him to win the prize for about an hour, when an unceremonious yell from the other boat attracted our attention just in time to see the leap for life made by the largest pickerel I ever saw on a hook and line. My brother Will was master of ceremonies, and had the proud satisfaction of taking the fish into camp, as well as carrying home the prize award.

It is about this capture, which I consider a notable one under the circumstances, that I wish to write. The tackle used was a nine-ounce split-bamboo rod; a small silk line; a 5-0 Carlisle-Kirby hook with gimp snell and a live minnow for bait. The fight lasted nearly two hours, with the chances all the time in favor of the fish. During the first hour he had things all his own way, and towed the boat around about as he pleased. He tried all the devices known to his art to get rid of the tie that bound him, but the hook was placed just where he could not loosen it. He would rise to the surface and shake himself with his terrible jaws wide open, and then make a bee-line for the bottom of the lake at a rate of speed that burnt the fingers as the line passed through them, and threatened many times to empty the reel of its 400 feet of line. Fortunately the old fellow would change his course just in time.

Perhaps most of the honor is due to Mr. C. J. Wooden, whose knowledge of the peculiar handling of the boat kept the fish in deep water where he wanted to fight. When tired out Wooden steered him into shallow water, and stepping out of the boat, in water up to his waist, after a few passes got his thumb and finger in the victor's eyes, and carried him ashore without the aid of gaff-hook or net, and without a scratch. He weighed 29 1/2 lbs., measured 44 inches long, 30 inches around, and from what I could learn, was the largest fish ever taken in Bear Lake. He is now in the hands of Prof. Vail, of the Academy of Science, who pronounces him a very fine specimen of Northern pike.

CHICAGO, Ill., June 25.

L. B. B.

THE SHRINKING OF THE TROUT.

IN your issue of May 24, 1883, received by me this month, your suggestion that those who have fish tickets to sell would do well to send them in, struck me as an opening for a fish fact that occurred while I was stationed in New Mexico, at Santa Fé, as an officer in the army, about the year 1865 or '66—some slides by in such a slippery way that one cannot fix dates accurately, nor would one wish to who is on the other side of the hill and can only look back over it in memory—but I will vouch for the accuracy of the story, which should be a warning to all who place a line string of fish in a side pool to keep them fresh, a process pretty well known to anglers as a softening process.

About the time of which I speak, New Mexico was the home of many sporting men, I mean fishers of men, and not fishermen, and better, more law-abiding and true-hearted fellows never lived; as well as dangerous as a grizzly bear when aroused, but with a true love for the fish that was honest, brave or beautiful among their own people; leaving the sidewalk when a party of American ladies passed over it and remaining in the street, with their hats in their hands until they had left their immediate neighborhood; ready to fight for them at a moment's notice, and use freely the pistols which hung in their belts at all hours, day or night; true gamblers in their instincts to win, while they sat at their game; and in the end, a poor, oppressed and poor, of whom there were many in that country at that time. Of this class of men I would now tell a fishing story that was given to me by one of the actors, the night after their return from the mountains.

The Rio Chiquito (little river), which runs through the city of Santa Fé, is a sprawling mountain stream, which, for the greater part of the time is but a few feet wide and running through a channel cut for itself in the middle of the sand bed or arroyo some eighty or one hundred yards wide, that indicates the real width of the stream when the deluging rains of the mountain send it down as a torrent, with a rush and burst of water three or four feet high, rolling the great boulders in its mighty flow, so that the noise of their grinding can be heard for miles. At such times, of course, there is no fishing, but the process tears out great holes in the river bed, that during the time of the up-tide are fairly well stocked with the trout, mountain brook. None of them are very large, but many may be caught that can be called good pan fish; and for the capture of a mess of these one of the sportsmen, Tom Stevens by name, started up the stream one morning, armed cap-a-pie, as an angler. The way was rough, the bushes were low and troublesome, the clamber over the rocks and fallen timber was tiresome; but Tom's luck was good. He arrived within a mile or two of the head of the Chiquito with quite a goodly number of fine fish strung on a willow stick. Their weight, added to that of the pole, began to be somewhat of a burden to him. Here, some yards from the edge of the stream, he found a pool which the rain water had formed in a depression of the rocks, and to this pool he consigned his string that they might be kept cool and fresh until his return from the further shore of the head of the river.

Some time after Stevens returned from Santa Fé, and without his knowledge, Joe Cummings, a brother sportsman, was seized with a desire to fish the same stream, and knowing that Stevens had gone some time before, he borrowed a rod, and was soon tramping over the same trail that the first angler had taken. His luck as to numbers was good, but as to size, his fish did not attain what could be dignified

above that of fingerlings, still he cast and caught until he arrived at Stevens's pool, where he espied the string in the water. Full of fun, and ready for a joke at any time and upon any one, he quietly pulled out the willow, and stripping off the spotted beauties, he replaced them, fish for fish, with his own diminutive ones, and put the string back in the pool; and then, knowing that it could not be long before Stevens would return, he concealed himself and Stevens's fish behind a huge moss-covered rock and awaited the appearance of his "pard."

The crashing of lashes soon announced his approach, then his head and shoulders were seen at a little distance, struggling through the undergrowth, and then, with a sigh of relief, he saw himself through the lift of open space, and bent his steps toward the pool to recover his fish, Cummings, from behind his rock, watching him, his eyes beaming with fun, and awaiting the denouement. Stevens stopped and stooped over the clear water and stretched out his hand for the willow, but caught sight of the trout just as he did so, when he resumed his perpendicularity with a jerk, as a knife blade flies to its open position, gazed intently at the fish, and then slowly bending his body until his hands rested on his knees, he looked long and intently, with his eyes fairly popping out of their sockets. After a long-drawn, sonorous sigh, he said, "Well, you have shruken the — of any fish that I ever saw."

The attitude, the wonder and the exclamation were too much for Cummings; he fairly howled with laughter, when Stevens took the joke and "took after" him simultaneously, and then there was a foot race about that clearing. Of course, ended in the capture of Cummings, who was so convulsed with laughter that there was but little speed left in him. A compromise was effected, and Cummings's flask being reasonably full and Stevens's empty, they were soon laughing together over the exchange of the trout; but Stevens made Cummings promise that he would not let the joke out. It was too good, however, to keep, and champagne, paid for by Stevens, notwithstanding the mortification of several fellows, but night in Santa Fé who had not looked for anything better than the wheat whisky of the country.

W. H. B.

THE INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT.

OF the fly-casting tournament, the London Fishing Gazette says: "But that the affair was a most interesting and successful one will not, we think, be questioned by anyone who was present; and of the hundreds who took up their places to view the commencement the majority remained until after seven o'clock, and many until past nine, when the proceedings were cut short by darkness. Undoubtedly the most interesting event was the casting of Mr. Rumber Wood, which was watched with the greatest interest. It will be seen that Mr. Wood took first prize in both the single-handed fly-rod competition and the salmon fly-casting competition, though in both competitions he was very closely pressed by Mr. Mallock of Perth.

"The wind was most trying to the fly-casters, now coming in a steady, strong gust, and then, after a rest, chopping and eddying in two ways, so that it was very difficult to fly low for them. The chief difference in the American and English casting seems to be more in the rods and lines than in the method of using them. Mr. Wood used a powerful 'casting' split-cane rod and a very heavy winch line—a much heavier winch line, in fact, than is used for anything but salmon fly-fishing in this country. Later on, Mr. Wood very kindly gave an exhibition of his skill with the 5oz. soft-wood tackle ever used in the States. He says that a heavy winch line must be used to get the proper angle on the split-cane rod. The fly-casting this time took place from a platform raised about two feet from the water, and not from a punt, as was the case last time."

One of our London correspondents says, in a private letter: "You will see by the papers that Mr. Wood's victory is laid to the superiority of American rods and lines. This may be true to some extent, and no doubt will please Mr. Wood as well, as he has charge of the arrangements in the American Department of the Fisheries Exhibition, and this judgment will no doubt result in giving the first prizes to American rods. Mr. Wood has offered to take part in a friendly cast with any one in England and to use their rods and lines, either with single-handed trout rods or salmon rods. Mr. Mallock, who came nearest to Mr. Wood, whipped the ground behind him so that his flies were much damaged, a thing that Mr. Wood did not do."

We thoroughly believe in the value of these tournaments as a means of demonstrating the best methods of handling the rod, and therefore we gave the reports of the last one in full in our last issue, and will continue to give such comments as our correspondents may send, or we may find in English journals.

BLOOMING GROVE PARK.

THE Blooming Grove Park Association has been improving its grounds for the past two years, and is now proposing to establish a hatchery for trout. The new club house is finished, and both complete and commodious, and is well attended. We recently paid a visit to the park, and drove over to Lake Laura and took some bass. This lake is singular in being shallow in parts and yet free from vegetation, the bare rocks looking as clean as if washed by surf. The bass are plentiful in this lake, but as a rule are not very large. They take the fly readily, perhaps because food is scarce, which may account for their small size. In Lake Giles, where the club house is, the bass are large and well fed, but will not take either fly or bait, although they can be plainly seen at times. This is thought to be on account of food being so plenty, and if so, the fish will eventually increase until food becomes scarcer when they will gladly accept a bait, even if a line be attached to it. With a hatchery there the trout streams should be brought up to their former standard in a few years.

The breeding park contains some deer and others will be purchased; some fawns were dropped this spring and will be turned out. Bears are frequent, and we saw where one had opened an ant-hill in the road, on the way to Lake Laura. The woods abound in game of many kinds, and the club is on a sound financial basis. Some years ago it seemed as if this organization was in a feeble state; but its membership is now

like other ancient appliances, has become succeeded by a firearm but because more correct in principle. I purpose to abstain from any comment, except that which reads this letter, upon the spirit of the letters you have so kindly published from various correspondents in their criticisms of each other. Let us all acknowledge the right of each to his honest convictions, and not consume time or space in useless quarrels. I respect what I consider the mistaken views of the muzzled loaders, whether I agree with all that is said by the breech-loaders or not, and I certainly am entitled, and so are all the others, to a proper respect for the views expressed by us, mistaken as they may be, in favour of our hobby. As to "revolvers," let us all assume that each is a gentleman, and that the sanction of publication in your columns is "credentialed" enough that the views expressed are honestly believed and honestly intended, and that, unless in some other way, such as all striving to benefit ourselves by a friendly exchange of rival ideas.

"Unless a man finds out and remembers why he misses he will never know the value of a work." "The Gun and its Development," which I have not had time to read, is a gem, and why our rival guns do not work, and how and why we differ as to their rival merits, we will never vitiate of us he convinced but that each one is right in his own way.

W. WOODS. I should refer all interested to the chapter on B. L. Rides, p. 126 to 135, and the following chapter on "Penetration of Rifle Bullets," pp. 145, in which we may see "The Gun and its Development," which I have not had time to read, is a gem, and why our rival guns do not work, and how and why we differ as to their rival merits, we will never vitiate of us he convinced but that each one is right in his own way.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me." THE dusky dick, in dusky lean. With his malarial cousins by the stream; And the airy pinto sails the sky With outstretched neck and watchful eye; The green-wing teal, with lightning dart; Flies close to the water's face afloat; The blue-wing mooves at reckless pace, Nor sees the shooter's blinding glare; The widgeon, with more wary care, Swells the procession, pair by pair. "Why don't you shoot?" "It was a sin." "Oughter killed him too dead to skin." My pard is right, but the gun won't go. The shells are scattered, the crows begin to flow; And as I break the gun on the side of the boat, Says my pard: "Ef you hit me in the nose again like that, I'll kick you out of the boat, ef I don't um a goal." MR. FRANKLIN.

Rev. J. J. Pearce, D. D., of Pennsylvania, is an eminent minister of the gospel, a successful politician (he has been a member of Congress), a true sportsman, and a noble specimen of a man.

While on a visit to friends in Iowa a few years ago he expressed a great desire to have a chicken hunt, and to be able to say on his return that he had dined on the noble bird of the prairie. A hunt was organized and he put himself at its head, and after a hard day's work and many miles travel the noble bird, in the shape of a half dozen birds. These were given to the wife of one of the party to be prepared for supper, and the Elder was invited. Supper time came; there were pies, cakes, preserves, meats of every kind and variety, but no prairie chicken. The Elder was puzzled as well as disappointed. The woman being interviewed about it afterward, said that she had been better advised than to set the likes of a prairie chicken before a nice gentleman like Mr. Pearce.

A young man in one of the rural towns in southern New York was passionately fond of athletic sports, and also had a love for natural history. He spent most of his time in running foot races, playing baseball, and in shooting and moose hunting or stung birds. One day a boy, friend, just from college, said to him: "Spencer, I understand that you are becoming quite an athlete?" To which Spencer replied, "Yes, I do stifle a good many birds nowadays." QUILLS.

Answers to Correspondents.

No Notice Taken of Anonymous Correspondents.

MAC, Harrisville, Mich.—The address is No. 408 Bleeker street, New York.

J. P., San Francisco.—A reply was sent by mail advising the purchase.

G. B. W., Conway, Mass.—The party is a gamsmith in Chocomaug, Wyoming.

W. W. We have written for the law. 2. Do not know where you will find the decoys.

F. B. B., Geneseo, N. Y.—The New York law forbids sailing for ducks, also use of decoy more than twenty rods from the shore.

G. W. T., Waterbury, Conn.—There may be such a law in reference to the trees on State lands. Write to Verplanck Colvin, superintendent Adirondack Survey, Albany, N. Y.

J. B. A., Fort Orange, Volusia County.—The sharpie is a flat-bottomed launch, with about 2 to 3 feet to the sides. The chine (as it is called by barge builders) or bilge is, therefore, nearly square to the bottom. From the midship section aft, the bottom turns up to the transom, which is heightened in height by the depth lines upon the boat. The transome in shape is a reduced midship section, reduced in breadth enough to give the boat the same taper at her deck level as she has at the water line. The transome can be rounded off on the lower part outside in the same fashion as a rowboat. The plank next the keel rubs into the deadwood from the midship section aft, the setting of the transome. From the midship-section forward is given both at the sheer line height and to the chine, the rake of the stem and the extra fullness of the stem feet below. For depth, some of them of the transome are made as much as six feet broad in their cabins, while (as set forth by Mr. Roosevelt in our issue of April 5) they draw but 6 inches. The transome is a three-cornered sail, with the transome ribs set, the sail area being regulated mainly by the depth of the boat. A spinnaker is a three-cornered sail, with the transome ribs set, the sail area being regulated mainly by the depth of the boat, and to windward if running with the wind abaft the beam.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

GUIDE TO THE MYSKRA LAKES. Published gratuitously by the Northern and Northwestern Railway, Toronto. THOSE PRETTY ST. GEORGE GIRLS. A society novel. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF LEWIS WETZEL, the renowned Virginia hunter and scout. By R. C. V. Meyers, Esq., Philadelphia: Jno. E. Potter & Co. Wetzels was a frontiersman and Indian fighter; and this book is full of scalping, tomahawking, and other sanguinary deeds.

full, and of good men. Some years ago it bought some thousands of acres in the wilds of Pike county, Pa., and now it has over 800 acres under fence as a breeding park for deer.

SMALL FRY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 7, a correspondent gives a glowing and enthusiastic recital of his wonderful prowess as a trout killer. I should scarcely have noticed the rhapsodical effusion, if the writer had not been so overcome by blind infatuation as to use the expression "speckled beauties," that terrible *bite noir* to sportsmen, which he introduces with heart-sickening recklessness, and utter disregard for the finer feelings and tender sensibilities of your readers. I supposed it was a principle well settled and fully understood, throughout the length and breadth of the territory which constitutes the geographical distribution of FOREST AND STREAM, that if any man should assume to himself the garb and semblance of sportsman, and had the hardihood to force that nauseous phrase upon the stomachs of your innocent and unsuspecting readers, he would, with common consent, be indignantly ejected from the fraternity, and be metaphorically drawn and quartered, for the warning and edification of posterity. The correspondent and his companions devoted five hours to the heroic exploit of killing one hundred and seventy-five trout, of which five were one-pound fish, fifteen half-pounders, and thirty-four-ounce specimens, leaving a hundred and twenty-five which weighed less than four ounces. That a moderately sized trout is so sure, on the poor little innocents, is a reminder of a story told me by an attaché at a traveling dramatic company, a musician named Reynolds. He said he was fishing a trout stream in Massachusetts, and he had been engaged for several hours, when a farmer accosted him and asked, "What luck?" "Oh," replied Reynolds, "I have caught twenty trout." "Where are they?" asked the man. "I have them here in my vest," said Reynolds. "How did you catch them?" asked the farmer. "That's a secret of mine," said Reynolds, "but I don't mind telling you, only don't give it away. I put a big grasshopper on my hook, and whenever a trout comes along the grasshopper swallows him. When he got full I took him off and put him in my pocket."

The sort of fish which constituted the bulk of Mr. Mure's catch are such as we commonly catch here when we drag with a mosquito larva for bait.

A few days ago a friend of mine, Bob Osborne, caught in Bayou Danchiff, near the crossing of the Vicksburg, Shreveport and Pacific Railroad, one hundred and forty-seven pounds of fish with a single rod, most of them being black bass and white perch. His fish ranged from one to two and a half pounds. One of the perch weighed five pounds, a very unusual weight for this fish. Let Mr. Mure and his companions try our Southern waters. We will give him a hearty reception and good sport, but let him eschew "speckled beauties" in his future ebullitions of enthusiasm.

OCUCHITA.

FISHING AND LYING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is a singular fact that these two accomplishments usually go hand in hand throughout the world, and doubtless accounts for the remark attributed to the blackfish, to wit, "I don't mind being hooked so much, but it worries me to think what lies will be told about my size and weight. For nearly two thousand years this propensity has been indulged by piscatorial sportsmen, and it is worthy of comment that in pursuit of that branch of moral culture the lower animals have generally been selected for illustration. We are all familiar with the boy's story of the thousand cats which he saw on his father's woodpile, and which on investigation was reduced to "our cat and another one."

The periodical appearance of that fish known as "the great American snake" which is seen everywhere and anon hovering about our coast, seemingly in doubt whether to swallow an Atlantic steamer or pull Long Island away from its moorings, is faithfully reported to the world by the press.

One of these "fish stories" has lately been hooked up out of Lake Michigan or elsewhere by a Chicago editor, and the editorial organs east of that moral city have scooped it into their own columns, with an exaggeration which would astonish the blackfish spoken of had not the frying pan destroyed his powers of appreciation.

The science of "fishculture," as represented by this tale, can hardly be expected to go much further, for what was a mere little "killy fish" at Chicago has become a right whale on reaching the seaboard. But, without further preface, let the story be briefly given.

The writer is charged with having said that our worthy President Arthur is not fit to be the Chief Magistrate of this great republic, although a gentleman and a scholar, because "he goes a-fishing." Now, to deny such a silly story would be as silly as the story itself, and reminds the undersigned of the prudent remark of an old lady, who lived near where he was born, in reply to the assurance of her son that his gun was not loaded, to wit, that she had heard of guns that would go off without lock, stock or barrel!"

HENRY BERGH.

LARGE CAVALLE, OR POMPANO.—Mr. George Gilbert, of Pilot Town, Fla., recently sent to a friend in Jacksonville a cavalle weighing 49 lbs. and measuring 3 ft 8 in. The name of cavalle, or cavalle, for Dr. Gill spells it both ways, is apparently a name for different fishes of the family *Carangidae*. Gill gives it as a South Carolinian name for the fish known as pompano on the southern coast and in New York. In his "Catalogue of Fishes of the East Coast of North America" he records three pompanos—the *Trachygnathus carolinus* (the one we have referred to), the *T. glaucus* or smooth pompano, and the *T. ovalis* or short pompano. Within the past three years we have recorded the capture of large specimens of *T. glaucus*, weighing from eighteen to twenty-four pounds. A fish whose habitat is the west coast of Africa about the Canary Islands and in the same latitude as Florida. It has been suspected to be merely the adult form of our common pompano or cavalle. If so then our fish is not full grown, and in common on our coast only in its early life. Our valued correspondent, Dr. Kenworthy has been charged with drawing the long hook in saying that he has caught one of these fish in the Cape Lossahatchie River, Florida, which weighed sixteen pounds, a fact that we do not doubt.

BLACK BASS IN LAKE ONTARIO.—The Oswego, N. Y., *Pollackian* says: "Just now, not only the people of this city but of the whole country along the south shore of Lake Ontario, are having the rarest sort of sport in angling for black bass. It may be that this is an exceptional year—though we doubt it—and that the bass have come to this shore in unusual numbers, about which, also, we are dubious; but of one thing we are certain, and that is that some of the finest sport which is to be had in the world will be had by the fishers on the lake. In a general way, and of a verity, it may be said that the whole south shore of Lake Ontario, from Pulteycville to Cape Vincent, is one series of black bass fishing grounds. Of course there is much of this shore—the sandy and gravelly portions—which is not haunted by the black bass. But, wherever there are broken rock bottoms, if from five to fifteen feet in depth, there the fisherman may safely throw out his lines, and there he will get the most satisfactory results. The city of Oswego seems to be most favorably situated with reference to the noted black bass haunts. Lewis's Bluff, some six miles up the lake, is one of the best points on the whole shore, and it can be easily reached either by boat or carriage; by the former in an hour and a half, and by the latter in an hour, over a delightful route. Coming rear from Lewis's Bluff, and about half way to the city, the fishermen run upon Ford's shoals, and a better place for an afternoon and evening's sport is not to be found. These shoals cover considerable ground and there are days when the well equipped fisherman can have sport which he will not fail to remember with pleasure. Good baits, ormsen, luncheon and minnows can be had at Lewis's Bluff. Coming down the lake and passing east of the city, the angler will find many a fishing spot of points of land, all of which indicate rock bottoms and deep beds. In any of these, if his lines are out, he will soon "have trouble." Four miles down there are large areas of bass bottoms from which fabulous numbers of the game trout have been taken this season, and of unusual size. Continuing east, wostrike Pleasant Point, one of the notable fishing grounds of this shore. Here Capt. Sam Nichols has a comfortable tackle shop, and a most generous and liberal hospitality. The point is convenient to many famous ledges, and it is much favored by parties from the city and surrounding towns for its pleasant scenery, as well as for its notable bass beds. Three miles further east is Mexico Point, one of the loveliest spots on the south shore. Here is Mr. W. H. Wright's hotel. Just now, and probably until the latter part of July, the trolled, live minnow is the "killing" bait. In our own mind, the most wonderful execution now. Very large bass are taken with minnows—still fishing—but this is no sport for an angler. If you would have sport next to fly-casting, do this: Take a fly-rod—say from ten to fourteen ounces in weight, with a good reel, and from seventy-five to one hundred feet of oiled silk line. Put on a twelve-foot leader and three flies—two large and clumsy chumps of feathers such as some tongue are necessary, put on the minnow, and the end of a three quarter ounce sinker on the line about two feet above the leader; troll slowly over the ledges in the vicinity of any of the points named above, and if you are an angler, you will have fun, the like of which you have not had. We know a man—a Mr. Loomis of Syracuse—who within the last week, with this kind of rod and skilled manipulation, killed in one day near Mexico Point, one hundred and thirty-two black bass that weighed two hundred and sixty-eight pounds—and it wasn't much of a day for bass, either."

A BLACK STATUE.—Capt. J. W. Collins, of the staff of the U. S. Fish Commission, now at the International Fisheries Exhibition in London, tells the following story of how one of our colored brethren came out ahead of an Indian from Canada in the way of posing like a tobaccoist's sign. Capt. Collins says: "We have among our exhibits (at the London International Fisheries Exposition) several fine models of fisherman. One of these had been placed near the display of whaling implements, and another close by the main entrance to our section, being the broad aisle between the United States and Canada, down which passed the royal procession. A short time before noon the Indian brought over by the Canadians took up his position on their side of the aisle, and, as the king and his legions, etc., he made quite a sensation on his first appearance. He was outdone by 'Mr. Lo,' a North Carolina turkey, who has been employed as a laborer in our department, acting under instructions, dressed himself cap-in-hand, in a suit of oil clothes, and took up his position, or in hand, opposite the 'noble red man' from New Brunswick. Standing as erect and immovable as a royal horse guard on duty, and scarcely distinguishable from the cast of a negro, near by, he became, as soon as the opening ceremonies were over, the center of attraction for a large crowd which gathered round, and by all the arts and devices which are usually resorted to on such occasions, tried to bring a smile to the stolid and statuesque colored individual. But he displayed a most remarkable control over his features. Though he was pinched and pushed, and his wings were forced to creak, he was an emblem of the between his fingers, not a muscle quivered, and scarcely the wink of an eyelash told the gaping crowd that he was different from the plaster cast. Some of the people were deceived into the belief that he was a cast. One lady exclaimed: 'Well, I do declare, these Yankees are very clever people; they are sure to get ahead of all the rest of the world. No one could tell but what that colored man was a better actor than I have ever tried to make myself.' To make the darkey show some sign of motion, broke out with: 'That beats the horse grand all to pieces. I never saw anything like it.' It is needless to say that this caused the crowd much amusement during the entire afternoon. The Indian was forgotten, and after showing his approval of the negro's solidity by an 'ngt,' left the scene, probably retiring to smoke his calumet outside of the buildings, where no prohibiting notice stared him in the face."

BLACK BASS IN THE POMPANO.—Dr. W. S. Hoke, of Philadelphia, with his brother and party of friends from Chambersburg, Pa., will go into camp at Falling Waters, on the Potomac River, for the purpose of black bass fishing. The lake, at this point on the river are large and sport is anticipated. I shall have daily accounts of the catch from the camp.—HOMO.

THE CARP AS A GAME FISH. A correspondent of the *London Fishing Gazette* writes of carp fishing at Wimbleton Lake, and says: "We clever anglers cease to try and pull out of the Wimbleton Lake carp weighing from 4 lbs. to 20 lbs. without a reel? You will scarcely believe it possible, but many of these so-called carp fishers visiting this lake never think of using a reel. The consequence is, as 'L. B. Esq.' says, 'the breaks away, as compared to the captures, are most alarming.' I shall not forget to give a few lines to these same gentlemen contradicted in a future issue. In answering a question, I ventured to suggest, in the most polite manner, what the result would be in the case of hooking a fish of 5, 6, or 7 lbs. In reply, he observed: 'It appears to me you know very little about carp fishing. With a rod like this, I could play a carp 5 or 6 lbs. as easily as playing a roach of 3 or 6 oz.' I should no more think of using the said rod for taking carp, Mr. Editor, than a butcher's pole. The rod used for club or barbed fishing in the Trent is what I should use. Unless I am very much mistaken, I said: 'You would not even have the chance of playing him.' 'Why not?' 'Why not?' because he would be gone before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' I here left him, and within ten minutes my yard so he was literally smashed all to ribbons by a perfect 'fisher.' The keeper afterward informed me that this very individual was broken up no less than three times in one day."

Two or three years ago the Erie Game and Fish Association secured a large number of German carp minnows, which were placed in the bay here in the greatest variety and abundance of the already excellent stock on our fishing grounds. Scarcely anything has been heard of them since they were placed in the water and their fate was a matter of conjecture for some time. It was not known whether the little fellows could manage to escape the hungry maws of the carp, whose voracious appetite would glory in such delicate food as the little minnows. The success of this spring's fishing season shows that the experiment has proved a success, and that a number of the German carp have become full-grown, and are biting well, but of course it cannot be known yet whether the supply be large or small. From time to time small German carp have been captured occasionally, but this spring quite a number have been taken in an afternoon. It is not probable that any large black bass will be the attraction of hauling in a fish of light and as excellent eating. Mr. Fuchslocher was out yesterday with a friend, and during the afternoon they captured two big fellows weighing about five pounds each. Mr. Fuchslocher says that the carp die game and fight desperately for life, so that the sport of hauling them in is fully equal to that of a good struggle for a lively black bass. With a disposition not to be caught, it can be said that the carp somewhat resembles a whitefish, but are more of a silver-gray in color, and as soon as their favorite haunts are well established they will be sought out with great avidity.—Erie (Pa.) Observer.

THE JORDAN.—To those who have visited the Jordan River it is unnecessary to say anything in praise of it as a trout stream. Few fishermen are ignorant of its qualities, but to those who are not acquainted with it, we say come and try it, and like others who have done the same, go away satisfied that it is one of the finest streams in the Northwest. We refer those wishing an extended description of its beauties to the little booklet, "The Jordan River, Game Resorts of Northern Michigan," issued and distributed gratuitously by the passenger department of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern Railroad. Excellent catches are reported already, and sportsmen are turning their steps toward the Jordan in large numbers. First-class accommodations may be had at the old hostelry, Webster's, three miles up the river, and guides and boats may be procured at Charlevoix. The various ways of reaching Charlevoix are pretty well known to shooting men. Lake steamers may be taken from Buffalo, Detroit, Cleveland and Chicago direct to Charlevoix, or by rail via Detroit, Lansing & Northern, or Grand Rapids & Indiana to Boyne Falls, thence by narrow-gauge railroad to Boyne City, thence by steamer on Pine Lake to Charlevoix. Refreshed by food and rest, and invigorated by the northern air, the fisherman can (having proper guide and boat) take the most enjoyable of the elegant passenger steamers, Char Bell or Gazelle, for the river, or can procure a rig direct to the liveliest stable at hand and drive through the forest direct to Webster's.—H. L. 1.

A LARGE ALLIGATOR GAR.—MORROE, LA., June 26.—Your correspondent "Fehinus" writes a very facile pen and sends you a very interesting report of a very large fish he ran him down on the weight of his fish. This morning Bill Hanna caught an alligator gar in the river at this place, which I think is the largest fish I have ever seen a record of as having been taken with hook and line. Bill procured a cotton line "about the size of a lead pencil," and had three ordinary catfish hooks lashed together with wire, so as to form a kind of "bob." Armed with this tackle he went down to the dock of a local boat, and, having tied to the post with the gar, which assemble there in great numbers to feed on the fish offal which is thrown into the river. Bill put a chunk of catfish on his hook for bait, and tossed it into the water. He very soon had a bite, and then the fun began. The line was some hundred and fifty feet long. For some time it looked doubtful to the spectators whether the fish was coming to the surface, but he went on for some time, but he succeeded in getting the fish near enough to feed on the fish offal to enable the fisherman to brain him with an axe. The gar was hauled up to our office on a dory, where, having procured a small block and fall, he was hoisted up to a limb of a tree and weighed in the presence of a large number of deeply interested spectators. He weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and measured six feet ten and a half inches in length.—OCUCHITA.

WHITEFISH TAKE THE HOOK.—Editor Forest and Stream: Do whitefish bite or take the baited hook? Yes, they do. Many years ago I was storm-bounded forty-eight hours at Copper Harbor (old Port Wilkins, Lake Superior). One person was found there, a tried fisherman, who had taken a fish with the gar, which assemble there in great numbers to feed on the fish offal which is thrown into the river. Bill put a chunk of catfish on his hook for bait, and tossed it into the water. He very soon had a bite, and then the fun began. The line was some hundred and fifty feet long. For some time it looked doubtful to the spectators whether the fish was coming to the surface, but he went on for some time, but he succeeded in getting the fish near enough to feed on the fish offal to enable the fisherman to brain him with an axe. The gar was hauled up to our office on a dory, where, having procured a small block and fall, he was hoisted up to a limb of a tree and weighed in the presence of a large number of deeply interested spectators. He weighed one hundred and seventy-six pounds, and measured six feet ten and a half inches in length.—OCUCHITA.

PROTECTION IN GREAT SOUTH BAY.—The *South Side Signal*, of Babylon, L. I., says: "The South Side Association for the Preservation of Fish and Game has gone to work in earnest to break up the drift netting of fish in Fire Island Inlet. Several parties have been arrested under that portion of the game law that prohibits the hauling of nets at night, and the setting of drift nets in the channels. As a consequence the bay is fairly alive with bluefish, and those engaged in legal netting are reaping a rich harvest. On Monday morning last George Saunins, in company with Scott Millard, took over 5,000 bluefish from their nets. The fish average about 2 1/2 pounds each, and the entire catch will probably return about \$600. All the other net fishermen did nearly as well. So much for giving the fish a chance to come up into the bay. We learn that no less than thirty men who were fishing with 'dry nets' were arrested last week. They were punished with from three days' imprisonment to fifty dollars fine. It has long been a matter of surprise to anglers that the hotels and others permitted such open violations of the law as has been done for the past ten years or more on this valuable fishing ground. Pound nets have been set in Fire Island channel contrary to law and to the destruction of fishing in this great natural fishing ground. It is time that something was done, and we hope that the association will continue the good work."

COLORADO TROUTING.—Denver, Col., June 29.—The riflemen are doing very little shooting here, as the extension of the city limits compelled them to leave their old range, and they have not as yet decided on a new one. The fishing season opens here the first of July, and Postmaster Fishers and Lawyer France are going to Middle Park about the 15th on their annual trouting expedition. Tourists coming to Colorado for fishing and shooting, will do well to call on John P. Lower, the veteran dealer in sportsman's goods, for information where to go, and if they stand in need of an outfit, John can supply it. He is every inch a gentleman, and what he don't know about the game resorts of this State wouldn't fall a very large look.—**THAT OFFICE BOY.**

BLACK BASS IN LAKE ERIE.—Erie, Pa., June 30.—The fishing for black bass has been good all spring, but of late has fallen off somewhat, and parties have been going over to Long Point, Canada, twenty-eight miles distant, and returning nearly every time loaded. I believe the bass taken here represent the first crop of returned black bass. Fishers and Lawyer France are going to Middle Park about the 15th on their annual trouting expedition. Tourists coming to Colorado for fishing and shooting, will do well to call on John P. Lower, the veteran dealer in sportsman's goods, for information where to go, and if they stand in need of an outfit, John can supply it. He is every inch a gentleman, and what he don't know about the game resorts of this State wouldn't fall a very large look.—**THAT OFFICE BOY.**

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FISHING WITH THE FLY.—We have received proofs of plates on flies to illustrate the following book, "Fishing With the Fly," by Mr. C. F. Orvis, assisted by Mr. A. N. Cheney. We have before announced the fact that such a book, with articles on different kinds of fish by well-known writers, was in progress. The plates are exceedingly fine and give promise of a valuable work. It will probably be issued in the course of a month.

BLACK BASS IN THE SCHUYLKILL.—Bass fishing in the Schuylkill about Reading is not good. At this point the fish take all but early in the season better than in the months of July and August. Residents state that from the middle of July until September few will be taken there. The heavy rains of this week have rendered the waters so muddy that little can be done until they become clear.—**HOMO.**

LAKE HEBRON.—Monson, Me., June 30.—The Piscataquis Game and Fish Protective Society of Monson, Me., purchased 50,000 brook trout fry of the M. Kineo hatching works, and they were turned into Lake Hebron on the 28th inst. The fry have been doing well, and are in part now in Lake Hebron this spring, weighing from two to four and three-quarter pounds.—**J. F. SPRAGUE.**

WINCHENDON, MASS.—Mr. E. S. Merrill's party have returned from the Canada woods report having had excellent success in taking trout, both as to numbers and size, and that several of the finest specimens were taken. One of the and another of twenty-five pounds the last taken by Mr. Myron W. Whitney, of Boston.

SALMON ON THE RESTIGOUCHE.—We understand that the salmon are running in large quantities on the Restigouche, and that several large fish have shipped from Campbellton since June 1. This is good news, and will in part make amends for the unsatisfactory fishing of the past two years.

MICHIGAN.—Linden.—Good fishing in this part of Michigan for bass, pickerel, etc. Linden is on D. G. H. & M. R. R., fifty-five miles west of Detroit. Anyone coming here can get accommodated with boats, etc.—**WM. H. G.**

SHEEPSHEAD AT BARNEGAT.—June 30.—Sheepshead fishing at Barnegat was never better. Thomas M. Dickson, of Philadelphia, on June 29, between 9 A. M. and noon, took twelve, weighing 108 lbs.—**HOMO.**

LARGE TROUT.—George H. Comstock, of Ivoryton, Conn., last fall caught with a fly in the Kennebec River, below the dam, in one day, twelve trout, weighing forty pounds and one ounce.—**P. F.**

Fishculture.

CALIFORNIA SALMON BRED IN CAPTIVITY
We give below a translation of an extremely interesting paper by MM. Ravert-Wattel and Bartet, on the successful hatching of eggs obtained from salmon in the Trocadero Aquarium, Paris.
On the 15th of October, 1878, the aquarium of the Trocadero received from the National Society of Acclimatization ten thousand eggs of the California salmon (*Oncorhynchus quin-*), part of a shipment made by Mr. Spencer F. Baird, United States Commissioner of Fisheries. These eggs, in which the embryos were already well advanced, soon hatched. The fry were very vigorous and their development rapid, at least from the time (January 1, 1879) when the aquarium having been handed over to the Municipal Government, and given in charge of an engineer of the service of the parks and walks in the city of Paris, care was regularly given to the different fish which occupied the tanks.
The young salmon, liberally fed upon the chopped-up flesh of the whitefish, attained in one year the weight of 250 grammes. At this time almost all lost the dorsal fin. Life to assume the beautiful silver reflections of the smolts, but they did not show the restlessness which is usually observed in the

common salmon of the same age when kept in captivity. They endured their confinement perfectly well, and their losses were relatively insignificant.
Two years later, the young salmon had become very beautiful fish, some of them weighing two kilograms. In October, 1881, several individuals gave evident signs of spawn. Artificial fertilization was attempted, but the eggs taken appeared to be badly developed, and gave no result. Then all, or nearly all males and females, which had appeared ready to spawn, died.

The following year, 1882, again in the month of October, these fish once more manifested a desire to spawn, and on the 24th of October seven individuals were taken, one of which an attempt was made to fertilize by the milk of a trout, as ripe male salmon were lacking at the time. The operation was unsuccessful. But a few days later individuals of both sexes were ready to spawn, it was possible to take and fertilize in the space of five weeks nearly 30,000 eggs.

Unfortunately the lack of a sufficient number of hatching troughs necessitated the keeping of the eggs for several days in a space too confined. And besides the work of repairing the troughs, which for the aquarium, permitted for a while only the use of unfiltered water. It is to these two causes that we must attribute the failure of the greater number of the eggs, which, looking very healthy, almost all perished as they ought to hatch. About 1,500 very vigorous fry were raised, and these, in perfect health. They are enough to demonstrate the possibility of rearing and breeding the California salmon under entirely exceptional conditions of captivity. The fact appears still more interesting, because we are dealing with a foreign species, which is essentially migratory, and which has thus adapted itself at once to a new climate and to a complete change in its habits. The acquisition of the species would seem therefore easily to be brought about, and it would be especially useful in considering the restocking of those waters in which fish flow into the Mediterranean, in which the common salmon is unknown and probably would not succeed, while the California salmon, which shows itself in America down to the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude (and is found in California south of the *Salmo salar*), could apparently be acclimatized in the Rhone, the Aude, and the Herault.

*The individuals which had spawned soon died.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.
[PROCEEDINGS CONTINUED.]
SUNFISH: THEIR HABITS AND EXTERMINATION.

BY FRED MATHER.
A PEST which the fish-culturist who has large ponds often has to contend with is the little fish, or fishes, for there are several species, which are popularly called sunfish, pondfish, pumpkinseed, etc. These are the *Cyprinus carpio*, *Catostomus commersoni*, and are closely related to the black bass, both in structure and habits, an intermediate link being found in the "red eyes," "rock bass," and the "white-mouth" of the South. Within the district east of the Mississippi and north of North Carolina, Prof. Jordan, in his "Manual of the Vertebrates," enumerates eleven genera and twenty-six species of sunfishes, and this region would be several millions of dollars richer, if they were not so numerous.

The sunfish is among the first of the scaly acquaintances made by the boyish angler in his Saturday trips to the mill-pond; and although there is a feeling of sentiment in favor of a fish that is connected with early angling, and on whose account I was once fined, and whose name is pronounced by a stern parent to account for absences from school, I now look upon the little fish as a great nuisance. Sentiment has no place in the struggle to produce food, and the sunfish consumes a vast amount of food, which is wasted by its being furnished to other and better fishes to any extent, for its strong spines, which are erected when in danger, make it a thorny mouthful. Even when these spines are trimmed off it is the poorest of baits, and it is well to know the fish by sight and to be on its guard when it is introduced into a pond, and thus learn that the individual before them has been disarmed. There are comparatively large species, which in some waters grow to a quarter of a pound in weight, but take the fish as they run in the ponds, they seldom reach two ounces.

The food of the sunfish is worms, flies, crustaceans, fish eggs, and small fish, especially those which have soft fins, for they do not resist the sunfish's jaws. Consequently they are formidable competitors for the food of the young fish, and the fish, even if they did not devour them, but when their predatory habits are added to their consumption of other food, and their voracity is also known, they at once become regarded as among the most injurious foes of the fish-culturist.

My attention was strongly called to this fish this spring. Near the hatchery at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, of which I have had charge this year, are the mill ponds belonging to the Messrs. Jordan, by which the water for the hatchery was leased for a nominal sum to the New York Fish Commission. I had some young land-locked salmon, and Mr. Townsend Jones wished to try some of them in the lower pond, which is deep and cold, but in contact with sunfish. I recommended placing the fish in the upper pond where the water is shallow, plentiful, and where the spring streams would afford food and protection to the fry, until large enough to run down into the two lower ponds. Mr. Jones (eared they would interfere with the eggs) consented to my suggestion, and placed in each some in each pond. In the lower pond, where the sunfish are most plentiful, we placed 3,500 young land-locked salmon, of an inch or more in length, by setting them out in the springs bordering the pond. We watched them, and saw the sunfish waiting for those which went down into deeper water, but could not see that any were caught. The next day Mr. Jones captured a sunfish which had thirty-five young salmon in its stomach, just one per cent. of the plant. At this rate it would eat up the entire stock of sunfish in the course of the next day, and we estimated that there were tens of thousands of sunfish in the large pond.

About the middle of May, in this vicinity, the sunfish makes his nest near the shore, and builds it of stones and mud, about twelve or fifteen inches in diameter in the gravel. The male and female occupy the nest and fight off all intruders. In the pond mentioned there is a spot near the flume where a space twenty-five feet long by fifteen wide contains two hundred nests, lying as thickly as it is possible for eggs to lie. On the first day of June I noticed that they were spawning, the female slowly turning around in the nest, and the male going around outside of her. They would come together and lie upon their sides, and the male would frequently come to the surface, and by motion of his tails turn round on a point of which her dorsal fin was the pivot. I imagine to think that all the eggs are not laid at one time, but that altogether each female deposits from ten to ten hundred eggs in the season. There are probably ten thousand such nests in Mr. Jones's pond, as they can be seen all along the shores in from two to four feet of water, seldom deeper than five feet.

In the course of my fish-culture life, I have been applied to many times by persons who wish to know how to value a fish, to know how to get rid of sunfish. They have often asked if explosion would not be effective, and I have told them that it would, but it would also kill every other living thing in the water, and would be a great loss to the fish-culturist. Such valuable fish-food as insect, larva and crustacean, and that the remedy was as bad as the disease. All that then suggested itself was persistent netting, and this entails much watching the nests, it occurred to me that the young of all could be effectually killed off by rowing around the ponds and

dropping a piece of quikline as large as a robin's egg upon each nest, perhaps through a tube, which would deliver it exactly. This plan would not interfere with the waters in the pond, nor with the fish, and it would be a great deal better than the original stock did out would appear to be effectual. I have recommended this plan to Mr. Jones, and, if it meets terms, will assist him in carrying it out.

LOBSTERS.

Mr. PHILLIPS.—I have here a paper on lobster culture, by Mr. S. M. Johnson, of the firm of Johnson & Young, the large lobster dealers of Warren Bridge, Boston, but think it best to preface it by some extracts from a report on the Collection of Economic Crustaceans, Worms, Echinoderms, and Sponges, sent to the Great International Fish Exhibition at London, by Mr. Richard Rathbun, Curator of the Department of Marine Invertebrates in the United States National Museum. The report says:

"The lobster is by far the most important crustacean occurring upon the coasts of the United States, and gives rise to an extremely valuable fishery. It is confined to the Atlantic side of the continent, and ranges from Delaware, in the south, to Labrador, in the north. The most southern fishery is a small one in the neighborhood of Atlantic City and Long Branch, New Jersey. Lobsters were once moderately abundant in New York Bay, and were taken there for market, but the pollution of the waters of the bay by numerous factories and other causes have combined to destroy the species. At numerous places through Long Island Sound, lobsters are sufficiently plentiful to permit of limited fisheries, which are mainly confined to supplying the local demand. Further east, on the southern New England coast, in the region of Block Island, Montauk Point, the Nantucket Islands, and Martha's Vineyard, they become much more abundant and afford a very profitable fishery, extending through the spring, summer, and early fall. The entire coast line of Massachusetts abounds with lobsters, and the Maine coast has the largest supply of them, but overfishing has nearly depleted some of the shallow water areas, which were once prolific, as at Provincetown. The sandy shores of New Hampshire furnish only a moderate supply of lobsters. Lobsters are very much more abundant on the Maine coast than anywhere else in the world, and the yearly fishery exceeds in quantity and value those of all the other States combined. This State is, in fact, the main source of supply for all the principal markets in the United States. The fishery continues all the year, but is most active during the spring, summer, and fall, and especially from April 1 to August 1, when the canneries are open.

"The lobster fishery, as a distinct industry, commenced on the Massachusetts coast about the beginning of the present century, and on the Maine coast about 1840. It has rapidly developed to the present time. At first, lobsters were frequently found, during the summer, in some favorable spots along the coast, but they were not taken in large numbers until the late '40s, when they were taken in great numbers on the coast, where they could be gaffed out from under the protection of overhanging rocks and seaweeds. They rarely occur in such situations now, and the fishery is mainly carried on in depths of from five fathoms to 20 or 30 fathoms, but sometimes in depths of 40 to 60 fathoms. On the coast of Nova Scotia, lobsters are about as common as on the Maine coast, but further to the north they become less abundant again. They have been taken on some of the outlying fishing banks, such as the Grand Bank, but are not fished for at any great distance from land.

"The lobster fishery is regularly carried on by means of wooden framework traps, or pots, generally constructed of the same material as the fish traps, and of a somewhat conical or oval shape, being flat below, rounded at the sides, and above, and with a net-work or wooden funnel-entrance at each end, or at one end only. The ordinary size is four feet long, and one to three feet wide, and high, with two funnels; the funnels with one funnel, and the other with two funnels are occasionally used, as are also rectangular-shaped pots. The old style of lobster pot, employed when lobsters were more abundant and the fishery less important, consisted of a wooden hoop, of circular or oval form, with a net-work of diameter, carrying a net which sagged but little, and furnished above with a cross-loop arrangement, or with twine leaders, to which the line for lowering it, as well as the bait, was fastened. The old style of pot, now almost entirely disappeared from the coast, as it required constant attention, and only a few could be tended by each fisherman. The lath or cylinder pots are built in the center with hoop or refuse fish, which are fastened on an upright, spearlike holder, and are lowered by means of a rope attached to the end of the pot. The number of pots used by each fisherman varies in different localities, ranging all the way from 8 or 10 to 100. The average number used by each fisherman is about 25. The pots are fastened singly or attached together in trawls, the character of the bottom, abundance of lobsters, and custom regulating this matter. When set trawl-fashion, the pots can be handled much more easily than otherwise, and this method is generally resorted to on the coast of Maine. The pots are fastened to the bottom not too tight. The pots are fastened together in strings of 10 or a dozen to 50 or 60, at distances apart of 15 to 20 fathoms, and have a long buoy line at each end, which is fastened to the bottom, and is usually of iron line, beginning at one end, and marks the ends with kegs or small wooden buoys. After remaining down a sufficient length of time, generally twenty-four hours, he proceeds to examine the pots, and hauls them up, one by one, or a few together, and it to the other. The general arrangement of the trawl is not, therefore, disturbed; but the pots, after they have been examined, fall back again into nearly the same places which they previously occupied. In setting the pots singly, each has a buoy line and buoy, and the fishery line and buoy, and succession from one to the other. Where lobsters are much scattered, this is the preferable way of setting the pots, as they are shifted slightly every time they are hauled, and the fishery line and buoy are not disturbed. The trawl is probably the one most universally employed along the entire coast. It is customary to visit the pots early every morning, or otherwise, when the tides serve best.

"The principal lobster markets are Portland, Boston, and New York. Three-fourths of all the lobsters disposed of to the fresh trade are carried by well-manned or railroads to one or other of these three centers, where they are sold locally or distributed through the country, either alive or cooked. The principal market for live lobsters is Portland, where large cars, in which a considerable stock can be stored awaiting orders. Lobsters are in season during the entire year, but are much more abundant in the markets, and much more expensive, during the winter and spring months, than in the early fall. For most lobster fishermen the season is of short duration, lasting only about two, three, or four months, after which time, and until the next season, they engage in other fisheries, but generally in the former state. Their season's stock seldom exceeds a few hundred dollars.

"The canning of lobsters in the United States is entirely confined to the coast of Maine; and most of the provincial canneries are controlled by American capital. Without its canning interests, the Maine lobster trade would be of little value, and its prestige, as the majority of the lobsters canned are below the regulation size established by custom for the fresh markets. The market-makers will seldom buy lobsters measuring less than three inches in length, and the minimum size under this size are sold to the canneries. The canning industry was first started about 1840, at Eastport, Me., but several years elapsed before it was successfully introduced. In 1850 there were reported to be three canneries in Maine, with a total capital of \$200,000, remaining open during the season, and giving employment to about 650 factory hands and

THE TERROR—Concerning the *Margorie*, the *Wood's* correspondent writes from Harwich, England, as follows: "Mr. James Ashbury's schooner, the *Cambria*, which went to America some ten years ago, must be pretty well known to most American yachtsmen. She was at first the crack English yacht, but things have wonderfully changed here since then, and the *Miranda*, which was built in 1876, proved herself so much faster that the *Cambria*, after a few matches with her, gave up racing altogether. The *Miranda* sailed in to-day's race, meeting the *Margorie* for the first time, by which yacht she was beaten, as described, by six minutes and thirty seconds, without any allowance. The *Miranda*, after numerous contests, was found last enough to give the *Cambria* from twelve to fifteen minutes in anything like a fair breeze over the usual English course for this class, say six miles. Now if the *Miranda* can beat the *Cambria* in fifteen minutes and the *Margorie*, according to a fair and honest performance to-day over a course in which there was a large proportion of running and reaching, can beat the *Miranda* six minutes and a half, the *Margorie* is accordingly some twenty minutes faster over a sixty-mile course than the *Cambria* was when she sailed in America.

THE NEWS ABROAD—The victory of the keel cutter *Wenonah* over the centerboard sloops of the New York Y. C. in the annual regatta of that club on the 21st inst., shows that the America's cup is at the mercy of the English yachtsmen, whenever they choose to try it. It will one of their best racing cutters, the *Wenonah* was built last year from a design by John Harvey, a famous English naval architect, and is of the following dimensions: Length over all, 100 ft.; draft of water 10 ft. Her sails were made in England, and she was sailed by an English skipper and crew. The *Wenonah's* dimensions are scarcely up to the standard of modern English racers, and as she sailed her first race on the occasion, there are probably at least a dozen well-seasoned cutters in England that could have given her a beating over a 50-mile course.—*Belle-vue Intelligence*.

NEW SLOOP—John Munro is building a deep sloop for Mr. John Dimond, of Brooklyn. Over 145 ft.; water line 32 1/2; beam, 14 1/2 ft.; depth, 5 ft. Mr. Dimond was a great admirer of the skimming fish, and lost no opportunity to proclaim his faith. We are glad to find his new sloop with 2 1/2 depth in place of the old orthodox 4 ft.

QUINCY Y. C.—Third race was sailed off Great Hill, June 27, in easterly wind with light fog. J.oker, Oso, Coffin, won in second class in 1:10:42 and Danforth, Jr., Adams, and in third class in 1:52:41 corrected time. Prizes were pennants, presented by Sigourney Butler. Next race second championship match, fixed for 8 P. M., July 12.

KINCHEEBUCKER Y. C.—Pennant matches for club yachts are to be sailed once a month, July August and October. Pennants become property of yachts winning most races. First class comprises all cabin sloops, second class open yachts over 24 ft., third class open yachts under 24 ft., fourth class cat-rigged yachts over 24 ft., fifth class cat-rigged boats under 24 ft. and over 30 ft., sixth class, cat-rigged yachts under 30 ft. Course for first class from Fort Morris club house around Tom buoy and return. For others around Port Schuyler buoy. Start prompt at 2 P. M.

RIVET—The iron cutter *Rivet*, formerly of Kingston, Ont., will join Royal Canadian squadron this year. She was built by Simons, of Glasgow, in 1876, and sent out in sections to the lakes. She has now been bought by Hon. Edward Blake, and has been thoroughly overhauled and received her ballast. *Rivet* is 100 ft. over all, and 30 ft. beam, so it will be seen she has quite modern proportions and certainly was ahead of her times when first built. She sailed for Niagara with the Toronto squadron, June 30.

BEVERLY Y. C.—Club book for the year shows 122 members and 109 yachts, being a larger proportion of yachts to members than any other club in America. The fleet is made up of four keel and four centerboard schooners, six keel and fifteen centerboard sloops, eleven cutters, two yawls, one helms, fifty-eight entombs, and one steamer. There are four keels among the catboats. Seventy-third race on Saturday. Classes over 21 ft and under 17 ft.

PHOTOS—We have received from Rockwood, the photographer, No. 17 Union Square, a fine assortment of instantaneous photographs taken during the recent great races. They represent individual vessels and interesting groups. Among them we note some of the schooner *Grayling*, *Albatross*, *Tidal Wave*, *Montauk*, cutters *Red Onin* and *Peter*, sloops *Rover*, *Fanny*, *Rover*. The photos are well executed and handsomely mounted.

TORONTO Y. C.—The squadron sailed for Niagara June 24, and attended a hop in the evening. Yachts in the dock were: *Chatter* (Huntrevere, Geo. Nicol, M. C. Brown, C. Marriott, Saulters, H. Armstrong, W. Law, H. Parsons; cutter *Rivet*, Capt. E. H. Blake, V. Armstrong, N. Moffatt and H. Norton; sloop *Gypsy*, Capt. Townsend, G. M. Sutherland, A. Boulbee, R. Agnew and F. Dunbar; sloop *Mischief*, F. Parkinson, D. Murray, F. Thomas; sloop *Kestrel*, C. Townsend, J. George and A. Campbell.

SALEM BAY Y. C.—Prizes in recent race have been awarded to *Nirvana* in first class sloops, and to *Conus* in third class; rest failed to make the course.

KEEL CAT—Lawley & Son, South Boston, have built a keel cat for Geo. Payne. Over all 100 ft., on water line 10 ft., iron on keel 500 pounds.

NEW JERSEY Y. C.—Will arrange a match open to all yachts under 35 ft., for Sept. 15. Regular club course, around Robin's Reef and buoy 13 in lower bay. Fixed ballast, limited crews. Classes for cat-rigged yachts over and under 20 ft. Prizes, champion pennant and \$25 in each class.

JEFFERYS Y. C.—Second championship match was sailed off Jaffrey Point, East Boston, June 30, in light easterly wind. Course, 6 miles. Only two starters. Lizzie S. Porter, Jr., won in 1:29:32, corrected time, beating Judith, E. T. Piceau, by 3m. 15s.

CHICAGO Y. C.—Sixty members are off on the annual cruise to Milwaukee. The fleet comprises schooners *Idler* and *Countess*; sloops *Coria*, *Wasp*, *Nordon*, *Arlet*, *Port Zephyr* and *Beatrice*; cutters *Larons*, *O. K.* and *Staine*, and steamer *Hunter*.

HULL Y. C.—Has placed large mooring for visiting yachts, and they are instructed not to occupy those of other vessels away from a safe. The club has issued to members a twenty-page pamphlet giving fixtures and rules for the season.

ROYAL CANADIAN Y. C.—Schooner *Orion*, cutters *Albatross*, *Alben* and *Verre*, and other yachts of the club, are off on the annual cruise. *Orion* is first port of call, then *Charlott* and home, occupying three days.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA—Judges for the public races are M. J. Riley, chairman; C. F. Loring, Wm. Morris, Louis M. Clarke and Geo. A. Palmer. A full report appears in our next issue.

JERSEY CITY Y. C.—A match has been fixed for July 10, open to cats for cup offered by Vice-Com. F. C. Browner *Archer*. Course twice around Robin's Reef Buoy.

EOLUS—The exact amount of lead ballast on under-side of keel of schooner *Eolus*, Mr. Miles Wood, N. Y. Y. C., is thirteen tons.

WANDERER—This schooner has been sold to Mr. Wild, of Boston, and is being overhauled before departure.

VALKYR—is having a new racing fit by Sawyer, of South Street.

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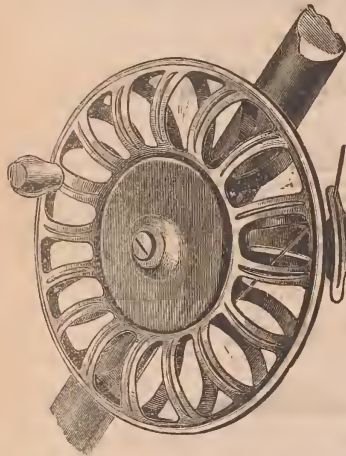
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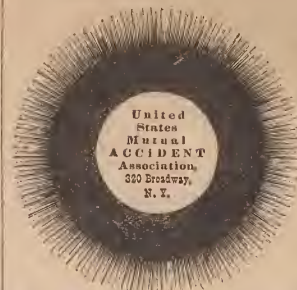
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TEN YEARS.—With the issue of July 26, the FOREST AND STREAM will have completed its first ten years of publication.

JAPANESE PHEASANTS IN CALIFORNIA.

IN our issue of November 3, 1881, was published a letter from Lieut. W. W. Folger, of the Navy, then stationed at Shanghai, in which letter he told us of Consul-General Denny's willingness to procure Japanese pheasants for importation into this country. An appeal was made to sportsmen's associations to avail themselves of this kind offer by making provision for receiving and caring for the birds. Whether because discouraged by the fruitless migratory quail importation or from a lack of public spirit, game societies appear to have given no attention to the subject, save the California State Sportsmen's Association.

Something over a year ago that society received from Japan nine pheasants—they being all the survivors of a lot of seventy-five birds shipped. The pheasants were put in charge of a gentleman at San Mateo, and carefully provided for in a house specially constructed for them. We learn from the *Pacific Life* that the birds have thrived. Eighteen young have been hatched and are now a month old, and sixty eggs were, at the time of writing, yet to be heard from. The association appears to have demonstrated that it is practicable to breed the birds in this country, and although it is as yet too early to predict the final outcome of their enterprise, it appears highly probable that the pheasant can be successfully acclimated.

The so-called English pheasant has been introduced on this side of the continent, one instance being that of Mr. Lorillard's farm in New Jersey, where the bird furnishes sport after the regular English style.

If the individuals and clubs, who have a great deal to say and little to do in protecting game, would direct their intelli-

gent efforts to following these two examples of public and private enterprise, they would accomplish much more than can ever be attained by violent denunciations of "pot-hunters" and "monopolists." Our State associations have abundant means and every opportunity to increase the supply of native game and to introduce foreign game, if they could only be induced to give some attention to the matter. If these societies had begun ten years ago, to labor in a systematic way for this increase, they would have had a great deal to show for it to-day. The next best thing is to begin now.

THE BOTTLE JOKE.

ONE of the harmless institutions of the day is a Funny Paragraphers' You-Tickle-Me-And-I'll-Tickle-You Association. The membership is composed of the professionally funny men of a half dozen professionally funny papers. The duties of the members are simple; each is bound by a east-iron oath to copy the jokes manufactured by the others, and there his obligations end. Each member of the order makes an annual pilgrimage to the offices of the rest; on which occasions Brother Bill devotes a half column of gush to lauding the visiting Brother Bob's brain, and Brother Bob in return pays in kind by communicating to his own paper an equal number of lines about Brother Bill's capacious intellect. Thus each practices the golden rule and blows hard the other's horn, even as he would that the other should blow his horn.

A staple topic for these paragraphers and mutual admirations at this season of the year is angling. They generally let themselves loose on the topic of the city angler and the "barefoot boy;" or they try a big "fish story;" or (and for some not wholly ecient reason this is their favorite theme) they find their inspiration in the "whisky bottle." It would be an interesting subject of inquiry to determine which of these themes is the most venerable as a joke, or in the paragraphers' hands most dismal. The grandson of the original "barefoot boy" was killed by a British bullet at Teon-deroga; the greatest "fish story" extant is some thousands of years old; and the whisky joke was current in Ireland when Raleigh and Spenser were fighting the Spanish invaders there, and was even then thought by connoisseurs to be considerably mellowed by age.

The latest distillation of this spirituous joke is a product of Iowa. We find it credited by the other funny paragraphers to "Bob" Burdette, and it is therefore of the Burlington *Hawkeye* brand. It reads:

Did we not go fishing it would not be summer. Conversely, if it were not summer we would not go fishing.

"We are going fishing next week," said Mr. Oldboy, "and I want to be sure we've got all our things together."

"Gotta tent?" asked his partner.
"Yes, I've got a tent."
"And a boat?"
"Yes; that's engaged."
"Whisky?"
"Lots of it."
"Some pilot license?"
"Yes, a whole box."
"Five or six dozen of beer?"
"Yes."
"Cigars?"
"Hundreds of 'em."
"Plenty of whisky?"
"Yes."
"Hain and canned meats?"
"Yes."
"A good lot of beer?"
"Yes."
"You'll want some ice."
"I have that, and I have lots of canned goods, plenty of beer and cigars, no end of whisky and bread, and everything I can possibly think of, and yet it seems to me I've left something out."
"Got your tackle, haven't you?"
"By George!" shouted Mr. Oldboy, "you've hit it. That's just it—fish hooks and lures, we'll need some of them, won't we? I knew I had forgotten something."

I do not know why it is, but for some reason nearly every fishing party carries with it a lot of hooks and lines which are only good to tangle up and catch in the drooping branches of the whispering trees.

Now, as we have said, these paragraphers and their little jokes, even their whisky jokes, are for the most part harmless. So is a drop of water. But it is the iteration that tells. The drop of water when it falls at regular intervals upon the head of the victim becomes the most refined torture and drives the sufferer into a maniacal frenzy. The angler's whisky is passed around so frequently and so persistently by the funny men that respectable gentlemen, who go into the woods for recreation, are losing their patience. They are tired of having the bottle continually fired at their heads by these muddled prnsters. We know some anglers—very worthy, law-abiding citizens they are, too—who would like nothing better than to impale one of these stand-

erous jokers on their hook, souse him into a cool stream of pure trout water and "play" him there until the whisky should be well washed out of his gigantic brain aforesaid. Again it has been plotted to invite him out on a shooting trip, when on a preconcerted signal all hands should accidentally fill him full of No. 8 shot. Less heroic than the water cure or the administering of leaden pills, and not so provocative of black lies in the bereaved funny paper, is the method proposed by others, namely to entice the whisky joker into the forest and there compel him to inhale the odor of balsam hongs and the woody fragrance until the fumes of the still are evaporated; but, however differing in methods proposed, one and all are agreed that the angler's whisky joke fiend should be squealed, even if it be necessary to disrupt and disband the whole mutual-tickling half dozen of them.

The funny men are behind the times; this is the year of grace 1883, not 1388. If they ever go angling themselves they ought to know, as we now beg leave to tell them, that it is not all of fishing, nor indeed any part of it whatever, to get gloriously drunk. An angling trip is not, nowadays at least, an excuse to swill whisky or beer. The professional and business men, clerks, artisans and mechanics who annually by hundreds and thousands go into the woods with fly-rod or bait-hook do not go there to guzzle freshwater. These dimly humorous imputations that anglers think more of their jugs and legs than of their tackle are standing insults—none the less obnoxious because flat, stale and unprofitable—to all pleasure tourists who in the God-made forests, as at home, are gentlemen and men, not beasts.

When the FOREST AND STREAM's machinery becomes so nicely adjusted that its editors can "get away" for a fortnight in the woods, nothing would please us better than to take along a trio of the whisky paragraphers to show them how to angle successfully without swilling demijohns of grog. Nor would it be an altogether thankless task to teach the paragrapher how to shoot without loading himself to the muzzle with rum.

And yet the community as a rule understands these things, better than does the funny man. There is no need then of enlightening him save for his own individual benefit and that of his professional brethren; and the beauty of it is that if we can convert one "Brother Bob" or "Brother Bill" he will, on his annual mutual-admiration tour among his fellows, help to convert them also, until the whole lump shall be leavened.

HENRY BERGH AND ANGLING.—The story about Mr. Henry Bergh's objection to President Arthur because of the latter's angling proclivities turns out to be a fiction, or in short, a lie, concocted by the fertile brain of that mischievous being, a "New York correspondent." The denial from Mr. Bergh, with its good-natured but nevertheless telling sarcasm, published in our last issue, has sufficiently vindicated that gentleman from the silly fabrications of the said gossip-loving penny-a-liner. Mr. Bergh might have gone further had he thought it worth while, and have corrected the distorted personal portrait of himself as drawn by the same imaginative and more or less slanderous correspondent, who in all probability never heard Mr. Bergh say anything about angling or anything else, nor in short, ever saw him.

A SUMMER HOME FOR PETS.—When city people leave their homes for a summer in the country or by the seaside it sometimes becomes a perplexing problem how they shall provide for their house pets during this absence. In response to the "long felt want" of a caravanseray where owners may leave their dogs and cats and birds, Miss Ellen M. Gifford, of Boston, has established a "home" for the purpose in that city. The weekly rates of entertainment are seventy-five cents for small dogs, fifty cents for cats and thirty-five cents for birds. The institution ought to be a paying one. We shall probably now hear less about the heartlessness of Boston people who leave their cats to die.

ANGLING INCIDENTS.—A man out West in casting his hook caught it in one of his eyes, which was ruined. A man who was fishing from a Hoboken dock lost his hat overboard; according to one account he was drowned in trying to recover it; another says a bystander was the unfortunate victim; if both accounts are true, both men were drowned. A fisherman near the Highlands, the other day, fished up the body of a drowned man. These cheerful notes might be multiplied, were the catalogue pertinent; but we have no desire to dampen the ardor of any enthusiastic angler.

THE WIMBLEDON TEAM

THE American team are now on the Wimbledon Common, and within a fortnight the match will have become an *fait accompli*. The reports so far from the other side show that the men are in good condition, and the few scores made on several occasions show that the men have caught the secret of the air, light, etc., and are able to roll the records close to the highest possible.

The fears that the team of visitors were to sit by, a mere idle squad, during the Wimbledon meeting, are not to be realized, if the meagre telegrams received speak aright. In place of allowing the rule prohibiting screw wind-gauges on the rear sight of military breech-loaders to be set aside in favor of the American shooters, and others like them, who prefer a modern to an ancient style of firearm, the Council have issued to the team complimentary score tickets to the several M. B. L. matches.

This may accomplish all that the riflemen and their friends here wished on behalf of the team—a chance to practice freely and fully during the fortnight of the Wimbledon meeting, and if so, then the team will go into the match as fully prepared for the struggle as it was possible for them to be under the circumstances. Still, it had been better if this concession or courtesy had been granted earlier in the season, and the vast amount of uncertainty which surrounded the reception of the team abroad had been avoided. It is but a roundabout way at best of reaching a good result, and it would have been far better had the Council turned fairly about on the screw gauge question and confessed by an amendment to the rule that the screw is a part of a serviceable weapon and that in using it the American team is not guilty of employing a mere device for securing higher scores, fit only for range use, but not to be recommended for those who desire only a soldier's weapon.

The work of the team will be watched with interest during the next few days. Already members have been the center of a great deal of attention on the part of their fellow-marksmen in Great Britain. Pêtes and dinners of various sorts are talked of, but to all the reply is made that a previous engagement will prevent acceptance until after the match has been fought. No date has been fixed for the return of the team, but win or lose, Col. Howard is determined to keep his men in good condition until after the meeting of the teams at the end of next week. He has placed them in lodgings away from the temptations of Wimbledon camp, and when the afternoon for the opening range comes, we hope to hear that the men stepped to the shooting point with every factor of possible error as far as may be carefully removed.

THE OLD "BEAR MARKET."—The Washington Market, in this city, is to be rebuilt; and *apropos* of the change the *Evening Post* gives some interesting particulars of its early history. At the time of its establishment, it was too far away from the thickly settled parts of the town to prosper, and the dealers who had taken stands there soon deserted them. "In this uncommercial condition of the new market a fortuitous event occurred. One day a great fat bear came out of the New Jersey woods and started to swim the Hudson for a visit to New York. When near the shore on this side he was observed by a young butcher named Jacob Finck, who had kept his almost deserted stand. Collecting a few assistants, Finck boarded a small boat and prepared to receive Bruin in proper form. After a hard contest the butcher slew the bear and bore his carcass in triumph to his market stall. The fame of the encounter spread through the city; people came from all parts to see the dead beast, and the butcher improved the occasion to let it be known that the carcass was to be dressed and offered for sale, in parcels to suit, from his hocks. The meat was readily and profitably disposed of, and the place where it was sold came quickly to be known, in the absence of any other name, as the market where the bear's meat was sold. Finck, with true business sagacity, procured other bears from any source they could be obtained, which he sold exclusively from this market, and it thereby acquired the permanent name of the Bear Market," which it held until, after the Revolution, its patriotic dealers gave it the name it now retains.

"SLATHERS" is the only word that will express it, and it is therefore just the term used by an Oregon paper to signify the amount of game in that favored land. For the sake of certain titled gentlemen from abroad, who with extensive armaments of express rifles, explosive bullets and bombshells, are scouring the Western game countries, we repeat the wild tale which comes to us of a valley near the headwaters of an Oregon River, where the "cougars have for years herded deer, one or two keeping watch at the mouth to prevent the deer from escaping. Whenever a cougar of the band gets hungry he walks into the little valley, like a butcher into a corral, and picks out the fattest deer he sees, and dines off his carcass. When the herd of deer grows small the cougars hold a "rodeo," and collect a few score more and drive them into the valley. Now all a man has to do is to kill off the cougars, and then go for the deer, and there is just fun alive." If the artillery trains of the gore-thirsty band alluded to could only be diverted from the antelope and buffalo to the cougars, it were a consummation on the attainment of which true sportsmen might fall upon each other's necks and weep for joy.

"THE WILD WEST."—Messrs. Carver and Bogardus have turned philanthropists, and are now "starring" for the benefit of the small boy who goes to the circus, and his grandfather who goes to take care of him. The aggregation of wonders under their canvas is something to make the proprietors of the "only greatest show on earth" green with envy. Here is a list in cold type of the attractions, the show being under the direction of "Buffalo Bill, the World-famed Prince of the Plains; the Hero of Thousand Thrilling Scenes; the Most Romantic Character in American History; and Dr. W. F. Carver, known as the 'Evil Spirit of the Plains,' whose appalling Skill with the Rifle has won for him a place among the Remarkable Productions of the Century." "One Hundred Indian Horses; a Herd of Wild Buffalo; a Herd of Mountain Elk; a Herd of Wild Texas Steers; a Camp of Sixty Indians; a Company of Famous Scouts; a Band of Genuine Cowboys; a Group of Genuine Mexicans; the Original Deadwood Stage Coach; Bogardus, the American Shotgun Champion; Major North, the White Chief of the Pawnees; Tom Wilson, Hero of the Deadwood Massacre; Buck Taylor, the Cowboy King; Jim Lawson, the Wonderful Lassoist; the Chiefs Standing Buffalo and Little Sitting Bull; John Nelson and his Indian Family; the Comical Mexican Burros; the Only Baby Buffalo in Captivity; the Squaw and her Pappoose; the Lonely Wagon Train; the Phantom of the Prairies."

A REQUEST FOR WORDS.—The Century Company of this city are preparing an American edition of the Imperial Dictionary, which they propose to make the most complete work of the kind in existence. The editor of this journal, having undertaken the revision of the terms relating to angling, shooting, and kindred topics, would be grateful for the co-operation of those persons who may favor him with terms in local use.

THE GREELEY RELIEF EXPEDITION.—At four o'clock P. M. on Friday, June 29, the vessels for the relief of the Greeley party left St. Johns, N. F., for Lady Franklin Bay or the nearest accessible point to it. The Proteus was the first to start and was soon followed by the Yantic. The wind was fair for them from the southwest, and the squadron moved off under most favorable circumstances.

THE DENVER MINING EXPOSITION will be opened July 17. Visitors to Colorado this summer may combine a visit to the exposition with a visit to the trout bonanza streams of the mountains.

THE FOURTH OF JULY, as will be learned from our rifle and trap news columns, was a great day for targets and clay pigeons.

The Sportsman Courier.

ON THE VIRGINIA SHORE.

JUST a little to the southward of a line between Old Point and Cape Henry, about six miles from the former and twelve from the latter, with both in sight on a clear day, there is a very pleasant resort for the summer stayers in Norfolk, Portsmouth and vicinity. Reached by a half-hour's pleasant ride in open excursion cars, it gives as we emerge from the woodland a good view of the ocean, and with the wind in any of the quadrants, north of west or east, a breath of its salt air, a very welcome breath to succeed those impregnated with the many odors due to combinations of great quantities of Africans, truck, imperfect drainage and sewerage, hot sun, chloride of lime and other disinfectants which are liberally used in the main streets, and I wish I could say the back alleys, also.

The resort is appropriately named Ocean View, and every evening that the thunder storms do not prevent, the place is crowded from 6 to 8 P. M., or later, as there is our later train.

Ocean View has several advantages over its rival, Old Point. People can go and return several times per day at an expense of not necessarily over thirty cents; while, except upon occasional occasions, a trip to Old Point includes supper, lodging and breakfast at Higgin's, when croakers do duty for sport, at one dollar per meal, said croakers being a drug in the market at five cents per dozen, the spots ranging from twenty-five to seventy-five cents; and the spots are served up as "hogfish," which are quoted at treble price. Thus a trip to Old Point is nearly ten times as expensive, and Ocean View reaps the harvest of people of moderate means, or who prefer sleeping at home to temporary lodging at a hotel.

Old Point has the Fortress, the military band and the gay uniforms, and is a most delightful resort. But Ocean View is not without its charms; the beach is clean, bathing facilities excellent—better than at Old Point, if the beach and surf are considered.

There is a comfortable hotel, with spacious verandas facing the sea, a band stand, a dancing pavilion, restaurant, bar, and good attendance. Last but not least to me, there is good fishing very near by; and if the hotel, which furnishes boats and hostmen, would but recognize the fact that as the good fishing depends upon the right tide (last of ebb and young flood), and that this phenomenon is bound to occur very often during the extreme heat of the day, and that when this is the case the most ardent fishermen will think a dozen times before he will hire a boat once—and that the more he thinks the less chance there is of his hiring one at all—and that (to put it briefly) a boat without an awning is at such times a delusion and a snare, a pain producer and a joy destroyer—and would in consequence proceed to fit out said boats in more comfortable shape, then this letter is not written in vain, and "mine host" Kennedy will gather in increased store of stacks, and hire a thousand yards from the beach there are many rocky patches, and here and there the sub-

merged timbers of wrecks or casks, furnish resort for the sheephead, while over the rocks must swim a countless host of fish of many varieties.

Leaving Norfolk on an evening at 5:30 with a companion, I left the beach at 6:15, and at 8 P. M., again landed to catch the 8:20 train up, and a preliminary saundwich. During the interval we had, besides the row to and from the fishing patch, caught six or seven dozen fish, ranging from six ounces up to a two-pounder; and I lost a good bit of my line; once a good-sized bluefish, which scooted off with the fifty yards on my reel, and then without raising continued to scort regardless of my feelings; and again when I hitched out to what at first I supposed to be a rock, but which while I was worrying at it, coolly got under way and shifted berth about six or eight yards in a slow deliberate style, that pronounced its character to William Henry (our boatman) as a turtle.

These two fish I didn't catch, and, as usual, in such matters, they were the biggest of our day's work.

We did catch croakers, "black wills" (a sort of perch), perch, spot, trout, roundhead, bluefish and hogfish. Only two of the latter, for it is comparatively rare, and to this fact more than to any inherent virtue, owes its proud prominence in price, for I'll defy any man, not thoroughly familiar with the Virginia fish, to tell which is which, when brought in contact with a well-cured plaster full of spots and hogfish. I cannot, and I've tried a dozen times, guessing wrong quite as often as right. So, although not quite the fair thing to sell two-cent spot for a ten-cent hogfish, it's not quite so bad as to try to pass off croakers as either. The croaker is to a fisherman here what the chub is to a trout fisherman, or the emmer to a tawogier, and has hardly a marketable value. Of our fish, at least three-quarters were croakers.

They are a very fair table fish, and when slightly cured can hardly be distinguished from the best plentiful, and I like them better than either the roundhead or trout, especially as material for a chowder.

I wonder if the coming process would not prove a very good way of preparing trout, bass, or other fresh-water fish? Instead of allowing them to open, remove the back bone; sprinkle a little salt; expose to sun, inside up, for about fifteen to twenty minutes, and it is good for two days.

Our bluefish were about half-pounders; the spots ranged from six to eight ounces; croakers ditto; trout and roundheads up to two pounds. After a little practice we could tell pretty well the fish that was biting by his method. Generally all were the spot and bluefish, but a minnow (twice) the croakers hit savagely, pulled for a while, were very hard and were quite gauzy; the trout were lively, but not so much so; when occasionally we felt a slight nibble, and on pulling in a heavy dead weight, it meant ear, of which "little red fish that walks backward" we got lots.

The bluefish was the gamiest of all. He didn't wait as did all the others for the bait to wearily reach bottom; anywhere from the surface to a yard under he would bite.

The "trout" puzzles me. In general appearance it strongly resembles a real trout, both in shape and markings. But lacking the second dorsal, peculiar to the salmon family, it is evidently not a member.

The few spots where sheephead can be procured are reserved for those who are willing to tip the boatmen, who depend largely upon said tips for their income; and those of them who fall fairly the duties expected of them tully earn their money.

The boats are owned and rented by the hotel, and a ticket costing fifty cents entitles a person to boat, man, gear and bait.

I don't know how much can be gotten for the fifty cents; parties of which I have been one have always fished liberally; and we had all the fishing we wanted.

The baits used are peeler crabs, soft crabs, clams and hard crabs, valuable in the order given. One is much surer of good fishing by taking one's own gear, and carrying down a few peeler crabs or clams; the former are hard to get, the latter abundant and cheap. Unless you carry your own rod and gear, that provided may not suit, as it is of the coarsest sort.

Take it all in all, a run down to Ocean View pays.

PISCICO.

JULY, 1888.

[We presume that the "trout" is the fish known as weakfish in New York. There are two species, the Southern form is black spotted.]

A STORY OF WAR TIMES.

SEEING nothing of late from our old army friends who were the "blue and gray" in our late family differences, I give you the outlines of a stirring incident that took place while the writer was stationed at Goodrich's Landing, La., during the summer of 1863.

While the siege of Vicksburg was progressing, and in fact at its termination, the darkies, in pairs, in squads and in droves, poured into our camp for protection, and formed a motley crowd of men, women and children several thousands in number. The able-bodied young men were enlisted into the several negro regiments then forming at that place. All these people had to be fed from our post commissary on the regular army rations, and the food told with little effect on these helpless creatures, who had been accustomed to nothing but corn meal and fat bacon; they were prostrated by hundreds and died by scores daily. The fatality was not confined to "Africa," as we designated the contraband camp, but invaded the colored regiments, until the hospital was full and the levee in front of the quartermaster's depot one vast graveyard, alarming in the extreme. By Bruce, our medical purveyor, and his able assistants, had exhausted their skill to lessen the fearful death rate, but had utterly failed; not for the want of skill on their part, but owing to their want of knowledge of the Southern negro, and his former mode of life.

About the first of September the matter became so serious that the General called a council of his staff and field officers to get their views, and if possible to devise some change for the better.

After a two hours' highly scientific discussion by the medical staff on the causes, effects and cures of acute and chronic dysentery, which was amusing in the extreme, considering their lack of practical success in arresting its fatal effects; and the General, observing a broad grin on my features, remarked, "Well, Quartermaster, you have said nothing; you are silent."

He remarked, "Why, Bruce, this is not a question of medicine; it is one of diet. Return to plantation fare, and my word for it all will be well. Corn and bacou are the things

to feed the colored regiments on Stop your rations of flour and fresh meat and you will have no use for drugs."

This settled the problem, the council was dismissed, and all returned to routine duty.

"The chief of our living Sergeant Charles Hatten, our chief of land transportation, some instructions, when an orderly rode up, handing me the following order:

"HEADQUARTERS, 8th REG'T, ETC.

"The quartermaster will procure by foraging, and deliver daily to the post commissary, forty wagon loads of corn and one wagon load of flour and Gen. Grant's troops as he may deem necessary for protection and fatigue duty."

"J. P. HAWKINS, BRIG. GEN'L."

I read it and handed it to Charley. It was a surprise to both of us, for at that time the whole country between the post and the Tensas was ruled by Harrison's cavalry, a reckless, daring set of men, led by their brave, enterprising colonel, who was always watching for a brush with our men.

While discussing the merits of the order, and the probability of carrying it into effect, an old darkey who lived on an abandoned plantation five or six miles northwest of camp, came shuffling in, hat in hand, with his usual salutation: "Morning, Massa Cap'n." Forgetting the order for a moment, I queried, "Any deer or turkey in the cane-brake, Nels?" "No deer, but some turkey, saw them last evening west of the place." This news stirred up the huntsman in me, and turning to Hatten I said: "Charley, let's have a hunt, and perhaps we will find some corn on the trip. It was soon settled that we two should start early next morning, and we went about our preparations, brushed up our Sharps carbines, that we had trusted to close shooting, each taking a package of ten cartridges, and providing one day's rations cooked ready.

Long before the sun rose on the following morning we were far beyond the vedettes, cantering on our way to Nelson's place. We found the old man up; he pointed out the clump of woods where he had seen the turkeys, and we went about our preparations, brushed up our Sharps carbines, that we had trusted to close shooting, each taking a package of ten cartridges, and providing one day's rations cooked ready. Long before the sun rose on the following morning we were far beyond the vedettes, cantering on our way to Nelson's place. We found the old man up; he pointed out the clump of woods where he had seen the turkeys, and we went about our preparations, brushed up our Sharps carbines, that we had trusted to close shooting, each taking a package of ten cartridges, and providing one day's rations cooked ready.

The hunt being over, we took reckoning, judging we were ten or twelve miles from camp, in the midst of an unknown country, and two rounds of ammunition in our pockets. On examination we found we had been hunting domestic turkeys, which had reverted to a wild state. The country being abandoned, the plantation animals left alone, took to the woods, and we came to approach.

Discovering the plantation buildings a mile distant, we walked toward them leading our horses, and eating a check as we went. We advanced to the residence without hesitation, hitching to the horse rack, we tried the front gate, which was fastened—lalled fast. The yard in front of the house was a thicket of rose-hibiscus, flowers, vines, lilies, a hundred different kinds of animals, all in full bloom, filling the air with a perfume so delicious that it filled our intoxicated senses; while the walks and paths were choked up with tall, coarse weeds, showing that no fostering care had been bestowed on the garden that season. Springing over the gate, we mounted the steps, found the door locked, and windows barred by shutters. Going to the back door, to our surprise we found it unlocked. Entering we found every room finely furnished, showing taste, luxury and refinement, as they had fitted out the quarters. Beds, chairs, settees, oil paintings on the walls; a piano, flanked by a stand of select music, stood silent on one side. Opening the shutters we surveyed the scene. In one corner stood a stack of *De Bow's Review*, while on the luxuriant sofa, face down, lay one of the last numbers open as if just read.

I opened the piano and touched the silent keys; the sweetest sound started me sitting down. I sang "Auld Lang Syne," which awakened sweet and tender memories of scenes long past in dear old Scotland. Then I played "Home, Sweet Home." How sad, now touching the thoughts started into life by his heart-searching notes. Then I sang to its hold accompaniment, Campbell's "Soldier's Dream." The last notes had scarcely died away when I sprang up, closed the beautiful instrument, shut the blinds, and told Charley we were taking in every note of the music. "This will not do," Harrison may be about." We passed through the hall, and seeing a door ajar, entered. It was a young lady's bedroom, with a large dowry bed covered with dust, a wardrobe, with a number of dresses and garments on the hooks, and a dressing stand. We both felt that we were trespassing, and withdrew, closed the door, and left all as we found it, silent, sad, alone; bearing every mark of the imprint of war's fearful and gloomy reign.

Mounting our horses, we passed on to the quarters. There we found everything in disorder, showing plainly that the flight had been made in haste, without thought as to the mode of departure. Passing on to the ginhouse and stables, we found plows, cultivators, hoes, baskets and tools scattered about in the greatest confusion, and to our surprise and pleasure, every building full to the top of corn in the shock, stored, packed and piled in every corner; also a quantity of mill pens, full to their tops. Thus we had found turkey and corn, and as the boy says, "felt good."

I dismounted, handed my bridle to Charley, and examined the corn, found it all sound and in the best of order, and had returned to my horse and placed my foot in the stirrup, when Charley said, "What is that over in the stock

bed? I have been watching it but cannot make it out." I had mounted while he was speaking, and looking in the direction pointed out noticed a horse pass an open space in the tall cornstalks, and close after it a man leading a second horse.

"Charley, we are trapped," was my answer; and wheeling my horse to the left passing round the stables, I saw a road flanked on both sides by broad ditches, running, as I supposed, east toward the river. At this moment a shot rang out, clear and sharp, and to my dismay about fifty men mounted their horses, half on our right, half on our left, forming a line of men, and drawing in on our road before us. The two troopers that we saw were on our right and considerably in advance of their followers, while those on the left were closer together, and about two hundred yards from the road. No time for thought; I touched Black Tom with the spur; he knew its meaning and fairly flew over the hard road, while the two troopers on our right were closing in on us, and threatening to bar our way. When within about one hundred yards of us, coming tearing through the dead dry cornstalks, we saw them raise their guns, the leader emptying two barrels at us. The report was followed by a shower of spent buckshot, which maddened our horses but did no damage. The second one, dropping his bridle to shoot, relieving his horse from the pressure of the hit, it staggered and fell, throwing the rider in a half circle over its head, when both barrels were discharged in the field. Charley was by my side in a moment, and said, "I will have to kill that fellow." Without answering I fired at him, but missed. Charley then stopped his horse, fired, and the dead animal that was preparing to spring the ditch in front of us, reared and fell down on its brink, and at the same time disabling his rider. When he fell Charley pulled off his hat, waved it over his head, and yelled at the top of his voice, in which I joined most heartily.

Now it was a race, with fifty shotgunners behind us to push forward our pursuers. The race was first, only on our dismount. Our horses were good, and we kept up for four or five miles, during which time we had passed through a skirt of timber.

We gradually slackened our pace, chatting and laughing at our narrow escape, and rejoicing at the fact that we each had one cartridge left, when, without the least warning, "crack" and "zip" came a bullet right between us and very close. We touched our horses with the spur at the same instant, and looked at each other, and then at the man who had fired. "No, sir," said Charley, "that is no shotgun." Glancing over my shoulder, I saw two new, fresh troopers coming after us at the top of their speed, gaining at every leap, the leader, an officer, about forty yards in advance of his comrades, and about a hundred from us, shooting with deliberation at short intervals; while the whole troop was scattered along the road to the woods.

"Charley, they will get us," I said. "No, sir," was his answer; he drew rein, wheeled, fired, and was answered by a shot that shattered the pommel of his saddle. My turn had come; our safety depended on my shot, which was our last. Staking all in my nerve, I drew rein, jumped from the saddle, dropped on one knee, took deliberate aim and fired. The noble horse gave two or three convulsive springs, then reared up and fell back on the brave fellow that rode him. I was riveted to the spot, and was still sitting when Charley returned with my horse which had gone some distance. He said, "Mount, Cap," quick, they will be on us." We were soon on the way again, and finding that the chase had ended slackened our pace and reached camp in safety. And we had our turkeys.

This story would be incomplete without its sequel. The next day the officer of the day led up to my quarters a handsome bay horse bearing a young lady. She wished to see Ferguson knowing of me being outside of the lines but myself and Hatten, sent her to me. She dismounted, entered the office, and being furnished a seat, I asked her kindly, "Madame, what can I do for you?" She blushed; tried to say something; failed; blushed again; and finally unwrapped a beautiful bouquet of flowers, handed them to me as a peace offering, and having gained her composure, said: "I have come to ask a great favor of you, sir. My husband, who is a doctor, and a great carrier of the cap, that wounded Willie yesterday. He sent me to you for help. There is no physician to dress his wounds, and I ask as a favor that you send one with me to take care of him a few days." My visitor proved to be the wife of the brave fellow who came so near capturing us. Charley's shot had struck him in the thigh, while my last shot had been planted square in his horse's breast. The fall had broken his arm and bruised him elsewhere; and he lay in a bed in the cap. In the midst of the Tensas, and his brave young wife, during the time in his den, had ridden some fifteen miles to the Yankee camp to procure a surgeon to dress her husband's wounds.

It is needless to add that when the request was made known to Gen. Hawkins it was cheerfully granted. A surgeon with the necessary appliances was sent to the wounded man's relief, and after a few days' absence returned and reported that the daring fellow was out of things.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO.

CAPE ROCK.

A SEAFARING REMINISCENCE.

BY FRANK H. CONVERSE.

THAT sailors are naturally superstitious, goes without saying. And this is not so much to be wondered at when one takes into consideration the fact that the ignorant and unlettered condition of many of them, and the strange and mysterious nature of certain sea phenomena which they are constantly encountering.

A singular, and, I must confess, inexplicable, illustration of this came into my experience when I was quite a youngster, making my second or third voyage before the mast, in a very old ship called the William and Mary. I had left the ship Tomawanda, known to many Philadelphiaans, in Southampton, and with the other crew, we had made our way on board the William and Mary, receiving fifty dollars (wages were low in those days) for the "run" to New York.

The William and Mary was a small, full-rigged ship, whose antiquated appearance indicated that she must have been built during the past century. Her masts, sails, spars and rigging were of modern make, while her hull was strangely old-fashioned. The stern, however, was high and overhanging, and the cabin in a mast-bate below, though the carrying-deck was partly concealed by the many coats of coal-tar which had been liberally applied, voyage after voyage. Her beam was full one-third the out-rig length of the box-like deck, with its shouder-high bulwarks, and the bows were as bluff and swelling as those of a Dutch galleon.

The captain, Robert Thumber, was an Englishman from somewhere about Deal. I remember rightly. His two officers belonged in the south of England. They were all quiet men, not given to bullying or blustering, and as the crew was a very good one (for in those days the merchant service was not made up of the mixed foreign element composing our present-day crews) the voyage proceeded without any incident worthy of notice, until the little event that I am about to relate.

By the time we got up with Hatteras, the wind, which had been for the most part from the south and south-east, hauled round into the north-west, and began to blow as it only ever did that stormy epoch in the month of February and March. Being crank, and very deep with her heavy cargo, the William and Mary was not a very marked success on a wind—indeed, I am inclined to think that she made nearly as much leeway as headway, for the thirty-six hours that the nor'wester lasted.

It was in the middle watch, the second night of the gale, and blowing harder than ever. Under three-reefed topsails, fore-staysail, and reefed spanker, the old ship with her yards braced sharp against the backstays, was staggering along through, into, and under, a tremendous cross sea, nearly as fast as one could whip a crab through a barrel of soft tar—to use a sailor's simile. As she luffed up against the tremendous billows, or sank into the great abysses that yawned beneath her keel, sea after sea broke over her continuously, keeping the vessel so full of water, that Captain Thumber had the cockpit stationary in the slings of the fore-yard, and called the rest of the watch up in the gangway on the lee side of the quarter, for it was almost impossible to stay on the main deck, without danger of being washed overboard. I remember my watchmates, as being rather out of the ordinary run of common sailors generally found on shipboard. Two, besides myself, were Americans. One of these was a middle-aged man only known to us as Tom. Not many years previous he was Captain Thomas B. F., at one time master of the ship Amethyst, built in Boston, in 1829—a ship which when commanded by Captain Jakey Howes, once made the passage between Liverpool and New York in sixteen days. Later, the Red Jacket made a like passage in thirteen days, one hour, and twenty-five minutes, and if I remember correctly, the formerly famous clipper ship Dreadnaught, is said to have done almost as well. The other was a young man, formerly a Harvard graduate, with a wild streak penetrating his Boston blue blood. He had in the ten years of his seafaring life visited almost every navigable port in the world, and it was his laughing boast, that during this time, he had also sailed under nearly every flag that floats from a ship's peak halyards—even having once made a voyage in a Chinese junk, from Whampoa to Melbourne, Australia. If I mistake not, this erratic sailor is now the oldest captain of one of the largest ocean steamers afloat.

These two were crunched under the lee of the after-house, while my third watchmate—a tall, reserved Russian, nicknamed "Silent Peter," by reason of his peculiar reticence not only regarding himself, but in general conversation— took refuge by my side in the partial shelter of the long boat which was secured on the top of the house. Now, among sailors, for some reason whose origin I do not mean to consider, a Russian or a Russian Finn, is looked upon as the possessor of certain powers closely verging upon the supernatural—all comprehended under the generic title of "wizarlity." Forecastle Jack asserts that some of them can at will bring good or bad luck to a ship; that they have the gift of second sight, and can also see phantoms of their drowned shipmates. So I was not so very much surprised, when Peter, who had hardly spoken since we took our seat on the house, suddenly asked—

"See Harry, believe you of the supernatural, what do you peoples call the ghost?"

"As I never saw anything of the kind, I can't say I do. Seeing is believing, you know," I answered carelessly.

"Um"—retorted Peter, who not only spoke English quite fluently, but two other languages besides—"well, look you. You may at me laugh," he continued with an earnestness which impressed me strangely, "but last night when from eight o'clock till I did see one strange thing. You know how it was dark?"

I nodded without speaking.

"For all the dark," Peter went on, "I see plainer than you now, a strange dress man who belongs not to the ship, stand for one, two hour in the weather gangway here, hold of the topmast backstay."

"A stowaway, perhaps," I suggested, more for the sake of an answer than because I really believed anything of the kind.

"The stowaway shall not be a man thirty-three or four year old, dress in old-fashion soldier-coat and top-boot with light breeches," returned Peter with a quiet shake of the head. "He had to him a face that was some thin," continued the speaker slowly, as though recalling the features of the mysterious stranger, "but you would see him as one of a character determined. His hair was long, of color black, and tied at the back of his head with black ribbon, as in the times old. How I see him so plain," Peter went on after a little. "All round him was kind of light, like when you rub the match on your finger in the dark."

Of course, I affected to laugh at the whole thing as an idle fancy, though secretly, Peter's singular communication, told in a quiet matter-of-fact way, had really made quite an impression upon me. As may be imagined from his quaint, yet correct use of language, which I have given almost verbatim, Harry was a man of more than ordinary education. He seemed less reserved with myself than with the others, and I had gathered from fragmentary bits of his half confidences, that at some time in his life, he had been an officer in the Russian navy. This much, together with the fact that he had a twin sister in New York, who was the wife of a wealthy fur dealer on Broadway, was all I did know of him. Such anomalies as this singular shipmate, however, are not infrequently met at sea. There are few safer places for a man who wishes to lose sight of his past life and present identity, than a ship's forecastle.

Peter said but little in reply to my rather flippanant comments upon his narration, until the striking of four bells called him to relieve the watch.

"No one shall know what may to him happen," he quietly obtained, and prepared to obey the summons, "and should it come to me any time, tell my sister that will come aboard in New York, there is the letter for her in my chest." And before I could answer this singular request he had left my side.

Two hours later, while we were slowing the mizzen top-sail in one of the fiercest nor-west squalls of sleet and hail

that I ever experienced, Peter lost his hold and fell, striking head first on the rail beneath and going overboard. The blow itself must have stunned, if not killed him outright, and with the terrible sea then running, it would have been worse than madness to have lowered the clumsy old tub which we called a long-boat.

So the waves and storm sounded their requiem over the drowned sailor, and the old ship went wallowing on. Next day the gale abated; the wind came round to the southward and eastward and blew us fairly into port in rather less than a week. As usual, the crew all left, bag and baggage, directly the ship was made fast. Disliking the surroundings of a sailor's boarding-house, I had obtained permission to remain on board until next day, when I was intending to start for home. After supper Captain Thurber went ashore, and a little later both officers, leaving only the colored steward and myself in charge. As I stood leaning idly over the rail, a private carriage drawn by two stylish black horses drove rapidly down on the pier, from which a groom assisted a tall, slender lady in deep mourning. As she approached the vessel's side and threw back a heavy cape veil, I could not repress a slight exclamation of astonishment, for though far more delicate, her features were almost perfect copies of those of the "my drowned shipmate," and I at once knew that this must be the twin sister Iliida of whom he had once spoken.

"You had a sailor—Peter Androvitch—on board," she remarked in tones singularly like those of her brother, but speaking in quick, agitated tones.

"We had," I began hesitatingly, but the lady interrupted me.

"Yes, I know; he was drowned the night of this day week; he told me himself," she answered in a tone of reproached emotion, and as I stared at her in open-mouthed amazement she stepped on board and entered the dingy fore-cabin. She remained there a moment or two, and when she came out I saw that she held a letter in her hand.

"His chest and the things in it you may have, sailor," she said, and I saw that her eyes were full of tears. But before I could stammer my thanks she had entered her carriage and was driven away.

The entire affair seemed so curious that when Captain Thurber came aboard I told him the whole story, and even his usually phlegmatic nature seemed to be somewhat stirred, particularly when I narrated that part of it relating to the singular appearance which Peter had described to me. "It is strange, Harry," he said after I had finished, "and I'll tell you that you are the strangest of all. This old ship, built a little more than a century ago, is the one that carried General Wolfe and his staff from Portsmouth, England, at the time when the British troops were sent over to conquer Canada. And the description Peter gave of the apparition, or whatever it was, closely resembles an old steel engraving of General Wolfe himself that hangs in my father's house in Sherburne."

I gave the story exactly as it occurred, without the slightest embellishment, nor do I offer any comment upon it. The main facts are copied from an old pocket diary, and I have written them out in detail as merely illustrative of the time-honored and well-worn quotation:

"There be more things in heaven and earth
Than thy philosophy dreams of, Horatio."

Natural History.

THE COMMANDER ISLANDS.

FROM the advance-sheets of the proceedings of the United States National Museum just issued, we learn some details of the natural history of this group of islands, situated between Alaska and Kamtschatka, and of which Bering Island is the most important. This group has a great historical, as well as zoological, interest, for it is here that the explorer Bering met his death.

Mr. Leonard Stejneger, who is known to many of our readers as an ornithologist and naturalist, has spent some time among the Commander Islands, studying the zoology of the group, and as might be supposed, when the geographical position of the region is considered, he has found this study full of interest.

Bering Island, which was the first of the group to which he devoted much time, is the last of the Aleutian chain of islands, and is only about one hundred miles from the nearest cape of Kamtschatka, and about twice that distance from Attu, the northernmost Aleutian Islands. The character of the fauna of the island is, as has been supposed, paleartic, agreeing more or less closely with that of Kamtschatka. This is due in part to the greater proximity to the coast of Asia, and also to the fact that the prevailing winds and currents are from the westward, and visitors are thus more easily carried from that direction. Stejneger concludes, from several facts of a geological and geological nature, that these islands during the period previous to which they received their present fauna, were wholly covered by the sea, and that therefore the present inhabitants are immigrants from two continents, those from the west coming more easily and regularly, while those from America are accidental visitors, for our continent contributes but very little to the fauna of these islands. The notes from which we quote are contained in a letter to Prof. Brewer P. Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, and we make copious extracts from them, for they are to the zoologist very delightful reading.

As announced in my letter from San Francisco, the steamer Alexander started on the 5th of April at noon. The wind was very unfavorable, most of the time blowing from the west, and very often with a force of forty miles or more. Up to the 24th my observations were twice only a direction of wind from a different quarter. As we were compelled to make about one thousand miles under sail, our progress was necessarily slow, so that on the 23d of April we found ourselves only in longitude 145° west, and latitude 50° 35' north, about 500 miles southwest from Sitka, and as many miles southeast from Kodiak. On the 30th of April we passed the Aleutian chain between Seagan and Anila, in fog and mist, and Bering Sea received us with a veritable hurricane from the east-northeast. After having stopped at the village of Copper Island the anchor was dropped in the morning of the 7th of May at Gavan, the harbor of Bering Island, where I landed with as much of my baggage as could be taken on shore before the cargo had been discharged in Petropavlski. For long I was comfortably lodged and began my work.

At first I was much confined to my station on account of

the meteorological observations. Not until the obliging agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, Mr. G. Chernick, had been instructed how to take and record these observations, could I think of making longer excursions. Many thanks are due to him for his kind assistance. Thus I was unable to cross the northern part of the island, consisting chiefly of flat swamps and tundras, of lakes, a moderately high range of mountains of interesting table mountains of about the same height, while the southern, mountainous and larger, two-thirds of the island remained a complete terra incognita to me. I therefore planned an expedition with the purpose of exploring the secrets of this region, the more as it was especially there that Steller had made his observations. But I had to wait until the sailing season was over, for all hands now were occupied in this, their chief, and one may safely say, only work.

Meanwhile I resolved to go to Petropavlski on the 16th of June to establish a meteorological station, and to hire and train an observer. Besides, it was my desire to study as much of the natural history of Kamtschatka as the surroundings and the limited time would permit.

The season was unfavorable, as the vegetation was already so luxuriant as to make it difficult to move outside of the roads, and the mosquitoes were so numerous as to make it extremely painful to lay in wait for birds or to creep around searching for spiders, beetles and snails. However, if the stay was not very profitable to the collection, it was not entirely without results, for I gained a great deal of valuable experience which will be of use to me during my proposed visit to Kamtschatka next year. What rendered my sojourn there so especially profitable and instructive was the daily intercourse with the experienced and meritorious explorers of Eastern Asia, Dr. Benedict Dybowski, who, of course, better than anyone else, could give me all desirable information. On the 15th of July I found myself again on Bering Island.

The following weeks were occupied chiefly by observations on the rocky, about 15 miles distant from the village, and culminated in the departure of the expedition toward the South before the middle of August.

Every one suggested that the most practicable way would be to go around the island in a boat, as traveling overland with dogs would be difficult and expensive, and, on the other hand, several places of interest would be inaccessible by this route, which, besides, would offer little or no opportunity for carrying a necessary outfit and the objects of our collection. In all directions on the island the prospect of finding a skeleton of a sea-cow at any one of these places, seldom or never visited by the natives, was a very probable one, and as such a skeleton alone would be enough to load a boat even larger than ours, I resolved to hire six Aleuts, to man the boat of Mr. Grebnitzky, kindly placed at my disposal, Mr. Osche, in the service of the Alaska Company, who during a sojourn of several years had traversed the island in all directions on his hunting expeditions, and had thereby gained an extensive knowledge of the island and its products, joined the expedition as a volunteer; an assistance the more valuable, as without it I should hardly have been able to realize my intention.

The special object of the expedition was to study the general natural history of the southern part of the island, to collect specimens of all kinds, as far as circumstances would permit, but especially to search for remains of the sea-cow. I also proposed to survey the island for further explorations, and to collect material for a more correct and detailed map than the one in existence. Besides I wished to identify the places mentioned by Steller in his narrative, in order to compare his description with the localities as they present themselves to-day, and to restore the original names. I also desired to visit the spots where Bering's vessel was wrecked, where the ill-fated expedition wintered, and where Steller made his observations on the sea-cow.

The "circumnavigation" took place between August 21 and the 1st of September. It was attended by all the disagreeable consequences of fog and rain, of wind and surf, and the few skins which could be obtained under these circumstances were almost spoiled at our return. The personal inconvenience was not less, for the heavy fog, blowing along an open coast without harbors or anything like a shelter; of being kept wet by continuous fogs and rains; of sleeping under an old sail, are serious; but no naturalist would ever count them should the result of his work be in inverse proportion to his troubles.

Unfortunately, I cannot so report, because the animal life, contrary to my expectations, was so rich and varied, and the species that in the northern part of the island were common to individuals was considerably larger. In fact, the only addition to my list of birds observed on the island was a single species, *Rissa brevirostris* Braud, a species strangely limited in its distribution on the island.

I inspected a large colony of *Rissa kotzebui* Bp., situated on the western shore, about 18 miles from Cape Manat, the southwestern point of the island, where thousands and thousands of this black-legged kittiwake were now feeding their almost full-grown young ones. Among them a single red-legged bird, quite lonely, and apparently without any young, had placed itself on a narrow shelf of the rocky wall. It was the first and the only one that I saw, and I was fortunate enough to shoot it. *R. kotzebui* was observed in countless numbers along the western shore; but as soon as we had doubled Cape Manat we met as large, or still larger, flocks of *R. brevirostris*, among which not a single black-legged individual could be detected. I minutely surveyed a breeding colony on this side, and the result was the same, not a single black-legged one was seen. And thus the red-legged form completely excluded the other along the eastern shore, except at Cape Tonkoj, where the coast trends towards the northwest. Here on the cape a large flock of kittiwakes was sitting on the ground, so that I could see that only the legs of the other race could be seen; they were all red. I shot, however, and of the ten lying on the ground, seven were red-legged, and three belonged to the black-legged species. The young of *Rissa brevirostris* also has dark legs, but I need not expressly state that I did not make any mistake in this respect.

On the other side of the last mentioned cape the old acquaintance reappeared as exclusively as along the western shore. Thus the genus *Rissa* occupies the whole shore line of the island, of which *kotzebui*, however, has usurped nine-tenths, leaving to *brevirostris*, as an exclusive possession, but one-tenth, or about twelve miles.

We found, however, another animal, which I much regretted not to have been able to skin and to carry with me. But as it was a *Balaenoptera*, fifty to sixty feet long, I was compelled to leave it where I met it, spending a day on the spot in order to take the necessary measurements, and to make such investigations as the far-advanced decomposition of the

carcass would allow, as a matter of course. * * * But now as to the sea-cow. We found the remains of one, and I will here give an extract from my journal concerning this event.

August 27, 1882, Cape Tolstoj.—Mr. Osche went out hunting, while I was occupied in searching for fossils. From the extreme point of the cape I took some bearings of the other capes visible from here, and was just looking over my collection of stones when I was returned to me with the cheerful intelligence that he had found what he thought to be a skeleton of a sea-cow. Immediately we seized the spades and set out for the place. Having removed some spades full of soil, I soon became convinced that his supposition was right, but at the same time it was evident that the skeleton was in such a bad state of preservation that it would hardly be of any use. It was sometimes a sand bank twelve feet high, about equally distant from the base and from the top of the shore, close to a rivulet, which here had cut its bed through the bank and carried away the whole caudal portion of the skeleton. The distance from the sea was 500 feet in a straight line, and the height above high tide not less than 10 or 12 feet. The head of the skeleton pointed toward the west. It was long, horizontally to the back, slightly bent toward the left; most of the bones were in their natural position. The top of the sand bank was covered with thick sod, and both above and below the skeleton the bank consisted of moist and rather fine sand, of the same kind daily washed up on the beach and deposited in horizontal and alternating blue and brown layers, the latter color greatly predominating. The color of the other capes visible from here, and was just looking over my collection of stones when I was returned to me with the cheerful intelligence that he had found what he thought to be a skeleton of a sea-cow. Immediately we seized the spades and set out for the place. 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Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication such notes of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

NOTES FROM CAPE COD.

I HAVE been down here since the first of April, and have never before seen bay birds as scarce as they have been this spring. I will try to show how some of the shore birds have decreased of late years. We will begin with the golden plover, one of the bandsomest and largest of the plover family. My uncle is a close observer of birds, and has been a sportsman many years. He says, "When I was a boy and went to school, the golden plover would come and alight in the fields around the schoolhouse in large flocks, and were so tame that we could walk within a few yards of them before they would fly." That was twenty-five years ago and no person shot plover there then. Let us go there now when there is, not a flight, but the arrival of a small band. You will see a number of sportsmen lying in wait for them, and they are fortunate if they shoot a dozen each. If they decrease in the next twenty-five years, as fast as they have in the last, which they surely will, unless a law is made to prohibit shooting them for a number of years, the whole year round, they will become an extinct species only to be seen in museums and colleges.

The black-bellied plover has also rapidly diminished within the last few years. On one marsh, where they were quite abundant in the spring migrations several seasons ago, only a few dozen stopped this spring. The reason they did not stop is not because they were shot there in springs before, for only one man has quailed there at all, and he has not lately. It is simply because they have decreased with such rapidity that there is no great number to stop.

A few turnstone or chicken plover stayed with us a short time this spring, and I succeeded in obtaining several good specimens. While I was setting them up an old man, (that has lived here all his life, happened to be in the room.) He looked at the birds a few moments, and they said, "I have seen great many of them during my days." He called them rock birds and said, when a young man, he and a companion with a stick and lantern used to kill as many as they could carry home. He also said, the first bird that was heard in the spring was the killdeer plover, and they were plentiful, but for the last five years he had not heard a single one. And bobolinks, until lately, were seen in small numbers on the reeds in the brooks here. This year I have not seen or heard a one.

The yellow-leg and humiliate are getting scarcer and scarcer every year, and this spring the winter yellow-legs were very scarce.

Thirty years ago the sickle-billed curlew was quite common, but they are rarely seen here now.

The ranks of these smaller shore birds, such as the ring-neck and piping plover, peep and least peep, are growing smaller and smaller, and ten years hence will be as scarce as golden plover and curlew.

Within the last day or two a few peeps and ring-necks have made their appearance. We expect brown-backs by the twelfth.

Quail are quite plentiful here, notwithstanding one hundred were shot within an area of a few miles this last fall. Even as I write I hear them calling in the fields near by. I saw bevcys as late as the first of June. Have not seen any young quail yet, but have seen two fine bevcys of ruffed grouse.

EAST BREWSTER, MASS., July 5, 1883.

CRISTEYER.

KYNCOCH SHELLS.

Editor Forest and Stream:
I have used one hundred of the Kynoch shells in four different breech-loaders. When the advertisement first appeared in FOREST AND STREAM I thought they would be an expensive shell, so went to New York for one hundred, and the guns I have used them in are the Fox, James, semi-hammerless and Field; the last two are single guns. Out of the one hundred, using them the first time there were only two or three misfires, but after being recapped about one-half of what were used in the Fox gun failed to go. I at first laid it to the primer, but tried two kinds with the same result, but I soon saw what the trouble was. The head of the shell was so soft that when the plunger struck the cap the cap would not resist the blow but would drive away so far as to be out of reach of the plunger and that, being the large-headed kind, could not follow it up, hence the misfire. In the James they seldom missed, as the plunger was different, but I can not use them in it as the chambers are not perfect, and they can't be used in a gun imperfectly chambered. In the Field they failed to go after being recapped, as this gun also has a large-headed plunger. In the semi-hammerless they work to a charm. This gun has a long firing-pin that follows up the cap, and they very rarely miss, and being made by the same makers as the Fox is perfectly chambered, so the shells do not expand. Unlike "Medicins II," I have not had one burst. I have fired some of them half a dozen times.

In regard to loading, I do not like the mode they give of scooping the shells, as it is apt to cause annoyance when one is in a hurry to get them into the gun. I made a stick with a small groove similar to the one advertised, but discarded it. My mode is to recap them with a Remington recapper, and if the head of the shell is pressed in to put it on a bench or table and drive it out again. Then I use the Parker loader with No. 10 wads in 12-gauge shells. This seems to hold the shot in nicely, but unless one uses this kind of loader the shot will expand and the shells will not be so tight for use. They can be used in almost any shape, but when fired they are as perfect as ever. I think the makers will miss it if they do not make the head of these shells a little more solid. It looks rather bad to have a man go to a glass ball match and have about one-half of his shells misfire. C. B.

NEW HAMPTON, N. Y.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have read with much interest the several communications in regard to the Kynoch shells.

I procured two hundred of them; have used all once, and some second and third time. I load with number of wad hat corresponds with that of shell. Make three dents just over and above wad with the loader. They work well and

stood the severe test of duck and snipe shooting to my entire satisfaction. I had none to split or crack the gun, and no misfires. The complaint of misfires, I think, comes from defective locks or faulty firing pins. They are open, however, to the same objection as the heavy brass shells, namely, one must save them. When they can be made cheap enough to throw away, they will, indeed, be "perfect."

I am now trying the star brass wads. I have used sixty shells loaded with them at target and glass balls. They do not make any change in pattern or penetration, and do not scratch the bore, and they are the same as those with a shell in the other barrel, to test their holding properties. No very great loosening was noticed until the fifth shot, when the wad came entirely loose.

Whether they will stand the rough usage of field work or not, remains to be tested. From above experience I very much doubt their doing so. I of course used the brass wads in paper shells.

We will have plenty of quails this season. Their merry whistle can be heard in every stubble.

Bass fishing has proven an entire failure this season, the first time for many years.

BRAZIL, Ind., June, 1883.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of June 28, "H. V. L." Hoboken, N. J., advances the idea that the difficulty I experienced with the Kynoch shells was due to imperfect chambers. I think not, for this reason: I have used Winchester's shot shells for over two years, firing from some of them probably over fifty shots, and to-day I can extract them from the gun with my fingers, without any effort whatever, and I believe that if there were imperfections in the chambers such as he mentions, the brass shells I have used would have expanded so as to be greatly injured. I have seen others experience great difficulty in extracting their brass shells from their guns after long usage, but happily I have not been troubled in this manner, and I come to the conclusion that my gun must be slightly smaller at the innermost end of the chambers. I am not one to condemn, especially implements pertaining to the gun, unless facts warrant it, and I was as pleased as a boy with a new top when I read of the merits claimed for the Kynoch shells, but upon giving them a trial I was greatly disappointed. I neglected, in my previous communication, to mention the gun and charge used, and will do so now: The gun is a Calabrigo, 10-gauge, double breech-loader, with all the modern improvements. I used 4 drs. Hazard ducking powder (Dixou gauge), with two pink-edge No. 8 wads on top, 12 oz. No. 5 shot and one pink-edge wad, just such charges as I always use for ducks. The sample shells I use were slightly defaced when received by me, but not apparently as much as crimping would render them. I have ordered a new sample, and hope to be able to make a more favorable report. I should say that the breaking of these shells as reported by "Medicins II," in your issue of June 28, was due to the shells being too small for the chambers, and the butt being of heavier metal than the rest of the shells, it would not expand as readily and caused them to break apart. I consider this a subject of vast importance to sportsmen, and am pleased to see the reports coming in, and I hope, if the difficulty we experience in them is due to improper loading or a faulty gun, we want to know it, and if in the "Kynoch Perfect," ditto, D.

MANTOWOC, Wis.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I notice in your issue of June 31, a short article from "D" on his experience with the "Kynoch perfect" brass shells. I have been experimenting to a limited extent with these shells also. While the results were not as satisfactory as I could wish, yet they are not as bad as those of "D." My experiments were with a W. & C. Scott & Son No. 12 gun, weight 8 pounds, choke bore. Shells loaded with 3 3/4 and 4 drams Hazard No. 4 powder, 14oz. shot, 8 of each charge being fired. In two instances with 3 drams powder the shells cracked, one at the base and one about middle of shell. With the 3 3/4 and 4 dram charges the shells stood fine. I had no trouble in extracting empty shells after each discharge, and the pattern and penetration was probably some better than with paper shells under the same circumstances.

Another party has also been experimenting with about the same results as myself, having fired twenty charges of 3 drams Hazard No. 4 powder and 14oz. shot, with one burst shell at base. He uses a Jaicus gun, 12-gauge, and 8 pounds weight, and experienced considerable difficulty in extracting on account of expansion. The shells fit my gun nicely, and I think I could detect the least expansion.

While very serious drawback in crimping or cutting shot, when the shells work perfect, and loaded shells are easily extracted, but when reloaded the crimpers binds so it is in many cases impossible to extract the shells without removing the wooden head and driving them out with a stick; this I attribute to the shells not being put in crimpers in same position as first crimped and not to expansion of the shell. I hope to hear from others on this subject, who have had a more varied experience and can present the matter to the advantage. J. L. P.

KANSAS CITY, Iowa.

Editor Forest and Stream:

As soon as the Kynoch shell was for sale, I procured several, and have tested them thoroughly, and in my gun they are certainly a failure. I have forwarded to your address, a Kynoch shell that I have fired several times and also two patterns, one made with the Kynoch shell, the other with a Winchester brass shell. You cannot fail to notice the great difference between the two. The one made with the Winchester recording 224 No. 8 shot in a 30 inch circle at 40 yds., while the one made with the Kynoch only records 214 (the shot circle did not continue so far), and the Winchester I send you is the best I can make with a Kynoch shell. On the other hand, with a Winchester or Parker brass shell or a Winchester, U. M. Co., Lowell, or Eley paper shell, I can average about 320 No. 8 shot, in a 30-inch circle at 40 yds. Why the difference?

I have loaded in every conceivable manner, and the best result you have before you.

With Winchester brass shell, at 40 yds., I use 3 drs. of powder, 2 Eley pink wads, 14 oz. shot, and one Eley or cardboard wad over shot, without crimping. My gun is a 12-gauge, 28-inch barrel, Colt, and with brass shells I use No. 10 wads, with paper shells No. 12. My Winchester and Parker brass shells are the same length as the Kynoch. As the Kynoch is so much thinner than the Winchester, I tried a larger wad, and varied the quantity of powder and shot, but the result was no better, always a poor pattern,

The penetration was about the same as the other shells. The shell that I send you seems to be perfect yet, with no splitting, etc., that others have complained of. Now, where lies the trouble? It must be with the Kynoch shell, somewhere. I think that I have given them a fair, honest, trial, and the result is certainly not very satisfactory. A. T. S. [If there is an abrupt shoulder in the gun used by A. T. S. it may be that the shot driven out of the thin Kynoch shell against it are jammed out of shape and so fly wild.]

Editor Forest and Stream:

I have noticed several articles in late numbers of FOREST AND STREAM in regard to "Kynoch Perfect Shell." I had a sample package sent me, and my experiments have been conducted with only two shells, 12-gauge. I fired several shots from these shells, and in every case, pattern and penetration were both better than those made with paper shells. Charge used was 3/4 drs. powder and 1oz. shot. The gun was a heavy 12-gauge, full choke in both barrels. I could find no difference in shells after a number of shots had been fired, and considered the tests satisfactory. Although closed with the fingers, the charge was held tight in shell in left barrel when right barrel was fired. I shall use these shells this fall, and think them superior to paper shells. FAIRFIELD.

WALLACEVILLE, S. C.

DECEPTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.—It is very amusing to read some of the advertisements for seaside resorts which are intended to draw the sportsman. The following is a sample: "Back of the island and along the sandy channels which cut off Atlantic City from the mainland are illimitable reedy meadows, fed with the salt sea, and a bonie for numberless snipe, plover and reed birds. About the middle of this month the snipe-shooting season will begin, and the half dozen varieties of the noble game will pipe sweet music to the sportsman's ears." Now the reed bird is never found near salt water, and the reed upon which he feeds is a fresh water plant. "The several varieties of noble game" are found on the Atlantic City meadows in numbers only during the spring migration. All that will be found at Atlantic City by the middle of July will be peeps or ox-eyes. The note of a clapper rail or mud-hen will be heard often enough, but the bird will not be seen until September storm tides drive him to show himself, and then he will be potted in the water. Better it is for the sportsman to read up his weekly FOREST AND STREAM, select his grounds from the notes cut therefrom, than to be influenced by flaming advertisements written by those who are out of the cloth.—HONO. [Our correspondent is in error when he states that the reed bird is never found near salt water. We have frequently seen and killed them among the beach-plant bushes between the salt meadows and the beach.]

A FELINE RETRIEVER.—Cooper's Point, July 3, 1883.—I have a cat, I call him Jerry, a name perpetuated from the great grandire, the original boathouse pet. Every fall he takes his six weeks' trip with me to the Delaware Bay on a duck shoot, and no one enjoys oysters, fish, and birds more than he. He is my constant companion, whether tramping the marsh, or lying behind the blinds. He is the best swimmer I ever saw, man or beast; answers to a dog call, and retrieves my birds when crippled on the marsh, and on one occasion brought a dead hawk duck to land from outside of the decoys on the bay shore in quite a tumble of a sea. I could write pages and yet not do Jerry justice. A brute of an hostler at the hotel near the Delaware Bay, and was pelting it with stones while it was struggling for life. Jerry was taking his usual afternoon siesta in the boathouse, and heard the cry of distress. In a moment he was in the water, and despite the stones thrown by the heat-bish hostler and feudish boys, he caught the drowning kittie by the nape of the neck, and brought it triumphantly to shore, depositing it in his own cosy cot. I promise you this kittie while the world will be recognized by a good many who read this. How the brute often puts man to shame.—R. G. W.

WOODCOCK IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Philadelphia, July 6.—There has been so much rain during the last week, our woodcock shooters have found the birds very much scattered and it is necessary to start them in a possible bag. During the two first opening days of the season, no good shooting has been had, however, in the neighborhood of Burlington and Bordetown, N. J. All the woodcock killed in the cripples near these places were birds bred there. I learned that two gentlemen who worked these cripples last week brought in twenty. The weather now is sweltering hot and but few will venture into the river side fields while it continues so. Two pairs of woodcock were killed on the morning of the 5th of July, on Darby Creek near Potts; my informant stated to me he knew of the old birds settling there early in the spring to breed, and he expected to find at least six, but bagged all he saw.—HONO.

STAR WADS.—Editor Forest and Stream:—Herewith I give you my experience with the star wad, as requested in your issue of the 21st ult. Loaded tin shells, put star wad over pastebore wad on top of shot, and after firing nine out of the right barrel, I found that the shot in left barrel did not start. With the star wad necessary to start the shot the shell or to crimp it, thereby much time and labor is saved; now add the advantage gained by filling the chamber of the gun up to the shoulder, thereby giving a better pattern, also the saving of the shell, and I think we have something that fills a need long felt. Trusting that we will hear from others in regard to the star wad in your next issue.—ROBT. W. HOPKINS (Secretary Anquehonsu Guu Club, Steata Island).

WOODCOCK IN WOODLAND CEMETERY.—Philadelphia.—On the evening of July 6, two woodcock were seen to fly across Woodland avenue, West Philadelphia, then over the road into the cemetery. At the lower end of these grounds, near to the Blockly Almshouse enclosure, there is an excellent feeding place which remains wet the summer through; the birds doubtless were attracted thither. Years ago we knew of two woodcock breeding there, but of course more secure retreats have been chosen by the birds.—HONO.

TENNESSEE.—Nashville, July 6.—Squirrels are reported abundant, and a number are offered for every morning at the market houses, though the weather has been too hot and wet for the town Nimrods to go abroad after the sport. Commodore Wallman and Bob Grubbs killed a few doves and a brace of summer ducks the other day, but both are as yet out of season.—J. D. II.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

THE SECRETS OF ANGLING.*

THIS quaint and charming old poem has been faithfully and literally translated from the original edition, and we therefore have it as it was written, instead of the modernized edition of After, which has long been the only accessible one. The latter took great liberties with the original, both in punctuation, orthography, and syntax, and consequently robbed the book of its principal charms. The original edition had on its title page the following: "Secrets of Angling. Teaching the Choicest Tooles Baytes and Seasons, for the taking of any Fish, in Pond or River; practised and familiarly opened in three Bookes. By J. D. Esquire. Printed at London for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at his shop neere Conduit, 1613." This appears on the title before the reprint.

The first Booke containeth these 3, Heads. The Antiquity of Angling, with the art of Fishing, and of Fish in general. The lawfulness, pleasure and profit thereof, with all Objections answered, against it. To know the season, and times to promise the Tooles, and how to choose the best, and the manner how to make them fit to take each severall Fish.

The second Booke, Containeth The Anglers Experience, how to use his Tooles and Baytes, to make profit by his game. What Fish is not taken with the Angle, and what is; and which is best for health. In what waters and Rivers to finde each Fish.

The third Booke containeth, The 12 virtues and qualities which ought to be in every Angler. What weather, seasons, and times of the yeere is best and worst; and what hours of the day is best for sport. To know each Fishes hunt and the times to take them.

Also, an obscure secret of an approved Bait, tending thereto.

We have read this volume with great pleasure, and commend it to all lovers of angling. It is so full of gems that it is difficult to select a few for illustration. In the "First Booke" we read:

You *Anglers* that in the Springs and Waters sweet,
Your dwelling have, of Fery Hill and Dale,
And oft amidst the Meadowes greene doe meet
To sport and play, and hear the *Nightingale*.
And in the Ethers first doe wash your feet,
While *Prognosters* tell her wofull tale:
Such ayde and power unto my verses lend,
As may suffice this little work to end.

Even two hundred and seventy years ago it was known that an angler should be properly dressed for his work, for we are told:

And let thy garments tusslet be or gray,
Of colour dark, and hardest to desrey.
That with the Raine or weather will away,
And least offend the fearful fishes eye.
For neither Skarlet nor rich cloth of ray
Nor colours dyt in fresh *Asyrian* dye,
Nor tender silkes, of Purple, Paule, or Golde,
Will serve so well to keepe off wet or cold.

The obscure secret of an approved bait we will give, not only to refresh the memories of the older anglers, who may have forgotten it, but also to inform a generation who may not have seen it, of the most perfect thing ever discovered to attract fish to the hook. The ingredients may be difficult to obtain in some places, but the author assures his readers that if they understand it it is perfect.

Wouldst thou catch Fish?
Then Herbet's wish:
Take this receipt,
To annoynt thy Bayte.

Thou that desire'st to fish with Line and Hooke,
Be it in pond, in River, or in Brooke,
To blisse thy bait, and make the Fish to bite;
Loe, here's a menues, if thou canst hit it right,
Take Gum of life, fine beat, and laid in soake.
In Oyle, well drawn from that which kills the Oake.
Fish where thou wilt, thou shalt have sport thy fill.
When twenty faine, thou shalt be sure to kill.

Probation.
It's perfect and good,
If well understood,
Else not to be told,
For Sinner or Golde. —B. R.

The work is neatly printed and gives us the first opportunity to read the author as he wrote, and Mr. Westbrook deserves thanks for preserving this book from extinction, or, what is as bad, the devastating hand of the "improver."

MOSSBUNKERS OR MENHADEN.

FISHERMEN in the north are complaining about the wholesale destruction of mossbunkers, as bluefish and other fish are driven from the coast as a consequence of a lack of food. With us the opposite is the case, for in the lower St. Johns fishing is seriously injured as a result of too many bunkers. Food is so plenty that the fish will not take a hook. On the food tide bunkers enter the stream in immense quantities; in fact it is a continuous stream of mossbunkers for about four hours of the food and five hours of the ebb tide. The supply is continuous from June until the latter part of November.

Land, labor and firewood are cheap, and as the fish can be captured in immense quantities, it might prove advantageous for your bunker fishermen to investigate the subject. Steamers would be unnecessary, as there is an almost unlimited demand for fertilizers in the State and vice is cheap.

An excellent market would be found in Jacksonville, Fla., and in Savannah, Macon, Augusta and Atlanta, Ga., for the

edible fish caught. In this market the wholesale price paid by dealers for sea trout, small sheephead and whiting, is fifteen cents per string. If the bunker men wished to indulge in the capture of larger and oily fish they could net along the tarpon and porpoise waters. Near Milk Point is a small bay with sandy bottom where porpoise do most congregate during the copulating season, and if a net could be constructed to hold them tons could be captured at a hunt. Will some bunker man visit the lower river and investigate the resources of the St. Johns regarding the manufacture of oil and fish gmano? A. P. FRISCO.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., June 7.

FISHING NEAR NEW YORK.

THE fishing season near the city has been an average one thus far, both in fresh and salt waters. The height of the season is from June to July in fresh waters, and from July until cold weather in the salt waters near New York. There is not a place in the country from which such a variety of fishing, and such excellent sport also, can be had as New York city. There are many places where more fish of any one or two species can be taken, and where larger fish may be captured, but take it all in all New York city is the best center for variety angling.

In the fresh-water fishes there are the trout streams of Long Island, the Catskills, New Jersey, Connecticut and Rhode Island, all within a few hours' reach, while the salt-water rounds are only from fifteen to thirty hours distant. The black bass fishing is not of the best, the fish being absent from such waters as have not been stocked with them, for it is not a native of this region. Still the New Jersey lakes and the Delaware River and its branches afford some sport. Pike are not found near the city, but small pickereel are plentiful in the waters most esteemed by anglers.

The salt waters outside the harbor and up and down the coast swarm with gamy bluefish, often reaching ten pounds in weight, while the noble striped bass is taken about Staten Island up to three or four pounds, and from Montauk Point to Newport of the largest size. Weakfish, kingfish and other species are more or less plentiful, and are sought by anglers of all degrees of skill and with all grades of tackle. From the best to the poorest, the fish are taken in the bay in small boats and with shadler crab and clam "twigs," at every indication of a bite, and haul their prey in hand over board, and often come back with large strings. The "Fishing Banks," just outside Sandy Hook, are visited by steamers which advertise for passengers, promising from four to six hours fishing, "bait and lines provided," and carrying a motley crowd loaded with lunch-baskets, returning with the party well submerged and usually seasick, with more or less porpoise, toadfish, sculpin, and an occasional weakfish or other game. The Long Island Railroad takes the angler to Great South Bay, where the fishing is often excellent, and now promises to be better since war on the illegal netters has been declared.

In the brackish waters of New York and Newark bays and the Kills, small bass, weakfish, perch, blackfish, flounders, sea bass and eels are taken both from boats and off the bridges. This kind of fishing is not as good as formerly, on account of the pollution of the waters by the refuse products of petroleum which are dumped into them, and which have banished the lobsters and disgusted the crabs. But all which enticed to live cleanly have left for rivers, swamps and a motley crowd loaded with lunch-baskets, fishing, especially behind the light-house at Bergen Point, and off the long bridge from the Point to Elizabethport. Near the junction of the Passaic and Hackensack rivers small striped bass are taken, and up these rivers are found catfish and eels in abundance for such as care to take them. Further up the Passaic some black bass are found, after the fashion of the best grounds lying between Two Bridges and Little Falls.

With this variety all who love to fish, whether the scientific angler or humble brother of the hand-line and worm, can surely find sport suited to their tastes and their purses, and fish of all sizes, from the ponderous drum to the little sunfish, and from the royal striped bass to the slimy eel and the growling catfish. If we have omitted the Hudson River, not only the good fishing places, it is better known, no fishing worth the name in it near the city. The Hudson seems to be the poorest angling river in the United States. It still produces shad, eels and a few insignificant fishes, but nothing that the angler cares for—at least in any quantity. Even the sturgeon, which were once so plenty, have nearly disappeared.

COOS, NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A recent communication of mine in the FOREST AND STREAM regarding the fishing in this vicinity having brought me a "heap" of letters replete with inquiries, I take the same medium, with your consent, to reply. Coos, N. H., is the address of the village of North Stratford, N. H., the most northerly railroad station in the State, on the Grand Trunk Railroad, where it crosses the Connecticut River into Vermont. It has two regular Boston mails, and two regular Montreal ails, daily. There is a first-class hotel called the Percy House near the depot, with which is connected a livery, and the roads in all directions are unsurpassed. The trout waters in the immediate vicinity are Nulhegan River and its branches, Paul Smith's brook, the good fishing brook, Bear Brook, King's hall Brook, West Pond, Turtle Pond, Natch Pond, unknown Pond, South America Pond, North Pond and a score of other resorts, with pickereel and perch fishing in as many more places. I nearly forgot to mention Maidstone Lake, eight miles distant, with a first-class road, where the fishing this summer has been unsurpassed. Very recently three men, after about two hours fishing, caught about 300 fish, averaging over eighteen pounds. The absence of small fish is remarked, and had they been present in the usual number, the catch would have been up to or above the usual run.

PENOBSCOT SALMON.—The run of salmon in the Penobscot River has been a small one this year. Comparatively few have been caught, but the individuals have been of good size, averaging over eighteen pounds. The absence of small fish is remarked, and had they been present in the usual number, the catch would have been up to or above the usual run.

QUEBEC, CANADA, July 5.—Through the enforcement of the Quebec laws the fishery at St. Amand, near Brookville, respectively from this city, which had been almost completely "fished out," are now teeming with trout, and the latter lake well stocked with bass.—H. H. Y.

ANTELOPE IN TEXAS.—Martin County, June 25.—Antelope are quite plenty in this section. I saw about sixty or seventy head this morning while traveling eight miles. They were within two miles of the railroad. Good sport can be had here in the winter season. Last winter while hunting here I often saw as many as 300 to 700 in a bunch. During a "norther" they will drift down on the plains as far as the railroad, and I have seen their trails along the side of the road as plain as if three or four thousand sheep had been driven along. Being afraid of the track they would not cross it, and seldom do so except when they see other antelope on the opposite side, or when the leader takes a notion to cross, then the rest of the bunch will follow.—W. A. W.

THE "EJECTOR HAMMERLESS."—Among the notable improvements in the manufacture of fine guns is the ejecting mechanism recently added by Mr. W. W. Greener to his hammerless guns. By an ingenious device, which is exceedingly simple and we should judge durable, the fired shells are ejected when the gun is opened; or if but one shell has been fired that is ejected, and the other simply extracted. We have recently tested the working of the ejector and found it to be as excellent in practice as in theory. In some of our English exchanges we find reports from those who have used the ejector hammerless, and the experiences there detailed appear to bear out in the fullest degree the advantages made by the manufacturer in regard to the gun's durability.

DUTCHESS COUNTY ASSOCIATION.—Poughkeepsie, N. Y., July 9.—We organized on Saturday an association to be called the Dutchess County Association for the Protection of Game and Fish. The following officers were chosen: W. S. Johnson, President; James H. Dudley, Vice-President; Peter B. Hoyt, Secretary; James Lenox Banks, Corresponding Secretary; Edward L. Morse, Treasurer; P. E. Ackert, Counsel.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

FOR two or more very long hours had we sat in a boat on the unruddered bosom of Maidstone Lake, our bats within a yard of the bottom, seven feet below us, "bobbing" for a bite. Three expectant fishermen, whose beaming countenances, radiant with hope, might craze with mirth the most stolid "byp" that ever darkened a community—Prof. S. of Bangor, Capt. B. of Lancaster, and yours truly. Suddenly Prof. S. jumps to his feet: "I've got a bite."

"Yank, then," from both his companions. He did yank. Two more hours of weary "bobbing," during which the beaming countenances changed to a somber hue, then a blue, then a bronisec color, without lilt, but expressive. "I've got sick of this 'let's go home.' Enough." We slowly wound in on our lines. As the Prof.'s hook came from the water a quarter pound trout was seen impaled upon it, hooked through the brain, dead. Again his varying phiz changed to an expression of astonishment indescribable, and he made his companions scream with laughter as he slowly ascended. "What made my bait grow like that?" We assured him it was a peculiar property of the water, and that was enough. Coos.

In FOREST AND STREAM of May 24, the writer of "Notes on the Birds of Alabama," states that the local name of the ivory-billed woodpecker is "woodcock."

It is a fact, also, that to many dwellers in our land of cane-brakes and cotton fields, the true woodcock, *Phibohela minor*, although at certain seasons quite numerous, is almost a *Phibohela incognita*. The only bird that they recognize by the name "woodcock" is the aforesaid Ivory-bill. Thereby hangs a tale.

One day, in a country cross road, the writer was relating a story of what time he had hunted woodcock under the shadow of Muskonekong and along the swales of Waynes yanda, where the foot prints of poor Herbert (Frank Forester) had scarcely been obliterated by the changing seasons, when John B. remarked that the woodcock was certainly the best of birds when properly served. His words attracted the attention of an individual who stood near us, an overseer on a neighboring plantation, whom we will call H. This person, believing that C. had reference to the aforesaid ivory-bill, volunteered the remark that he "didn't know them durned things were fit to eat."

"O yes," said B., who saw an opening for a practical joke, in which he was never averse to indulge. "O yes, the finest bird that flies when properly cooked. You just kill some and try them. He and you'd agree with me, I'm certain." Nothing more was said on the subject at that time.

About a week afterward we three happened to meet at the same place again, when B. asked H. if he had tried any woodcock.

"D—n your woodcock!" said H. "I killed a whole dozen and had 'em cooked, and I had as live-ent so much fried alligator."

"What?" said B. "I don't expect you cooked 'em rightly."

"I cooked 'em like everybody cooks birds," said H. "There you made a great mistake," said B. "But tell us exactly how you did cook 'em."

"Why," said H., "I just picked 'em, and dressed 'em, and I think the old darkey said she parboiled 'em, but it didn't do 'em a bit of good. They ate like they were a hundred years old."

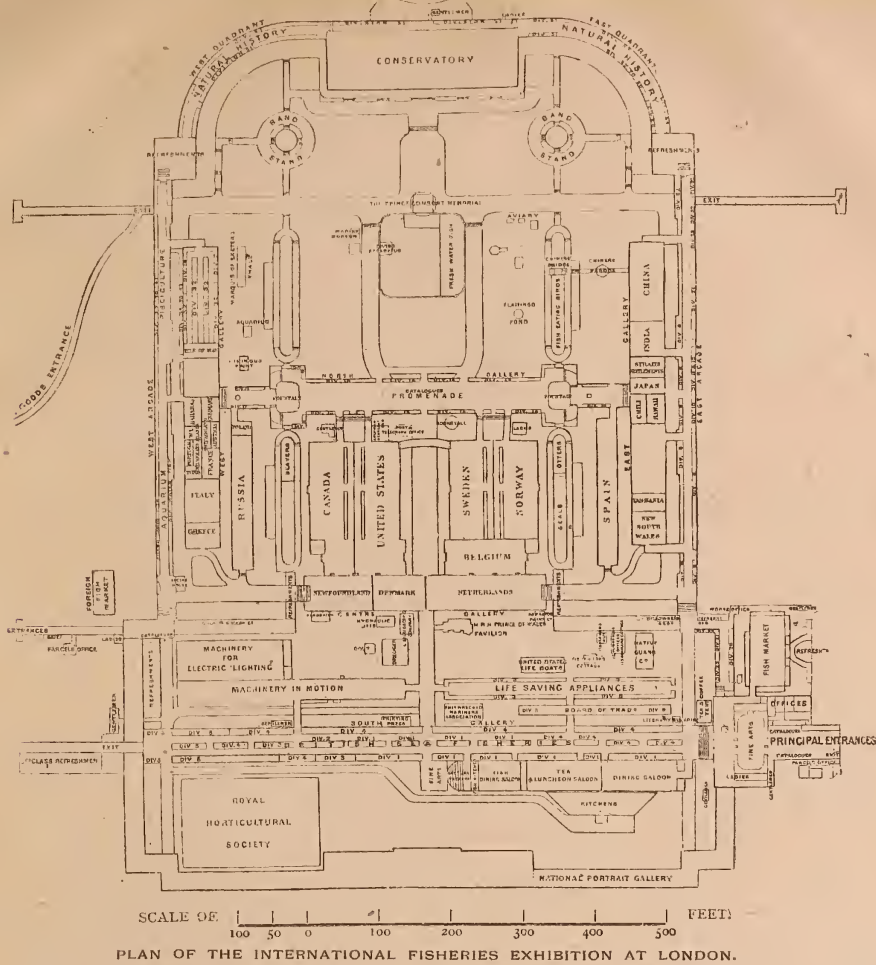
"I thought," said B., "you must have made some mistake in cooking 'em."

"Well, how the devil do you cook 'em?" said H.

"Well," said B., "in the first place you ought not to have picked 'em, and in the second place you ought not to have dressed 'em. As you've got to do when you cook woodcock is to tie a string around their necks and hang them up before a pretty hot fire—not too hot, though, nor so near as to scorch the feathers. Some people," he continued, "like 'em basted with salt and pepper; but they are good enough for me just dry so."

"The devil you say?" muttered H., as he turned away, and he'll have mine cooked that way next time, and—have you not got 'em?"

But according to the ivory-bill in H.'s *culina* was ever served up according to B.'s recipe, I do not know, as H. never seemed disposed to talk woodcock afterward. TUCKAHOE.



PLAN OF THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT LONDON.

BASS AT ST. CLAIR FLATS.—Buffalo, N. Y. June 30.—One two months ago I saw an article in FOREST AND STREAM from "Deep Troller" speaking of black bass fishing at St. Clair Flats. He has evidently "been there" and thoroughly enjoyed the sport, but even then does not extol it highly enough. Last season I saw a black bass (not a "large-mouth" bass) that was caught there, and he weighed 7 1/2 lbs. This is a fact that can be easily demonstrated. The fishing there now is good, but not as good as it will be in July and August. One afternoon last week, I caught thirty-nine black bass, averaging three pounds each, on light tackle. Pickeral are also biting well on a troll, and from this time out any one that enjoys perch fishing can have his fill. They are almost too plenty; can be caught two at a time, and will average over one-half pound. They abound where there is little or no current, and very light tackle can be used. The fishing grounds are about thirty miles above Detroit, and two steamers run from there daily. Joe Bedore keeps a first-rate house for hunters or fishermen to stop at, has good boats, and can furnish first-rate boatmen if desired. Among the best of these are George W. Cole, (in fact the best I have ever met) who, as a hunter or an oarsman, cannot be excelled, and has lived all his life on the Flats. James Slocum, at Star Island, also has quite a large hotel. The steamers from Detroit stop at his and Bedore's docks. Any one going to the Flats should not fail to visit the Bassett Channel. There I have had the best black bass fishing I have ever known, and it is very easy of access from Bedore's house. I shall go again in July or August, and would be very glad to meet any of my brother fishermen there and then. There is "room for all," and more than enough fish to go round. P. S.—Joe Bedore has a big ice-house well filled.—LIGHT TACKLE.

SALMON IN THE RESTIGOUCHE.—The fishing in the Restigouche River is better this season than for the past three years. Many salmon have been taken, and the sizes run large. We were lately shown a letter from Mr. William Blair Lord to Harry Pritchard, dated Fraser's Hotel, Matapedia, Province of Quebec, July 4, in which he says: "I send you by express a salmon I killed to-day. I would have sent you one sooner, but I have relatives and others who have prior claims on me. Besides, for two weeks, while the logs were running thickest, I caught just enough to send to my brother and sister. I have had very good sport below the club grounds. My largest fish was 36 lbs., and my whole catch averaged over 30 lbs. I have caught 4, 3, 3, 2, 2, on different days. The four weighed 99 lbs., good for one day. I hope the fish will reach you in good order, and that you will enjoy eating it."

WEAKFISH AT BARNEGAT.—L. M. Auerbacher, of this city, with three friends, caught over 500 weakfish on Barnegat Bay, one day last week. Largest fish 3 lbs., average about 1 1/2 lbs. The small fish were returned to the waters as fast as taken. Party started from Parker's Hotel, Forked River.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES.—The Schuylkill River still continues muddy; the water is gradually clearing, however, but the heavy rains have rendered it more than usually turbid in the last ten days. Its tributaries are much clearer, and at this writing are in prime fishing order for bass. Bass fishing about Shawmont has been poor since the heavy rain-fall. The catch since the opening day, June 1, this year, taking it as a whole, will exceed that of any season for three or four years. We may expect a falling off during the hot weather. Weakfish, seabass, blackfish, etc., continue to bite well all along the New Jersey coast. Many sheephead are taken, the fish measuring large. From Fish Warden Ore's report to the Fish Commissioners of New Jersey, of the value of the fish caught in the Delaware, in Camden county, I take the following, which is very interesting: "The shad catch be values at \$20,700; herring, \$725; sturgeon, \$500; and catfish, perch, black bass, etc., \$240, making a total of \$23,455. In trout run near Clemington, N. J., a trout was caught weighing one and a half pounds. The report asks that all herring nets and small meshes should strictly be prohibited after June 10, as thousands of small shad are destroyed by them. The retail price of shad on an average was thirty cents; herring seventy-five cents a hundred, and other fish averaged eight cents a pound, except sturgeon, which brought one dollar each."—HOMO.

NEW BRUNSWICK SALMON RIVERS.—Frederick, June 20.—The sale of fishing leases on the migranted water grants, on the following rivers took place to-day, at the Crown Land office, at noon: Restigouche River, from Toad Brook to Almon grant, at Indian Brook, upset price, A. L. Light, Toronto, Ont., \$825; from Almon grant, at Indian Brook, to Tracey Brook, upset price, A. A. Mason, New York, \$500; from Tracey Brook to mouth of Kedgwick, upset price, H. R. Ranney, St. John, \$600. The river Kedgwick from its mouth up to Quebec boundary, upset price, H. N. Habersham, Savannah, Georgia, \$510. Nepisquit River, from its mouth to Indian Reservoir, upset price, J. W. Nicholson, St. John, \$360. Upsalquitch River, from the mouth to Great Falls, no bid; from the Great Falls upward, upset price, H. N. Habersham, Savannah, Georgia, \$210. Main North West Miramichi, from the head of the tide up, no bid. Patopedis, from its mouth up to Quebec boundary, no bid. Jacquet River, upset price, H. R. Ranney, St. John, \$130. Total \$3,435.

SALMON IN THE MERRIMAC.—Manchester, N. H., July 2.—Some small boys were observed pounding with clubs a large fish in a small pool on the Amoskeag Falls this morning. On being asked what they had, replied they did not know, but guessed that they had killed a young whale. Investigation proved it to be a salmon of twenty-one pounds weight.—H.

GRAVENHURST, Canada, July 5.—Owing to the beastly quantity of rain up here the fishing is rather poor, but just as soon as the weather settles we expect to have grand times.—C.

A BOOK BY THE LATE LORENZO PROUTY.—A memorial of the late Lorenzo Prouty will be published in a week by Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston. It is a book on "Fish their Habits, Haunts and the best methods of taking them," together with descriptions of trips made by Mr. Prouty in the woods of Maine and Nova Scotia. The work was in part written by Mr. Prouty himself, and in part compiled from his journal by his widow.

BLACK BASS.—A very interesting paper on the distribution of the black bass, by Dr. James A. Henshall, read before the American Fishcultural Association, will be found in another column. By the way, we presume most of our readers have seen Dr. Henshall's excellent paper on black bass fishing in the July Century, to which we called attention some time ago.

Fishculture.

THE AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.
[PROCEEDINGS CONTINUED]
ON THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE BLACK BASS.
BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

IN this brief paper the writer intends merely to give the facts as they exist, relative to the distribution of the black bass species, without attempting to draw any conclusions therefrom from the laws which govern the geographical distribution of fresh-water fishes, or to offer any theory concerning the same. A study of the habitat of the black bass, however, will, no doubt, aid the biologist very materially in solving the problem of the distribution of animals.

The geographical distribution of the black bass is remarkable for its extent; the original habitat of one or other of the two species ranging from Virginia to Florida, and from Canada and the Red River on the north to Louisiana and East Mexico. In other words, it might be stated that the original geographical range of this representative American fish embraced the whole of North America, south of the British possessions and east of the Rocky Mountains, except the waters flowing into the Atlantic in New England and the Middle States, thus far exceeding any other fish of America in its distribution. Of the two species, the large-mouthed bass had the widest distribution occurring all through the vast scope of territory mentioned above. The small-mouthed bass had a somewhat limited range in comparison, not extending east or south beyond the Alleghany Mountains, though occurring everywhere else with the large-mouthed species.

At the present day the habitat of the black bass has been extended by transportation, and by means of artificial canals, so that it may be said to inhabit every State of the Union. It has also been successfully introduced into England, Scotland and Germany, thus occupying a wider range than any fresh-water fish in the world.

The fact that the original habitat of the black bass does not embrace New England and the Pacific slope is not remarkable, for the characteristically American forms of fishes, as has been observed by Prof. Jordan, are, generally speaking, rare or absent in the waters of those sections. This fact was

noticed by Prof. Louis Agassiz, who called New England "a zoological island," on account of its faunal peculiarities as compared with those of the rest of the continent. Thus, about a hundred genera of fresh-water fishes now known to occur in the waters east of the Mississippi River, only about one-fourth occur in New England, and of these all except a half-dozen genera are represented by but a single species. I do not mean that the same species occur in the waters of the Pacific slope. Almost any stream of any extent of the Ohio or Mississippi basins will furnish double the number of genera and species as the entire waters of either of the named sections. The same is true of the fishes. "In the little White River at Indianapolis, seventy species, representing forty-eight genera, are known to occur—twice as many as inhabit all the rivers of New England."

The distribution of fishes does not seem to be much affected by geological formations, climatic influences, or the character of waters; for although one or both species may have been absent originally in certain localities, they readily adapt themselves to the waters of these sections when transported, and rapidly increase.

Originally both species were at home among the primordial rock of the zoic period of Lake Champlain, Northern Wisconsin, and along the Appalachian chain in the Carolinas and Northern Georgia. They flourished amid the paleozoic rocks of the Great Lakes region and the Mississippi Valley, and in the coal measures of the Ohio, Illinois and Missouri river basins. While in the marine tertiary formations of the same period, they were abundant on the slopes of the Southern States, the large-mouthed bass alone occurs. Thus, while the small-mouthed bass seems to be restricted naturally to the older formations, the large-mouthed bass roams at his sweet will over the entire range of metamorphic and stratified rocks and glacial drift, down to the recently formed coral reefs of the peninsula of Florida.

Climatic influences do not seem to affect the distribution of the large-mouthed bass in any degree, in the United States. One of the small-mouthed bass is found in a small extent. The original habitat of the species extended through twenty-five degrees of latitude and thirty degrees of longitude, the small-mouthed bass alone not occurring in the extreme test degrees of Northern latitude. The large-mouthed bass extends to the longitude of this range. Thus, while the small-mouthed bass is naturally restricted to cold and temperate waters, the large-mouthed bass bids defiance alike to the ice-bound streams of Canada and the sunny streams of Florida. He flashes his bright armor under the firs and birches of the St. Lawrence basin, and erects his spiny crest in the grateful shade of the palms and live oaks of the southern peninsula. To him it is given

"To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice."

The character of waters has but little influence upon the distribution of the species, less upon the large-mouthed bass than upon his small-mouthed congener. If the water is reasonably pure, both species will thrive just as well in turbid waters as in the small-mouthed bass naturally seeks cooler and clearer waters. Thus, while he is found in the headwaters of certain rivers flowing into the Atlantic (notably those of the Allegheny region of the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama, and Florida), he is also found in the lower portions of the streams. (There are several rivers in Hernando county, on the Gulf coast of Florida, that burst out from the base of a sandy ridge running parallel to the coast, and which are from one to two miles long, and are large springs fifty or sixty feet deep, and of half an acre in extent. Their waters are remarkably clear and cool, with a strong current until tide water is reached; and I have no doubt but that small-mouthed bass are abundant in them.) In the upper portions of the streams if introduced into them, as the conditions all seem favorable, and the large-mouthed bass is very abundant in them.)

As we approach freshwater the small-mouthed bass disappears. The large-mouthed bass, however, true to his cosmopolitan nature, descends the streams to their mouths, where he seems to be as much at home in the brackish waters of the estuaries as in the pure and crystal rapids of the highlands.

The black bass being in a manner omnivorous, is probably not restricted in its range to any great extent by the supply of any one article of his food; though it would be affected, of course, by any sudden scarcity of its food. Crayfish and minnows are the principal food of adult black bass, and these are more or less plentiful throughout the waters of the United States. In addition to these they feed upon insects, larvae, frogs, and tadpoles. I have analyzed the contents of the food of fishes, ascertained that the food of young bass, when less than an inch in length, consisted entirely of minute crustacea (*Zalostreva*). When from one to four inches long they feed almost wholly upon insects, while the larger bass, when six to eight inches in length, feed upon the same principal diet of adult bass, the small-mouthed species showing an especial fondness for the former. The great prevalence of crayfish in rocky streams may throw some light upon the preference of small-mouthed bass to such waters.

I wish to say a word in this connection in reference to objections heretofore urged before this Association against the introduction of the black bass into eastern waters, upon the theory that the presence of the bass would prevent the increase of shad or salmon. The objections are not valid or founded on fact, for the black bass preys on a diet of crayfish, when he can get it, varying it with minnows, insects, larvae and frogs, and in eastern waters he would not object to young eels, blue pickering, pike-perch and garfish are almost entirely piscivorous in their habits, which might be expected from the character of their teeth, and their fins have no doubt been changed to the black bass. But while the bass will take the eel, pickering, or salmon, he will not when hungry, he will not make them special objects of pursuit, like the canine-toothed fishes above named.

The failure to restock such streams, if any such failure exists, must be attributed to other causes than the presence of the black bass, prominent among which is the unrelenting pursuit of the young fry by the predatory fishes mentioned. They are only exceeded in their destructiveness by the genus *homo*, with his insatiable gill-net, and his voracious nets, which prevent the return of the shad or salmon during the breeding season; and should a few run the gamut and succeed in depositing their spawn in the upper reaches of the rivers, the eels, hulleheads and suckers take their share of the young fry. All of which are true, and do not make a case for the bass, but in your just and righteous indignation do not make a scape-goat of so good a fellow as the black bass.

In Western waters where the bass exists with the usual varieties of fishes, there is no reason to believe that the bass is the cause of their decrease in the numbers of either. If any species suffers it is always the black bass on account of over-fishing, spearing, etc. I know of isolated lakes in Wisconsin where the black bass has co-existed with the cisco for many years, and has not only not diminished in number, but on the contrary, without a decrease of the latter fish. If then the bass cannot "get away with" the cisco in confined waters, how can he "clean out" the shad or salmon in large flowing streams? Moreover, I know of small streams in the West where the black bass and crayfish, into which brook trout were introduced to the discomfiture of the former fish, for the trout increased while the numbers of the bass have been reduced to a few. If the trout, or the rainbow trout will not thrive, do not hesitate to aid in the further distribution of the black bass by introducing that desirable species. It is easily done, and success is already assured. You have only to look at the Potomac, the Susque-

hanna, the Delaware and many other streams for evidence of its rapid increase.

The black bass is excelled by no other fish that swims for gainness, and among fresh-water species by but one, the white-fish, for the table. And furthermore, he will not eat the spawn of his mate, or that of his fellow anglers. His voracity for the crayfish and minnow he prefers them, and they are easily procured. On them he will wax and grow fat, increase and multiply. The run who alleges that he depopulates the streams of valuable food fishes, or asserts that he kills the shad, has never looked into the mouth of the bass with his eyes open.

MR. ENDICOTT—I have listened with great attention to the interesting paper by Dr. Henshall, and I feel constrained to take issue with him on the subject of introducing the black apostle of the black bass, and he therefore defends him against all charges of bad habits. It is a deplorable fact that the introduction of black bass into some of the Adirondack waters, notably in Herkondo Lake, has resulted in the thinning out of the trout, so that angling for bass is all that can be looked for with any certainty of sport. There is no doubt of the value of the bass in all waters that are not uninhabited by trout, but the latter is so far the superior of the two species that it is vandalism to place bass in trout streams or lakes. In regard to large shad rivers I can agree with Dr. Henshall, for those rivers contain other predatory fish which may be kept in check by the bass, for it is well known that in many waters the bass lays the eggs of the other predators. The learned Doctor, living far from trout streams, and having caught the bass for years and learned to love them, does not seem to place as high a value upon the trout as we do, for he evidently considers the trout as the superior of the two species. This is an assumption which I cannot assent to, nor will trout anglers generally. Years ago while fishing in the Adirondacks for trout I was annoyed by the continued rise and capture of small black bass, and turned to my companion and said: "The trout must go, for the black bass is more fatal to them than the smeltish are."

COL. McDONALD—I agree with Mr. Endicott concerning black bass in trout waters, but do not think they have any bad effect in shad rivers.

MR. ENDICOTT—I regard the black bass as the bluish of fresh waters, and Professor Baird has characterized the bluish as more voracious than the shad. The bluish is a more voracious fish than the shad. Col. McDonald: The black bass is of great value to some rivers. I sent to the Holston River for bass to stock New River, Virginia, and the bass were so lively that they jumped the seine, but we caught some, and it was a great gain. They increased and made the water so full of bass that hundreds now go to fish. The black bass are worth five dollars per pound to the people who keep hotels and boats, for they get that, on an average, indirectly from the anglers, and others who resort to the river.

MR. MATHER—I do not think that Dr. Henshall has advocated the placing of black bass in trout waters. He is very enthusiastic on the bass as a game fish, and personally may prefer it to trout, but he is too well informed not to know that trout anglers do not agree with him. I know of a gentleman in this city who has taken trout for years, and only fished for black bass for a limited time, who prefers the bass. For myself I prefer trout fishing, but think very little of either trout or black bass for the table. For me a fresh codfish is far ahead of them. I would never put black bass in good trout waters, but our large rivers are not trout waters, and the bass there will prove the most valuable of fishes to the angler.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE COMMISSION.—Plymouth, July 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* There has been hatched and distributed from the joint hatchery here the past winter and spring, 425,000 *Salmo salar*, 204,000 whitefish, 125,000 haddock salmon (*Salmo sebago*), 150,000 brook trout. One hundred thousand of the *Salmo salar* eggs were taken from fish caught in the Pemigewasset River during the season of '82. The fish are taken in positive lots, as placed in reservoirs kept running, and after being relieved of their eggs, are returned to the river. The spring run of salmon are late this season. Two were taken this morning, which are the first that have reached here. They are reported plenty in the lower part of the river.—H.

Answers to Correspondents.

NO NOTICE TAKEN OF ANONYMOUS CORRESPONDENTS.

- M. B., Boston, Mass.—Would advise you to clip the dog.
- D. C. W., Canaan, Ct.—We know of no Skye terrier for sale.
- READER, Meyersdale.—Write to the West Jersey Game Protective Society, Camden, N. J.
- X. Y. Z.—The postal card amounted to nothing under the circumstances as far as you.
- Old Kender, Boston, Mass.—1. Snipe was by Col. S. and out of his Nellie. 2. No.
- H. C. W., Brantton, Mass.—Write to Dr. H. W. Downey, New Market, Frederick county, Md.
- SPLASHER, Ohio.—We fear that the minnows packed in damp moss would not come right. They should be sent in alcohol, in a sealed tin can or cage.
- W. G., Springfield, Mass.—What cement or glue can I use to repair broken fly-trials that have been cracked in half? Ans. Use one of our glue that will adhere articles that are saturated with oil. If you can extract the oil with petrol or other substance, you can then use a white cement. For blue-stained, neutralize and all pains affections. What you will find La Page's Russian cement a good article.
- W. F. S., Woonsocket, N. H.—Has there been caught in the waters of Maine brook trout since the 22d of June? Ans. 2. In the Mt. Kineo House a truthful record of a brook trout taken in that vicinity weighing 14½ lbs. 3. Has there been caught a larger brook trout in the town from Rangeley Lakes, in 1877, by G. S. Page, weighing 15½ lbs.? Ans. 1. We have no knowledge of such a trout. 2. Not that we know of. 3. The trout caught by Mr. Page weighed 16½ lbs. Some specimens are fresh, and it is claimed that it was a well-developed, or over. Prof. Baird has a cast of a trout which weighed about 15½ lbs, and which came from the Rangeleys, but who took it we do not know.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

TROUT PONS.—We call attention to advertisement of trout pond property for sale or exchange in this week's issue.
Like a beam from the sun BENSON'S LACONIC POROUS PLASTERS go straight to the point, and produce a permanent and lasting cure. All other external remedies are sluggish and weak in comparison. BENSON'S are the latest product of the most careful study and experience of the world. For rheumatism, neuralgia, and all pains affections. All druggists. Price 25 cents.—*Adv.*
Last week's issue of FOREST AND STREAM was a most excellent one, though this might be said of every number published. FOREST AND STREAM has been the best of all our papers, and is the only one that is worth columns each, and contains more first-class reading than any paper in America on the same topic. In its line FOREST AND STREAM has no competitors. We are glad to see that you are sending us so many readable letters on fishing, hunting and kindred subjects, as from all parts of the country. The editorials are always bright and sparkling.—*Ashtand (Ky.) Independent, June 28.*

The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office mailors of importance are liable to delay.

FIXTURES.

BNFCU SHOWS.
Oct. 2, 3, 4 and 6, London Beach Show, London, Canada. Entries close Sept. 19. Charles Lincoln, superintendent; John Puddicombe, secretary; G. A. Stone, assistant secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1888.—Eastern Field Trials Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1, for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17, for the All-aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Ooster, Secretary, Raleigh, Long Island.
November 20, 1888.—Robie's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robie's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. F. Plummer, Secretary.
December, 1888.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Eryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

THE DOGS AT THE NEW YORK SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:
By the way, one very pertinent question that no one has asked is, and one Mr. S. Taylor to ponder is: When he was laughing so heartily of "tail-holding," and quoting all the Englishmen he ever heard of, why does he not tell how his friend, Mr. Chas. Mason, held Friday Night (greyhound) up by collar and chain till his front feet barely touched, so his hind legs would spread well in the judging ring. Is that the natural position that Englishmen and anguished Americans are all the while talking of?
If, there really is no power that would enable us to see our own faults, then so be it. But it could hardly be expected when Gurth's "legginess" is made a point in his favor by "adding to his magnificent height."

I am not seeking a controversy, but having read Mr. Taylor's letter in FOREST AND STREAM, have wondered at his meaning at times.

He says the dogs at the New York show this spring were a "wretched lot." Well, the best dogs in the country were there, and almost every one who has seen them will say so. What? Dogs are born, not made to order, and because they are not born to suit Mr. Taylor he "thinks and thinks and thinks."

There are indeed a "great many disagreeable people in this world," and it is greatly to be feared that Mr. Taylor's papers are apt to confirm, all who have read them, in that opinion.

O. P. L.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 3, 1888.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Col. Stuart Taylor, in his criticisms on the dogs and judges of the late New York show, has succeeded in bringing himself into disrepute, and almost every one who has seen them will advertise his dogs and kennel free. I think he has succeeded beyond his utmost expectation; and Mr. Mason ought to pay him in part, as from what I can gather from their very numerous letters they are not only ones who can possibly benefit. It is a little late in the day to try and improve the knowledge and character of one of the judges who has given such general satisfaction to both the public and exhibitors—I refer to Mr. Kirk, who is in every way a very clever man, which he facilitates was fully indorsed by the press, and for the most part by the exhibitors. For myself, I have shown under Mr. Kirk three times, and have been set upon by him as well as won under his judgment. Yet I do not at all think that he does his part. Col. Stuart Taylor's dogs, he was in the least unkind, although these dogs, as the Colonel admits, are not faultless, and besides he admits that they were faked, even the paragon Mayor or Bingley is admitted faulty, both before and behind, as he has long since under his eye, and a suspicious lump at the end of his tail, which gave his owner, Mr. Mason, a very considerable deal of trouble in England, but has so far been passed over in this country.

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Col. Taylor is too sweeping in his judgment of American dogs. I have also seen many of the largest shows in Great Britain, and I freely admit that in non-sporting dogs they are the best of us by a long way. I do not think that he does his part. Col. Stuart Taylor's dogs, he was in the least unkind, although these dogs, as the Colonel admits, are not faultless, and besides he admits that they were faked, even the paragon Mayor or Bingley is admitted faulty, both before and behind, as he has long since under his eye, and a suspicious lump at the end of his tail, which gave his owner, Mr. Mason, a very considerable deal of trouble in England, but has so far been passed over in this country.

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TRAINING BEAGLES.

I HAVE never seen a beagle except the one I have owned since last February. Let me tell you how I came to get him. I own a gun and I like to hunt. As a strictly local sequence I like to get a pointer, but Bob White is a *rara avis* within ten miles of Chelmsford, and I can't afford one of the enjoyable trips so often described in the columns of this paper. I want a beagle, and I want one such game as happened to be within the circle of a few miles about my home. I live in a village; have a small yard, and neighbors near by. I wanted one that would not worry over rather close quarters, and keep the neighbors and my own family awake o' nights by his howling. The common grey rabbit flourishes hereabouts, and I am one who thinks there is nothing so good as a rabbit. It is melancholy to see a beagle to itself, and may a merry day have I put in after one little long-eared, long-legged, furry friend.
For several seasons I have hunted in company with a friend who lives just out of the village, and he has a bound. That dog is a most interesting specimen of the canine race. A great, gaunt, long-legged, hollow-sided, cadaverous individual, sticking out all over in "points" and knuckles. It is melancholy to see a beagle to itself, and may a merry day have I put in after one little long-eared, long-legged, furry friend.
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hard, 5; Wright, 6; Hall, 5; Blodrig, 9; Roberts, 4. In another com-

petition at five birds; Brigham, 2; Travis, 2; Smalley, 3; Stevens, 2; Gil-

CEASURY CITY, Kans., July 4.—A pigeon shooting match took place

WATCHEMOKET GUN CLUB, East Providence, R. I., July 4.—

Contest for silver badge, 20 glass balls, Holten pair;

During the day eleven swatpokes were shot. Among the partici-

Canoing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be ad-

FIXTURES.

Aug. 16, 17, 18—Iowa Canoe Club Regatta, Spirit Lake, Iowa.

CANOE RACING.

CANOEISTS throughout the United States and Canada are making

The great secret of success in racing is to have everything down

FIXTURES.

July 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Match (3:30 P. M.).

First let the proper trim of the canoe be found by trial, shifting

On the day of the race everything should be ready in good time,

then the best course to take must be decided on. If the leading op-

Above all things, one should be cool, self-possessed, and keep one's

ABOUT THE WORST BURELQUESS on canoeing that has yet ap-

A. C. A. MEET.—The customs officers at Roscoe's Point, Montreal,

PHENIX, July 8.—For the information of

Yachting.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be ad-

FIXTURES.

July 12—Quincy Y. C., Third Match (3:30 P. M.).

Aug. 2—New Bedford Y. C., Second Class Sloops.

On the day of the race everything should be ready in good time,

Relating to the recent race of the Jersey City Y. C., we have received

Editor Forest and Stream.

HULL Y. C.—July 7.

SECOND CLASS KEEL—15 to 35 FEET.

FOURTH CLASS—CATRIS, 21 to 25 FEET.

FIFTH CLASS—CATRIS, 18 to 21 FEET.

BEVERLY Y. C.—July 7.

THE first championship race of the season was held at Marblehead,

Schooner Bessie was on hand, but having no competitor in that

Just as the gun was fired for third class, Psyche's tiller snapped,

As soon as stakeboat was towed back to its place, Fulp, Gordon

Just as the gun was fired for third class, Psyche's tiller snapped,

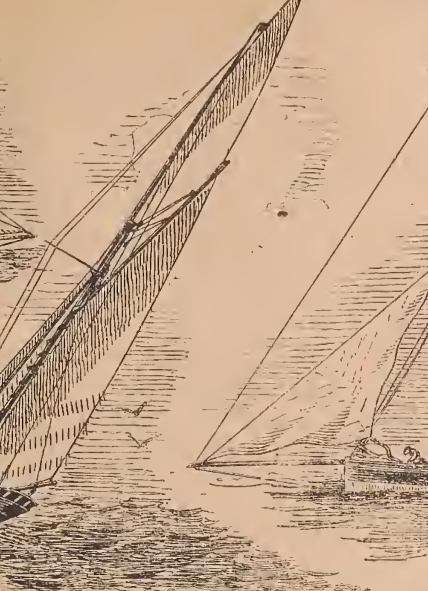
SUMMARY.

WHAT IS THE USE OF SANDBAGS?

THOSE clubs still encouraging the use of sandbags for shifting

Table with 4 columns: Name, Actual, Corrected, and another column. Rows include Contest, Eugenia, Holten, Curran, Psyche, and others.

Contest, Eugenia, Holten, Curran, Psyche, and others. Includes names like Fulp, Gordon, and Dangleton.



MAGGIE, CUTTER, 39.64 ft. CORRECTED LENGTH.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA.—JULY 4.

THE racing for the municipal prizes was not what it ought to have been, for two reasons. First, there was too little windward work, the courses being round about, and second, the courses were too short. This last is a common complaint in American yachting, and takes from the records much of its meaning. In the Boston races, for example, Shadow was outlacked at the start, and for want of distance, was unable to make up what she certainly is capable of doing with time enough, she was beaten by a whole crowd of miscellaneous craft, decidedly not her equal on any point of sailing. Of what account can a result be, achieved really without even giving the opportunity for competition? The courses might all, with propriety, have been doubled in length, and there is no reason why a city regatta should degenerate into baby's play any more than regular club matches. But beyond the fun a dash, or scramble affairs, the Boston city regatta does not deserve the dignity of being classed as racing. First class was not open so much to this objection, and really Maggie and Hesper made the best race of the day. Siran dropped in at the finish just in time to squeeze the prize from the cutter's grasp by allowance. But she was so much smaller than the other two, that finding just enough wind for herself, and not quite enough for the others, she profited by the state of the weather and won by dispensation from Providence rather than on her merits. As she has been handled by Maggie upon previous occasions, the truth of our remarks will be conceded.

Had the course been longer, it would have given the big ones more chance to shake their smaller sister, which they came very near doing as it was. Hesper and Maggie made fine sport all day. The cutter got a little the best in her class, and down wind held Hesper, but the length without regard to her area, which is considerably smaller than the plans supplied to sloops of like length. With the new measurement rules in force, Maggie would have won with ample spars. Racing between her and Hesper was always so close, however, that the day is generally decided upon seamanship, or the faintest semblance of luck. In second class, things got topsy turvy, owing to shadow following the big ones too far under the Spectacle Island, while her class got fresh streaks making hoards down the West Way. Of course the crack sloop picked them up one by one as she got after them, but the course was too short, and she finished long down in the list astern of some very ordinary boats.

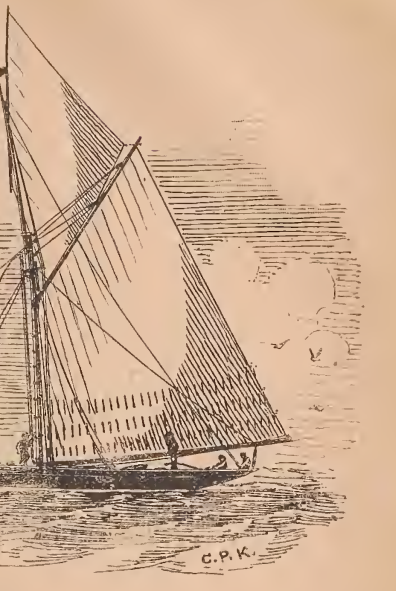
The "eye opener" of the day was decidedly the cutter Vayu, new from Lawley & Son's yard, a fast craft, and as yet only a dark horse. In her class she won a smartly sailed race, strictly upon merit. Starting down Thompson's Island shore, with lots of yachts in the lead, she showed so well to windward in the fore leeward down channel until a course could be laid for the turning beacon, that she weathered on the majority. She was third to round and second to finish, taking first prize on time from the respectable Lillie. She was stiff as a church, and went through very clean, considering her beam. Altogether, we were much impressed with her excellent performance. Being, besides, a yacht of more accommodation, with non ballast oil, absolutely safe, flush deck and smart in appearance, we think it quite certain that others of her kind will be built this winter. The schooners were an odd lot, rather cheap looking in equipment and aloft. Vanitas is a hold little craft, however, a cut above the rest, but what a pity such small schooners are not rigged as yawls. They would be equally handy, faster and more economical to commission. Third class made a big bunch clear down, and only straggled toward the close. Queen Ma and Sealbird proved the attraction, and for once Sealbird gave in by a few seconds and captured second money instead of her usual first. The catboat class was so numerous and sailed away to itself that we could not follow their movements. We should recommend a modification of courses for next year to facilitate recording the happenings during the race, for with nothing but the times at the finish, the table is left in the dark altogether on the merits of the contestants. But for our character of a special steamer, we should have seen no more of the race than the judges aboard the tug at anchor at the line.

Courses for first class out Broad Sound, passing Graves and Hardings to starboard, thence retracing by main ship channel—distance, four miles. Course for second class down West Way, to and around Point Allerton buoy, thence retracing through the main ship channel—14 miles. The third class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The fourth class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The fifth class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The sixth class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The seventh class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The eighth class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The ninth class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles. The tenth class went to and around flagstaff of Old Harbor point, thence to Buoy 7 off the fort, thence around Spectacle Island to lower end of the fort, thence to the light, thence round the buoy—four miles.

still as any yacht in the fleet, Laying occasionally bending to a strong pull more than the rest. Schooners and sloops of the other classes followed in crowd so fast, in each other's wake, that it was impossible to catch their doings in a steamer of consumptive engine-power. Maggie continued to lead Hesper by a few lengths on the close had home through main channel. Wind having veered to the westward, they were obliged to make a couple of tacks coming across the West Way and under Spectacle Island to fetch to windward of the markboat at the finish. This was the prettiest and closest work imaginable. The couple tacked in to Spectacle, the cutter having weathered Hesper and Hesper footing on her a trifle. When high enough for finish, Hesper was first around on port tack again, crossing under Maggie's stern, then the cutter hove aboard and led by two lengths along Thompson's Island. The sloop tried for the other one's weather, and Maggie could not help it, for want of water to tuff out. So Hesper crawled up and threatened to hanker Maggie and show the way across the line. Almost abreast they came tearing up the beach, when half mile below the finish the cutter ran from under Hesper's lee and led over the line by a length. All by herself Siran came along five minutes later, when by profound opening it was discovered that Maggie had not captured the big prize, but that little Siran was the winner by a minute and more upon headline time allowance. A sort of slip between the cup and the cutter.

Summary and official times as follows:

NAME	LAUREL	Actual	Corrected
Syren, W. C. Dillingham	38 01	3 38 55	3 46 15
Maggie, George H. Warrick	44 07	3 48 03	3 47 39
Hesper, W. H. Forbes	45 00	3 48 07	3 47 07
SECOND CLASS CENTERBOARD SLOOPS.			
Maggie, E. C. Neal	50 02	3 32 36	3 14 25
Mimbas, B. Jenkinson	53 03	3 35 05	3 18 24
Clytie, F. Cunningham	53 00	3 36 05	3 21 16
Frolic, A. J. Wright	59 11	3 30 38	3 22 31
Shaw, John Bryan	59 06	3 28 03	3 22 03
Fairhoop, W. B. Claghton	55 06	3 22 03	3 25 34
SECOND CLASS KEEL SLOOPS.			
Vayu, C. A. Welsh, Jr.	21 06	2 21 36	2 15 09
Lillie, G. & Bond	21 02	2 19 07	2 17 29
Chem, J. A. Osmond	25 06	2 34 05	2 19 52
Laying, J. H. Phillips	30 04	2 25 36	2 21 37
Aegle, William McCormick	33 00	2 34 36	2 31 37
Wiking, S. P. Freeman	35 00	2 34 14	2 31 37
Transit, A. K. Small	26 08	2 14 28	2 11 32
Pioma, Howard Gray	28 04	2 16 32	2 13 10
Eros, J. W. Windsor	25 05	2 15 08	2 10 38
SECOND CLASS SCHOONERS.			
Vanitas, H. Hutchinson	27 06	2 37 47	2 30 25
Bessie, C. P. Curtis	27 02	2 39 05	2 28 15
Monarch, Henry Triggs	27 01	2 37 27	2 27 59
Queen, J. B. Lowe	33 00	2 50 19	2 45 30
THIRD CLASS—CENTERBOARD SLOOPS.			
Queen Mab, W. Palmer	43 05	4 11 09	4 01 69
Sealbird, George S. Forbush	41 02	4 15 32	4 11 47
Tizzie F. Daly, Wm. Daly, Jr.	33 06	4 17 34	4 16 01
J. S. Poyen, Jr., Pierce & Bowler	46 02	4 19 24	4 17 02
Treble, J. W. Hills	42 07	4 19 43	4 18 27
Greta, J. P. Phinney	32 00	4 13 00	4 10 08
Maid, J. E. Farrell	31 01	4 15 41	4 10 38
Posie, H. J. McKee	21 01	4 15 40	4 12 49
Expert, F. H. Monks	22 11	4 15 11	4 12 55
Maia, W. A. Benson	22 02	4 14 04	4 11 18
Damless, T. H. Boardman	21 04	4 15 30	4 13 25
Fearl, J. T. Lee	22 04	4 15 41	4 13 10
Maia, W. A. Benson	22 02	4 14 04	4 11 18
Herald, H. B. Smith	24 04	4 20 38	4 17 31
Ellen, P. X. Keating	23 09	4 17 31	4 14 28
Sadie, C. Allen	22 00	4 19 37	4 16 25
THIRD CLASS—KEELS.			
Tantheret, A. C. Allen	33 09	4 18 38	4 17 30
Nylin, J. Galvin	23 04	4 14 52	4 13 51
Raven, A. F. Fridge	22 06	4 15 00	4 12 51
Judith, E. T. Pigeon	22 06	4 15 03	4 12 51
Fancy, Knowles & Williams	23 03	4 15 34	4 14 26
Fearless, A. Kidd	20 10	4 20 30	4 16 28
White-wing, Charneck Bros.	21 03	4 18 45	4 16 05
Maucher, H. J. Kurlick	20 03	4 18 33	4 15 53
Cimbrlia, W. H. Wedger	23 00	4 20 57	4 16 45
FOURTH CLASS—CENTERBOARDS.			
Bis, J. K. Sother	36 30	3 36 30	3 39 01
Noe, J. F. Brown	19 08	3 36 30	3 36 07
Flora Lee, G. H. Lincoln	16 00	3 39 55	3 36 30
Flora Lee, G. H. Lincoln	16 00	3 39 55	3 36 30
Jessie, W. B. Smith	17 06	3 41 40	3 39 39
Corsair, A. J. Clark	17 09	3 41 00	3 42 12
Walter, H. J. Kurlick	15 08	3 41 00	3 40 00
Spider, Walter Abbott	17 11	3 46 00	3 44 21
Spray, H. M. Paxon	18 00	3 40 38	3 44 23
Light, C. A. Boyden	19 04	3 49 39	3 47 54
Parole, H. G. Bowers	17 10	3 50 37	3 48 09
Kismet, H. C. Curtis	17 10	3 51 23	3 48 55
Locke, B. F. Russ	15 08	3 51 23	3 48 55
Joker, George Coffin	19 05	3 50 52	3 50 29
Grechen, K. P. Sharpe	16 08	3 56 00	3 52 14
Maucher, Arthur Holt	16 05	3 55 55	3 52 02
Alice L., F. W. Lynch	10 04	3 50 25	3 52 39
Sphinx, Fred. Dunn	16 00	3 59 19	3 55 21
Hjorn, A. H. Jones	15 05	3 59 54	3 56 07
Ripple, Belcher & Dunham	15 10	3 55 33	3 51 57
Lillie, E. G. Robinson	10 06	3 50 53	3 47 57
Dand-Chloe, C. Adams, Jr.	15 09	3 50 53	3 47 57
Samaria, S. G. King	17 00	3 50 53	3 47 57



LILLIE, CUTTER, 39.64 ft. CORRECTED LENGTH.

FOURTH CLASS—KEELS.

Nonpareil, F. Larning	16 04	4 45 50	4 42 40
Charlotie, Garroway & Cross	17 07	4 46 50	4 44 36
Vesper, Benner Bros.	18 09	4 47 05	4 46 57
Hard Times, W. G. Geyser	18 06	4 44 25	4 44 15
Meister, William Parkinsson	16 02	4 41 39	4 41 30
Lizzie, N. Porter, Jr.	18 09	4 49 21	4 48 20
Dora, G. C. Tibbels	16 10	4 53 31	4 50 44
Delia, P. J. and C. H. Giffard	19 11	4 52 31	4 51 30
Emma Carter, E. Carter	19 11	4 57 19	4 57 15
Henri, H. F. Goodrich	18 06	4 58 37	4 57 57
Passover, S. A. Nickerson	19 11	4 58 37	4 57 57
Gilda, Smith & Prine	15 06	4 29 00	4 25 04
Sophia, Philip Hickey	15 00	4 29 00	4 25 31

Prizes go to the following:
 First class—First prize, \$50, Syren.
 Second class centerboard sloops—First prize, \$40, Maggie; second \$25, Nimbas.
 Second class keel sloops—First prize, \$40, Vayu; second, \$25, Lillie.
 Second class schooners—First prize, \$25, Vanitas; second, \$20, Bessie.
 Third class centerboard sloops—First prize, \$10, Queen Mab; second, \$25, Sealbird; third, \$10, Lizzie; fourth, \$10, J. S. Poyen, Jr.; fifth, \$5, Josie.
 Third class keel sloops—First prize, \$10, Fairy; fifth, \$5, Josie.
 Fourth class centerboard sloops—First prize, \$25, Bis; second, \$20, Nobe; third, \$15, Flora Lee; fourth, \$10, Lillie; fifth, \$5, Josie.
 Fourth class keels—First prize, \$25, Nonpareil; second, \$20, Charlotie; third, \$15, Vesper; for fourth and fifth prizes the Hard Times and Meester艇. Money, \$15, to be divided between the two.

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Withdrawn.

FOREST AND STREAM.

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SIX MONTHS, \$2.

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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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With its compact type and in its permanently enlarged form of twenty-eight pages this journal furnishes each week a larger amount of first-class matter relating to angling, shooting, the kennel, and kindred subjects, than is contained in all other American publications put together.

ON THE EVE OF THE MATCH.

TOMORROW and the following day are the dates set for the match between the American and British teams at Wimbledon. Each team has been most carefully selected, and the two dozen men will embrace the pick of the thousands of civilian marksmen on both sides of the Atlantic. The match promises, at this writing, to be a close one, for since the arrival of the American marksmen in England they have been very diligent in their range work and the scores have been such as to lead Colonel Howard to express his opinion that the team under him is in good form and able to do its best on the match days.

There certainly is little difference in the excellence of the weapons employed. If the Americans have not been able to make rifles in every respect equal to the English arms the odds are so little in favor of the British arm that they are hardly worth considering in anything but a careful bench test. The British riflemen are individually vastly superior to the Americans in experience over many ranges and under every possible condition of wind and weather, so that taking such a measuring unit as the average of each man's shooting for a time past the British aggregate might run the higher, but if Col. Howard's assertion that his men are working in good tria means anything, we understand that the men are in a condition to help each other in every way during the progress of the match. In this way, and in this way only, is the match to be won. That the men help each other is not of itself a warranty of a victory, but it is very certain that, taken from first to last, the individual members of the American team are not the equals of the British shooters, and only by a well organized system of co-operation can the Americans successfully cope with the home team.

While the match and its results is in itself of comparatively trifling importance, yet in its consequences, direct and remote, it is an event of more than passing moment. It would be a thing of vast value if the American public could

understand just what the Volunteer movement in England amounts to. It can be studied to advantage by the authorities of every State, and the people of the United States would not regret the time and money spent in building up such a reservoir of passive power in case misfortune ever required the throwing of a body of armed men into the field. With such a force of semi-trained civilians to pick from there would not be that scrambling about for available men which has marked the formation of every American team thus far. But entirely apart from team formation, the possession by the United States of such a body of men would be a wonderfully effectual guarantee of peace and safety from invasion, and if the present match will in any way lead to the bringing into existence of such a body, it will be worth all the expenditure of time and money which it has cost.

THE SPORTSMAN AS A GULL.

ATTENTION has frequently been called, in the pages of this journal, to one of the growing abuses of the time, the luring of sportsmen by hotel proprietors into regions where there is neither game nor fish. The summer resort landlord and the farmer, who takes "city boarders," both put forth their mendacious and alluring advertisements of "good fishing in the vicinity," and "game abundant," when, as a matter of fact, there may be no fish, save minnows, within ten miles, and the only game is the mal-odorous skunk or the burrowing woodchuck. Many sportsmen, misled by these lies, make long and expensive journeys, only to find themselves most abominably sold.

We know of no sufficient course of action to remedy this evil. It is little satisfactory to "show up" the unscrupulous "hosts;" that does not give one back the wasted money and time. A very good rule is to write personally to the advertisers of these rare fishing and shooting resorts, and obtain from them in writing an explicit statement of the case. It is often the case that a man will lie in an advertisement to the general public, when he will hesitate to put the same deceptive statements on paper in black and white, over his own signature, for which he may be held to a personal accountability by the victim of his greed. The sportsman tourist is wise in his day and generation who thus provides himself with the documentary evidence which, in the event of disappointment, may serve its useful purpose in fixing the blame where it belongs.

FORESTRY.

IN another column we give a report of a meeting held to organize a society to preserve the Adirondack forests. It is an organization much needed, and one which will commend itself to all who love our-door life, as well as to those who look upon it from the utilitarian point of preserving a great water supply for our aquatic highways. In parts of Europe forestry is a science, and officers are appointed by the governments to supervise the forests; and only judicious thinning of young trees and the cutting of those which have attained their growth is allowed, and we understand that this law applies to tracts of woodland owned by individuals, the theory being that the individual will pass away, but the forest must remain forever. Such laws would be unpopular to many here, but they would work well for the people at large. A man who can only live a hundred years at most is allowed to buy a tract of land in the great water producing region of the State and for his own pecuniary benefit render it forever sterile.

The State was too anxious to sell Adirondack lands at an early day, in order to get some one to pay taxes on them. Lands were sold in great tracts at a price often less than five cents per acre; the timber was cut off, and then the lands were allowed to be sold for taxes and finally came back to the State. In consequence of this there are isolated tracts of State land scattered all through the wilderness; and in some cases the State has an individual third interest in lands on which the other two owners can cut the trees, but from which the State derives nothing. These State lands are regarded as free plunder by some lumbermen, and a sort of squatter sovereignty has been established in some cases where lumbering and bark-peeling have been carried on freely.

The new association deserves the support of all interested, and we hope that names of new members will flow in to the secretary from all who love the woods. His address is, Mr. Verplanck Colvin, Superintendent Adirondack Survey, Albany, N. Y. A meeting for further organization and action will be held this fall, when all who are likely to take an interest in it will be out of the woods.

GREAT SOUTH BAY.—The waters of the Great South Bay of Long Island were formerly celebrated for their fine fishing. Hundreds of anglers went daily from New York and other places to capture bluefish, weakfish and other fishes in its waters. For years the people living near it received much money from the angling strangers who came to fish; and they waxed fat from summer boarders, boat and horse hire, bait, etc. But they also allowed netters to take the fish, in open violation of the law, and failed to support those who protested against it. Mr. Roosevelt, of the New York Fish Commission, was one of those who protested some years ago, and the netters convicted him that he was in error by boring holes in his yacht and other arguments of a like character. Now the fishing is ruined, and the angler who goes there not knowing this fact soon leaves for Barnegat Bay, or other good locality, and the hotel keepers are in mourning. True, a society has been formed to correct the evil, but they are late, and it will take them years to repair the mischief which has been steadily exhausting the fisheries for the last decade. It seems to us that the Long Island Railroad, which has derived its share of benefits from the traveling anglers, should help this new association to preserve the fisheries of this great natural feeding and breeding ground.

AMERICAN WOOD POWDER.—In reply to several inquirers respecting our opinion of the powder manufactured by the American Wood Powder Co. of this city, we repeat what we have said before. The manufacturers of the powder, when they first brought it out, stated that they had succeeded in overcoming, by the process of manufacture, the objection we urged against the Dittmar powder, namely, its liability to detonate. The strength of their claims could be tested only by a chemical analysis of the powder. This we at once instituted, putting samples of the powder into the hands of an eminent chemist for that purpose. Circumstances have delayed his reporting to us. Pending this report we must decline to give advice in the matter. We prefer to treat such important subjects thoroughly, believing that the interests of all concerned—particularly those of the consumer—demand intelligent consideration instead of a hasty and therefore premature passing of judgment.

THE U. S. FISH COMMISSION.—Prof. Baird is now at Wood's Holl for the summer, where the scientific portion of the commission is at work on sea-dredging and general marine investigation. The menhaden investigation by the Senate committee, consisting of Senator Lapham, of New York, Senator J. F. Morgan, of Alabama, and Senator Call, of Florida, is at Cape May. Col. McDonald, one of the brightest and best fish culturists that this country has produced, is with the committee, representing the commission. The question is a very vital one, and one that anglers take a great interest in. We will look for the report with much anticipation.

RAINBOW.—Speckled beauties—trout. Crimson beauties—snappers. Green beauties—bullfrogs. Brown beauties—woodcock. White beauties—polar bears. Blue beauties—disappointed belles. Red beauties—Irish setters. Black beauties—crows. Liver and white beauties—pointers. Crushed strawberry beauties—sunburnt anglers. Rusty beauties—gun barrels. Yaller beauties—Ki-yis. "White, black, and read all over" beauties—FOREST AND STREAM pages.

THE GAME PROSPECTS for the approaching shooting season are very satisfactory. The birds are recovering from the decimation wrought by the severe winter weather of 1881-2, and where they have been fairly well protected from illegal shooting will afford good sport in the fall months.

LOGIC IS LOGIC.—"That Office Boy" says that a man who will kill game out of season will not scruple to kill his fellow man as well. This is, we must confess, a pretty severe statement, but the suggestive point is that out in Colorado the "Boy" has found facts to sustain his proposition.

THE G. A. R.—Target practice, carefully conducted, is getting to be a feature of the many G. A. R. picnics held. The "old uns" show considerable skill with the improved weapons of to-day, and always manage to boast of much more than they accomplish.

WILL CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE OBLIGE us by directing their communications to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals. The annoyance caused by non-compliance with this request is constant.

The Sportsman Tourist.

CAMP HENDERSON.

A SONG to the jolly old camp.
The scene of full many a lark;
Alone fit the grave-wood wood,
The five flickers wailed in the dark.
The coffee-pot sings in the coals,
Above fits a shadowy owl,
A frog hawks croaks in the pool,
A chorus to the wolf's distant howl.

Some venison cooks on a spit,
The deep skillet savors of eels;
Hark! 'yonder come' B'naius and John,
The fruits of the land in their creels.
With zest the attack is begun;
We eat as if famished for weeks,
The forest resounding with fun.
Sweet hemlocks we strew by the fire;
On these our tired limbs find repose;
With blankets drawn o'er us we sleep
The slumber true weariness knows,
Mosquitoes and punkies may swarm,
And grandmas may prate of the damp;
We'll laugh all such terrors to scorn
And sing to the jolly old camp.

LEW VANDERPOEL.

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

NO tourist can pass through the mountains of North Carolina without being impressed with the magnificence of the climate and scenery, and made sensible of the justice of the boast of its inhabitants, that it is the "Switzerland of America." I shall not attempt to describe any of the lovely spots which have called forth enthusiastic admiration. Those who desire to obtain accurate information of the climate, scenery and physical attractions of Western North Carolina, may consult the book entitled, "The Land of the Sky," and to the sketches on the subject in *Harper's Magazine*, by "Porte Crayon."

It is my design, by this article, simply to invite attention to this locality as a game resort. There are localities off from the beaten tracks, such as Watauga county, which it is difficult for the tourist to reach, but which, it is said, present to the lover of nature and sport, attractions not to be found elsewhere east of the Western North Carolina Railroad which connects with the Richmond and Danville system at Salisbury, and with the East Tennessee, Georgia and Virginia systems of railroads at Morristown. The drawback consists in the exorbitant charges which a sojourner at the Warm Springs is sure to find on his bill. Niagara is no worse. But if satisfactory arrangements in this regard can be made with the hotel proprietors, the sportsman will, in all other respects, be charmed. Accustomed to Miss Gentry and the servants, like the colored servants generally found at public places all over the South, are excellent. It is the greatest mistake in the world to suppose that white servants are superior to colored servants found in the South. When, in this great republic, a white person becomes a menial, it seems to degrade him in his own estimation, as it certainly does in the opinion of others. He even resents the idea of being called a servant, but insists that he only is. The colored citizen upon the contrary, when he becomes a servant does not object to being called one, provided you do not call him a "nigger." The latter term he regards as the greatest insult. And so far from being lowered in his own, or the estimation of his fellows, by going into service, the reverse is true. If his employment be one where he has some authority, confidence or trust reposed in him, he feels elevated, and seldom receives faintness. There are no more thorough aristocrats than are frequently met with among the colored menials of the South.

Upon inquiry I was informed that Tom Coulter was regarded as the great authority upon all questions relating to the chase in the neighborhood of the Springs. Tom is a colored man, and resides in Green county, Tennessee, about nine miles from the Springs. He rode over into Tennessee to see him, and fortunately found him. Like most of his race, he is polite and accommodating, and has far more than ordinary intelligence. He was formerly a slave, and is now fifty-three years of age, and lives with his family on a comfortable little mountain farm, which he has bought and paid for since the war. He keeps a pack of hounds, and from and after the 15th of July of each year, having secured his crops, he stays at the Springs during the season to hunt with his guide and guests. There is not a foot of ground in a radius of thirty miles around his house with which Tom is not familiar, and notwithstanding his age, he can tramp over the mountains following his dogs from daybreak and until dark, and always keep within hearing. He exhibited a number of trophies of the chase, and gave me a full account of all game, and the haunts of the same, in the neighborhood.

Bears are numerous, but owing to the lofty and precipitous mountains and the dense growth by which they are covered, it is almost impossible to catch them or bring them to lay with dogs. Started near the Springs, they often make for the Black Mountains, the highest mountains east of the Rockies—Mount Mitchell being higher than Mount Washington in New Hampshire—a distance of over thirty miles. But large numbers of bears are caught in traps and pens. Tom himself has caught since the war twenty-three bears in pens. These are built of hewed locust logs, about four feet deep, four feet wide and seven feet long, with a door of the same hard and heavy material, so constructed as to fall when the bear enters and takes the bait. If any other materials are used except the best locust, the bear will be certain to cut out. These pens are much better than steel traps.

Bears are a good many deer in the neighboring mountains, but there are more in the groups known as "Cow-Bell" and "Spring" mountains than in any other. When started on the north side of the French Broad River, the deer generally run through Courtland's farm, and cross the river at certain

points between two and four miles below the springs. Hunters taking stands along the river at these places are almost sure to obtain a shot if vigilant. There are now on the mountains embraced in the Courtland's farm a herd of fine bucks. The does have fawns at this season. They fawn about the last of June, and by the fifteenth of July the fawns are able to shift for themselves. The laws of North Carolina afford the poor deer no protection whatever, as I am informed. Tennessee has game laws, but they give the game no protection near the North Carolina line for obvious reasons.

Within a few hours' ride from the Springs is the Clifty-fork range of mountains in Cocke county, Tennessee. This is a famous bear region. It is on the northwest side of the French Broad River, and covered with dense thickets of laurel and briars, affording to bruin an almost inaccessible retreat.

Brush Creek Mountains and flats, nine miles west of the Springs, is a favorite resort for deer. When started in these mountains they almost invariably cross the river at the mouth of Brush Creek, which is therefore an excellent stand. Four miles above the Springs is Walnut Mountain, upon which there are a great many deer. When started they cross Laurel Creek at two points, from which they may be easily killed. Laurel Creek is a large and beautiful stream emptying in the French Broad four miles west of the Springs. Many fine streams flow into and forming the Laurel are filled with trout, which, though small, seldom exceed ten inches in length, afford excellent sport.

On the south side of the river, and emptying into it at the springs, is a large clear stream called Spring Creek, which takes its rise in the Bluff Mountain range, some ten miles from the Springs. On the head waters of this stream and of Big Creek, which rises in the same locality, there are well stocked and plentiful. It is the only locality I know of in these mountains where wolves are found. Not long ago five were killed in one day by a party of huntsmen; and on another occasion four bears were killed in one day on this range.

Since the railroad has been built along the river, the deer and other game have been driven further back into the interior, but are still to be seen in the mountains.

Wild turkeys, pheasants, ruffed grouse and partridges are abundant. Occasionally eagles may be seen. They build in the inaccessible cliffs near the rivers and creeks. Of course, there is other small game, such as rabbits, squirrels, etc.

Owing to the splendid warm baths at the Springs, which are favorable to the sportsman afflicted with rheumatism, no more delightful place can be found by the coast of the Mississippi, during the autumn and winter months, provided he can obtain board on reasonable terms. From November until January is the time to come here to hunt, when the deciduous trees have shed their leaves, and the mountain air is crisp and bracing.

The sportsman tourist, by going only two miles from the hotel, may get into the hunt, and enjoy the loveliest scenery in the South. White tents and catamounts are numerous, and are often killed.

The tributaries of the Laurel are the only streams near the Springs in which trout are now found; but black bass, redhorse, cats and other fish abound in the French Broad and all of its large tributaries. Gray and red foxes are found in such numbers as to afford excellent sport. Tom Coulter and Mr. Sarveyor have each a pack of hounds, and are always ready and willing to lend their services to the sportsman. Indeed, every one about the Springs is polite and accommodating, and outside of the hotel, charges are reasonable enough. Like most men of his habits, Tom Coulter is good-natured and amiable, and delights in all kinds of hunting, whether for rabbits or for bears, and has at his tongue's end any number of incidents connected with his sporting experience wherewith to beguile away a tedious hour.

I had the good fortune to meet at the Springs Col. Thomas Steele and his son, of Little Rock, Ark. All readers of the FOREST AND STREAM are probably familiar with his name, as I have often seen it mentioned in connection with his hunting tours in the Rocky Mountains. He is a large planter and an enthusiastic sportsman, and having removed to Arkansas in 1858, remembers the first time he was out on a sportsman's paradise. Scarcely a season passes that he does not go on a camp hunt in the Rockies. Having, therefore, such varied experiences as a sportsman, and being a gentleman of fine sense and attractive though plain conversational powers, it may be readily imagined what a treat it is to sit and listen to his relation of his sporting adventures, especially when given in his quiet and original style. We have long been acquainted with the gentleman who has some here in the mountains. I trust he will be inspired thereby to give us soon another of his entertaining letters. I desire here to return my thanks for the kind invitation extended by him to me and others of the fraternity, through the medium of the FOREST AND STREAM, to visit his home in Roekingham. Not only from some of his numerous kinsfolk (for he belongs to a family having probably a more extensive connection than any other in the South) but also from others I had earned of the hospitality to be met with under his roof, and I hope at no very distant day to be able to find time to accept his invitation.

M.
July 7, 1883.

THE ADIRONDACK GUIDES.

I AM no fighter—would rather walk round a block of iron wrong way to avoid a hand-saw than a man's blood, even from my wife. But there are times when I will make a stand for my friends, and show fight in their behalf when, were the case my own, it would probably pass unnoticed.

Now then for the provocation, which is in the following paragraph from a late number of *The Mail and Express*: "Adirondack tourists are already on the march, and the guides have all come to the front with customary rapidity. Tourists are most fortunate who do not have to do with the guides."

You know that I have done a little traveling and camping in the Adirondacks—and your fishing editor has done a little of the same. Now, I know (excuse me for going in front, for it's my fight) and you know, that without the aid and assistance of these much-maligned guides, the Adirondacks to many would be an impossibility. There are some who can go off into the wilderness, make up their horses, boatmen and cooks of themselves, can put up with any or no shelter, can digest food cooked poorly or well; can do many things that the guides do for us, and feel all the better for it. Wouldn't I be a proud man if I could do it and live? But I know that's too much for me, and not only for me, but for the

great majority of those who visit and enjoy the grand old North Woods, and are the gainers thereby.

What are we to do when this terrible army of guides fester the woods, and, with their almost closed eyes upon us, we enter their territory? beat a retreat, and go somewhere else, simply because of these miserable, mean, scurrilous intentions hung out in this style? or, will we be mainly enough to do as the Children of Israel when Moses, acting under Divine instruction, issued his marching orders, "Go forward!" I have been in the care and keeping of several different guides in the woods that I have led, and my acquaintance among them, especially at the Brown's Trap Region, is pretty extensive, and I do not know of one solitary guide with whom I would not share my blanket in any part of the wilderness, and feel just as safe in person and property as I would in the house of any friend in New York city.

They work for pay. So do we all of us, only they give a great deal more work for the money than any class of men I know of. There is an intelligent service—they require brains, and good ones, too. Every emergency of crisis they must be prepared for, and I've seen some of them get caught in tight places, but never knew one to fall or flinch; true as steel, and faithful as true, they do not deserve these slurs and stabs in the dark.

I know that around some of the lakes where large numbers of fashionable people gather, in the large hotels, there exist a class of "hotel guides," who are not to be named in the same breath with the genuine guides. These men, or boys, are brought in from the settlements and farms on the borders of the wilderness, and are employed by the hotels at a certain sum per day for the busy season. The hotel hires them out to the guests, and often the latter are sadly taken in. They may get some one to row the boat for them, but they have no guide; he knows nothing about what the hotel or game is, and the sportsman, with his woodcraft, and is often simply a lazy, good-for-nothing beat, whose only ambition is to get through his day's work and bleed his patron of all his spare change. "From all such deliver us." They are not guides!

In your issue of May 3, which I read in the woods, your correspondent, "Piscoe," relates his grievances in this line at the expense of my good friend Rod Perrie, of the Blue House, and then tells Mr. Perrie as I do, it would be very difficult to convince me that the story is as stated by "Piscoe." And yet I don't want to say, or even believe, that he would make a false statement, but will suppose that he got a bad bargain, felt very much aggrieved, down on everybody, and had to "boil over or bust." Mr. Perrie's statement is briefly told. "Piscoe" came to him at a season when all the guides were engaged, every man of them. He was so informed, and then told of a fact that he could get who was able to row a boat, but knew nothing about guiding, and, it being Hobson's choice, he had to take him or none. He was disappointed in his bargain, as he might have expected, but he would have been wiser and happier if he had passed it by without getting into print.

So much for the guides, and it's all gratis on my part. I love the honest faithful fellows for their merits, and could not hold my peace.

I went into Brown's Trap via Boonville, early in June, and spent a pleasant three weeks there with my son, and then turned back to my daily round of work, better, fresher, and abler for my toil—brain clear, blood purified, liver cleansed, iron infused into my system and "set up" in good shape, warranted to run. Changes have occurred since my last visit; George A. May, the genial landlord of the Hibbert House, Boonville, has sold out to George H. Beck, who promises to do his best for the sportsmen and visitors to Brown's Trap who may give him a call. Death has made another change; Bart Halliday, one of the old time guides, died late in May and was buried at Boonville. He was well known, respected, and much sought after by sportsmen. He has dropped his paddle and gone over his last "carry," and now he rests from his labors.

One other change, and I don't like it, a steambath has been put upon the Fulton Chain of Lakes. To be sure it is "only a little one," and very slow at that, but, without wishing John Meeker any injury in person or purse, I shall not express my regrets if he finds it profitable to give up the job. The Adirondack boat is good enough for me yet, notwithstanding my little tilt with "Nessumk" last year—he is well, and his little boat is still afloat, you can apply that scripture to either or both of us.

J. R. J.

IN BOSSIER PARISH.

BY GEO. D. ALEXANDER.

ON Friday, June 30, 1883, in company with my esteemed young friend, J. H. Mercer, I set out on a memorable excursion to the Bayou of the Gluck's Bayou, some eighteen miles southwest of Minden; having prepared myself with everything necessary to enjoy several days of sport in both hunting and fishing.

As we drove over the bridge across the bayou, Mr. Mercer remarked, "The water is in fine condition for catching perch, and just right for using a good troll for black bass, a mile beyond the bridge." It was at this place, Mr. Mercer unfortunately, was on Red River visiting her sister, but he expected her to return before I should leave. Now he would have to do the honors of the house and act the part of the bachelor.

At his store, near by, I met my old friends Dan Cole and Mr. Bodenheimer; out old in the seizure of years, for both are denizens, you see, of the bayou. One of our most formidable sportsmen, Mr. Sugden, was there also, who joined us the next day in fishing.

Early the next morning we were up, rigging poles, propping bait, and saddling horses, though our spirits were considerably dampened by fears that the heavy rain which fell during the night would have muddied the water and destroyed the prospects of a very successful fish.

However, Mr. Mercer it was in the case, he would return to the store, get some freedmen and his seine, and, by going down to the mouth of the bayou, where it empties into Lake Bisteneau, we should not be disappointed in having as many perch and bass as we desired to eat. On getting to the bayou, we found it just muddied sufficient to prevent the bass from striking the trolls, yet not preventing black perch and the goggle-eye from doing their work, several were taken, but not a bass would strike. In huge disgust I laid those aside and tried the minnows. It was as unsuccessful as the trolls. Then I gave it up as a bad job, and turned my attention to fishing with red worms and sawyers for perch, which Mr. Sugden was rapidly pulling out and filling his sack.

Mr. Mercer did the same. An hour's sport had filled our

sacks, and we returned to the house to have them prepared for dinner. His cook, who, by the way, is splendid in browning a fish just to suit my palate, and baking a corn dodger, which, next to an ash cake, I love above all sorts of bread, had cooked the fish to suit me to a T, and I did enjoy my dinner. Mr. Mercer has the largest quantity of cattle of anyone in Bossier Parish, among them some of the best milk cows, and no acid to fine butter and good milk. How I did enjoy these after being cooped up in a town for a year!

That evening a big chill caught me, and I could not accompany Cole and Sugden to go higher up the bayou, where they thought the water would be clear and the chances good for catching bass and goggle-eyes. They returned in time for having the fish cooked for supper, with a large number of each kind, reporting the fishing as superb. It being almost impossible to let the troll strike the water before a fine fat bass of some two or three pounds striking it. Goggle-eye bit as fast as the hook could be baited and thrown in the water.

This was all pleasant to them, but poor me! I had shaken the bed nearly down with a chill, and when they brought the fish into my room to show me, I was burning up with fever.

Sunday, July 1.—I got up, dressed, and felt better, but staid in-doors all day.

Mr. Mercer said, as it was now lawful to hunt deer, we would go hunting early Monday morning.

Monday Morning, July 2.—Ate a hearty breakfast by sunrise, and then mounting Don, Mr. Mercer's fine saddle mare, with him, Cole and two freedmen, proceeded to our stands about a mile and a half from the store. The deer had been coming every night into his cotton field just before the house, and then laid up during the day in a large piece of woods nearly surrounded by fields. Cole drove. He had two good hounds. I went with Carey Porter, a freedman, to show me my stand, while Mercer and Adam Turner, a freedman, went to stands beyond ours. Carey had barely time to place me at the proper place, before I heard the full and bounding direct to my stand. In a few minutes I caught the outline of a deer's ears as he sprang into the path some seventy-five yards from me, and stopped, but behind some pine trees, and at the same instant, a plagued red ear bounded across the path between the deer and myself. It was done so quickly that I was in doubt whether it was a dog or a fawn, until in a moment it returned direct to the little deer and drove it back into the drive. The two hounds came out, ran across the path, and in a circuit coming up to me, and just then I heard the ear open a few times, not less than a quarter of a mile out of the drive, taking the deer, as I thought, to Mr. Mercer. The ear was running it so close that the animal took a thick, and though passing quick near Mr. Mercer, he did not see it, and then left on quick time for Red River bottom.

To say I was mad would not express my feelings. I was furious, and I declared I would kill that dog as sure as I should lay eyes on him in the drive.

Cole blew back the hounds, and went to stands inside of the same drive. Mercer told me this same ear had kept him over twenty times from killing deer, just as he did me, that he belonged to a worthy freedman who lived not far from his store, and when the dog heard the horn of the driver, he would come to him or the drive, and act just as he did this morning.

They took me to a stand and then went on to one further down the road, the freedmen being left at the stands I and Carey Porter had filled.

Not thirty minutes passed before I heard Cole hallooing very lustily to his dogs, and then they broke into full cry. Soon he blew his horn many times and succeeded in getting the dogs back to him. He was blowing, shouting, and making as much noise as the first locomotive makes on coming to a station. We were for the first time, when two heavy shots in rapid succession broke the stillness, and then came an indistinct cry of a dog as pain, and next the war of both dogs for half a minute. Then all ceased, and the three long blasts of the horn notified me that a deer was killed, and I should ride up.

Cole was not over a quarter of a mile from me, when he shot, and as I came up both of the freedmen and Mercer rode up. I saw a beautiful fat young maiden doe lying dead with her hind legs broken in several places, and several shot piercing both horns. He had made a call, and shot as the deer got up before him. Very thick bushes, and he only caught a glimpse of it as he shot.

He rather evaded a reply to my asking him "did he kill it with the first or second shot?" He was in fine spirits, more lively than usual. It was not over half a mile to the house, and while going along back home he informed me, "that red coat with his new and red, and second shot being at the ear that ran in before him as the deer came up."

We had not been absent two hours from the store. The milk and liver being favorite parts of a deer with me, Mr. Mercer sent them to the cook, to have them prepared in the best manner, and did I not enjoy them? It had been eleven months since I had eaten any venison, and this was it, Mr. Mercer's.

Soon after dinner I was taken with a regular old fashion ague and chill. I have rarely suffered as much before, with one as I did with this. Nevertheless I managed to eat a double portion of the delightful venison. The cook had stewed the ribs until they were thoroughly done. I ate an enormous quantity for a sick man.

The next day I laid up all day, swallowed not less than forty grains of quinine, sweated myself nearly to death, and rose the next, bright and refreshed, ready for another hunt.

It was now one of the finest specimens of a bear of the negro by him. He got several freedmen to accompany me. Among them were Carey Porter and Henry Johnson. This last was one of the best negroes, Mercer said, he ever knew. He certainly had one of the most pleasant and honest faces I ever saw. Mercer told me, "he would believe him as quickly as any white man in the country, and he would credit him as fast as any one the amount he asked for."

He was one of the finest specimens of a bear of the negro I have seen, about six feet two inches tall, black as a crow, well proportioned, and having a face that one does not tire in looking at. Honesty, fidelity and bravery were stamped on every lineament. He was the body servant to young Jack Hodges, an older brother of my son-in-law, Lawson K. Hodges, and had accompanied his young master at the opening of the war to the field of Manssas.

There young Hodges was killed, and when it was known that Henry, the negro, was near, he was very much pleased. He and Henry, the negro, were very much pleased. He and Henry, the negro, were very much pleased. He and Henry, the negro, were very much pleased.

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lifting him gently in his great arms, he bore the body back to camp. He could get no coffin to place the body in, but as he told me, "he borrowed a saw, and he stole some planks from a quarter-master, and made himself a rude coffin in which he placed the body, and then digging a grave, he buried by himself the loved form of him whom he loved as a brother, and then he made his way back to his old master's home, near which place, on the same land, he now lives. He owns his own farm, has a good gun, plenty of horses and cattle and hogs, makes good crops, and owes no man a dollar.

Who will denie that a negro is not faithful, and to be greatly praised under such circumstances?

But to return to our hunt. He made three drives in succession without getting a start. "Ordinarily," Cole said, "he could start twenty deer in the woods we hunted!" It was getting excessively hot, and we went to a spring to get some water. While there, I was struck with a quaint remark of Carey Porter. Said he, after swallowing nearly a gallon of water, "It is too hot for white folks, too hot for hounds, but is just right for niggers."

How true is this in such a latitude and at such a season of the year!

In no part have I seen the freedmen so well off as in this Bossier Point, and I am certain I have never seen a more quiet, orderly and respectful body of colored people. All are doing well. You never hear of any fights and quarrels. And I am certain that even in slave times one would not have found the negroes more respectful and law-abiding.

After cooling at the spring, we proceeded to beat across an old field, before taking another drive.

Cole was riding a little in advance of me, to my left. Henry Johnson was in the center, but in advance of me. We were passing a little cluster of sumac bushes, when I saw Henry lower himself on the neck of his horse to look at something, and then exclaim: "Daris a deer, shoot him."

Up bounded a beautiful fawn, and then it stopped a moment and ran on my right. I could not shoot, but rode a step or two to give Cole a chance to shoot, when he flew both barrels from the left shoulder, but did no damage. The terrified little creature ran some forty yards and stopped. By this time I had turned Don to the left, which gave me a beautiful chance to shoot; and as I brought down the heavy Moore & Son gun, weighing some eight pounds, the mare's head went up and down quicker than a die-dapper duck.

The gun was so hard on trigger that I could not keep it on the deer, and I fired at random, only frightening the beautiful little terrified creature. It bounded off unharmed, and I was glad of it.

The hounds ran it for a mile or more and then lost it. On returning home, Henry told us "he could not be happy unless he told the truth about this little deer, and that was, he was so excited he forgot he had a gun, and wanted us to shoot it."

This ended our hunt. I did not have a chill, and I did, indeed, enjoy the eating of the deer we killed the day before.

After our railroad is completed, the hunter who loves both fishing and hunting, will find much to be desired by going down into Bossier Point. And should he be so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of this most hospitable and genial gentleman, William Mercer, he will never regret a sojourn at his residence.

The next day I returned to Minden, to find all my fine chickens dead with cholera or some other fatal disease, and my fine bitch, Princess Louise, the gift of Mr. J. O. Donner, of Brooklyn, so wild, that she would not come to me, and had left home to take up with a neighbor.

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residents such species which at present are known only as temporary or casual intruders.

The occurrence of species peculiar to the islands (and I have no doubt the final revision of the material collected by me will make known several new ones) will not invalidate what I have stated above with regard to the want of indigenous animals and plants. Their origin is due merely to variety in connection with isolation and time.

As to the plants I shall here very briefly, as I am not a botanist. I limit myself to the remark that I find the general character of the flora very much like that of the treeless regions of Northern Europe, the most discrepant features being the splendid *Rhododendrons* (*Kauntschotium* and *chrysanthum*) and the Saranna lily (*Prilitharia saranna*). Still closer, of course is the resemblance to the plants of Kauntschotka, especially to those in greater altitudes. The plants of both islands are, I think, identical, but the manner of their immigration very likely has caused the occurrence of some species in one island which are absent in the other. Thus I have from Copper Island a very small but conspicuous *Viola* with yellow flowers (much resembling the yellow variety of *V. tricolor*), a plant which I found also in Petropaulski, but not here on Bering Island.

The islands are completely destitute of trees, unless one might say that to form soil the stubs of *Salix*, *Sorbus* and *Betula*, from six to eight feet high, some of which obtain a proportionately great thickness close to the ground. Thus, for instance, I have a section of a birch with a diameter of two inches.

The vegetation, especially in the valleys, is very luxuriant in most places of a man's height or more. This exuberance is especially due to the rich soil in connection with the extreme moisture, for the temperature during the three months, during which the plants have now been growing, was not high. My observations show a mean of 45° F. for June, 48° 2 for July, and 54° for August. The minimum temperatures for the same months are 31° 3, 39° 4 and 44° 6, respectively. In higher latitudes the length of the day and the intensity of the light produce the same effect, but as we live here in latitude 55°, under a sky generally overcast, we do not find the same conditions as we should think.

Of land and fresh-water invertebrates I have collected only some specimens of worms, mollusks, and arthropods. The worms are represented only by a species of *Lumbricus* and by two *Hirudines*.

The mollusks are more numerous, including one bivalve and two or three pond snails, seven land snails, and one slug. Among the land snails there are several extremely small *Littoræ*, scarcely larger than a pin's head, some of which I suspect to be new. They are surely not the young of the larger kinds, of which I possess young ones also of the same size, except a medium-sized *Littoræ*, and with the same exception they are not very numerous.

Of myriapods I have found only a few species, while the spiders have yielded a richer harvest.

As a rule the winged insects seem to be more numerous, with regard to both individuals and species, which is also the case with the *Arthropoda*, the diptera, the mosquitoes and other insects which are very numerous, and which in such large numbers as in Kamtschatka, where the furious attacks of their legions sometimes prohibited me from securing a bird I had shot, and usually a valuable one, even here on the island they seriously interfere with the duties of a collecting naturalist. The diurnal lepidoptera seem to be very scarce. I have seen only a single one, early in the spring, on the 21st of May; it was a butterfly, much like, if not identical with *Vanesa arctica* L., but unfortunately the chase was unsuccessful. My lookout for some species of *Argynnis*, *Erebia* or *Tieris* has been completely in vain. The *Noctuidæ* are not very numerous either, while the *Geometridæ* and *Microlepidoptera* are more common.

The beetles are not numerous, including up to date only one or two *Carabonidæ*, one or two *Elatridæ*, one *Stilpæ*, some *Staphylinidæ*, *Dytiscidæ*, *Gyrinidæ*, *Carabidæ*, and a *Curculionidæ*, which I have seen at only a single place, although it is a conspicuous species.

Of crustaceans the fresh-water ponds have yielded a *Branchiopoda*, some *Gammaridæ*, one *Daphnia*, and one or two other almost microscopic species, which, I think, belong to *Cyclops*.

I can hardly write anything about the fishes inhabiting the rivers and lakes. It will be better to postpone this topic until next year, and I shall limit myself to a mere enumeration of the species observed by me up to date, viz., *Gasterosteus aculeatus* L., *G. calligaster* (Pall.), *Salmo edwardsi* (Pall.), (called *Golez* by the natives here), *Oncorhynchus lyacodon* (Pall.), (Russian *Krasnaja Riba*), *O. sanyuiniolentis* (Pall.), (Russian, *Kisidzh*), *O. prostratus* (Pall.), (Russian, *Gorbuscha*), and the "Balderskii" of the natives, which I have not yet been able to make out. "Sik" is the Russian name of *Gorbuscha*, but I do not believe that it belongs to that genus, as the mouth extends beyond the eye. Probably it is the same species called *Corygonus* by Nordenskjöld (Vega Expedition, American edition, page 618), as I do not know any other one to which to refer this name; the three other species of which he speaks are *Callarias*, *lyacodon*, and *prostratus*.

In my next report I hope to be able to add another Salmonid to the list of the species known (as I suspect the case) to the islands of the species of such a size.

Batrachians and reptiles are wanting altogether on the island, as might be expected. Dr. Dybowski and I have been searching very eagerly for a *Salomonatritia*, as we suspected the "Krygani," of which the natives told us, to be such an animal. It turned out, however, to be a large *Dytiscidæ*.

The ornithologist starting for Bering Island will probably prepare himself beforehand for hunting and collecting two large, rare, and interesting birds, viz., *Agelaius phoeniceus* (Pall.) and *Phalaropus perspicillatus* Pall., as Pallas, on Steller's authority, gives Bering Island as their habitat, where they occurred in abundance. You will not be more disappointed than I am in learning that there is no hope whatever of getting a specimen of the latter, and very little of obtaining any of the former from Bering Island.

It is not to be doubted that the *Phalaropus perspicillatus* does not occur on the islands at present. The next time, however, remember very well the time when it was plentiful on the rocks, especially on the outlying islet Are Kamea. About thirty years ago, they say, the last ones were seen, and the reason they give why this bird has become exterminated here on the island is that it was killed in great numbers for food. They unanimously assert that it has not been seen since, and they only laughed when I offered a very high reward for a specimen.

When Pallas gives Bering Island as the habitat of

Natural History.

THE COMMANDER ISLANDS.

[CONTINUED.]

I AM unable to send you at present a full description of the islands, as my sojourn here has scarcely exceeded three months. The following pages will contain merely some disconnected sketches of those things I consider to be new or of special interest. You will see, besides, that they are, with a few exceptions, all of the species occurring here, of course, has been the main object of my studies and observations. The collections of marine animals are as yet insignificant.

My stay here has as yet been too short, of course, to allow of exhaustive generalizations with regard to the zoological relations of the islands, the more as I have been able to identify with certainty only a small portion of the animals which I have collected. But I feel compelled, as it has been supposed to be. Such being the case, you will not find it surprising that the faunal character of the island agrees more or less with that of Kamtschatka. * * *

The islands during the period previous to which they received their present fauna and flora were totally covered by the sea, and that since that time they have not been connected with the mainland on either side. From this it would follow that the species occurring here are not true indigenes. They evidently immigrated, especially and more regularly from the west, from Asia, by means of prevailing winds, currents, and the driftwood carried by these, and more accidentally from the east, from America. That the inhabitants, more independent of those circumstances, likewise show nearer relationship to the Asiatic fauna is partly due to the shorter distance, this being only 100 miles from the nearest cape of Kamtschatka, Cape Kronotski (which by the Russian man-of-war Vestnik, this year has been found to be situated twenty miles more to the westward than given in the charts), while the nearest island of the Aleutian chain, Attu, is twice as far off; and partly to the effort of the Asiatic fauna to extend beyond its own limits. It is a well-known fact that the Asiatic fauna is in a continuous and comparatively rapid motion toward the west, especially in northern Europe. But it seems to me that a similar movement takes place in the eastern part of Asia, only in an opposite direction, the proof of which I find in the not inconsiderable number of exclusively palaearctic forms in Alaska, especially among the birds. I here enumerate only *Cyanocitta*, *Scolecida*, *Phylloscopus*, *Pyrrhula*, *Perisoreus*, *Obolops*, *Cab. c.*

It is true that the zoogeographical regions overlap each other, but their boundaries are, for the most part, well defined, and contributes but very little to the fauna of the eastern part of that ere long we will detect still more Asiatic forms in Alaska, and that hereafter it will be necessary to register as

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gest names for representatives of the New York Association at the meeting of the National Forestry Association at St. Paul, in August, was adopted. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the chairman. The Senate committee subsequently held an executive meeting for the purpose of discussing the best method of examining lands in the Adirondack region.

A BIRD BATH.—Your notice in the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM, of the fondness of birds for a bath in hot weather, reminds me of a scene very familiar to me during my rambles in search of specimens through the cedar groves of Bermuda, during the hot weather of the island summer. The peculiar formation of the group affords in several places depressions of the earth's surface, which have evidently once been the floors of so many small caverns, now minus their roofs. These miniature tanks after rainfalls fill to the brim, and being water tight retain the liquid for several days, if in a shady spot. To these welcome baths the gradually-plumaged cardinal grosbeak (*Cardinalis virginianus*), locally termed "red bird," lies during the hottest period of the day, and one of the prettiest ornithological sights I have ever beheld, was that of a small flock of males, in full serelet livery, performing their ablutions in one of the fairy pools situated in the midst of the dense *Lantana* scrub in some retired part of the island. They were very tame, and the least high and stooping down, flapped their wings violently enough to send the spray to a considerable distance. Having well wetted the feathers, they would hop on to the elevated rim of the tank and as violently vibrate their wings again, rubbing their whole bodies with their beaks, and soon drying the whole plumage. Then up into the branches of a neighborly cedar, and with a loud "faw, twe, twe," they were off to their daily routine. The only other birds of the other common resident birds of the island, of which there are only four—blackbird (*Melospiza carolinensis*), bluebird (*Sialia sialis*), chick of the village (*Troglodytes aedon*), and ground dove (*Chamaepelia passerina*) indulging in a bath, and this induces me to believe that the *Tringidae* are of all other land birds, perhaps, the greatest lovers of a bath.—J. MATTHEW JONES (Fern Lodge, Nova Scotia).

LOCKED DEER HORNS.—South Bend, Ark., July 10.—An old trapper found near here about three months since, a curiosity in the way of two pair of massive deer horns that were locked together by fighting, and in such a manner that it is impossible to pull them apart. He stated to me that he supposed the two bucks had been dead probably three or four months. The four horns, and the two pairs of their frames, that they must have been tremendous big deer. They will be in the Arkansas exhibit at the Louisville Exposition.—E. T. B. [We have a pair of such locked horns in this office.]

RECENT ARRIVALS AT THE PHILADELPHIA ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN.—Received by purchase—Two gray squirrels (*Sciurus carolinensis*), five hawks (*Castor fiber canadensis*), one tamarina antelope (*Tamandua latirostris*), two cassowaries (*Cassuaris casuarus*), six manatees (*Trichechus manatus*), one Peruvian thicknee (*Edentomys superciliosus*), one Cuban parrot (*Chrysotis leucophthalmus*), one diamond rattlesnake (*Crotalus adamanteus*), one red fox (*Vulpes fulva*), one woodchuck (*Marmota monax*), one white rabbit (*Lepus sylvaticus*), one otter (*Lontra canadensis*), one robin (*Turdus migratorius*), three yellow-headed woodpeckers (*Colaptes auratus*), one fish hawk (*Pandion haliaetus*), one osprey (*Pandion carolinensis*), one barn owl (*Syrinx flamma americana*), two banded rattlesnakes (*Crotalus horridus*), one water snake (*Protophylopsis natrix*), one water snake (*Protophylopsis natrix*), one blue snake (*Basiliscus constrictor*), one pine snake (*Pituophis melanoleucus*), Bora—Seven Virginia deer (*Cervus virginianus*), one Oryx (*Oryx capensis*), one water buffalo (*Bubalus bubalis*), one llama, two hoppers (*Castor fiber canadensis*), nine valley quail (*Lophortyx californicus*), four pea fowls (*Pavo cristata*), and three mallard ducks (*Anas boschas*).

Answers to Correspondents.

SALEM, N. J.—Can you let me know what you bait with to catch carp in a pond. Ans. See reply to "R. M."

A. SICK, New York.—What is the best bait for black bass? Ans. The best is a minnow, or a chub, or a dirlip, minnows, frogs.
W. W. New York.—Please inform me of the best and nearest fishing place to Sing Sing, N. Y. either salt or fresh water. Ans. There is a little fishery in the Tappan Zee, or Tappan Bay, as that part of the Hudson opposite Sing Sing is now called, but it is not reliable. The best and nearest salt water fishing is New York Bay, or Long Island.
T. F. M., New York.—I am desirous of stocking a small lake in Westchester county, N. Y. with bass. Can you tell me whether I could, by addressing Mr. Seth Green, secure that end? What is Mr. Green's address, and what charges, if any, are made by him in sending trout to the above address in Westchester Co. N. Y. directly to him.
Ans. I. We cannot say whether there are fish there or not. Try trout, or brook trout, or golden spoon, or cut grass, or cut two or two more pounds of lead two feet above the spoon, row slowly. Try also trolling with a minnow gear in the same way. 2. The guns are so heavy and so awkward and so dangerous that your decision must depend upon your individual choice.
J. B., Augusta, Ga.—Will you please inform me if a small hand machine for making fishing lines can be prevented and from whom? Ans. We do not know of such a machine. Fishing lines are now made by machinery in large establishments. The makers deal entirely with houses in the wholesale fishing tackle trade and do not advertise, consequently they are unknown.
R. M.—1. What is the best way to kill trout when caught? 2. Are Green Goby and yellow perch and white perch, all good eating? And put the second joint of the forefinger in the mouth, and the thumb on the back of the head, and bend upward until the neck is broken; 3. Can a knife be used in the same way? 4. Can you give me a recipe? They are taken with boiled peas, a paste made with mashed potato and dough, and also with the worm.
Ans. 1. As you have considered the strongest, most durable, and in fact most desirable, a twisted or a braided line? supposing both to be of the same thickness, or diameter. 2. Which is the best? 3. Can you give me a recipe? 4. Can you give me a recipe? 5. Can you give me a recipe? 6. Can you give me a recipe? 7. Can you give me a recipe? 8. Can you give me a recipe? 9. Can you give me a recipe? 10. Can you give me a recipe? 11. Can you give me a recipe? 12. Can you give me a recipe? 13. Can you give me a recipe? 14. Can you give me a recipe? 15. Can you give me a recipe? 16. Can you give me a recipe? 17. Can you give me a recipe? 18. Can you give me a recipe? 19. Can you give me a recipe? 20. Can you give me a recipe? 21. Can you give me a recipe? 22. Can you give me a recipe? 23. Can you give me a recipe? 24. Can you give me a recipe? 25. Can you give me a recipe? 26. Can you give me a recipe? 27. Can you give me a recipe? 28. Can you give me a recipe? 29. 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even bringing up their boats to trap, snare, and sell quails (called "colin," when you don't want them to know what you mean), taking them to market with only a pinched head, or broken neck, when a simple punch with an awl, or a jab with a fork would enable them to swear they shot them, about as much risk as a party of sportsmen would incur by inserted in the hole would satisfy any petit jurymen of modern times.

You will see the expediency of educating the farmer and his family up to the standard, so that he may be led to divide with you occasionally when you cannot, consistently, provide your own table with the luxury of game in season, or any other time.

REVISION OF THE TARIFF.

While some may doubt the policy of mixing our affairs with political questions to any great extent, I would ask your careful but cautious attention to the protection of game, which, by a moderately elastic construction may come within the "tariff for revenue" side of the case. Game, if properly protected (from observation) can be made to produce revenue at all seasons of the year. Your wise consideration of this fact is respectfully suggested. Trout, grayling, and other protected game fishes will come under this head. You must not consider that I recommend any interference with game, as understood by another branch of the sporting fraternity. I allude to poker, both straight, draw and trunk, keno, faro, croquet, polo, tennis, charades and base ball. The various varieties of pool properly belong to the Fish Commissioners, who would carp at any officious intermeddling in that channel. The influence of these classes of game upon revenue is so uncertain, that I advise you to be very careful to look over your hands the second time previous to risking money upon their value. I may, however, be allowed to hint, as my individual opinion, the policy of reforming the rules now in vogue as to the Jack pot, so called, which is a destructive modern invention, and gives capital an undue advantage over labor, induces and encourages stakes, causes localities to demand so high exorbitant prices supply that production is stimulated to such extent that decks are overloaded, holds are full in flush times, when many rash speculations are made, resulting in disaster in the call. I may safely leave these matters to your mature judgment, trusting you will deal fairly with them when it comes your turn.

IN CONCLUSION.

Thinking you, who are still awake, for kind indulgence and the deep interest you seem to manifest in my remarks, and that you will not disturb them by falling into slumber, nor attract the attention of the police, by an enthusiastic applause, I beg to close by tendering my heartfelt gratitude to you all, for the honors so often conferred upon me, only asking you to attend my funeral in a body should I die before a quorum shall be present.

A. H. HERBSTON, President E. S. G. P. Club.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., Jan. 7, 1883.

STAR WADS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Under the above heading in your issue of June 21, one of your correspondents asks for some information from those who have used them. My experience has not yet been very extensive, but as far as it goes is decidedly in favor of the star wad. They have held their place firmly in place in every shell in which I have used them, whether in new paper shells or in those which I have unloaded.

My gun is a W. & C. Scott Damascus barrel, 22-gauge, choked to 14 at the muzzle, and I do not find that there has been the least injury done to the barrels. I am convinced that these wads cause the gun to shoot closer than when a cartridge is crimped. As evidence of this fact, I was shooting clay pigeons on the fourth of July, and found that I must get directly on the object or I would miss it; and then, as a further test, after others had shot and missed several, I shot, and broke them at least 50 to 60 yds. distance; all of the time I was using 3 drms. of Dupont No. 2 powder, and 14oz. No. 8 shot. The metal of which these wads are made is so soft that it would appear impossible to injure the barrels of a gun, and yet they do hold the paper wad down very perfectly. J. H. T.

New York.

GAME IN COLORADO.

THE game in Colorado is fast decreasing, owing to the non-enforcement of a not very stringent game law. Your correspondent interviewed one of the oldest and best-informed sportsmen in the State. He said that within the last fifteen years buffalo could be found within a few minutes' ride of Denver in numbers of thousands, and antelope could be seen in the outskirts of the city. In fact, about six years ago one wandered into the city during a blinding snow storm. Some four years ago, during the month of January, when the antelope made their appearance, after a severe snow storm, hunting for food, 285 were killed by stag hounds, near the exposition grounds. This was during the close season. It is only a few years ago that the black-tail deer could be found within two hours' ride of Denver; and also that famous animal the Rocky Mountain sheep could be found in large numbers in the neighborhood of Bear Creek and Clear Creek Cañon, while the cinnamon, black and grizzly bears were abundant enough to satisfy the most bloodthirsty tourist.

With the advent of the railroads into the mountains all this was changed: not the employes of the railroad companies, from their contracts to the land, but the game that was their property and slaughtered indiscriminately, in season and out. In places where the railroads do not reach, the stockmen and desperadoes kill the game, blow up the fish with dynamite, and in many cases kill deer in the close season for their hides only. Even the well-to-do stock raisers, men who would consider it an insult if you accused them of breaking down the mountain game, have been in the close season justifying themselves by a clause in the game law which allows a man to kill game for his own use only. Buffalo cannot now be found within 600 miles of here, while only fifteen years ago there could be seen thousands of them. This may sound exaggerated, but it is a bare fact and can be proven.

The Legislature here is not competent to enact a suitable game law, and unless the people will elect men that can appreciate the value of the game and fish to Colorado, things will get worse instead of better. It is a well-known fact that Eastern and foreign sportsmen have contributed in no small degree to the welfare of Colorado, and if the game is protected, she will lose one of her greatest attractions to tourists. Wealthy men come here in search of health, rec-

reation and good hunting; and in many cases have located here and greatly increased the prosperity of this State. If the game be exterminated, the attraction for the moneyed tourist is gone, and Wyoming or Montana will reap the benefits that Colorado can and should have. There are in this city of Denver men who, if they would, could do a great deal to stop this illegal killing of game, and if they can only be persuaded to set the ball rolling, will find plenty of supporters in the other towns throughout the State.

In Grand county some prominent men who have openly violated the game laws only a few days ago, shot each other, which proves, in this State at least, that a man who will break the game laws will commit murder.

When the citizens of Colorado awoke to the fact that she is fast losing one of her greatest attractions, then they will enact and enforce a law that will protect the game and fish, but unless they do this very soon it will be too late.

THAT OFFICE BOY.

DENVER, Colorado, July, 1888.

A REVOLVER STORY.—Editor Forest and Stream: Your readers have undoubtedly all heard of the traditional lunatic, who, during the heat of an engagement, loaded six charges of powder and shot in his musket, one above another, in order to get six successive whacks at the enemy without stopping to reload; also, of the fellow who goes hunting one year in the summer time and always manages to ram two big charges down one barrel of his gun at a critical moment, when he sees a red squirrel smiling at him from the opposite side of a tree limb. What I want to chronicle is a newly-discovered method of compound loading, which certainly beats both the foregoing by a vast majority. Last summer my brother Walter, accompanied by several other boys, went down the Ohio River a few miles from town, and while in a grove tried target shooting with a 7-shot, 22-caliber revolver. Strange to relate, after each discharge no bullet marks could be found anywhere. At length, when the shooter tried to cock the revolver for the sixth shot, he found the concern would not work. In the investigation which followed a remarkable discovery was made in the barrel. There were six tightly together, one behind the other, were the five lost bullets, jammed into one mass, with the tail end of the fifth bullet projecting into the cylinder and clogging its action. The cylinder was found to have been put into the revolver out of a true line with the barrel, and the bullets, moreover, being rather too large and tight for the weapon, they had lodged, one upon the other, in the barrel, and, as a result, the way is why the tool didn't blow up. As the inventor would say, "The facts in this case are entirely true."—W. (Kentucky).

WESTERN NEWS.—Mexico, N. Y., July 9.—I fear that the fall shooting in this vicinity will be a failure; at least will afford but little sport to local sportsmen. In talking with a gentleman yesterday (who always keeps his eyes open) he said we would have a few woodcock as he had seen one or two broods in his rambles. Big and Little Sandy ponds have been mentioned in your paper frequently, and, in need say nothing of them. Oswego sportsmen could, in part, if not entirely, all the duck shooting at both ponds. The ruffed grouse is no longer seen in this locality, I don't suppose there are twenty-five birds in the county. In my early boyhood I used to find a coivey in almost every piece of woods. Now there are none. "The parasito or worm and not the hunter that has destroyed our best game bird. The bass fishing is good, and continues good, though I understand that the best fishing is found at Captain Sam Nichols', up the lake and nearer to Oswego.—J. W. S.

THE CHARMS OF FLORIDA.—There are hundreds of your readers, who like the writer, have spent winters delightful and pleasant to remember among the lakes, the woods and marshes of Florida. Go there from the snow and ice, the slush, wind and rain of our northern winters; camp (not in the hotels nor among the "crackers," but) in your own tent under the pines; sail in your own boat; leave the lines of tourists' travel; go anywhere in South Florida and good sport with rod or gun can be had for those who seek it patiently and do not expect too much. As for the climate, it can restore weak lungs I know from experience. I also know that in the southern end of the Peninsula it is usually dry, delightful weather from January to April. For fishing, where can it be equalled? Of game there is enough, except for those who wish to slay their thousands in a day, and all from the deck of a steamer.—G.

REED BIRDS AT THE SEASIDE.—In stating that the reed bird was never found near salt water, I only intended to convey the idea that the bird was not abundant in such localities, or in numbers that would warrant their being sought for, and thus criticized the article referred to. They are plentiful in season, and in the best condition for the table only when they are feeding on the seeds of the Fresh-water reed, and then are not scarce. I have killed them in May for mounting in bobolink plumage near the seaside. Those shot, as stated, among beach plum bushes near the salt meadows could not have been in prime condition. Your correspondent has killed wild pigeons on the beach that skirts the New Jersey coast, but would not advise such grounds to be selected by the sportsmen. He has also seen a horse fly over the river.—Homo.

TEXAS PRairie CHICKENS.—Indiana, Tex., July 9.—Have had nice showers these last few days, and look forward to good prairie chicken and plover shooting on the 1st of August, when the season opens.—G. A.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS IN MINNESOTA.—Sauk Centre, July 10.—Fresque prospects are good for prairie chickens, as it is a dry season and has not been bad by flooding the marshes for any length of time.—Dell.

"BATES'S TRAVELS IN MINNISCOTA."—The editor of this journal wishes to procure a copy of Bates's "Travels in Minniscota," and will thank any reader who may direct him where the book can be found, or who may send to him the full title page.

A son of Mr. Henry Christison, living a few miles west of Winchester, Ill., met with a painful accident a short time ago which will cause him the loss of one of his eyes. While engaged in the usual work of a farmer, he was struck in the eye by a stone, which struck him in the eye, sinking in the pupil beyond the beard of the hook, making it necessary to have a surgical operation performed.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

A DAY'S SPORT AT CEDAR STUMP.

ON June 25, 1888, two veteran anglers might have been seen at Middle Dam Cañon, on the Rangley Lake, making preparations for a trip some distance away. Any one knowing the country and the men well would have said, "There is business ahead," and as the bunkboard was driven up in front of the camp, Judge P. and the Scribe stepped aboard, with lunch basket, landing net, and two good fly-rods. As the horses started down the road toward Cedar Stump Landing, the boys in camp being under the impression that they were up, and soon one remarked, "That means trout, for those two old coons know what they are about, and I have noticed a mischievous look about their eyes for the last half hour."

Three and one-half miles ride, and we left the bunkboard and walked down the old trail a half mile to Cedar Stump Landing. As we parted the alders and stepped out on to the rocks by the riverside we looked down the water level to the still water below the rapids. The trout could be seen breaking water in a half dozen places at a time, but entirely out of our reach.

"A boat, my kingdom for a boat" broke forth from the lips of the Scribe, but no boat was to be had, and the next day he does not intend to fish the "spring hole" and the rapids. Carefully creeping out on the rocks to understand what was up, and soon one remarked, "That means trout, for those two old coons know what they are about, and I have noticed a mischievous look about their eyes for the last half hour."

"I say, Judge, this looks like business—both fast to large fish at once."

"Yes, Mr. Scribe, we've struck it this time."

"We can't work our fish up near the top," said he to them, and "Chubs, by thunder," when the Judge unlocks two chubs weighing nearly two pounds each, and they were whacked on to the rocks in a way that indicated great displeasure. About this time the Scribe's face took on such long dimensions that it is not necessary to say that he had duplicated the Judge's catch of chubs. We kept at work, however, until the kind of game was well cleared out, and when we concluded to wade back to the rocks, we saw the water in the pools quiet down, then try again; for we were sure there were trout in them, and large ones at that. Ten minutes' rest and the Judge decides to go up stream some six or eight rods to a nice looking pool, while the Scribe leisurely walks about two-thirds the way across the river, clearing the flies for long east toward the "spring hole."

"The time, and the flies came dancing in, and the Scribe spotted intended." "Great Scott! what a trout he is two feet long if an inch!" but he just missed the stretcher fly and was gone like a flash. At that instant a cry is heard from the Judge, above the roar of the waters, "Come with the landing net," but the temptation was too strong, and the Scribe made another cast.

"You people fishermen! Ye penurious stay-at-homes! Ye gingerly fellows that are afraid of a little tar and oil and a few mosquitoes, and ye who dig and delve from year to year, and will not take an outing and bask in the golden sunlight, and wander through the majestic forests and by the peary streams. To you I do not address myself. It would be casting pearls before swine, but to the man who can swing the fly-rod and who understands the gentle art, and loves the woods and hills, and hears the shore water register as his gliding notes float through the green valleys and from the mountain sides, to you I would say: The ecstasy of the next moment cannot be described, but you, and you only, can understand it well.

The sun had struggled through a rift in the clouds, which gave the rippling water a bright golden tinge, through which the form of a trout was seen within a moment. The fish of a rainbow as he plowed upward and upward through the rushing water, and with a splash that would have given an amateur the "buck fever," closed his huge jaws over the light-winged "Montreal." A strike, a "twang" from the line, and a rush of sixty feet down stream, when the old and tried ten-ounce split-bamboo says, "Whoa!" and I find that the form of a trout, an eighteen-inch one, four or five pounds, and a stubborn fighter to the last. But I will not weary Forest and Stream's readers with a repetition of the playing and netting of a trout when it has been done so many times before. Suffice it to say, that I had forgotten the Judge, who had towed his two-pound trout ashore and saved him, and now stood by my side, and, as he gently slipped the net under my trout, quietly remarked: "I saw the whole business, and was well pleased."

After a short rest we struck out again, and in a half hour, we added to our catch two more trout weighing three pounds each. At this juncture the Judge concluded to cross the river and fish down toward the still water. I was busy eating for a large fish that would rise but would not take any fly I had in my book, when I heard a tremendous splash across the river. I glanced across and, O horror of horrors, no algae to be seen, but only a hat, struck into the water, which finally makes its way to the shore and slowly rises from the water with something in the shape of a man under it, and both disappear in the woods. I never allow myself to laugh at other's misfortunes, but this thing was so sudden, so unexpected, although I was told by a near relative of the Judge, that if he got excited he was liable to fall in, and I had seen him, and I will not wear Forest and Stream's readers with a repetition of the playing and netting of a trout when it has been done so many times before. Suffice it to say, that I had forgotten the Judge, who had towed his two-pound trout ashore and saved him, and now stood by my side, and, as he gently slipped the net under my trout, quietly remarked: "I saw the whole business, and was well pleased."

One o'clock P. M. found us both together, with clothes dried, dinner eaten, ready and eager for the fray. I said to the Judge: "There is a large trout left at the spring hole, and by going well up the stream and making long casts, I guess you can raise him."

In less than ten minutes he was fast to his fish, up and down the river, across the current, over and around the rocks, at times nearly a hundred feet away, the Judge played with his fish. After twenty minutes fight his troutship was forced to the top of the water with the fight nearly all out of him, his great, broad, red sides showing him to be a big fish. I stepped in just below the Judge to net his trout, but the first movement of the net towards him, started him down stream with the speed of a race-horse, and carrying the line directly across, and as he headed up stream nearly around my legs, but by lively stepping he was fisherman and towed up stream to shallow water, where I slipped the net under him, and the Judge scores his first five-pound trout in a rapid river. Imagine a well-built, broad-shouldered man of 67 years of age, with a large drab hat, with broad brim turned down all around, and another man of 55 years of age, who hopes to fish for many years, with light wool hat turned down behind and up in front, with net in one hand holding the noble fish, and the other extended to grasp the hand and congratulate his older friend on his success, and you have our picture about as near as I can make it.

After taking two more good sized trout we decided to walk back to camp. As we passed South Lodge Pool we whipped that a few minutes and added enough trout to our string to make up plump twenty-five pounds weight of fish, every one taken with a fly, and seven of the largest pulled the scales down to the twenty-one pound net. But I am a trifle, four miles. It seemed to me that it was the heaviest string of trout that ever took into camp. The day's tramp, the netting and tugging home the fish was "solid business," but I venture to say no two sportsmen in the Maine woods make a better catch of trout that day, or sleep a sweeter, sounder night's sleep than did the Judge and the Scribe, the night after they "interviewed" the big trout at Cedar Stump Landing. SCRAE.

PENNA., Conn., July 12.

SOME ADIRONDACK RESORTS.

YOU solicit correspondence from fishing localities, and as I happen to be one of those fellows that "Dixons" tells about—that occasionally hurry forward at a double-quick trot to publish anything they know—I am very glad that I am able to inform your readers where good sport can be had, as well as also a good hotel, and where they can find aylvan landscape without a thoroughbred cow watching the fisherman cast his fly, and where you can risk a dose of shot by two balls of fire without being embarrassed with a lawsuit for having cruelly murdered somebody's thirty-year-old horse. Where is this enchanted and much-talked-for region? Let me whisper it gently—Franklin county is the place—and the greater part of it lies in the most primeval part of the Adirondacks, where lakes, ponds and streams are too numerous to mention, but each of which abound with trout. Some of the lakes have well-appointed hotels near their shores, good meals, guides, boats can be had very reasonably. Those who wish the better sport of camping out, can find lakes where they will be alone in their solitude, and they can imagine themselves monarchs of all they survey: the fine back on the shore inclusive, provided you can bag him.

To reach this part of the mountains it is best to come by way of Malone, which is on the Ogdensburg & Lake Champlain Railway. It is a place of 8,000 inhabitants, and one of the liveliest places in the State. A drive of ten miles will take you to the mountains, or fifteen miles north, to the St. Lawrence River. At both the river and in the lakes and ponds, the fishing is the best known for years, and from present outlook, deer promise to be plenty for fall shooting. Those of your readers, therefore, who are yearning for a dose in some vast wilderness, where he can soothe his tired brain and expand his aching limb, will say: "Come over into Macedonia and help us—catch trout!" F. S. C.

N. B.—Artists will find the usual number of pretty girls, each with a stern father, to fall in love with. MALONE, Franklin county, N. Y.

BLACK BASS IN THE MOHAWK.

AS a constant reader of your valuable journal, I find many good things, and much valuable information in it. My especial interest, however, is in the columns devoted to angling, and it amuses me (while it appears a little singular) that the only persons who write of their experiences among the many tribes, are those who have both the leisure and means to pursue the sport, either in the streams of the Adirondacks, the granite hills of Maine, or the balmy atmosphere of Florida. None seem to dare to eulogize the cause of the historical Mohawk; so sweetly sung about years ago, or tell of the royal sport to be had within our very borders.

So it occurred to me just now, while reading the Ponceas article, that I should be less than grateful if I failed to speak for that noble stream where I've spent once in a while a day. I always go when I can, and been well repaid by lots of fun black bass fishing. And I was reminded when I sat down to write, how on one bright Monday morning I seemed to have an insatiable desire for a day's fishing. I well knew that a brother-in-law, a royal good fellow, would be sure to be at his favorite grounds, Fort Ferry, a point about eight miles from Troy, N. Y., so I would be sure to get company. This only served to increase my desire. By the way, the fish would come up—"Business, my boy, before pleasure." So I bustled around, did up my chores about the barn, went into the house to change my clothes preparatory to going to my office, when it occurred to me that possibly there was nothing needing my special attention; if so, I could hook up my horse, put my baskets and rods in the wagon, and in about a half an hour be at the Ferry, and keep Frank company. I didn't change, but ran down to my office like a boy, poked my head inside of the door and said: "Anything needing my attention?" My assistant looked up with a smile on his face, (he knows my falling) and "no," came out. "Well, I won't be here to-day." Back to the house, looked up and was off. Pony was feeling good, and in an hour I was on my way to the Ferry, my horse put away in farmer Sharp's barn, and I set out to the bank.

I soon espied him, hallooed to him to come ashore and take me in his boat with him. Up anchor and ashore he came. "What luck?" "Poor, 'tain't a good day." "Well, well"

try it." So off we put back to his old anchorage. Soon had my rods (we both used two rods, and at it we went. "Frank, they are here, I feel 'em, and I've got him!" And so I had. A good fight he made. I kept cool as possible, for I knew he was a good one, and a single leader and snell would not hold a whale. But I had faith, to which I added work, and soon swung the beauty alongside, too tired to make any fuss, and quietly lifted him into the boat. "My boy! a good four-pounder!" says my companion, "he's a beauty!" I say, "I've got him, and I've got him, the heaviest weighing not less than a pound. On my arrival home I found a call that obliged me to go down street at once. On my return I asked, "Who cleaned those fish?" My wife responded, "I." "Did you weigh the large one?" "Yes, and he weighed a trifle over three pounds and a half after he was cleaned and his head taken off." So you see he was full four pounds and over. And this within ten miles of Albany. We don't say much about such things here, but we have the fun all the same. Just as I was about to start a four-pound black bass at the end of a nine-ounce rod is the cause of fun, and a kid I'd go many a mile to have.

ALBANY, N. Y.

PIGEONIX.

GOOD BLACK BASS FISHING.

BLACK bass fishing has a charm for the angler beyond any other sport in this part of the country. One as enthusiastic as myself cannot hold himself contented till the law allows them to be taken in this State or in Pennsylvania.

When the balmy air of May comes and a gentle shower bedews the earth, when the angle-worms begin to air themselves by lamp-light and the oriole chirps his sweetest notes, the fever seizes me. Gentle reader, have you ever had it? Well, it is a purely nervous disease, originating in the brain, and is partly hereditary and the other half acquired.

It comes on strongest when we have the most to do and cannot possibly get away from home; thus, the trouble is tenfold intensified. A prominent symptom is the blues; then comes pouting, distaste for work or study, in fact, one has no taste for food, and lastly a fit of insanity comes on, and nothing short of stopping everything else and taking the rod and a flies cures the disease.

When you have reached the haven of your joy, the rod is stung and the oarsman pulls you to the bass grounds; then a three-pounder strikes the leader like a lead ball of thunder. Soon the glassy eye begins to tear, the back stiffens, and the muscles grow tense; then "Richard is himself again," the disease is cured.

Some sportsmen go to one place and some to another. Now listen while I tell you where I go. For five consecutive years I have spent one or two weeks in Wyalusing, Bradford county, Pa. There is the best bass and pike fishing in the section of the United States. This sounds large, but I think it is so or I would not go out on the beautiful Susquehanna, less than a mile from the hotel, in the early morning and capture forty or fifty black bass, and get home to eat; all of them tearing fighters, weighing from 1 1/2 to 4 1/2 pounds each. Now and then I have hooked well-eyed pike weighing from three to eighteen pounds each.

A party of four with me last summer caught fourteen pike besides great numbers of black bass in one day. The fly-fishing and trolling is good, the bait-fishing excellent. The first day I went out, three or four years ago, I took forty-two very large ones; they were a back load for two landlors.

There is every facility there for comfort—good hotel accommodations at one dollar per day, good living at reasonable rates, good boats, and any quantity of bait at a low figure. The bait that kills the most fish are minnows, the second best clippers or helgramites, also called doberies. Quail are abundant there; also woodcock, partridge, and black and gray squirrels.

Go the last of July and stay till the middle of August, and you will be well paid. *Those who wish to go can do so via Lake Valley Railroad. The air is salubrious and the scenery grand. M. M. B. SCRUGOISE, N. Y.

THE FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

FISHING was a far earlier mode of supporting human life than agriculture. However far back in the stream of terrestrial events we may suppose it allowable to carry the date of man's appearance on the scene, still he must have been preceded by fish. The rivers, lakes, and seas, when he first looked upon them, must have been peopled very much as they are at this day. There was as great a variety of species, and probably much the same infinitude of individuals in some of those species. And as a savage population must be always sparse, and in any locality few in number, his unimproved state was worth cultivating. The suitable form had to be evolved or created by long processes of observation and selection. This is why we know nothing of the parentage of wheat, barley, oats, rice, beans, or maize; and why the tropical breadfruit, plantain, banana, and sugar-cane have lost the power of producing seed, and so of reproducing themselves; this must have been a result of long ages of human selection. Nothing of the kind had to be done for fish. There it was as fit for human food as the first day that man stood on the river bank, or the sea shore, as it is at this day. Agriculture also required implements to clear and stir the ground, and to gather in the crops with; and these implements we know were the result of a long series of discoveries, improvements and advances. Primeval man, therefore, as we now read his history, could not have lived by, or known anything of, agriculture. Nor could he have lived by wild fruits, fish, and game, not continuous throughout the year. They have their season, and that is brief only. He must have lived by hunting and fishing; and of the two fishing would be the most continuous and unvarying throughout the changing seasons; the most valuable of all qualities for those ill-supplied times. It would not be more difficult to hook, and spear, and net, and trap and fish, and to gather mollusks from the rocks and sandbars, than to learn to till, sow, and reap. Our immediate comparison, however, is with agriculture; and we may be sure that not in it were the foundations of society

laid, but in hunting and fishing; and that of these two, as the great founders at first had possession of the forest and of the plain against intruding man, fishing was the main primeval occupation, and means of subsistence.

Vigil notes that it was their wants that sharpened the wits of mankind (*curis acens moribus cohibet*). There is no inquiry more interesting, or indeed that we are more concerned in, than that of how the human mind has grown to be what it is in ourselves. The fishing, which was an initial, and a very long stage in man's career, has had much to do with the growth of the industry of mankind, and with the ends, and the patience required in the fisherman, when he had to go without food if he could not catch fish, was one of the earliest, most general, and most powerful stimulants of his mental development. He had to elaborate the idea of the hook and line, and of the net, while as yet there were no materials for them except for the hook, wad and bone, or for the net but the intestines of animals, strips of leather, and some very poor vegetable fibres. To work out the conception of these instruments with nothing to start from, except a knowledge of the existence of the fish, and to put them into form with no other materials than those just mentioned, required much observation and thought. Here was the first human training that mind received. The habits of the fish had to be carefully noted, and the instruments nicely adjusted to the conditions under which they had to be used; no other mental quality, or early pursuit drew out and established was that of patience, both patience in waiting, and patience under exposure to heat, and cold, and wet.

After a time a further step was taken; there arose in the mind the thought of pursuing the fish on their own element, at a distance from the bank, or the shore. This must have been first attempted on a log of wood, then on two or more logs fitted and tied together, which would be a kind of raft; then on a burnt-out, or dug-out, trunk, which would be a canoe. We are thinking, by the aid of what may still be observed of the ingenuity of savages, and by the light that can be derived from prehistoric archeology, of what were the attempts of the primeval savage to extend the area of his fishing, in times prior to the possession of iron tools. Some, instead of using the trunk of the tree, may, like the North American Indians, have used its bark; others, like the Eskimos, may have constructed rafts of hides; others of the skins of seals, like the Eskimo boat of walrus hide. Fruitful germ. It was not commerce that set man afloat on the waters. We are looking back into times long antecedent to the first beginnings of commerce. When in a very distant future the time for commerce shall have come, the vessels and the men to navigate them it will require, will be ready for it. It will not have to invent the one, or to train the other. The fishing craft, step by step elaborated, and the knowledge of how to manage them, vessels slowly accumulated by the fishermen of the antecedent periods, will be the machinery of transport for nascent commerce. Its first essays, therefore, were made in undecked vessels, drawn up on the beach at night and in bad weather. Between them and the ocean shipping of our day the distance is great, the steps are many. The first step, however, of all was taken by the primeval fisherman. His log and his dug-out have been the starting point in him. He originated what at the time was a new art, as the conditions of their times required and permitted, only enlarged.

In looking on the early stages of the art and early industry of fishing, as far as we may recover its history from what may be found in caves and shell-mounds, we see everywhere all over the earth that, however much men may have differed in the conditions of their lives, and in their climatic and other surroundings, they hit upon the same contrivances for capturing their early prey. Everywhere there was an adaptation of the idea of the hook and line, and of the net which would allow the water to pass but not the fish. Among all tribes of men in all latitudes these were the primitive ideas and practices. Then came the contrivances for floating and moving on the water under the canoe. Since those days many devices have been invented, and have been made; command has been acquired over many new materials. The primitive ideas and practices, however, have not been departed from. The hook and line, and the net are still the universal implements of the fisherman. This sameness, however, in the apparatus among all people, which in the Exhibition is almost wearisome, has its interest and instruction. It shows the identity of mind, and as mind is almost mind, the identity of the race. All, under the most diverse circumstances, hit upon the same ideas, and followed the same fashion. The iteration in gallery after gallery of nets and hooks, and of hooks and nets, goes some way toward establishing unity as against plurality of origin in mankind.

It is also interesting, and somewhat of a corrective to modern pride, to see that the devices adopted by our earliest and rudest ancestors in this matter, have throughout all times been maintained, and are still practiced by ourselves. We have not worked out anything better than their original thought. Just so has it been with many other matters of primary importance. It was our prehistoric ancestors who subdued to the use of man the ox, the sheep, the pig, the horse, the dog. We are still benefited by their thought, their inexhaustible patience and their success. In this matter we have added nothing. So with the plants they selected and improved by cultivation, and the arts of spinning and weaving. In all these master arts of life we are only doing to-day what was done before even traditional history begins. Some of these processes we can carry on with greater ease and rapidly. This is all we can claim. For the idea of the thing, for thinking out how it was to be done, we are indebted to our remote unknown predecessors. We are as much indebted to them for all these contrivances, as we are to the sea and the shore.

It would have very much added to the interest and instructiveness of the Exhibition, if a page had been put in circulation on which were tabulated the estimated magnitude and value of the fisheries of the different countries of the world, and the number of hands they severally employ. Some particulars of this kind we will endeavor to extract from the notices contained in the Official Catalogue, adding as we go along such comments as may seem to be of any use or interest. Professor Leone Levi, on page 102, tells us that the fishermen of the United Kingdom number 120,000 men, and that the value of the fish they capture is £11,000,000. By these 120,000 men he means those actually engaged in fishing, for he says that with their dependants, by which I suppose he means women and children, they give a population of 400,000. To these, when we add the population of the fishing industry of the country, must be added all the people engaged in building and equipping

their boats, and in providing them with salt, barrels, etc., and in transporting and distributing the fish. This may be some way toward doubling the numbers already given for each barrel, clothing, etc., as it is necessary for fishermen as their boats and nets, and as the people who supply them with these necessities are as dependent on the fish taken as the fishermen themselves, they too must be added to our total of those who are maintained by our fisheries. This will in all give about 1,000,000 souls, or three per cent of the population of the United Kingdom. Of this calculation, however, only the 1,300,000 men and boys are ascertained by enumeration. This is about as many as the effectives of the British army, and nearly three times the number of the seamen in the British navy.

How Professor Leone Levi obtained the £11,000,000 he gives as the value of the fish taken in the British and Irish fisheries, he does not tell us. When in Scotland last year I was told that the take of the previous year had been sold for £2,350,000. Of this £2,000,000 had been taken at the fishing towns on the Aberdeenshire coast, which is a sum greater than the assessed rental of the whole county. Those of us whose memories go back to the days of old Smithfield Market will recollect that it used then to be said that more money was paid for fish at Billingsgate than for cattle and sheep at Smithfield. But this was before London had grown to its present size, and at present Billingsgate buys in a greater degree than it is now the fish market for the whole country.

It would be interesting to know the rank of the different fish in the order of value. I suppose the herring, the poor man's fish, would rank first. The Scotch sometimes export more than 1,000,000 barrels in a year. To this we must add what are reserved for home consumption, and to the whole of the English herring fishery the produce of which, as fresh herrings, bladders and red herrings, is, I suppose, mainly consumed in this country. Possibly the fish that would occupy the second place would not be cod or mackerel, but the sole, which is in season all the year, is a general favorite, and is seen in every fish shop in every town almost without fail every day, excepting when a combination of bad weather and low water has put an end to its most expensive fish, salmon and turbot, would, I suppose, in their respective aggregates, on account of the relative smallness of their supply, fall below cod.

To the fish already mentioned a great many other names must be added to complete the list of our common sorts—whiting, smelt, pollack, eels, halibut, skate, sprats, john dories, plicards, gurnets, haddock, ling, hake, red and garfish, not to mention trout and other freshwater fish. In Yarrell's work on English fish 221 species are figured and described. Far the greater part of these are gastronomically and economically useless. But the number shows how well adapted the seas which surround us are to fish life.

While endeavoring to form an estimate of our fisheries, we must not omit our mollusks and crustaceans—lobsters, shrimps, prawns, cockles, periwinkles, pippins, mussels, crabs, oysters. Most of these are taken in surprising quantities, but in none probably does the supply reach the demand. I do not know how many Norwegian lobsters are added yearly to the produce of our own coasts, but fifty years ago Yarrell mentioned that we took 1,000,000 of them annually from the Dutch, who had caught them on the coast of Norway. One would like to know what the supply of shrimps reaches. This is the fish which the poor woman, who after a day's or week's hard work, thinks some little addition to her tea table allowable, generally indulges herself in a pint of shrimps. Last year we took 2,650,500 pounds of shrimps from the Dutch.

The supply of oysters has long been deplorably deficient, and there appears no probability of our ever again being able to obtain what we were once able to get. Some sixteen years after a visit to the United States, during which I had seen how apparently inexhaustible is the abundance of this mollusk along their Eastern and Southern coasts, I suggested that we might draw upon them for supplementing our falling supply. Three years ago we paid them £70,000 for fresh oysters. But this source of supply is not to be depended on, for in the United States the people are so well supplied that the production increases so each year—the yearly addition being now about 2,000,000 souls—that they may themselves, before many years have passed, consume all that their coasts can yield.

Our opposite neighbors, the French and Dutch, the Danes, the Norwegians, and Swedes, in the matter of fisheries participate in our advantages, but not to an equal extent, for though they more or less fish in the same waters as ourselves, yet, as we have already seen, they have a one-sided, and an eastern coast, in addition to a western. They have a one-sided, we a four-sided fishing ground. Still they make a great deal of their sentient advantages.

The French are very successful fishermen. Boulogne, as many of us know, is great in fishing. It need not fear comparison with Yarmouth, Grimsby, Whitby, Scarborough, or Fluy. Unfortunately the French are not so successful in putting in an appearance at South Kensington. Since their great catastrophe they have shown great backwardness in coming forward in such matters as exhibitions, or indeed in any way, with the exception just now of filibustering in the China seas, and round about Africa, in places where they suppose—but in defiance of the possibilities of the coveted regions—that they will be able to establish profitable colonies. Their oyster fisheries are worth to them more than any other export commodity, and are highly profitable. In 1881 they supported 50,875 fishermen, who had 22,123 vessels, of an aggregate capacity of 150,000 tons. To these their report adds 55,485 riparian, men, women and children, who have to assist in the fishing operations from the shore. The produce of their fishing for 1880 was valued at 87,000,000 francs. In 1881 it was somewhat less through a falling off in the take of sardeles. Their oyster fishing is worth 18,000,000 francs a year.

The amphibious Dutch are bad to beat on land or water, but particularly on the water. Two or three centuries ago, they were the boldest, most ingenious, and most successful fishermen in the world. Amsterdam, their great trading port, was said to have been built on herring bones. For their export of salt herrings, and the wealth it brought them they were indebted to one Wilhelm Benckelzoon, a native of Beverwijk. When he discovered was a method of so salting the herring that they might be packed in barrels for exportation, for of course it was not to him first of all men that the idea of salting herrings occurred. Three centuries before his day the herring fisheries of the Baltic are mentioned, and in some way or other their produce must have been salted; and in 1290 dried herrings, which must have been

previously salted, are mentioned among the articles used in victualing a vessel sent from Yarmouth to Norway. What the name of Benckelzoon himself appears to have been the happy idea, not to dry them, but to pickle them in moist salt, and so pack them in bulk in barrels, with the certainty that they would remain unspoiled. This was a speedily effected and cheap process, and the result was a much cheaper and much better article. The great man died A. D. 1449, and was buried in his native town of Beverwijk, and a grateful country decreed a statue to his memory. The century after that the biggest port of the world had seen since the days of the Roman Caesars, the great Emperor Charles V., having capacity enough to understand how much pickled herrings had done for the Netherlands, went on a pilgrimage to this tomb at Beverwijk. But we cannot suppose that he went so far in his thoughts as to compare the effects Benckelzoon's discovery had had upon his country with the effects his own ambition, high politics and wars had had upon Europe; or that he asked himself which of the two, the herring emperor or the emperor, had been the greatest benefactor to mankind?

The Dutch now take in the North Sea somewhat over 200,000,000 herring annually. These are salted and barreled according to old Benckelzoon's receipt. They also take about 50,000,000 a year in the Zuider Zee. These, for the most part, are sold in bulk to foreign buyers, and are significant compared with those of the Scotch herring fishery, the export of which is 1,000,000 barrels or at least 709,000,000 fish. The Dutch have also a very large anchovy fishery in the Zuider Zee, which employs 1,200 boats, and in a good year gives 70,000 baskets of 3,500 fish each, or 250,000,000 anchovies. We pay them very large sums for fish taken by them in the North Sea, and they value us as a means of protection, and so of high duties on foreign fish, and before the days of packing fish in ice and carrying it so packed to market in steamers, we paid them, on Yarrell's authority, £80,000 a year for turbot, and £15,000 for the lobsters that were to accompany it to the table. The Dutch have also a very large cod fishery. A great part of what they take on the Dogger Bank is sold fresh. Of salted codfish Germany and Belgium took from 1880 to 1890 about 2,000,000 cwt. The Belgians are their numbers, large consumers of fish. It is sold annually to the amount of about £170,000 in the market of Ostend. More than half of this is taken by Belgian fishermen. The rest is bought, chiefly from French and English boats. We may suppose that Antwerp also does something considerable in the fishing business. A great deal, too, of fish is imported by rail from Holland.

The fisheries of Denmark proper are worth about £250,000 annually. The most important of the fish taken in the Danish waters are the eels of the two Belts and of the Sound. Germany is the chief customer for Danish fish. The cod fishery of Iceland is worth about 4,000,000, and the herring about 1,300,000 crows, that is together about £350,000 a year.

We have now reached the fisheries of Norway, which possess a higher historic interest than any of Holland. In Norway a far more considerable proportion of the population is employed in fishing than in any other country in Europe. As far back as we know anything about the matter, it never was otherwise. There never was a time known to history when its people did not obtain a large proportion of their sustenance from the sea. Nature had given them little on land, but in the sea more than she had given to any other people. She had also given them the habitable forms for building their vessels, and, at the same time, a coast which, with its innumerable fjords, was the most convenient in the world for fishing. It would have been strange if, at some time or other, something had not come of this combination of advantages; and something did come of it which has left its mark on the world. These advantages it was that a thousand years ago made them a such estimable sea-rovers. If the Norsemen had not been a people of hardy and venturesome fishermen, discontented with their own *terra firma*, they would not have settled in France; William of Normandy would not have brought the language of France and his Norman barons here; the language in which Shakespeare thought would not have been created; the English would not be what they are, nor would the people of the United States be what they are, as we have already seen. The Exhibition brings before us fish, fishing, and fishermen; and now we are carried back to a point in the history of our subject which invests it with profound interest. It was the fish, the fishing, and the fishermen of Norway which, at a peculiar juncture in the course of human affairs, originated and set in motion a series of events which formed the English race and their descendants, and which possess and make the life of the world. The forests of dreary Norway and the shoals of codfish that peopled its waters created the Norse sea-rovers. In him was the fountain-head of a stream of events which has already had more effect on the world than the conquests and laws of Rome; and the effects of which, through our descendants, will continue to expand till they are felt by the whole human race.

The exhibit seen by Mr. Brassy of the reproduction of a Viking vessel, which was lately found in a sepulchral mound in Norway, one of the most interesting objects in the Exhibition, and one, too, that is most closely connected with its purpose. We are afraid, however, that the vast majority of visitors as they stand by it will not feel so much emotion as they will think they ought to feel while looking at the exhibit, and that they will be disappointed when they speak to the mind of nothing beyond barbarian vanity, the cruel sufferings of myriads of harmless birds, and an enormous amount of misplaced human labor.

The present fish population of Norway, though it is in these days, compared with what are now the resources of other nations, relatively powerless, yet is in itself something considerable. The last census returned by the Government in 1870 or 1871 put the whole population, while 50,000 men, or 7 per cent. more of the population, are employed in the shipping business; that is, if the two be combined, 18 per cent; and if to these we add those dependent on them, we reach to half the population. Of these 80,000 fishermen, 26,309 are employed in the great Lofoten cod fishery in 6,800 open boats resembling the Viking vessel just mentioned. These boats are on an average of only 26,000 lbs. in weight, and in time must come when, vast as is this quantity of fish, none of it will be salted, but the whole of it packed in ice, and so carried by steamers and railways to the inland markets of Europe. Norway has the fish which all would be glad to get. She has also the ice for preserving it. The steamboats and railways for distributing it already exist. Nothing is required but the capital for providing the machinery for packing, the machinery for existing means of transport and for distribution, and the mind capable of

seeing what is required, and how it is to be done. On the other side of the Atlantic a single season would suffice for setting on foot the necessary arrangements in complete and successful operation. It is not to be done in the Old World, to time to feel and act as if the seas and national boundaries which separated us from one another centuries ago, were still as prohibitive as ever of intercourse and interchange.

In the northern cod fisheries, between the Lofoten Island and the North Cape, 14,000 men are employed in 4,000 vessels. In the southern fisheries, between Cape Stat and Tromsø, 2,000 vessels employ 10,000 men. To these three main branches of the cod fishery must be added some small deep-sea fisheries. These export together yearly 75,000,000 fish dried and salted, which if sold fresh would equal 375,000 tons. Norway is able to supply every family in Europe (supposing the number of families to be 60,000,000, each containing five souls) with thirty pounds of fresh fish annually. The export of pickled herrings is about 600,000 barrels a year.

The value of the Swedish fisheries does not reach £500,000 a year.

Germany has some advantages for fishing in both the extent and the variety of its water area. It has access to the North Sea, and possesses the whole of the southern shore of the Baltic. From its numerous large rivers, and the vast number of smaller streams, it derives a most abundant supply of fish. It derives very considerable supplies of many species of the salmon and carp tribes. But the most remarkable fact connected with its fisheries is their inadequacy to meet the demands of so large an inland population. Germany has, therefore, in these days of cheap and rapid transport, become a larger importer of foreign fish than any other country. Stimulated by its shortness of the home supply, the Germans have of late given much attention to fish breeding, and to legislation which aims at increasing the supply. Notwithstanding, however, all this, we find the city of Berlin exporting annually thirty millions of eel-fish, chiefly to Belgium and France; not at all because they are not appreciated at Berlin, but because the Berliners are unable to pay for them the price obtainable elsewhere. The introductory notice of the exhibition in the catalogue of the German part of Germany contributes to the Exhibition—makes mention of "prehistoric discoveries, which have brought to light surprising facts, which show how closely connected with the dawn of civilization was the practice of fishing." It goes on to tell us that "in historic times fishing was a highly important factor in the economy of the nation; and that it was to a great extent the source from which the Hausatic League derived its origin."

The facts connected with the fisheries of Italy that are most worthy of notice are the variety of fish captured, for the Mediterranean species outnumber those of the coasts of western Europe; the smallness of the money value of the capture (£1,600,000), compared with the number of men engaged in the fisheries (60,000); and the inadequacy of the supply for the exports amount to £260,000. The most valuable product of the Italian seas is coral. After that come the anchovy, the tunny, and the sardine.

The fisheries of Spain are no exception to the general paralysis which has in that country overtaken every description of effort and of industry. All kinds of deep fisheries have been abandoned. But even the small take of their inshore fisheries is more than the Spaniards themselves require, for they export fish to the value of about £30,000 a year.

The most interesting and satisfactorily executed introductory notice in the official catalogue is that of the United States Commissioner. It is everywhere quite intelligible. It gives all one wants to know, and states the grounds of its calculations. For instance, it distinguishes—and nowhere else do we find this distinction—between fish now received for his purposes by the fisherman and the wholesale market rates. We find that in 1880 the first price, that received by the fishermen, was nearly £9,000,000, but that last year, a great advance having been made in the meantime both in the amount of fish taken and in the prices, the wholesale market price must have been about £20,000,000. In the excellence and fish—there is an error in the original notice in their apparatus and implements, in the size of the vessels employed in the extent of water fished over, and in the value of the fish taken, our kindred on the other side of the Atlantic already stand at the head of this industry. This fact is highly significant when we recall the dearth of labor in the United States, and that all the hands that can be had are required for the pressing work of reclamation and rearing of cattle, and the raising of corn, and the raising of cotton. Nature, however, has not bestowed on any other country such a field for fisheries as on them. It is indeed a field that embraces the two great oceans; they both are open to American enterprise from the Arctic to the Antarctic zone, in both of which the hardy and adventurous fishermen of New England pursue the whale and the seal. Their own coasts on the east in Florida, and in the west in California and New Mexico all but touch the northern limit. Their vast lakes, their mighty rivers, their enormous extent of coast give them 1,500 species of fish. But all these advantages would run to waste in the hands of a dull and lazy race. They have all along taken to fishing, and succeeded in it, because they came of a good fishing stock. The first settlers of New England came chiefly from Norfolk and Devonshire, and their chief motive in the selection of the spot chosen for their first settlement. It was because they saw that that part of the coast possessed peculiar advantages for the prosecution of fisheries. This was in the year 1620. A hundred and fifty years later New England was employing 1,455 men and 665 vessels in the Newfoundland fisheries; a great venture, and one that has commensurate success. It is not to be forgotten that the effort to increase and to find them in possession of absolutely the largest fishing industry in the world.

The greatest contrast in the Exhibition is that between the fisheries of the youngest nation in the world, at which we have just been looking, and those of the most ancient. In the exhibits of the United States every appliance is characterized by its purpose, and the effort to do it to the best advantage is completely as thought and material now available allow. In China the ruling idea is to do everything as cheaply as possible, and as much as possible in the way that was found to be the cheapest some thousands of years ago, and all the while to have very scant consideration for the human agent. The fishing boat is generally the only home of the fisherman and of the family; they live on as little as fish, and the effort to do it all the day is as simple as is compatible with taking enough fish to support the family.

There is nothing in the twenty-three acres the Exhibition

covers, or in the six hundred pages of its catalogue, more suggestive than this contrast between the exhibits of China and those of the United States. They represent two very opposite views of human life, and two very opposite methods of dealing with nature and of extorting from her the means of subsistence. Will the people who have grown to 800,000,000 already—an expansion no other people have ever reached, an homogeneous population equal to the aggregate of all the nations of Europe—who are able and ready to work as hard as any other people, who can labor in every climate, and are content with any form of government, will they at last burst the invisible bonds which have hitherto kept them within their own boundaries, and which there now appears in them some disposition to burst, and overflow other parts of the world, and displace existing populations by getting possession of the means of living, through their ability to work harder than their living upon less? Or to look at the question from the other side, will the most progressive people in the world, who take it for granted that what those who have gone before them did is no more than the starting-point from which they themselves are to advance; who, without shrinking from manual labor, labor with the brain as no other people ever did, in order not merely to live, but to live well; who regard the whole world as the field for their activity; and who look at the life of the people of the past, and of nature, may be subdued to human purposes and the materials of nature turned to the best account, as so many problems which they are called upon to solve, will they be henned in, beaten, and displaced by the Chinaman?

It has been said if a Chinese Napoleon were to arise he would cut out very ugly work for the rest of the world. That apprehension, however, we may summarily dismiss, because the future can only grow out of the past, and China during its thousand years of existence, and out of the hundreds of millions of people, has produced no Napoleons. The contrast just dwelt upon seems to meet satisfactorily the apprehensions on this subject with which some minds are at present troubled. Who can doubt that fifty years hence the Chinaman with the same appliances as he sets before us in this Exhibition, will be capturing about the same amount of fish he captures at this day, and which is probably the highest his kind of capture has ever reached, not two or three thousand years ago? This interesting and instructive Exhibition shows, among many other things, that the history and present condition of the fisheries of all people, together with the amounts of enterprise and hardihood displayed severally by their fishermen, constitutes a very fair measure of the character of the people themselves.—F. Barlow Zieck in Macmillan's Magazine.

TIM POND AND THE SEVEN PONDS.—I send you extracts from letters just received from the Maine resorts named: "July 3, 1883.—Smith is getting lots of letters from new parties referring to advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM. Several cabins are engaged by sportsmen for themselves, their ladies and children to board at Tim Pond for the next few months. There has been more sport here this season than up to this time last year. The prospect is for a very large increase through the season. Gen. F. C. Barlow, of New York, with two sons, are now having splendid trouting at Big Island Pond. I saw in Gen. Barlow's boat fifteen or twenty trout averaging about one pound each. Mr. Henderson weighed two of them, one weighed two pounds seven ounces, the other two pounds five ounces. The latter was found at Smith's, a gentleman from South America who has been at Seven Ponds the last twenty-five days, came into camp last night from L. Pond, bringing the best string of fish I have ever seen from that pond. A man from Boston went to Tim Pond yesterday, and was having grand fun when I left. He saw several broods of young partridges in the woods this spring, but cannot yet tell how numerous they will be the coming season, but the law that prohibits killing them for the market will save thousands per year for sportsmen and the home tables. I saw a bear in the road between Smith's house and Tim Pond recently; he looked at the buckboard team a moment, then made good time for the cover of the forest." "The law protecting trout in this State is a great help to fish in these ponds as well as all others. Formerly there were more trout caught out than in season. Not so now, and partly due to fish law. Five years ago, all the sea trout were quite as fine now as then. I hope when you come you will have your usual good luck."—J. W. T. (New Britain, Conn., July 11).

NOTES FROM THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Athens, Pa., July 9.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In your many mentions of bait for black bass, I have not noticed hilledhead mentioned. This is the principle bait for those who fish for big bass use a hilledhead from two to four inches long. When fishing with these you are not troubled by the biting of small fish. They are found under loose stones in the riff, and are caught by stunning or by dip net. Hook them through the lips. E. W. Davies, our enterprising fishing tackle man, offers a fine rod as a prize to any of his customers catching the largest black bass with hook and line during the season, the bass to be weighed by him. We have had little or no fishing here yet, as the river has been too muddy or muddy. But early in the spring quite a few yellow heads were taken by trolling. Monday evening, July 9, a fish club was organized to protect the fish, which are disappearing yearly because of pot fishing and seine drawing. J. S. Williston, President; E. W. Davies, Secretary and Treasurer; R. Jolly, Fish Warden, besides others appointed to act as wardens. A reward of twenty-five dollars is offered to any one who will give information that will lead to the conviction of parties who draw seines in the county of Bradford.—W. K. P.

PICKEREL TAKE THE FLY.—A well-known angler of New York in a private letter to us wrote as follows: "Last week I took advantage of leisure to run down to Southampton, Long Island, where another gentleman and I caught fifty-nine pickerel" (on the fly), casting, not trolling, and they were large-mouthed bass. The pickerel were far more game than the bass, and reminded me of the festive trout in action. The pond where we caught them is surrounded with overhanging bushes, which explains to me the readiness with which we caught them in casting the fly. When I saw what we were about I put on some "old sockers" I bought several years ago, and had had aside as useless. They were so many years old, picked up, and they were very little, having had the wood badly yellow and red; wings, mostly red and black. Did you ever?"

CAMPBELLTON, NEW BRUNSWICK, July 9.—Salmon and trout have so far been scarce in the Jacques River, but in the Restigouche waters both the net-fishermen and fly-fishers report the catch of salmon to be the largest known for years, and during the first part of June trout fishing at the head of the tide in Bay Chaleur was good, but now at this date little or no sport is to be had there. The writer and Mr. Richard Parker, of Campbellton, have just returned from some lakes back some twelve miles to the wilderness from here, where they had had good trout fishing and a portion of the trout taken there were the most beautiful specimens of *S. fontinalis* imaginable. With the exception of a narrow, dark-mottled strip along their back, the general color was a pale yellow, with four rows on each side of the fish of large deep gold spots, and running through and among these larger spots were two rows of smaller spots of the deepest crimson. I several times had two of these trout that would weigh about 12 lbs. each on my flies at the same time, and they presented, while darting through the water, their colors, which shone with a bright metallic lustre, to the best possible advantage, and formed the most attractive pictures that I ever saw. Moose, caribou and bear signs were numerous in the vicinity of those lakes. I also saw a leuc ruffed grouse that had a large family of chicks. A part of them were, at least, three or four weeks old, and the others not over two or three days old. With the exception of the few days that trout are running in the river, trout sea-trout fishing is not as good in this section as in the lakes north of the St. Lawrence River, or even in some portions of Maine and the Adirondacks, while the expense is greater, with nothing of the comforts that you get in the last-named places. Here at the hotels, badly cooked food and dirty sheets are the rule without hardly an exception.—STANLEAD.

BLACK BASS TACKLE.—Mammoth, N. Y.—I have read with pleasure and profit Dr. Henshull's article on "Improved Black Bass Tackle," in a recent number of FOREST AND STREAM. I have seen the reels he refers to, and they are certainly improved in the right direction. The Doctor's clear and evidently impartial manner in setting forth the good points of these reels is to be commended. The black bass being, in a manner, my specialty, I feel much interest in everything pertaining to improvements in the "tackle" by means of which this game fish is caught. There are other reels and fishing appliances which I should be glad to see the Doctor treat in the same practical way, showing their defects as well as their good points. In regard to the new line, I have made up my mind to give a trial to the Doctor's description, and which, for aught I know, may have been made to meet the requirements called for by Dr. H. in his "Book of the Black Bass," and which has been for sale by Messrs. Wm. Mills & Son for about a year past. It is numbered H., is a very hard braided, very strong (lifting nine pounds or more), and is in all respects the best black bass line I have yet seen. It may have been made by the parties Dr. H. mentions, at all events, it seems to be identical with it, and deserves all the praise the Doctor bestows upon it. Articles like the Doctor's last are very useful to such readers of FOREST AND STREAM as are not well posted in regard to fishing tackle, and who are not quite willing to trust implicitly to the highly drawn descriptions found in many of the catalogues.—PETRA.

REUBEN WOOD IN ENGLAND.—New York, July 10.—The following extract from a private letter just received from my friend Henry Wright, Esq., confidential secretary of the Duke of Sutherland, will be read with interest by the numerous friends of the angling fly-caster of the world, Reuben Wood, Esq. of Sutherland, Geo. S. Sargeant and PAGE. "Stafford House, St. James, London, June 28, 1883. My dear Mr. Page: * * * What a pity you cannot be at the Fisheries Exhibition here. There never was so complete and extensive a show, and probably never will be again. Although I have been several times, I was so hurried that I was unable to study anything closely. I met your friend Reuben Wood, a beautiful, genial, cheery gentleman, who showed me some beautiful rods, and a new reel, which would be very convenient for trout fishing, but I am afraid would not enable one to kill a heavy fish, otherwise it would be a great advantage when a fish was running toward you to be able to run up the slack more rapidly than by the usual plan of hand winding. A few weeks ago I was at Dunrobin, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and killed two salmon on my single-handed trout rod, and I fear I could not have done that with the spring reel I am going to Trentham, Staffordshire, to-morrow, and on my return I mean to have another "palaver" with Mr. Wood on the subject. Yours very truly, HENRY WRIGHT."

THE BIG CAT OF THE KAW.—North Carolina.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* "Ouachita's" big "gar" beats me by just eleven pounds. While in Lawrence, Kas., in 1878, I saw a catfish taken from the Kaw River, at the dam of the Douglas Company's mills, which weighed 165 pounds. Some of your readers probably will remember the incident. This monster cat was caught with tackle similar to that described by "Ouachita," and he retained the weight of the burly "sons of Ham" to land the fish, and I well remember that after a pole had been run through its gills, and shouldered by the proud possessors of the prize, the tail of the fish trailed on the sidewalk as it was being carried up street. "This was the largest fish I have ever seen taken with hook and line, though some of the "forty-niners" can tell of larger fish having been taken from the Missouri and its tributaries."—A. F. R.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.—Charlottetown, P. E. I., June 30.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The long continued rains have kept the waters well up in the small rivers of this island, which has made trout fishing the best known here for years. Mine host Davis has just returned from the "Morrell" with fifty pounds of trout in a thirty-five-pound creel, and the basket was not full either. After much discussion and a war of words the catch was placed on the scales, and showed thirty and one-quarter pounds, which may be set down as the usual difference between a fisherman's guess and the actual fact. The catch of salmon here this season has so far been a small one. The movements of *S. salar* have been very erratic, a great scarcity in some sections, while in others an overabundance.—STANLEAD.

SHEEPSHEAD AT CAPE MAY.—July 12.—The sheepshead fishing at Cape May Point continues to be very good. Mr. Campbell, of Philadelphia, has taken no many days since taken twenty-five fish during one forenoon.—HOMO.

VERMONT, TROUT STREAMS.—East Berkshire, Vt., July 14.—I am living on the Mississippi Railroad, twenty-two miles from St. Albans and within five miles of plenty of trout fishing. There are several brooks where plenty of trout are caught, viz., Wade Brook, Mill Brook, Hamlet Clark Brook, Jay Brook, and several others that I do not think have any names; and besides these is Trout River. A short time ago I fished on Wade and Jay Brooks, at the junction where Wade Brook runs into Jay Brook, and took out eight or seven fine trout that were raised on a short after, at several different places, I having divided them among my friends. It is a fine place for a sportsman to spend a few days, as there is plenty of fishing, with good hotels near by. Plenty of partridges can be shot there after the first of September, as they are very plenty this year and with but few hunters. Till I commenced taking your valuable paper I did not know anything about angling, other than going to the brooks, yawking out all I could and going home. But, thanks to your paper, I now fish with a 16-coned, 104-foot fly-rod, with a multiplying reel and forty yards of very fine grass line, and am getting good sport without caring so much about the number of fish as I do the size of them. I learn something from your paper every week, and it is getting to be a friend that I do not care to be without.—SIR SNAPE.

BLACK BASS FISHING IN THE BRANDYWINE.—Bass fishing in this stream has been unusually good of late, and some fine strings have been caught. Mr. John Ingram, a tobacconist, of West Chester, Pa., offers as a premium for the largest black bass taken during the season of 1883 a jointed bamboo bait rod of superior workmanship. There are a number of competitors for its possession. The largest bass reported measured twenty inches, and weighed one and one-half pounds. The west branch affords excellent fishing. The bait employed most successfully is the tadpole, although some of the smaller fish are caught with the varied taste of the black bass of the Brandywine. At times all the above allurements are persistently refused, while the common earthworm is eagerly sought. I can recall a circumstance which happened a few years ago in this section of the Brandywine. One of our local fishermen had all the known bass bait and a great deal of patience without avail. As he was in the act of unjoining his rod, he espied a small field mouse. In a fit of desperation he killed it, attached it to the hook and made another cast. In an instant the cork was out of sight, and after much persuasion he landed a three-pound bass. So much for bait.—OCCASIONAL.

BLACK BASS IN OHIO.—Newcastle, Pa.—Fishing here this year seems to be a failure on account of rain. It has rained almost three days a week since fishing began, keeping the water muddy. I am told in the fall there is good fishing to be had for "salmon," but as I have just moved here I cannot tell you very much about it. After frost they are the best of all I am told. I shall try her the other day. I will write and let you know. The English sparrow is good for something after all. I was walking on the main street when I saw one chase a seventeen-year locust, which he caught and proceeded to tear to pieces. First the wings and then the head came off. I could not tell what use he made of the body as he flew to the top of some houses with it. By the fly, did any of the anglers of FOREST AND STREAM ever see a locust for bait? Will it be better than the other day I saw several drop on the water, and they had no sooner touched than they were taken by the fish, but I could not tell what kind of fish they were. There were four or five fine bass caught at the old railroad bridge over the Neshaunk yesterday. I am told, that would pull the scales at three and one-half pounds.—CHAB APPLE.

BLACK BASS IN SENECA LAKE.—Elmira, N. Y.—I have never seen anything about this magnificent sheet of water and black bass in the *FOREST AND STREAM*. The fishing does not take place in Seneca Lake until about the 15th of September for black bass, and then they will take the hook until very cold weather. The law in regard to that lake is the same as in other lakes as to black bass, but for some reason or another they will not take the hook until about the 15th of September. A great many fish at night for these fish in the summer, using pieces of pork, white rags, shad, lobsters, etc., for bait, and they have much better success than the day fishermen. One person keeps the boat moving just enough to keep the hook of his "pard" from getting fast to the stones in the bottom of the lake, and they will fish in this manner all night some nights, and will be rewarded by a handsome string of these black beauties.—G.

POACHING NEAR ALBANY.—Nassau, Reinselers Co., N. Y., July 16.—There is a pond about one mile from the town of Nassau, which was stocked with black bass of the small month species, several years ago. I can remember the time when one could go up to the pond of a morning, and take a nice mess of pickered or black bass; but now that is a thing of the past. And why? Because there are certain unscrupulous persons, living on the borders of the pond, who keep the fish as soon as the ice is out in the spring by netting. Now what I want to know is, could I inform a game constable, without letting the party be the wiser as to who gave the information?—C. J. Y. A. [If you inform your nearest game protector he can work up the case on his own responsibility, and you need not appear in it.]

THE KINGFISHERS.—That jolly party of anglers known as "the Kingfishers," whose camp life has been so delightfully portrayed in our pages, is now in the woods of North Carolina. They left their fishing for Cheboygan, where they took wagon to camp, some twenty-three miles. They will remain for three weeks, and the big bass are welcoming them with outstretched jaws and empty stomachs, while the maselalongs are whetting their incisors to sever their lines. There is a hint that a grayling stream, said to be unknown save to a few "old mossbacks," will be visited, and we are promised an account of their joys and tribulations when they get out of the woods.

FLORIDA.—Jacksonville, July 11.—Colonel J. E. Hart is fishing at Fort George and stopping with the general George Gilbert, of Pilot Town. Yesterday Colonel Hart, with rod and reel, caught four bass of an aggregate weight of 110 pounds. He lost seven beside these and several lengths of line. Good time? Of course he is having a good time. Couldn't you be having a good time if you were catching fish like that?



MR. C. H. MASON'S GREYHOUND DOG "FRIDAY NIGHT."

The Kennel.

To insure prompt attention communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Oct. 2, 3, 4 and 5, London Bench Show, London, Canada. Entries close Sept. 19. Charles Lincoln, superintendent; John Puddicombe, secretary; C. A. Stone, assistant secretary.

FIELD TRIALS.

November 19, 1883.—Eastern Field Trial Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at High Point, N. C. Entries for the Derby close July 1; for the Members' Stake, Nov. 17; for the All-Aged Stake, Nov. 1. W. A. Coster, Secretary, Flatbush, Long Island, N. Y.

November 20, 1883.—Robin's Island Club's second Annual Field Trials at Robin's Island, L. I., for members only. Entries close Sept. 1. A. T. Plummer, Secretary.

December, 1883.—National American Kennel Club, Fifth Annual Trials, at Grand Junction, Tenn. D. Eryson, Secretary, Memphis, Tenn.

THE BEAGLE CLUB.

LIKE our friend "Brian" I am pleased to note that the admirers of the beagle are beginning to give us their views, but that alone will never establish a beagle club as long as this effort is not vigorously prosecuted. I fear there are a great many among us like our friend "Dorkin," whose minds are filled with doubt instead of being confident of success. Of course if we intend following the example of the cocker men we had better "leave well enough alone." I agree with "Dorkin," and I hope all others do, that the forming of a standard should be left to a small, competent committee, and in my humble opinion three better men than he has named could not be selected. His confidence in friend Elmore, I have no doubt, is shared by all who ever came in contact with that gentleman. If these gentlemen—Dr. Tveddell, Gen. Rowett and N. Elmore—will together decide upon a standard, I have no doubt that all real lovers of the beagle will abide by their decision. If so, then there will be no chance for the bickering and controversies such as "Dorkin" predicts.

Why should not success be ours? Are the lovers of the "little hounds," whose idleness, courage, devotion, intelligence and affection entitle them to the rank of our best friend, not energetic and strong enough to organize and maintain a club for their benefit?

Now, Mr. Editor, let me beg of you to take this matter in hand, appoint the necessary committees, etc. Hoping you will aid us, we thank you for the interest shown in our cause on previous occasions.

RAZOR.

WRIGHTSVILLE, Pa., July 13, 1883.

LONDON (ONTARIO) DOG SHOW.

THE third International dog show, which has been fixed to take place on the 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, October next, during the week of the Great Western Fair, promises to be a great success.

The committee will soon issue a very liberal premium list, besides a large number of special prizes have already been contributed.

The Fair Association have generously placed at the disposal of the committee a large and commodious building for the purpose of holding the show, which is admirably suitable for a show of this kind, being both well lighted and ventilated, besides the exercising ground is unlimited.

It is the desire of the committee to make this show in character what it is in name—International—and cordially invite all owners of dogs from the United States to make exhibits, and to those visiting the show, their time will be endeavored to be made as pleasant as possible.

The judges appointed are Mr. John W. Munson, of St. Louis, for setters and pointers, and Mr. James Mortimer, of New York City, for all other classes.

The entries will close on September 19, and the premium lists will be ready for distribution by August 1, copies of which will be sent you for distribution.

CHAS. LINCOLN, Supt.

FRIDAY NIGHT.

FRIDAY NIGHT is a black greyhound dog with some white on chest and feet. He is 18 months old, and is by Master's Prince out of Mr. J. H. Salter's Sally, both well known in the coursing field. He is owned by Mr. C. H. Mason. He was imported last spring, and shown in public at the recent New York show, where he won first in the open class, and the Lotz-Hawson challenge gold medal. He also won first at Chicago last month. Friday Night is of medium size, very well balanced, with a racy appearance that takes the eye at once. He is an elegant easy mover, and is said to be very fast. The cut is from a sketch by Harry Tallman, and is an excellent likeness.

THE ULMER OR GREAT DANE.

SINCE the non-sporting dogs have become fashionable, your enterprising journal has given not only true delineations of the most important breeds, but also some very faithful woodcuts. I think with Mr. Adcock, of London, and many others who have had occasion to study this breed, that the great Dane, or, as the Germans call him, the German dog, has a right to rank with the English mastiff and St. Bernard, not only in nobleness of appearance and carriage, but as regards intelligence and affection. In England he is being more to be appreciated, and ranks highly in Germany, at Aix, and in Prussia.

At the recent conference in London, for the purpose of organizing a Great Dane club, a deputation was sent to Vienna, there to meet the German recognized authorities and adopt a set of rules, and get the correct points, etc., of the breed.

Through a private letter received by me recently from an enthusiastic breeder and fancier of the great German dog, Prince Albert Solms of Braunfels, Prussia, I received a copy of the recognized standard, taken verbatim from the German National Stud Book, as follows:

THE GERMAN DOG.

By accepting this name, the usual denominations Danish dog or Ulmer dog, have to be dropped.

1. *General appearance.*—The German dog is not so heavy and clumsy as the mastiff or bulldog, and at the same time his form is not so slender as the greyhound. His appearance should be exactly the middle between the two. He is large, of powerful build and elegant figure. He has a proud step and haughty attitude, with head carried high. The tail is generally bent downward or horizontal, and only slightly curved.

2. *Head.*—The head is moderately long, and more high and compressed at the sides than broad and flat. The forehead, in profile, seems to be only a little higher than the bridge of the nose and gradually rising toward the back. Seen from the front the forehead is not remarkably broader than the muzzle, which is very well developed. The muscles at the angle of the mouth are also well developed. Nose large, with the bridge a little curved. The lips are nearly straight, docked in front, and on the sides somewhat projecting. The lower jaw is neither long nor short. The eyes are small, round, with a sharp expression, the brows well developed; ears middling large, set high on the head, if cut they are pointed.

3. *Neck.*—The neck is long, powerful and slightly arched, gradually increasing in size from head to shoulders without much throatings.

4. *Chest.*—The chest should be broad and deep with the ribs well sprung. Belly small.

5. *Back and Loins.*—The back is long and straight with loin well arched. Croup short and handsomely sloping to set on of tail.

6. *Tail.*—The tail should not be too long, hardly reaching the hock. It is broad at the root and tapering to the end and slightly curved.

7. *Forelegs.*—The forelegs should be diagonal to the shoulders and perfectly straight and strong, with the upper arm muscular.

8. *Hindlegs.*—The thighs are muscular, with the lower leg strong and long and bent like a greyhound's.

10. *Feet.*—The feet are round, turning neither out nor in; toes closed and well arched, nails strong and curved.

11. *Coat.*—The hair is very short, fine and thick, with no long hair upon the under side of the tail.

12. *Color.*—A—Like flames. Ground color, golden brown, yellow, slate, iron color, or ash gray, but always with black, irregular cross lines of one color. B—Yellow, slate, ash gray, silver gray, or entirely of these colors, with a darker shade around the eyes, mouth or on the back, further entirely black. The yellow color alone is not fancied, nor are white spots. The nose is always black, with dark eyes and udder. C—Spotted or tiger dogs. Ground color, white or silver gray, with black or gray irregular spots.

The above exact translation was kindly rendered by Mr. Louis Solms, of the Austrian Consulate, this city, an accomplished linguist.

Prince Solms also sends me a large photograph of the champion German dog, Dr. Cester's Leo. He stands thirty-two inches at shoulder, and is straight and graceful as any terrier; weighs 160 lbs. This dog is worthy of a place in our kennels, although he has been much abused and distrusted under the name of "Siberian bloodhound," etc.

Any further information on this subject will be gladly given if in my power.

E. P. HODGES.

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

THE BELFAST SHOW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I send you marked catalogue of our recent Belfast show. There was nothing new shown that was especially ace except Rex, the first prize pointer, a really good liver and white. He beat the celebrated Red Irish Garygoewai, as well as the black spaniel champion Zulu, for the challenge cup for the best sporting dog in the show. I understand that his owner claimed him at the catalogue price (£50). This I consider a very low figure for him. With the exception of the Irish terrier and red Irish setter classes, which were good, there was nothing worth mention.

Following is a list of the awards in the pointer and setter classes:

POINTERS.—1st and Newry challenge cup, D. Richardson Coates's Rex, 3 yrs, 5 mos. (Col. Campbell's Oscar—Rathmore Belle); 2d, G. Arthur Coates's Boucove V, little brother to Rex; 3d, Adam Clarke's Bravo II, 2 yrs. (Bravo—Juno, High con., E. J. B. Buckle's Garuna II, 2 yrs. (Shot—Bellmaid).

SETTERS.—Crampton—James J. Giltrap's red Irish dog Garygoewai, 3 yrs, 8 mos. (Belmonton Belle).

IRISH SETTERS.—1st, R. A. Wilson's Boz, 4 yrs. (Red Rocket—Dora); 2d, T. M. Hilliard's King Richard II (Count—Uster Queen); 3d, James J. Giltrap's Lady Palmerston II, 3 yrs. (Gos. Palmerston—Lizzie). Very high con., Edward Higgins's Red Queen, 3 yrs (Rock—Clay); Wm. Elliott's Blarney, 3 yrs. (Brace—Stella); John Budy's Ross, 3 yrs. (Brace—Kate); Thos. Erwin's Red Anna, 3 yrs. (Gos. (Red Grouse II—Peggy II). High con., Edward Higgins's Rathmore, age and pedigree not given; G. St. G. Tyrer's Frog, 2 mos (Ferry—Billy); A. P. Nuttal's Rebou and Lou VII, 3 yrs. (Grouse II—Colleen Hill). Com., T. B. French's Parnell, 3 mos. (Roger's Palmerston—Quail); Wm. J. Smyth's Parnell II, 3 yrs. (Shot—Chloe); Thos. Erwin's Red Dash, 3 yrs. (Red Rock—Sappo); Thos. Kirk's Colleen Bawn, 3 yrs. (Brace—Stella).

SETTERS—ANY OTHER BREEDS.—1st, Joseph Boyle's Conna Walker, 3 yrs. (Rock—Dream); 2d, R. Chappann's Dye III, 3 yrs. (Dye—Kate); 3d, R. Chapman's Heather Jock, 10 mos. (Harry—Banger—Bell). Com., Thos. Kirk's Star, 3 yrs. (Shot—Luna). G. BELFAST, June 25.

BANG BANG.

THE pointer dog Bang Bang, recently purchased in England by Mr. G. De Forest Grant, for the Westminster Kennel Club, arrived last week on the steamship Erin. We like his appearance very much. He is an orange and white of medium size, very well put together, with capital legs and feet. He has no weak points, but is good all over, and we have no doubt will prove a valuable acquisition to the club as well as the breeders of this vicinity. It is the intention of the club to run him at the Field Trials next fall. The liver and white pointer bitch Moonstone, owned by Mr. Grant, also came in the same steamer. She is half sister to Bang Bang, of medium size, well built, and looks a worker. She will be bred to Senation.

FLYING STARTS.—Starting to one gun with time taken from the gun later practiced by the Boston, Eastern, Hull and Beverly Y. C., and also by the Boston City Regatta authorities as well as by some of the smaller clubs. As yachtmen become accustomed to this smart way of starting it seems to be growing in popularity.

UTOWANA.—The new steam yacht building at Chester, Pa., for Mr. W. E. Connor, was launched Tuesday. She is 138ft. over all, 12ft. 6in. loadline, 28ft. 6in. beam, 11ft. 7½in. hold, with 874, 2in. draft. Compound inverted engines, 100-hp cylinders 18in. and 25in. x 34in. stroke. Horizontal tubular boiler 12x11ft.

NEW MEASUREMENT.—The sail area and length rule has now been adopted by the three principal clubs in the country, the New York, Eastern and Southern Yacht Clubs. Beverly will also sail the open race for first class under the rule, and several other clubs are about to adopt the new system.

BOSTON CITY REGATTA.—In fourth class Meteor and Hard Times made a dead heat of 1½ to 20 minutes. They will divide the prize money for first and second yachts.

ARLINGTON Y. C.—This Baltimore club, the only one of that city, leaves August 4 for an extended cruise down Chesapeake Bay. Fleet to be gone two weeks.

VALKYR.—This compromise cutter is at the yard of Pollans, Brooklyn, receiving a new racing outfit, larger spars, 6ft more gaff and 6ft. more bowsprit. With this rig she will, no doubt, give a good account of herself. We should like to see her shed the honra and bid 8 or 10n. lead underneath the reel.

OFF CRUISING.—There has never been a time when so many of our yachts were away on cruises as at present. It is supposed that they go early this year so as to get back for the great regattas of the Beverly and Hull yacht clubs, August 18 and September 1.—Boston Courier.

FINE CUTTER.—D. J. Lawlor has just finished for Lynn owners in very handsome trim a cutter. She has been named Otter. Over all 24ft., beam 7ft. Outside iron 2,100lbs. Same huller has also finished the Cypress, 25x27. This yacht is varnished instead of painted.

IRON LACQUEL.—Three pounds asphaltum, half pound shellac, one gallon turpentine. Varnish for iron work may be made by dissolving in two pounds of tar oil, one-half pound asphaltum, and one-half pound powdered resin. Mix hot and apply cold.

LARCHMONT MATCH.—In the race, July 4, the protest between Fanny and Oracle was decided in favor of the Fanny. She takes Corner cup, subject to conditions, also regular cash prize of the club.

OPEN BOAT RACE.—The owners of the open boats, Mistake, Snoozer, Susie S. and others met at John Sawyer's loft, 83 South street, last Friday, and settled upon a sweepstakes race for Monday, August 27, entrance money per boat \$100.

ARROW.—This sloop, recently bought by W. P. Douglass, N. Y. Y. C., has been overhauling in Mumm's yard, Fifty-fifth street, South Brooklyn, and will go into commission in time to join the cruise of the New York Y. C.

DREADNAUGHT.—Mr. A. W. Nickerson will cruise to the eastward from Boston in the schooner Dreadnaught. She has been newly coppered and received a new fit of sails from Wilson's Sons, of Port Jefferson.

HULL Y. C.—Cruise to New Bedford and other ports will be undertaken July 28. The fleet will meet the Atlantic Y. C. in New Bedford.

CRUISING.—Sloop Mystery, N. Y. Y. C., Mr. W. B. Parsons, arrived at Halifax, July 17, and will remain a few days.

NYFFA.—Mr. J. L. Wall has changed the name of his keel sloop Glean to Nyffa.

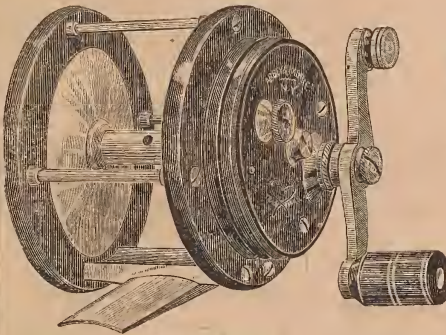
NORNA.—This schooner left Halifax for New York Thursday, July 13.

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- 8. Headaches, Toothache, Faceache..... 25
- 9. Menstrual, Sick Headaches, Vertigo..... 25
- 10. Hypochondria, Bilious Stomach..... 25
- 11. Suppressed or Painful Periods..... 25
- 12. Whites, too Frequent Periods..... 25
- 13. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing..... 25
- 14. Whooping Cough, Croup, Whooping..... 25
- 15. Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains..... 25
- 16. Stomach and Bowel, Chill, Fever, Agues..... 50
- 17. Piles, Blind or Bleeding..... 50
- 18. Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza..... 50
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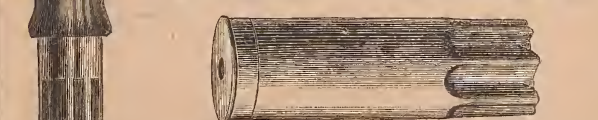
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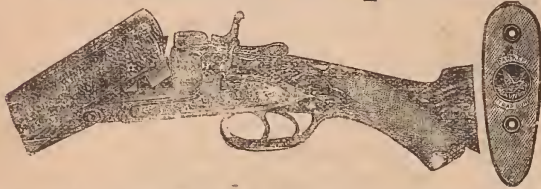
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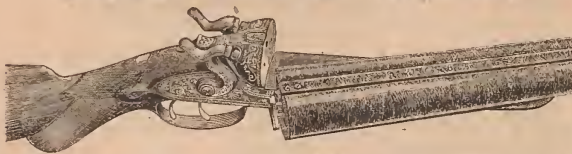
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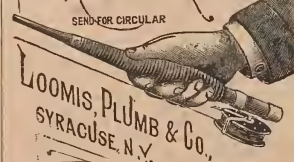
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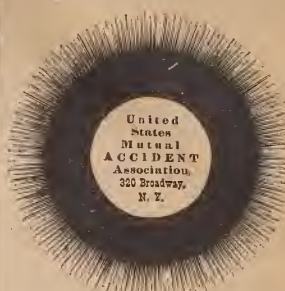
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THE FOREST AND STREAM is the recognized medium of entertainment, instruction and information between American sportsmen. Communications upon the subjects to which its pages are devoted are respectfully invited. Anonymous communications will not be regarded. No name will be published except with writer's consent. The Editors are not responsible for the views of correspondents.

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TEN YEARS.

WITH this issue the FOREST AND STREAM completes the first ten years of publication. Next week, that being the paper's eleventh birthday, we shall review some of the many changes which have taken place in those years. The number will be an interesting one, containing contributions, congratulatory and otherwise, from many familiar pens, among them those of Al Fresco, Awabsoose, Balsam, Nathaniel H. Bishop, Didiyams, John Deau Catou, Cecil Clay, Elliott Cones, Forked Deer, Theodatus Garlick, J. A. Henshall, Hix, H. P. U., Jack, Jacobstaff, K. (of Worcester), Kingfisher, M. (of Boston), Maj. H. W. Merrill, Wm. B. Mershon, Nessmuk, Penobscot, Piscico, Podgers, Reigolds, Robt. B. Roosevelt, S., Von W., Corp. Lot Warfield, Wawayanda, Yell—thirty-one, with others yet to be heard from.

DEFEAT OF THE TEAM.

THE American team has suffered a defeat, and for the second time the English military shooters have established their superiority in a formal match test. It can hardly be said that this outcome of the competition is a surprise. A year ago defeat was certain for the American team, this year there was a chance of victory for the visitors, though the probabilities were against them, and after a good fight, with some very encouraging features about it, Colonel Howard and his men came home to impress upon American riflemen that, though much has been done for the development of rifle practice and the improvement of small arms in this country, yet our advance has been irregular, and that in certain very essential lines of the art and science of rifle shooting we are still behind our British friends.

To the story of the match we give ample space in our rifle columns. There it is told how a tempest of rain and wind came down upon the common while the match was in progress, how these squalls and showers were broken by floods of bright sunlight, how the wind came from various quarters of the horizon, and in such a quick succession of changes that it appeared to the bewildered Americans as if the cave of

the winds had opened on all sides. It was, in fact, such a day as Creedmoor never has and Wimbledon but seldom. The Britishers were somewhat used to such conditions of sky and air, and so the sooner caught their bearings in the skirmish of the elements, and managed to get out of the match in advance of the strange team.

There has been talk of inferior rifles in the hands of the American marksmen, and the cable dispatches, reflecting the opinion of the English ranges, have placed special stress upon this feature. It appears to us to be not well founded, for had there been a change of weapon, and the Metfords of the English team placed in American hands, and *vice versa*, we doubt not that the victory would still have been to the team whose members were best able to catch the real strength of that rush of crosswinds, and who could best fix their elevations for the dark, moisture-laden atmosphere. No doubt the American rifles placed the bullets just where they were aimed, but had judgment was shown in estimating the meteorological conditions and in formulating their influence in so many points on wind-gauge and elevation.

The match passed off in good shape so far as freedom from any misunderstandings were concerned. It was, so far as the wire informs us, a fair fight for the American militiamen not against their very friendly antagonists, the English team, but against that very uncertain and treacherous foe, the fickle weather. We are not informed upon what basis Col. Howard made his selection of the final shooting twelve, but no doubt there were good and sufficient reasons for making such choice as he did. It is not likely that any other arrangement of the men would have brought about any different result. The strength of the American squad was fairly set forth in the twelve men who went to the firing points.

The match in its results is full of encouragement to the N. R. A. and to American rifle interests generally. As compared with the results of last year we have been able to show a positive advance. The lesson of last year has not been thrown away, and to-day we have a fund of information, of experience and practical knowledge on the points of the military breech-loader as known at Wimbledon, where two years or more ago we were entirely ignorant. At the lower and more distinctively military service ranges the Americans proved that they were in rifles and ability not a whit behind their expert adversaries, but rather superior, yet the difference was slight, hardly more than the general luck of battle would leave between two well trained and evenly matched contestants. We have, indeed, in two years produced a gun which will shoot round after round without cleaving, and we have secured a body of men able to use that weapon with fine precision under all the conditions of weather to which we are accustomed here. The match days brought Colonel Howard and his men face to face with new conditions, to meet which they had no data in their score-books, and consequently they could only flounder about, making such efforts to reach the target as their general knowledge of rifle shooting suggested. The Englishmen may well note this significant fact, that our men are rapidly closing up the gap between our neglect for years and their two decades of most thorough and careful practice at Wimbledon and its many subsidiary ranges. There are even in misty, muggy England days when the sun shines out so clear and bright that our boys might imagine themselves at home at Creedmoor, or Bennings, or Brinton, or Walnut Hill, and then perhaps the figures of the totals may tell a different story.

It is, perhaps, too early yet to speak of the match in a critical way. The scores would seem to show that there was a lack of team system at the extreme range among the members of the defeated side, but until mail advices bring more full particulars, it would be well to leave this point of the match without discussion. There was the usual chapter of accidents, such as planting good shots on the wrong target, but these accidents did not change the final result. The Americans were whipped, not by any fluke or unaccountable slip-up, but fairly and squarely because they were over-matched in pitting their brief experience against the shooting drill which has been going on for so long a time abroad. They struck more weather to the square inch at Wimbledon, than Creedmoor ever dreamed of having.

There is no talk yet of another match. This is right. Let us first get our team home, learn from them exactly what is to be done for improvement, and then during the winter there is ample time for such correspondence as may lead to a continuation of the series of competitions, but with conditions so fully drawn that no misunderstanding may creep in. The defeated ones deserve a hearty welcome home. While they may not have accomplished all that was hoped, they

have surely done all that could be reasonably expected of them. They encountered tremendous odds with a natural consequence.

We present to our readers not only a full account of the match, but a series of diagrams showing where each shot fired struck the target slab. The New York *Herald*, with its accustomed enterprise, gave its readers early representations of the targets in fac simile, and before the last shot had been fired on the English range the public in New York were looking at the targets made in the earlier part of the match. Our diagrams give the shots numbered in their order of hitting, reproducing, in fact, the record of each marksman's score book.

There is but one little gleam of consolation, and that is in the fact that while we are whipped in the International match, our old friends, the Irish small-bore men, seized the occasion to once more enjoy a victory in the Elcho Shield match.

SEEING THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

THE completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad to Bozeman, has opened the National Park to the world—Men of all professions are hastening thither, urged on by the natural ambition to be among the first of the general public to behold those natural wonders, of which so much has been written since their discovery, and which, during the progress of the fight against the attempt of a stock company to capture the Park last winter, were again brought prominently before the people. The projectors of the scheme for seizing the Park have inaugurated a great excursion thither; another made up of prominent Northern Pacific people is in contemplation, and a host of smaller parties will scatter themselves about over the Park, and enjoy its beauties.

More important than any of these, from the standpoint of the friends of the Park, and so of the people, is the party which is to enter the Park from the south. This will be under the command of Gen. P. H. Sheridan, and will include among its members President Arthur, Secretary Lincoln, Senator George G. Vest, Surrogate Rollins of this city, and Governor J. Schuyler Crosby of Montana. Early in August they will leave Green River Station on the U. P. R. R., and proceed thence to Ft. Washakie, where they will take their pack train and go into the Park, and through it northward to Livingston, Montana, whence the Northern Pacific R. R. will bear them eastward once more.

No doubt they will have a good time, will catch a lot of fish, and, without the boundaries of the Park, kill some game. But the important point of the excursion will be that members of the Government, whose influence should be strongest in shaping legislation on this important subject, will be able to see for themselves a part of the needs of the Nation in respect to the Yellowstone Park. It is impossible, of course, in a hasty trip across such a wide area, to appreciate all that is required in the way of provision for the protection of the Park and its interesting features, whether organic or inorganic, but intelligent men cannot fail to acquire much useful knowledge, especially when they go accompanied by one who is so familiar with a considerable portion of the reservation as is Gen. Sheridan.

We have urged this subject on Congress because we know that it is something that ought to be done, and because the longer it is delayed the more difficult it will be to accomplish it, and the more it will cost. Those who oppose it are as a rule men who are quite ignorant of the subject, while all who are most familiar with the Park and its capabilities are agreed that it is a matter which demands the prompt attention of Congress. This year a greater number than ever before will feel its importance and be able to speak intelligently on the subject.

We believe that the importance of enlarging the Park will at once impress itself upon these visitors, and we trust that the need of such enlargement will be so clearly seen, that a recommendation concerning it may form a part of the next message of the President to Congress. This extension of the Park's boundaries should be made both on the east and the south. On both sides there are wonders which should be preserved to the people at large, and the setting aside of these additional tracts can be done now without interference with the rights of any citizen. There are a few cattle men within the region referred to, but their claims can be bought out for a few thousand dollars, an expense which should not be considered when the importance to the country at large is realized.

We hope most earnestly that within a year the boundaries of the Park may be so extended as to include the territory lying east of it to the 106th meridian, and on the south to lat. 45° 30'. We should then have a park in which every

American might take a just pride, and one which by beauty and interest is unparalleled. The wonderful lakes and mountains to the south of the Park, Jackson's Hole, the Tetons and a hundred other beautiful spots should be saved, and so too should the heads of the Stinking Water and a dozen other streams, each of which could pit forward its special claim for protection from the touch of civilization's hand.

The gentlemen who are about to visit the Park are incurring responsibilities in the matter which we are glad to see them assume, for we are confident that this pleasure-trip will, next winter, in Washington, bear abundant fruit.

NEW YORK GAME PROTECTORS.

AS our readers are aware, from our reports of the progress of the Game Protector bill in the Legislature of New York last winter, the Governor of the State was empowered to appoint sixteen new protectors in place of the eight which held office last year. A clause in the new bill placed these men entirely under orders of the Fish Commissioners of the State, from whom they are to receive instructions and to whom they are to report in writing every month. Without the proper certificate from the Fish Commission the game protectors can receive no pay.

The men appointed are all new ones, except John Liberty, of Essex county, and Geo. M. Schwartz, of Monroe county, and we hope that they will do their duties well. We have been importuned to make recommendations for this office, or to endorse them, but have steadily declined to do so, not caring to become responsible for the performance of the duty in the case of any individual. We are therefore free to applaud or condemn, as the work done may seem good or bad.

The protectors are appointed for certain districts this year, and not for the State at large, as last year. How this will work, unless they have full powers all over the State, we do not know. For instance, Oneida Lake, which lies wholly in Oswego county, where the Onondaga Chub fishes a great deal, lies in the ninth district, and the protector of that district lives nearly forty miles east of it, while the protector of the tenth district, a man whom the chub indorses, lives within six miles of the lake, which is infested with poachers whom he has fought for years. If a protector has powers outside his district this will work well, but if he has not, then in this instance a mistake has been made. The appointments are:

- First District—Kings, Queens, Suffolk, and Richmond Counties—George A. Whitaker, Southampton.
 - Second District—New York county—Joseph H. Godwin, Jr., King's Bridge, New York city.
 - Third District—Westchester, Putnam, Dutchess, Columbia, Ulster, Greene, Rockland, and Orange—Matthew Kennedy, Hudson, to take effect August 1.
 - Fourth District—Sullivan, Delaware, Schoharie, and Otsego—Francisco Wood, Schenectady.
 - Fifth District—Albany, Schenectady, Saratoga, Rensselaer, Washington, and Warren—Seymour C. Armstrong, Weavertown, Warren county.
 - Sixth District—Essex, Clinton, and Franklin—John Liberty, Elizabethtown, Essex county.
 - Seventh District—St. Lawrence and Jefferson—Albert M. Griffin, Pine, St. Lawrence county.
 - Eighth District—Fulton, Hamilton, Montgomery, and Herkimer—Thomas Bradley, Rockwood, Fulton county.
 - Ninth District—Oneida, Lewis, and Oswego—Nathan C. Phelps, Remsen, Oneida county.
 - Tenth District—Broome, Chemung, Cortland, Madison, Tioga, and Onondaga—William H. Lindsley, Canastota, Madison county.
 - Eleventh District—Cayuga, Wayne, Ontario, Yates, Schuyler, Tompkins, Chenung, and Seneca—Aaron M. Parish, Reading, Schuyler county.
 - Twelfth District—Monroe, Orleans, Livingston, Genesee, Steuben, Wyoming, and Allegany—George M. Schwartz, Rochester.
 - Thirteenth District—Chautauque, Cattaraugus, Erie, and Niagara—Stephen A. Roberts, Buffalo.
- Mr. Lindsley, of the tenth district, has for some years been a town game constable, and has acted with Mr. Dodge, a former State game protector, and has been repeatedly shot at by the persistent poachers of Oneida Lake. He has built a steamboat for the express purpose of clearing this lake of nets, on the promise of being appointed a State officer for the protection of fish and game in a region which was supposed would be in his district. Knowing these facts we hope that the Fish Commission will extend his authority over Oneida Lake.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE is rendering good service to field sportsmanship in America by its admirable sketches of shooting and fishing. The engravings in the July number accompanying Dr. Henshall's paper on the black bass were not only artistic but excellent in their faithfulness to nature; and the same may be said of the beautiful illustrations, in the August number, of Prof. Alfred M. Mayer's excellent description of "Bob White, the Game Bird of America." The engravings and the letter-press combine to make a very charming study of this favorite bird. It is an open secret that the Century Co. will soon publish, in book form, a collection of their magazine articles on field sports.

The Sportsman Tourist.

DRIFTING FOR SHAD.

"WHAT are you going to do to-night? Will you come out with me for shad?"

Such was the compound question which my friend James, the impetuous, hurled at me as I came up the wharf after having a cooling dip in the noble St. John.

"Well, nothing particularly; and, yes, I should like to go, very much!"

It is a curious fact, that while game birds and animals retreat before the advancing white tide of civilization, fish are more constant to hereditary haunts, and inhabit their ancient waters until driven therefrom by the defilement of the stream, or actually decimated by the imprudent angler. But, while the defilement of streams drives away some fishes, others, such as the eel, thrive on the garbage and refuse of cities. This is scarcely an example of "the survival of the fittest." Of course, the different elements in which beasts and fish live account somewhat for the coyness of the first, and the friendly constancy of the latter. As the land becomes settled the animals have to retire to more secluded haunts, but the fish, living in an element whose domain cannot be so thoroughly invaded by man, are exempt from the necessity of heaving an unqualified retreat. But while this is true, I hold that the fish, of its nature, is far tamer than is the beast of its. While our forests and plains for miles round any considerable center of civilization are entirely deserted by their old time frequenters, our rivers and streams are still well stocked with the descendants of the primitive occupants, untroubled by the thunder of saddle wheels, the gliding, dark hulks of commerce, or the panting saw mills, which, like wrathful giants, hurl the spoils of depleted forests upon the uncomplaining tide. This is that in the St. John River, at Fredericton, the capital of a populous Province, we still find the perch, chub, smelt, pickerel, shad, eusk, gizzard, huss, salmon, sturgeon, and many other fishes, and, what is a striking feature of the scene, the honor of the little, unobtrusive, speckled beauty, the rainbow-hued trout. But let us drift back to our drifting.

"Yes, Jim," I replied to the hydrant-headed interrogatory, "I should like very much to go." And so we went down behind the wharf where the boat lay ready to receive us, and where the entangling net hung over its saddle where it had been drying for the sun. After Jim had placed the net and a mysterious little basket on board, we seized the oars and pulled for our destination about a mile above the city, and almost abreast of that aristocratic mansion, Government House. Think of it! drifting for shad within a stone-throw of the gubernatorial residence! Is it possible that the humble shad is growing aristocratic? No, I scarcely think so. He is a Conservative, such a good Conservative that he will ever be a Liberal, and he will retain to his dying day the unaffected manners, the godly customs, and the glorious liberties of his centennial forefathers. He frequents these waters merely because he has ever done so, and he cares not whether caste or cottage, court or crib, stands on the banks of the placid river.

The St. John at Fredericton is not far from a mile wide, and this evening its broad, unrippled surface, which reaches far westward under a gleaming current, bears many boats bent on errands similar to ours. Each boat confines itself to a certain locality—its own domain, as it were—the same spot where perhaps for years and years the fisherman has cast his net, and the desertion of which he firmly believes would be attended with disastrous results. He knows the old ground, just where the snags lie, and these he can locate as correctly as if they were visible to the eye. Perhaps he has spent many hours in removing snags or bushes from the bed of his favorite drifting ground; and when many boats are out all good fishermen will respect his claim. At times, when but few boats are out drifting, a fisherman will desert his usual ground, if the fish are coy, and casting his net in waters new, make a long sweep of the river, his distances being curtailed only by the locality of his home, and the necessity of his dipping into the current to rowing back. But when he has dipped into strange waters, he is in danger of having his net caught in snags or obstacles of the locality of which he may be ignorant. There are spots in the river here where no boat is ever seen to drift, not because there are snags lying darkly concealed to lead the net, but because, as the fishermen aver, the shad never run there. From some peculiarity in the locality, some formation of the bed of the river, or other cause, these fish are known to pass through those places in numbers sufficient to repay the trouble of casting the net.

Here, off Government House, James, and his father before him, have fished for years; here the shad, from some cause best known to themselves, run within well-defined limits, which said limits are well known to the honest James; and here the net may drift slowly, noiselessly as a shadow, without let or hindrance of any snags or ledges, dangers of the deep. There is one large sunken log at the lower end of James's territory, but this monster is spotted. By the producing of many carefully studied lines springing from well-known corners, chimneys and trees in the distance, and from closer but less accurate points on the shore, by an instinct which would guide my friend's course when these landmarks were invisible, this monster is spotted. His fate is as well known to me as carefully as to James, if he were a floating torpedo, ready, on impact, to blow us and all other little fishes, sky high, and transform us into veritable flying fishes.

Here, off Government House, James casts his net carefully into the water, while I row the boat athwart the tide, "going out" or "holding on," "up stream" or "down stream," as James commands, and as the proper extending of the net requires. Our new venture ends from the start, as we are in a straight line of bobbing fishes, thirty or forty yards across the current. James sits in the stern with his hand on the rope. He says he can tell by the motion of the net, which he feels in the rope, when a fish is entangled, even in the uttermost meshes.

We float quietly down, talking in but subdued tones, and when near the end of our run, James hauls in the net. Only eight, but they are all large, and as carefully as I could so while James overhauls the net, I row up to our usual starting point. Again the net is cast; again we drift over the accustomed ground, and again eagerly and in great expectation is the net hauled in. Fifteen this time! That's better! And still we feel that other nets on the river this evening must be accomplishing more work than is ours. We will try one more cast.

It is getting to be quite cold, and when I make an obser-

vation to that effect, James produces his mysterious basket and takes therefrom a small flask, which he hands to me. "What is it?" I inquire.

"It is one gill of Jamaica, one gill of water, and some lemon-juice."

"Good! a little of that will keep out the cold. Good haul, James!"

James has also some sandwiches, and pulling to shore, we make fast to a raft and enjoy our collation.

James is a great talker, and many and wonderful are the tales which he has related, both when out fishing, and also at divers other times and places. He is a firm believer in the powers of the mineral rod, and he hints darkly at having tested his capabilities on the Fresh-water, near the city, in search of hidden treasures supposed to have been buried in the dark ages by darker dyed pirates. The old French frigate which lies deeply imbedded in the sand, keel up, in its eternal dock-yard at the bottom of the river, opposite the city, has ever been a source of curiosity and regret to James. If he could only raise that hulk, what vast treasures he would discover! Why did no one ever make the attempt?

Another sunken vessel lying in the Nashwaakiss in, as he says, a hole so deep that no one can find bottom, is also matter of wonderment and anxiety on James's part. He is ever promising himself that some day he will, &c., but treasures and vessels remain undisturbed, and I cannot compel myself to hope that the deserving James will ever be enriched by such phantom wealth. Having finished our lunch, we pulled again to our starting point, and, casting the net drifted slowly down, and patiently awaited the result of this, our last venture for the night.

"How many?"

"Eleven."

"Not bad at all!"

And now we start back to our place at the wharf whence we came. As we proceed down river we meet or overtake other boats still plying their trade, and make inquiries as to their luck. When one lone fisherman acknowledges having secured a smaller number than fell to our share, we immediately become possessed of the idea that we are great fishermen; but our exultation is short-lived, for the next man we greet informs us that he has caught forty-five! We pass away silently, and forbear making inquiries of any other boats. Arriving at our landing we hung the net on its rack, and James placed it in a wheelbarrow for transportation homeward, I accepting six, which left twenty-eight at James's disposal. Probably he sold about twenty of them next day, at ten cents each. As we said good-night, I could not help thinking that casting the net for the treasures of the deep is somewhat more profitable than shadowing mineral rods over the country in search of the errand-y treasures buried in unknown ages by pirate princes. I did not say so, however, for I would not offend James for the world. It was two o'clock when I got home, and placing my shad in a tub of fresh water I left them to await the tender offices of the cook.

ERATO.

FREDRINGTON, New Brunswick.

COBB'S ISLAND.

DOUBTLESS many of your readers are now casting about them for a pleasant summer trip, and are anxious to find a place where good fishing and shooting can be had, and where a millionaire's pocketbook is not required to pay expenses. I have just returned from such a place—Cobb's Island—and have had most excellent sport.

On Friday last, with a friend, we shot over stools eighty grayback snipe, and would have killed more had we been in practice. This bird is now returning from the north, and within a week or ten days myriads of them will be found at the place mentioned. The fishing for weakfish or sea trout is superb, the writer and his friend having taken over 100 lbs. in one tide, and only desisted from very weariness. As an apology for catching so many, I would add that we fished for a boat's crew of thirteen persons. Any person going to Cobb's for fishing should take with him an ordinary rod and reel, with a fairly large braided silk line, as found in the fishing is an abomination, and does not afford half the sport nor fun.

As to the comforts of the hotel I cannot speak, as I did not live there, but the guests appeared fairly satisfied. The snuff bathing is good, and any one fond of the labor of hauling in sharks can have as much of that kind of sport as they want.

To reach Cobb's Island take the boats from Baltimore or Washington to Old Beach, and the steamer "Northampton" to Cherryston, then by sailboat to destination.

COSMOPOLITAN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 21.

Camp Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

IN your paper of July 5, "Quaichin" tells of the attack of the dramatic company catching the twenty trout through the medium of the large grasshopper. "That reminds me," says the writer, "of the time I spent fishing in the Spring River, Me., some time ago. We had met with very good luck, capturing a number of channel catfish, white bass and perch, when one of the 'natives' came along. He was quite talkative, and related his experience in fishing."

Among the many stories he told was one wherein he had caught what he termed the "hellfish." He said he had been fishing in the headwaters of Spring River about two weeks ago. The fishing was doing very indifferently, success, when at last (he had about concluded to give it up) he had a "powerful bite." He worked for nearly an hour and landed the "hellfish," and as he expressed it—"Stranger, you may not believe me, but as soon as that ar fish was out of water, the fish—an! I never see the like—commenced to flop and jump out of the water to follow him, an' with the help of my oldest boy, we just took a pole an' an old net, and with us, at caught near two bar' of fish." We concluded that that was a large "fish story." He explained by saying that fish always selected one of their number as a leader, and followed it, just as cattle, horses and sheep will follow one of their number to which a bell is attached.

SHAWONDASIE.

KANSAS.

In next to last line of "Me-hi-ables" story in issue July 5, "boat" read "bed," as he wrote it.

Natural History.

HOW TO KILL THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I agree with your correspondent, "Uomo," in regard to the dangers attending the use of the gun or of poison for exterminating this nuisance. I have been much annoyed lately by sparrows that occupy a martin-house on my neighbor's premises. The martins left it in disgust a few years since, for all our birds keep aloof from the filthy house-sparrow. If the house had been my property I should have removed it long ago. The sparrows likewise had tramped their rubbish upon forsaken birds' nests, defacing the trees and making something like a nest for their own offspring. I encouraged the boys in the neighborhood to destroy all these lumps of rubbish, but this did not seem to diminish the sparrows or their demoniacal chirping.

Our Massachusetts Legislature had repealed the ridiculous law that protected these pests, and the inhabitants were now at liberty to use the common sense in the treatment of these birds. But while thousands are anxious to exterminate them (if possible from the face of the earth), all were averse to using poison or the gun. I would not like to use either, though in winter, when our summer granivorous birds are absent, poison might be used with safety.

Being confined to the house by illness during the month of May, and amusing myself by listening to the singing birds that were numerous around my house, I was greatly annoyed by the demoniacal chirping of the sparrows, which often for an hour would render it impossible to hear the sylvan concert. While watching a man outside who was using the hose to wash the windows of an adjoining house a happy thought, as it seemed to me, entered my mind. I thought how quickly every sparrow in the martin-house might be destroyed by directing a stream of water into their filthy apartment, after they had receded to rest and drooping their heads. The same thought might be used to drive them from every place they had appropriated. But this method of destroying them could be used only in certain neighborhoods.

Now, Mr. Editor, I ask leave to suggest a method by which the sparrows, however numerous, might be exterminated from my town in less than a week. This would be done by the use of a steam fire-engine. Let every town that is in earnest appreciate an engine as a means of saving a man's life, and use it for this work. The drowning of the sparrows with cold water would be momentary, and there is indeed no cruelty at all in the act. The engine could be used most effectually in the winter, when a stream of water, by immediately freezing, would destroy the birds almost as quick as lightning.

WILSON FLAGG.

NORFOLK CAMBRIDGE, July 19.

THE ROBIN.

Turdus Migratorius.

SEE him throw out his chest and rear back! Oh, he is a grand fellow—a grand fellow in himself, with his more modest mien; but after all, his is a pardonable pride. Possessed of such a well-knit figure, fine head and erect carriage, who can blame him if he exhibits a trifling conceit. His is a familiar figure on our lawns, now hopping quickly along and now running swiftly, pausing after each dash, and rearing up to look around. See him as he makes another swift run of a few feet, then bends eagerly forward, appearing to listen intently. Suddenly he dashes his bill down, with a snap, and the grasses, we see him drag a long comb of worm from out the grass roots. I have never been able to determine with any satisfaction to myself whether it is his sense of hearing or sight which guides him to his food; his attitude of intense attention for a moment before darting on his prey, would seem to indicate that the former was the case, but again, he may be only watching intently, as it is possible that the squirming of the worm, as he pushes his way to the surface, may cause a tremor among the blades of grass, not visible to our coarser vision, but easily perceptible to our little lynx-eyed friend. At all events, there is a moment's pause each time before the final lunge, which almost invariably results in a capture. If the tender morsel happens to be an extra large one, it is amusing to see him "freshen his grip," as it were, and back off, until stretched to its utmost, out comes the worm, and its wriggling length appears for an instant only, as redrestreat unceremoniously gulps him down.

Our friend is fond of living near us, and builds almost anywhere, in maple, elm, spruce, on the lawn, in the orchard, or in fact, in the most convenient spot he may chance upon. The location, however, once selected for his nest, he will often occupy year after year. High or low seems to make little difference. As to materials for his nest, he is not over particular. Though formed chiefly of wisps of hay, and dry grasses, its make-up will often contain bits of paper, string, hair, and always a quantity of mud, seemingly intended to give it stability. The interior is carefully lined with soft warm fibers of bark, hair, and grass, and great attention is paid to this part of the work. His temper, I am sorry to say, is not altogether as lovely as his appearance. When a family jar occurs among the feathered inhabitants his acidity, although they may not be of his own kind, you will see him streak off for the scene of the rumpus, to mingle his angry notes in the general roar. He is a kind husband though, and ever on the alert to protect his family. His shrill cry of distress will summon all his companions within hearing, and their united efforts will often disconcert and drive away feline intruders, say nothing of crows, blackbirds and other egg-sucking, nest-destroying vermin. He is a happy bird, although they may not be of his own kind, he is supremely happy and will join with the sparrows in missing such a din about the poor thing's ears as to put it ignominiously to flight. A good singer, he is at his best during the breeding season, and it is a surprise to many, who are familiar only with his ordinary monotonous cry of bob! bob! bob! to hear him launch into such an ecstasy of song, often insisting that he cannot be the performer. He is capable of a great deal in the musical line at this season, however. At the bath he is inclined to domineer over others who may be in possession on his arrival, and I have noticed with interest that the English sparrow moves off at once on his appearing, or is forced to leave often in spite of noisy expostulation. He will wash in company, provided he is not crowded, but if this happens he at once leaves the board.

In the autumn his whole nature changes; congregating in large flocks, he becomes exceedingly shy, and difficult to approach, and at this season is a favorite object of pursuit with the swarms of pot-hunters who infest our neighbor-

hood. A great deal has been said in regard to his destruction of fruit. True, he will eat the cherry, and by-the-by, he is a connoisseur as regards the cherry, and we boys always succed to select those that bore his mark as being the most luscious. He affects the strawberry also to some extent, and occasionally varies his menu with a fine grape or two, but the damage he does is light, compared to that inflicted by others, the imported nuisance for instance. It may be that he causes wholesale destruction in some sections, as is written of him, but I cannot believe of it, nor am I rather inclined to think that if pains were taken to carefully observe, the greater part of the sins of which the pretty fellow is accused, would be brought home to "some other man." In the mean time until the documents are produced, I shall stand for "Bob" against all comers.

WILKOT.

["Wilnot" is the signature adopted by our contributor who under the nom de plume "Dick" has so often had a place in our columns. For the many "good things" sent in the past, our readers will please transfer the credit to the new name.]

THE BLACK RACER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I'm surprised. Do you know who doubts and unbelievers go when they leave New York for good? Here I've had the oversight of a snake twenty years, for it off myself have referred to it I don't know how many times, and one of you say that his existence is doubted, or rather that he did exist before I killed him, or that there ever was another like him. I am surprised. I only wish Woodman was alive to set forth his merits to you as he did to me, and then see if you had doubts. "Don't know Woodman?" Why, he's the one that (did not give the first unearthly screech when the city of Springfield was born, but he did the crying that invariably follows birth, for two years beautifully. I wish you could have seen him march down Main street, swinging a ponderous bell as though the championship of America rested on his shoulders, and as he would bring up at the corner of Court square, with the dignity of a judge deposit the bell on his left arm, and, with feet well braced, open on the subject in hand. It was not necessary to repeat his message, for the whole city heard it. Laterly, however, his voice produced some fearful results. One Sabbath morning while engaged in his usual barber-ous occupation, and in the most difficult part of it, "two dogs" attempted to settle a little unpleasantness on the doorstep. Opening the door under the excitement of the interruption, he "histed the gate clear up" with a "get-a-e-o-n-i" exceeding even his usual powers. One dog disappeared over the fence and was not seen afterward; the other made a desperate leap for the street, but fell dead at the gate, undoubtedly struck while crossing the line of some note in that "music of the spheres." This conclusion was reached after full discussion over the remains.

But there was earnestness in his description of the black racer. There was, to him, terror in the name, and this, perhaps, not to be wondered at, for he was not swift of foot, and the idea of being choked in the racer's coil was among the possibilities at least. "One of my neighbors," said he, "was riding over a hill, when he was cut across his back by a heavy whip, and hollered, 'Oh, he looked all round, but could see nothing and drove along. Soon he received another blow and again hollered, 'Oh, it was a black racer, hid in the hay, that had struck him.' Another case he related where the snake "clicked" his tail like a whip lash round the legs of some children, hurting them awfully, and that one big snake was chased by men on horses clear to the city of Hones on the Boston road, where they lost the track entirely, having been distanced out of sight by the snake.

But to return. It is hardly safe for parlor naturalists to ignore tradition. Few structures are without a base, and the wildest exaggerations in describing phenomena in organic life invariably have some parts on which to build. The Indian tradition of the mastodon which grazed one of our earliest schools, is to me, an unsolved mystery. I will in an hour, the skeleton entire, stood before me, and I walked between the forelegs of one, my head not touching the breast bone. And in like manner, after the accumulated tradition of the black racer, it was hardly proper for Goodrich and other writers to ignore his existence, because there must have been something from which to build it. Now he stands out as one of the things that are, and although almost extinct in New England, no reasonable person can deny his existence.

The common *Coluber* of the United States is seldom even six feet in length, black above, while the whole belly is slaty blue. Constrictor is to me a mistaken title. I have seen them in all ways and places for nearly half a century, and I never kill one, but give chase, stepping on the tail to see them turn upon me, striking with open mouth, seizing my clothing and shaking it like a puppy. I have never been able to induce an attempt at the Constrictor qualities represented. I have seen them ascend a tree of thick branches with all the celerity of a squirrel."

"The black racer (*C. cerberus*) is slimmer built and from eight to twelve feet in length. Glossy black above, the belly a mottled brown. The throat and two-thirds of the eye circuit white as polished ivory, while large blotches of white extend four feet down the belly, disappearing in a broken line in the middle, at first slight, and on short acquaintance it is the most saucy impudent snake I have seen, and ready to follow anything that will run. One man said this: "The snake moved out from an old fence directly in front of me, head two feet high, white throat and belly, thrusting out a long fiery tongue. Then, to get a better view probably, he came several feet nearer, and evidently with 'come now, start yourself' in his eye. Of course I showed coat-tails across the field, with my snakeclub close behind. In a twinkling he was a stake on the right side of the fence, and the snake stopped just beyond reach of the club. After regaining the breath which was most gone, I demonstrated at the snake who retreated across the field and I after him. Making a stroke at him which he dodged, my club broke and fell from my hand. He instantly turned upon me, and without stopping to think I took to my heels across the field a third time, the snake close behind. Here I cried 'quits,' got over the fence and left him in possession of the field."

Another man said a racer chased him whose head was as high as his own, and that he barely escaped with his life. Another said his companion, while hunting, chive down the hillside with a racer at his heels, calling for help at every jump, having lost both hat and gun in his flight. And yet another, "I was sauntering along, staff in hand, when I heard a 'quits' coming from the woods, and the racer was with 'colors flying loose.' There's a snake after me, was

all she could utter. As she shot past me, I stepped in front of the snake, who instantly stopped. Slooping a little to get a horizontal stroke and cut his head off. I struck, but his head wasn't there. Quick as a flash he dodged my blow, then turned and disappeared in the brush and bushes."

I could repeat these stories indefinitely. They come from men of candor and veracity; are what they saw and what they did; so that, making all possible allowances for fright and exaggeration, I feel that it is hardly necessary to exhibit my own opinions to substantiate the truth of the tales which, in all serpentine qualities, stands alone and at the head of his genus. Impudent, saucy, rolisome, but harmless, is my story of his life till a better one is told.

B. HORSFORD.

P. S.—I am happy to announce that after twenty years' research I received to-day another *Cerrop*, not as large as the first, but bearing all the characteristics before described.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME RESORTS.—We are always glad to receive for publication notices of desirable game resorts as may be of help to the readers of FOREST AND STREAM. Will not our correspondents favor us with such advice?

SOME EXPERIMENTS IN VISION.

I HAVE pursued my experiments, as "I. H. T." suggests, with results as follows so far as my eyes are concerned:

If I bring the left edge of an object close at hand on a line with the right edge of an object at a distance, the right eye being closed at the time, and the open right eye, the first object does move over and obscures, though it does not hide, the distant object; the distant object is seen dimly, and apparently as if through the near object, while other objects at a distance that were hidden by the near object when the right eye was closed, become visible when the right eye is opened.

If the right edge of the near object is brought in line with the right edge of the distant object, the right eye shut, when the right eye is opened the near object again apparently moves over to the left, and the distant object becomes visible; but by looking intently with both eyes open, the head being steady, the same appearance of seeing the distant object through the near one becomes evident, though not so clearly marked as in the first case.

That we see with both eyes, when both are opened, can be easily shown by trying to hide some distant object, as a flag-pole, by some near object set as the vertical bar in a window sash. With either eye shut the head can be moved so as to bring the distant object; with both eyes open the distant object will be seen in all positions of the head that keeps the orbits of the eyes on a horizontal line; looking intently it will appear as though there were two near objects, the distant object being seen all the time, and a position can be found when it will appear as though the distant object was seen between the two near objects.

The moon was used as a distant object, and a veranda post as the near object in verifying the above, so far as the near object's moving over to the left, and the moon and a flat ruler wide enough to cover her disk, when held at arm's length, for the last experiment. The ruler was used for this, as the veranda post hid the moon even with both eyes open, on account of its width. The ruler, held at arm's length, and held in the middle, the two images occupying the positions shown when first one eye and then the other was closed; by closing first one eye and then the other, the ruler can be given such a position that the moon can be seen exactly midway between the two images, and the image in position for the right eye (for my eye) was found to be much the stronger.

I have used the microscope, telescope, transit, &c., and have never shown the unaided eye, nor does its being open bother me in the least. The most singular one, however, is that familiar to all who use the jeweler's eye-glass; by the will power alone it is possible to see with either the eye looking through the glass and be blind for the time being with the other, or to see with the eye not occupied by the glass and to be blind with the one so occupied. Time and time again have I so used my eyes, seeing through the glass when at work that needed it and seeing absolutely nothing with the other; but what a tool was needed, instantly changing to vision with this eye and looking for the tool, perhaps and more than probably not changing the position of the head while so doing, so as not to lose the position of the work through the glass when it became necessary to look at it again.

In shooting a rifle at targets I always close one eye, although I can see the sights plainly with both eyes open. In sharp rifle shooting never stop to think whether I shut one eye or not, and in shooting with a shotgun I keep both eyes open—with me, being a right-eyed and right-handed individual, I have no trouble; but I can readily see how a right-handed, left-eyed man, or vice versa, would be troubled to shoot well until he had accustomed himself to the circumstances by practice.

I will not trouble on your patience longer, as I only intend to give you "Snapshot" by the results of my observations. I thank "I. H. T." for his suggestion, however, which has led me to confirm my idea by further observations. C. D. WYOMING, July 16.

A PERTINENT INQUIRY.—"The Rev. G. A. Cleveland, of Gloucester, Mass., in a letter to the *Cape Ann Advertiser*, says 'I have been a great deal troubled by the results of some of my experiments with one of your tricks. On my coming near the flock the male partridge would rush toward me with feathers stuck out like a frill, wings flapping, and making a terrible fuss in every possible way. After a time, though, I found that this was only a trick. While my attention was being drawn to the bluster before me, the female with smooth feathers and drooped head was hurrying off with her head to the ground safely.' After what has been accomplished there were no longer any partridges in sight, male or female." A Hartford correspondent, "W. H. K.," who sends us the above clipping, suggests the pertinent inquiry, at what season of the year was Mr. Cleveland "hunting partridges before now?" Will that gentleman have the courtesy to tell us? And if, as we presume may sometimes have happened, the shooter succeeded in being wiled by the head to the ground, what was his contribution to natural history, what became of the brood?

FIR AND SALAD.

LET any one who wishes to enjoy this dangerous sport, where there is no scarcity of the raw material, and of a pretty savage quality, too, come to Washington Territory, if he does not get all he wants of it, the failure will not be for lack of opportunity.

Extending from Gray's Harbor north to Puget Sound, a distance of about eighty miles, is a tract of country entirely uninhabited, and of which but little is known. On the Surveyor-General's map it is marked as innoxious, unfit for cultivation, and unsurveyed. It was on the borders of this wild region we picked up our camp, and in the summer of 1891, from an old trapper we had learned that the report of the country was incorrect, and although somewhat rolling, there were a number of fine prairies, and not far from the headwaters of the Humpulips River, there was a large lake with a prairie several miles long adjoining it. He stated that some years before, while prospecting, his "pard" and he had discovered it, and building themselves a cabin, had had no provisions enough for the rainy season set in to last them six months. Here they passed the winter and returned in the spring laden down with furs. The lake abounded in fish and wild fowl, while large herds of elk were frequently seen on the adjoining prairie. Bears and cougars were very numerous, and seemed to have very little fear of them. All this delighted us extremely, and we determined, should opportunity offer, to explore the promised land for ourselves. Our camp was located on a narrow strip of sand that extended some distance out into the bay, and covered with a stunted growth of pine. Between us and the heavy timber was a flat about a mile in width, which was covered with water at high tide. Here we had built ourselves a cabin, from which we made our daily excursions in search of new specimens.

One rainy afternoon, as we were returning from a long tramp, and as we were about the cabin, some one exclaimed, "What's that?" and to our surprise we saw a bear sitting in front of the door. He was a little fellow, and seemed very curious to know what kind of beings we were, for he raised himself up on his hunches and eyed us suspiciously. Our first impulse was to "howl him over," and I raised my gun to do so, when some one suggested to "catch him alive." This met with approval, and we started to do so, but he got down, we started for him, and he immediately took to his heels, and then followed one of the most exciting chases I ever remember. Around the cabin he went, the whole camp following, shooting at the top of our lungs. Then he dodged behind a pile of driftwood; and driven from there, back to the cabin he went. By this time we were pretty well winded, our heavy rubber boots and clumsy "Cape Ann" suits having proved too much for us, and notwithstanding our utmost efforts he had succeeded in keeping just out of our reach, and at last headed across the flat for the heavy timber.

I prided myself not a little on my running (having won several medals on the cinders at Mott Haven); and to have a little cub get away from me in that style was not to be allowed without an additional effort on my part, so continuing the chase alone. As long as the sand was firm I could hold my own; but I soon gave into the mud and one of my boots came partially off, bringing me to a sudden stop. Sitting down in the mud, I drew them off and also my waterproof coat and pants. The change was a decided improvement, and I then gained on the bear very rapidly. A small creek ran through the center of the flat, and, having reached it, the game seemed undecided as to whether to extend myself to the woods, and I got within a few yards of him when he scrambled into the creek and swam across. I floundered after, and on reaching the other side I had the greatest difficulty in getting out, often sinking up to my waist in the soft mud. But it did not seem to trouble him in the least; and by the time I had reached the hard sand he was fully 200 yards ahead. I now strained every nerve to overtake him; but it was in vain, and I was obliged to content myself with the mud, and I was not without twenty-five feet behind him when he disappeared in the salal brush. I dared go no further, for if his respected mamma had discovered me, she would have made a meal of me without remorse on my part, for I had not even a club to defend myself with, and, moreover, was so exhausted that I could not have run a hundred yards to save my life. Covered with mud and slime, with my feet bleeding from numerous cuts, I limped back to camp, where I received with shouts of laughter at my dilapidated condition.

Salal and salmon berries were now getting ripe, and the bears, descending from the mountains in large numbers, became decidedly familiar, their tracks being frequently seen around our cabin in the morning, and an occasional animal was seen along the edge of the timber, but we could not obtain a shot, owing to the almost impenetrable character of the new growth. In these were forests, where the silence of the grave reigns, giant fir and spruces, frequently nine feet in diameter, tower a hundred feet without a limb, and generally beneath these giants is a dense growth of vine, maple and alder, and still lower the salal brush. It is almost impossible to make any headway through these thickets, and so thoroughly does this dense mass of vegetation shut out the light that even at midday it puzzled me to read the print.

One of our party, wandering off one day alone, met with an adventure that came near being the end of him. On entering an open glade in the forest he came suddenly on an immense bear devouring a deer. The bear was not more than ten yards off, and our trembling collector having come after small birds was not prepared for such a monster. Hastily looking over his shoulder he found to his horror that he had neglected to bring any buckshot; nothing larger than No. 3 could be found. The bear immediately rose to its haunches and began to growl savagely; then dropping on all fours walked leisurely toward him. This was too much for our now thoroughly frightened collector, who incontinently fled, leaving the bear master of the situation, and disappeared as fast as his legs could carry him. Arriving at camp he prepared to return to the forest, but he could not find his way, and of course he was not to be found. We waited patiently until ten o'clock that night, but finding that he did not return, we built a trap of logs in the shape of a letter V, and putting the remains of the deer in it, we attached a string to it and the trigger of a gun heavily charged with buckshot, and returned to camp. All hands turned out early the following morning, and busily despatching our breakfast, returned to the trap. We found the logs scattered in every direction; and to our delight the bear was stretched out stark and stiff, with a hole in his breast large enough to put one's hand in. He was an immense creature, and although we had no means of definitely determining his weight, it required the united strength

of four of us to get him hoisted over the limb of a tree. He certainly could not have weighed less than 500 pounds, and was in prime condition, the fat on his hams measuring nearly three inches in depth.

We now procured the services of a half-breed hunter and his dog, and whenever a bear made his appearance the dogs would be immediately put on the trail, and they generally succeeded in tracing him, when a shot from a rifle usually settled the business.

The dogs also occasionally tread a cougar in this way. Just here is concerned a subject that has been of considerable interest to me, and which I have not been able definitely to settle. In conversations with numerous trappers and Indians, I found that they universally agree as to the existence of an animal differing from the cougar (*Felis concolor*), which they call the panther. They describe it as nearly the same color, but longer and more slender, with the head elongated, the chest narrower, and legs somewhat longer. It is much rarer than the cougar, and only an occasional one is killed. I offered a considerable sum for the capture of one of the animals, but could only succeed in procuring a skull of one that was killed some time before. It differed essentially from that of the cougar. Our Indian guide showed us the track of one of these animals and explained the difference between it and the track of the cougar. We then had a large steel trap made which weighed nearly fifty pounds, to which we attached a log of about 100 pounds weight. Placing it near where the tracks were seen, we baited it and left it. The result was a very large bear, who, notwithstanding the great weight, dragged it fully half a mile, and only stopped when the log got entangled in some trees. We caught several others in this way but no cougars.

Our supplies were very low, and the Indians we had engaged to procure more not having arrived, two of our party were detailed to get them at the nearest place, a sawmill situated on the opposite side of the bay and about fifteen miles off. Our navigation at this point is extremely dangerous in this bay, but we had a chance by the blowing of the wind in the right direction, we thought we could safely venture. In order to be safe, should we experience rough weather, we took a heavy salmon boat instead of our light kamin. This nearly cost us our lives. Everything went lovely for a while, and we skimmed over the water at a fine pace, but suddenly there came up one of those sudden squalls for which this coast is famous, and we were blown to the wind, and with a very heavy sea, and jerking the sheet from our hand, and only with the greatest difficulty was it secured and the sail lowered. We shipped a heavy sea which filled the boat nearly half full of water. Going with the tide running at the rate of six miles an hour, it did not seem to make much difference whether the sail was set or not, we fairly flew. We had now lost the channel, and narrowly escaped being dashed to pieces on a sunken rock, of which there were dozens to be seen in all directions, and as if to add to our danger, a heavy mist came in from the sea, shutting out the shore line entirely. Heading her the best we knew for the nearest point of land, we soon had the satisfaction of seeing the dark timber line appear, and a moment after we struck a snag, smashing in the bow of the boat. Jumping overboard we dragged it on shore and then sought for assistance, but with only ropes and a coil of rope, and a few tin cans, we had no help for it; camp we must. Dragging the sail on shore, we made a bed of it; and collecting a large supply of wood we laid down wet and supperless. During the night we were disturbed by some animal that came prowling around us; and as our only weapons consisted of a small hatchet and a revolver, we did not feel any great desire to secure the animal, and it was not until the morning that we saw the sound set off, and we were not further disturbed. In the morning the intruder proved to have been a large bear, the tracks being plainly visible in the soft earth.

Our real danger now commenced. The tide of the previous night, being an unusually high one, had driven our boat far up on the beach, fully 100 feet from the present water line. It was so heavy that it was impossible to move and only ropes and a coil of rope, and a few tin cans, we had no help for it; camp we must. Dragging the sail on shore, we gave up and betrough ourselves of breakfast. It was a scanty affair, consisting of a few salmon and salal berries. Not a drop of fresh water could we find, although we searched for a half a mile on either side. My "pard" considered himself quite a shot with a revolver, and, as squirrels were very abundant, I meekly suggested that now was the time to try our aim, and I was completely right. They were walking up within ten feet of a squirrel, he blazed away, but the little animal only ran away a few feet and chattered at him, as if very indignant at such treatment. He tried another shot with the like result, and on my suggesting that they might be blank cartridges, he desisted entirely. Returning to the beach we collected some drift-logs, and making a kind of roadway, using the boom for a roller, we succeeded in getting the boat about, and then retired and slept until morning. About noon the next day we arrived at the sawmill with our throats so parched from thirst that we could hardly speak. Securing our supplies, we engaged the mill steamer to take us back to camp, hiring an Indian to bring back our boat.

Having exhausted the game in the neighborhood of our camp, we packed our traps for the boat and returned to the Humpulips River for the like the trapper had told us about, but after going about five miles we came to a bad "drift." It was upward of half a mile long and utterly impassable; as the boats were too heavy to make a portage we had to abandon the expedition and return to the harbor. At some future time I will send you some of our experiences in the new camp. Since writing the above I have learned that the Government has made an appropriation for clearing this river, and ere another year has passed this fertile region will be open for settlement.

RISE LAKE.—Port Hope, Ont., July 18.—So far as I can yet judge the shooting prospects on Rise Lake for this autumn are good. A great many ducks which breed so far south as this are with us, more, I think, than usual. The fall shooting is always more or less uncertain, but should be good this year, judging from the number of fall ducks which visited Rise Lake this spring on their way north. The fishing is simply magnificent, not only a larger number of fish but fellows of greater weight than usual having been already captured. The rice crop is a very large one, and I have made arrangements which will insure my having a very large quantity on hand.—CHARLES GRANTHIST.

VIRGINIA GAME.—Staunton, Va., July 16.—The prospect for quail and ruffed grouse in our country is good. The birds are fast recovering from the destructive winter of 1890-91, and in another year we will again be blessed with plenty of them.—JACK.

THE REPORTS OF SHOTGUNS.

NOT many days since, as a Mr. Cole, one of the members of the Board of Supervisors, was returning to his home in the country from Victoria, B. C., he saw a number of men, some one concealed near the roadside fired a load of buckshot into his body with such terrible and fatal effect that the man was dead when he fell from his horse to the ground. Several persons along the road and in the vicinity of the tragedy heard the report of the gun, and a young lady saw the dead man a minute or two after the shot was fired. The next day an inquest was held, and I have seen the deposition of the witnesses before the coroner taken on that occasion. Nearly every one who heard the report of the gun swore that they knew it was a Doctor Cook's gun which had been fired, as they were used to the sound of his gun and could distinguish it from any other.

This line of testimony struck me as a shade peculiar, if not a little careless. I have been thinking the matter over and I don't think I could go so far as to identify any gun from merely hearing the report of it. It seems to me impossible for the report of any gun to be uniform. There are so many conditions that may vary the sound, such as the charge, the distance, the topography of the country, the direction and velocity of the wind, the density of the timber in the vicinity, and perhaps even the direction the gun may be pointed at the time of discharge.

I have always thought my brother has a gun with a more peculiar report than that of any other gun I ever heard. I would say, as a guess, that I have heard him fire it no less than three thousand times, at distances ranging from twenty inches from my ear, to two miles or more away—in the woods, in the water, on sandbars, in the willows, in calm, in storm, in snatching a log in snow, and in all sorts of places, and generally when I was listening for its music and could about locate him in my mind if out of sight; and yet I could not go before a jury and say upon oath that I knew a certain shot was fired from his gun unless I saw it with my own eyes. I know that often in hunting with him I have mistaken the report of other guns for his, and have failed to shoot at other places at other times when he had fired within my hearing, especially if in a different direction from what I supposed him to be at the time.

Imagination was, perhaps, a large factor in the case cited above. The witnesses were mostly colored people. Dr. Cook probably did more shooting in that vicinity than any other man, and as it developed on the investigation that a feud existed between him and the deceased, and he had been seen with a gun in his hand before the man was shot, and not far from the scene of it, suspicion naturally fell upon him, and it was easy for an imaginative person to think the report was similar to all reports of the Doctor's gun on other occasions. I would say, at a hazard, that such testimony should be set aside as utterly worthless.

BURR H. POLK.

LACONIA, NEBRASKA, July, 1893.

KYNCOCH SHELLS.—Manitowoc, Wis., July 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I tried a new sample of the Kynoch shells yesterday and met with the same difficulty as before, viz., "too numbesstiecke," and I don't know but that I shall have to agree with H. V. L., "that there are some imperfections in the chambers of the shells, and that they are not adapted to my gun, so I cannot use them." To sum up this whole matter, my version is that if the chambers of the gun are adapted to the Kynoch shells, it is policy to use them; but this sportsmen will never know until they give them a personal trial. Crimping should be done by grooving the shells and not by bending them in at the end with the fingers, as that will give them a tendency to burst. The shells of the gun if bent in at the end, while they go in readily when grooved in three or four places. I made no better patterns with the Kynoch than I did with paper shells.—D.

Editor Forest and Stream: I have used the Kynoch shells this season for glass ball and target shooting. I shoot a 12-gauge Colt gun. Have loaded shells with 4drs. black powder, two pink-edge wads, 1oz. of shot and one cardboard wad. The shells do not chamber close; never burst; and retain their shape, giving pattern and penetration equal to best brass shells.—WINNIFROGEE, (Laconia, N. H.)

WORK FOR THE GAME PROTECTOR.—As far as I can judge there is no protection for even song birds here. Reckless shooting may be heard any day, Sundays excepted, and "after us the deluge." There are some who are shooting for taxidermist in town. Quail never have been as plentiful and bold as they are since the five-year law was up. They can be heard calling everywhere. Yesterday a pair flew up right in front of the house, but I see no reason why the above-mentioned young men should respect them or any other bird, game or song. The law here seems to be a dead letter, and has been for years. And I know no better bird-ridge quail or woodcock country if only the birds are given a chance. There was something of a fight of large snipe going east last Friday and Saturday. I have only seen one English sparrow since I have been down. They do not seem to thrive down here. The robin is the commonest song bird we have, and meadow larks spend the winter here; but the farmers protect nothing; they go on the principle "after us the deluge." There is a splendid opportunity for you "philanthropy."—T. C. M. (Easthampton, L. I.) [The above communication is respectfully referred to Mr. G. A. Whittaker, of Southampton, L. I., who is the game protector for the counties of Kings, Queens and Suffolk.]

TENNESSEE NOTES.—Nashville, July 23.—Bob Miller, of the *Banner* staff, shouldered his shotgun and started out for his traps and ammunition belt for a few days after squirrels in Alabama. Bob is a dandy editor, and said to be a first class shot. He ought to have a good time, as he is one of the best of fellows, and if he does have, everybody near him will be made lappy. Squirrels are very numerous throughout the wooded districts, and as this is the season when they are in their fattest, forms squirrel pie-cakes, pies and stews are the luxury enjoyed by the killers. If you I could surprise you all with a red-hot pot of "Tennessee squirrel stew," and if you did not fancy yourselves in the promised land, then I would be very much mistaken. Doves will afford excellent shooting in about two more weeks.—J. D. H.

RUFFED GROUSE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Enfield, N. H., July 24.—In reply to your inquiry for good sporting localities, I would say that ruffed grouse are very plenty about here, and would afford good sport for any one who "shoots on the wing. Gray squirrels are also very plenty among the oaks in this vicinity. Black bass fishing is very fair, nothing extra.—P.

OHIO GAME NOTES.—Steubenville, O., July.—We have quite a number of gentlemen here who are alive to the enjoyment of sports in the forest and stream. It is true, game is not very plenty in this locality. Squirrels are being killed in fair numbers around the wheat fields, and I am happy to say that Bob Whites are whistling all around us again. I saw a brood of little fellows last week just large enough to fly, and had the exquisite pleasure of putting a load of No. 7 shot in a hawk which was doing his best to destroy them. With a little care we will have plenty of birds here again. Rabbits were never so plenty. The boys are training their dogs with the expectation of fine sport this fall. I have three good dogs, and about October we will make the fur fly.—A. E. M.

IOWA PRAIRIE CHICKEN.—Decorah, July 18.—I must send you a few lines again this year, in regard to the prospects of the coming shooting season. From all accounts I have them, I think we are likely to have some good chicken shooting; we have had some very heavy rains, but fortunately the young birds were strong enough to stand them before they came, and if the birds are only left alone (which I fear is dubious) until the season opens, there will be some good sport in this vicinity. There seems to be a nice lot of quail, which I am surprised at, owing to our having had so severe a winter. Pheasants are almost as good as a bird of the past in this part of the world, why I cannot say.—J. L.

NORTH CAROLINA GAME.—Belvidere, N. C.—Have never seen old quail more abundant than at this time. Should the heavy rains not destroy the young, we will have excellent hunting next autumn. Our law protects them until Oct. 1. Decidedly a better time than any other year, and as we have protection for them from Jan. 1 to Aug. 1, they will probably get a rest.—A. F. R.

TELEGRAPH STRIKERS.—Our Philadelphia correspondent reports July 21: Two or three dead woodcock have lately been picked up under the telegraph wires near Norristown, one last evening by some children of the town. Examination proved them to be telegraph strikers, but the blows in every case were disastrous and ended in dissolution.

Sea and River Fishing.

To insure prompt attention, communications should be addressed to the Forest and Stream Publishing Co., and not to individuals, in whose absence from the office matters of importance are liable to delay.

ANGLING RESORTS.—We shall be glad to have for publication notes of good fishing localities. Will not our correspondents favor us with notes of desirable points for angling excursions?

CHANNEL BASS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

On several occasions I have referred to the royal sport in store for fishermen if they would visit Mayport, near the mouth of St. John's River. In the past our fishermen have been in the habit of capturing these fish with a hand line, and I have repeatedly pointed out to several of my friends the sport to be secured in the capture of these noble fighters with rod and reel. About two weeks since Col. H. S. and H. made their first essay in rod and reel fishing for large bass. S. hooked a large one, and after playing him for some time he coaxed him to the side of the boat. The fish disliked the appearance of the excited face of S., gave a flirt with his tail, ran under the boat, and in an instant the rod was converted into match wood. H. (an eminent civil engineer from Gotham), who had earnestly discussed with me the antics and gambics of the "lordly salmon," and ridiculed bass fishing, hooked a big fellow. The bass started on a two-forty gait, and H. thumbed his reel until the cuticle disappeared; and as a *dejeuner* resorted he compressed the line against the rod with his finger, but the pressure lasted but for a moment, for blood followed the line. H. let him run, and as soon as the last coil left the reel, the line parted and the fish departed. Col. H. hooked one which the boatman estimated at fifty pounds, and after a fight of one hour and a half the snood was cut in twain.

Col. H. made a second attempt, and he called on me this morning in raptures over his success. Owing to the breaking of his line and the hook tearing out he lost two large fish. He weighed his fish, and in order that I may not be accused of "drawing the long bow," I append a printed statement from to-day's *Evening Herald*, regarding my friend's second attempt at bass fishing:

"Our genial and popular fellow citizen, Col. J. E. Hart, is distinguishing himself as a disciple of old Luak Walton, and bids fair to make as complete a success of himself in the delightful sport of fishing as he has made of his big grain elevator at the foot of Liberty street. He came up from the bar this morning, where he has been spending the last few days, bringing with him a twenty-five-pound channel bass, the weight of the rod and reel. Saturday he caught four of these beauties in about an hour's time, the largest weighing thirty-five and the other three twenty-five pounds each; and the rod and reel did it all."

The time has not arrived for the main run of these fish; but from the middle of August to the middle of September they will enter the river in quantity. In many years' fishing in the neighborhood of Mayport, the smallest one I captured weighed 19 lbs. On one occasion I caught a single four captured between daylight and 7:20 A. M. eleven that averaged 45 lbs. My memory may fail me with regard to the fighting and staying qualities of the striped bass, but in my opinion channel bass are their equals. It is to be regretted that none of your Northern fishermen who are devotees of the rod and reel, and who can enjoy the capture of fish worthy of their steel, do not visit this section in the early part of September. If bass ranging from 25 to 50 lbs. are considered unworthy of their daily notice, in the way of variety they can hook on to from five to eight feet of grased lightning—a tarpon.

The voyage from New York to Savannah in August and September is a pleasant one; time about fifty five hours. From Savannah to Jacksonville by train six hours, and from Jacksonville to Mayport by steamer less than three hours. At Mayport Boatmen's Office a good table where board can be obtained at \$10 per week. The temperature is no higher than in the North, the nights are cool, insect pests are not so bad as on the Jersey coast, the healthiness of the

locality is beyond question, and the sea bathing is A1. Fishing is done from a boat; and to those who can enjoy right royal sport we will say try channel bass fishing. Even friend "Didymus" might find something to interest him.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 10, 1888. AL. FRESCO.

OSSEIPEE PARK.

BY G. W. R.

I.—THE HEART OF THE OSSEIPEES.

"The cedar and the mountain pine,
The willow on the fountain's brim,
The tulip and the opuntia,
In reverence bend to Him.

The song birds pour the sweetest lays,
From tower and tree and middle air;
The rushing river murmurs praise—
All Nature worships there!"

ON the northern shore of Lake Winnepesaukee rise and extend from east to west the range of mountains called the Osseipees. The highest peak, Mount Shaw, (named in honor of the owner of Osseipee Park) is 3,000 feet above the level of the sea, and from the observatory on its top (forty-five feet higher than the mountain's crest) an exceptionally fine view may be had in every direction, and the finest, anywhere obtainable, of the White and Franconia ranges.

The park is, *par excellence*, a natural one, and the desire and purpose of the owner is to keep it so; to preserve and foster its pristine beauty, and the hand of art (not always a soft or deft one, and associated with natural scenery) is only used to make accessible the rare loveliness of Nature's handiwork so lavishly spread throughout this lordly domain of 400 acres. The Hall, situated on a plateau on the mountain side, surrounded by a lawn of about seven acres, is 800 feet above the level of the lake, and for elegance of design and finish is a model. It is thoroughly built and not thrown together hastily, and for the short "season," but is comfortable for long sojourn in the fall, when the mountains and meadows are ablaze with glory. It is well supplied with fire-places, and in their construction the useful and beautiful have joined hands, and the result is pleasant to more than one sense. I am sure that every sportsman will recall to mind the comfort of stretching before a blazing fire on the hearth after a hard day's tramp over the hills and by browsing stream. With or without "accessories," a wood-fire is a rare good thing of a rainy day or a chilly gloaming. Every modern convenience, and, thank God! several good, old-fashioned ones, are to be found within the Hall, so that pleasure and comfort are not wholly dependent upon the state of the weather. Aside from the extensive and incomparable views to be had from the Hall and from the observatory on Crow's Nest—a height near the lawn—there is a marvel of beauty in the shape of a brook running through the domain, the falls and cascades and rapids of which are notable for peerless and peaceful beauty and picturesqueness. The Park is reached via Center Harbor, thence by trolley-coach to Moultonborough Corner, where the Park carriage will meet expected guests. For the present season only a dozen guests can be comfortably accommodated at a time, as the Hall was erected for its owner's summer occupancy and not for a hotel. The whole property is owned by Mr. B. F. Shaw, of the Shaw Stocking Company of Lowell, and is fitted and managed very like an Englishman's lodge in the Scottish Highlands, which it resembles more than any other American ever brought to my notice. It is a place designed and eminently fitted for the cultured taste, for the refined and for those who love the beauty and peace of nature rather than the fashion and worry of "society," as found at most country resorts. It has been called "the most beautiful place in New England," and I think it cannot be denied. For good and sufficient reasons shooting and fishing, within the domain, are strictly forbidden, but even the most ardent sportsman must forget, or hold in abeyance, his favorite pastime within the confines of this beautiful and peaceful spot—lung, as it were, between earth and heaven and deluged with "loveliness devoid of art."

Those who love Nature, rest, freedom from turmoil and a free enjoyment of all creature comforts, will find here the name of reasonable desire, and a revelation of wonderful beauty and magnificence.

I purpose to note some ramblings and views taken hereabouts, yet though written about the place can never be fully described. Of it may it be truly writ—

"And in some calm, sequestered spot,
While listening to thy choral strain,
Past griefs shall be awhile forgot
And pleasures bloom again."

THE HALL, JULY 17, 1888.

THE COMING TOURNAMENT.

IN accordance with a resolution passed at the last meeting of the National Rod and Reel Association, President Endicott has appointed the following gentlemen as a committee of arrangements for the tournament to take place next October:

- Chairman, Mr. James Benkart, President South Side Club, Long Island.
- Fraucis Endicott, President National Rod and Reel Association, *ex officio*.
- Eugene G. Blackford, Commissioner of Fisheries, New York.
- Samuel M. Blatchford, Squibnotch Club.
- Dr. E. Bradley, President Bloomingdale Park Association, Pennsylvania.
- Marlin B. Brown, Waywanda Club.
- D. W. Cross, Andouh Club, Ohio.
- Chas. B. Everts, American Piscicultural Association.
- Hon. James Goides, Onondaga Club, Syracuse.
- Wm. C. Harris, New York.
- Dr. James A. Henshall, Cynthiaiana, Ky.
- Dr. C. J. Kenworthy, Jacksonville, Fla.
- Robert B. Lawrence, Union Club, New York.
- William Blair Lord, Washington, D. C.
- Hon. Henry P. McGowan, Cuyahunk Club.
- Thatcher Magoun, Jr., Boston.
- Fred Mather, Adirondack Club.
- Prof. A. M. Mayer, Stevens Institute, Hoboken.
- Barnet Phillips, American Piscicultural Association.
- Hon. R. B. Roosevelt, President Game and Fish Protective Society, New York.
- James L. Vallotton, President Pasque Island Club.
- C. Van Bruut, Willememoc Club.
- R. Van Vleck, Ichthyophagous Club.

Edward Weston, President Greenwood Lake Association.
Locke W. Winchester, President Restigouche Salmon Club.
Louis B. Wright, Westminister Kennel Club.
Rev. Henry L. Ziegenfuss, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
The committee will be divided into sub-committees on grounds, rules for the different contests, etc.

BLACK BASS IN TROUT WATERS.

BY DR. J. A. HENSHALL.

IN the discussion following the reading of my paper "On the Distribution of the Black Bass" at the last meeting of the American Piscicultural Association, and published in FOREST AND STREAM of July 13, I am placed in a false position in regard to the introduction of black bass into trout waters, which I hasten to correct. I am utterly opposed to the introduction of black bass into waters in which there is the remotest chance for the brook trout or rainbow trout to thrive. I yield to no one in love and admiration for the brook trout. I was perfectly familiar with him before I ever saw a black bass, but I am not so blinded by prejudice but that I can spare that love with the black bass, which for several reasons is destined to become the favorite game fish of America. "My offending hath this extent, no more." Let us look this thing squarely in the face. I do not wish to disturb any one's preference, but I do want to disburse the minds of anglers of all prejudice in the matter. The brook trout must go. It has already gone from many streams, and is fast disappearing from others. It is sad to contemplate the extinction of the "anglers' pride" in public waters, but the stern fact remains that in this utilitarian age its days are numbered and its fate irrevocably sealed. As the red man disappears before the tread of the white man, the "living arrow" of the mountain streams goes with him.

The trout is essentially a creature of the pine forests. Its natural home is in waters shaded by pine, balsam, spruce and hemlock, where the cold mountain brooks retain their low temperature, and the air is redolent with balsamic fragrance; where the natural food of the trout is produced in the greatest abundance, and where its breeding grounds are undisturbed.

But the iron has entered its soul. As the buffalo disappears before the iron horse, the brook trout vanishes before the axe of the lumberman. As the giants of the forest are laid low, and the rank and file decimated, and the wooden walls of the streams battered down, the hot, fiery sun leaps through the breaches, disclosing the most secret recesses of forest and stream to the bright glare of mid-day. The moisture of the earth is dissipated, the mosses and ferns become shriveled and dry, the withergreen and partridge berry, the ground pine and trailing arbutus struggle feebly for existence; the waters decrease in size and increase in temperature, the conditions of the food supply and of the breeding grounds of the brook trout are changed; it deteriorates in size and numbers and vitality, until finally, in accordance with the immutable laws of nature and the great principle of the "survival of the fittest," only the fittest remain. This is the point of view, but the fittest to survive the changes and mutations consequent on the march of civilization, disappears altogether.

Much has been said about the "trout hog" in connection with the decrease of the trout. But while he deserves all the odium and contempt heaped upon him by the honest angler, the result would be the same were the trout allowed undisturbed and peaceful possession of the streams, so far as the fish-hook is concerned, while the axe of the lumberman continues to ring its death knell.

Let us, then, cherish and foster and protect the crimson-spotted favorite of our youthful days as long as possible in public waters, and introduce the rainbow trout, or the Dolly Varden, or some of the Pacific black-spotted trout when he has disappeared; and when all these succumb, then, and not till then, introduce the black bass. But let us give these coming of the brook trout a fair trial first, and without prejudice. There are plenty of lakes, ponds and large streams in the Eastern States into which the bass can be introduced without interfering with trout waters, and this is what I meant by saying, "If, then, there are waters in which the brook trout or rainbow trout will not thrive, do not hesitate to aid in the further distribution of the black bass by introducing that desirable species."

For many years the brook trout will be artificially cultivated, and the supply thus kept up in preserved waters by wealthy angling clubs; but by the alterations of the natural conditions of their existence they will gradually decrease in size and quality, until finally they will either cease to be or degenerate to such a degree as to forfeit even this precarious protection.

I must dissent from Mr. Endicott's statement that the black bass is the bluish fish of fresh waters. The black bass is voraciously an all-games fish—but not more so than the brook trout. The character of a fish's teeth determines the nature of its food and the manner of its feeding. The bluish fish has the most formidable array of teeth of any fish of its size—compressed, lancet-shaped, covered with enamel, and exceedingly strong and sharp, in fact, miniature shark teeth—while the black bass has soft, small, brush-like teeth, incapable of wounding, and intended only for holding its prey, which is swallowed whole. The brook trout has longer, stronger and sharper teeth than the bass, and a large, long mouth, capable of swallowing a bigger fish than a black bass of equal weight. The mouth of the bass is very wide, for the purpose of taking in crawfish with their long and aggressive claws, and not, as supposed by some, for the swallowing of large fishes. The black bass gets the best of other game fishes, not by devouring the fins themselves, but by devouring their food. For this reason, more than any other, they should not be introduced into the same waters with brook trout. The pike or pickerel is the bluish fish of fresh waters, and in dental capacity and destructive possibilities is not far behind him.

I regret the placing of black bass in Raquette Lake fully as much as Mr. Endicott, and although the trout were said to be nearly extinct, not by devouring the fins themselves, but by devouring their food. For this reason, more than any other, they should not be introduced into the same waters with brook trout. The pike or pickerel is the bluish fish of fresh waters, and in dental capacity and destructive possibilities is not far behind him.

I thank Mr. Endicott very heartily for the statement that he was annoyed by the continued rise and capture of black bass when fishing for trout in that lake. Perhaps this statement from one who calls the black bass the bluish fish of fresh waters, will tend to convince some of the doubting ones that the black bass will rise to the sky.

CYNTHIANA, KY., July, 1888.

OUR ICHTHYOPHAGOUS DINNER.

THE TEXAS correspondent, "N. A. T.," who sat through all the courses of the last Ichthyophagous Club next to Mr. F. Eudicot, president of the National Rod and Reel Association, and still lives, we are happy to say, writes an account of the feast to the *Galveston News*. We are sorry to see that at the close of "N. A. T.'s" letter he casts a doubt on the record of the club, as given by the New York *Sun*. The *Sun* is nothing if not correct, and its smoke stories are received by the naturalists of all countries as valuable additions to our knowledge of reptiles, while its fishing trouts, backed, as they are, by the name of the learned Amos Cunningham, will go down to a posterity which will marvel at the former wealth of the fisheries of America. With this bit of preamble we give the following extracts from the letter of Mr. Taylor:

"I managed to get down a little of all on the menu, but found the horse-shoe crab wretchedly poor eating. It took at least a half-pint of champagne to wash down a piece no bigger than the end of one's finger. As someone remarked, it tasted like the pith of dried elderberry bushes. I have no idea that the ichthyophagous will ever succeed in introducing the horse-shoe crab into the article of food. I have the same opinion of the fresh-water mussel, which tastes just like green moss. The alligator steak was good; at least it could be worried down without an extra supply of wine. The fillets of sea-cow were splendid, rich, tender, and carrying a mild flavor of banana. The animal is the manatee of the peninsula of Florida, and had never been tried as food before, so far as anyone knew. It is a fine success, and it is to be hoped that somebody will start a manatee ranch in the swamps of that State."

"The following are the names of the members and guests, with the 'fish record' of each as given by the *Sun*, for no man could be admitted without a 'fish record':"

Table with 2 columns: NAMES and CAUGHT. Lists names of members and their respective fish catches, such as John Fido, John Fido, John Fido, etc.

"Now, if this fish record, as given to other gentlemen, is no more correct than that given to me, then I must say that the whole thing is a romance. I never caught a 'buffalo fish' in the Rio Grande, nor did I ever catch one of that sort of fish anywhere except in the fish markets at so much a pound."

Our correspondent is the first one that we have heard dispute the angling record of the members as given by the *Sun*. He denies the buffalo fish, and this, we fear, will tend to throw a doubt on what has been considered a truthful record. The club will be pained to learn that some papers have intimated that their members are prepared to make a spirit of fun, than as learned scientific seances, as all who have attended them know them to be.

A DAY WITH THE TROUT.

I DID NOT arrive in season for the best fishing. It is only in the large spring-holes that one now meets with success. One such place I got of and have recently enjoyed to the very utmost. But though I have often tried it, this is the first success. It must be struck at just the right time, and the time varies with the season. As the water of the stream grows too warm they seep here, and very soon thereafter the otter and mink assemble to the feast, and it is then that the trout are taken with much expedition.

Monday morning, the 4th inst., found me, with my guide, picking our way over leath and log, through windfalls, brush and over boulders, under a burning sun, each sacking a heavy load of grub and camp duff. About twelve o'clock we reached the stream, and soon had the birch in the water. At one o'clock we arrived at the pool, laid the canoe alongside the low bank and set it in place with the paddles. My rod was already in the water with much expedition, that I unhooked from the reel-bar the stretcher, a golden pheasant, and let it fall, with the dropper, a Jennie Lind, lightly into the pool. In a flash a two-pounder struck, and as I sent home the barb, another, his fellow, was hooked and both landed. It was well I had previously soaked my leader, or one, or both, were lost.

I would fill a page of your paper to tell of the rise, strike and landing of all the trout, to require the pen of a Davy Crockett or a Primo to do them justice. Every cast landed one or more, and of the 137, the limit of my catch, thirty pair were landed. I quit at four o'clock P. M., having fished just three hours. I had improvised a fish ear from a packing case. That was full to repletion; still the trout seemed to suffer no diminution in numbers, and if possible the sport would be better as the sun set, for I had killed enough, and more than I would have done were it not that they would soon fall a prey to their furred enemies. Bobby, my guide, could not care for them as they were reeled in. The most he could do was to pass them from my hand to the car. I never saw trout take flies so deep in the mud, and as a consequence, being without finger-stalls, fingers and thumbs were badly lacerated.

One beautiful picture presented itself and should be reproduced on canvas, only it would appear too extravagant for belief. I had hooked a large fish on the stretcher, and while reeling it in with the dropper a foot or more above the water, when four trout, apparently of a size and of about three-fourths pound weight, leaped simultaneously straight up all in a bunch and nearly their length out of the water to reach the fly. It was simply beautiful.

It was a tedious job towing the deeply-laden and square-ended ear, and we had barely time to cut wood and put camp to rights for the night, kill and dress the fish, before it was dark. As I lay on the fragrant boughs drawing water from my pipe, the problem of how to save and utilize my beautiful fish presented itself, and before I slept it was solved. I had laid them on a large pine tree that lay prone beside the camp, to drain and cool off. At one o'clock I awoke, arose and turned them over, finding them doing well in the cool night air. I slept no more, not even lying down again, so preoccupied was my mind with its pleasures. Long here and there I went to sleep, in order to be ready with cool grass in a hamper, with the remainder string on two forked branches. All this was done in the morning by the bright light of the camp-fire.

Bobbly enjoyed the sleep of youth and innocence, so I got breakfast ready which was eaten in the first flush of dawn. We considered the fish, leaving all else for another party to fetch out. It was a heavy load to sack out and we had many miles to go before 9 o'clock, in order to hit the Boston express. We were in time to flag the train. All aboard then, for a sixteen miles ride to a station where a box and ice were obtained, and time enough to pack the fifty fish and start them on the way to dear friends in Boston, whom I trust enjoyed as much pleasure in receiving them as I did in—[I was about to add taking, but as that could not be possible.] I will say seeing. The remainder were eaten at the home camp and given to settlers on the line.

CAMP, LOT WARFIELD, NEW BRUNSWICK, July 19.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TROUT STREAMS.

I HAVE just returned from a two weeks' outing at and in the vicinity of Deer Falls, N. H., where I have had my first class sport, having caught over 500 trout. This place is ninety-nine miles from Portland, and is reached via the Grand Trunk R. R. Fare from Boston for round trip via Portland steamer is \$7.80. The Cascade House, Mr. H. F. Marston, proprietor, is a well-kept hotel, and the charges are \$1 per day. There are many good trout brooks within easy distance. The best are Blackstrap, Chickwally, Silver Stream, Chaudron, Adams, and Jernico brooks. There is excellent pickerel fishing in the Androscoggin River, which is but a rod or two from the hotel.

This river was formerly filled with trout, but the chemicals from a wood-pulp mill situated on the river at this place, have killed them nearly all. About half a mile below the hotel on the river, are the famous Berlin Falls. The scenery in this vicinity is very fine. Mr. Washington and the Sun Hotel, also Mr. Adams, claim a jerked brook. The pizza of the hotel. A friend and myself caught 174 lbs. of trout in one day's fishing from Chickwally Brook, and on another day 25 lbs. from Blackstrap. My friend also took over 200 trout in one day from Horn Brook. The trout run good size, many weighing from 6 to 9 ounces, and some more.

On my return home I brought twenty-two trout weighing about 8 lbs. From what I saw while there I should think the outlook for fall hunting was good. Partridges and rabbits are abundant. I saw deer tracks several times along Chickwally Brook. An old hunter named Blodgett has trapped and killed four bears this season, and during my stay he caught a fifth, which escaped by gnawing off its paw and leaving it in the trap. We also saw three foxes.

E. M. W. SPRINGFIELD, Mass., July 23.

COLUMBIA RIVER SALMON FISHERIES.—The salmon fishing season on the Lower Columbia River is at its height. The run, which was very light early in the season, is now all that could be desired, so far as numbers are concerned, but the fish are somewhat smaller than the average of former years. The falling off in size is so considerable that many canners were compelled to sell. Without much reason to hope for an advance, most of the packers are holding off, and it is estimated that not more than one-sixth of the season's pack has been sold up to this date. But one ship load has been dispatched to a foreign port, but there has been a steady series of shipments to San Francisco, where a considerable part of the pack is now warehoused ready for shipment to Liverpool. Few packers who have sufficient capital to take advantage of the market will make money; most of them will come out even on the season's work, and a few who are compelled to operate in a hand-to-mouth way, it is thought, will fall a little behind. If the effect of the year's misfortunes shall be to stop the building of canneries it will be well. The business is already overdone on the Columbia River.—Portland Oregonian, July 10.

THE FINN FISH.—Fall River, Mass., July 19.—A fish of which the skeleton enclosed is a fine specimen, was caught yesterday at Seacoast Point. Its color is a bright golden yellow, not unlike the yellow mackerel we sent you about four years since. No fisherman or any other man can give us any information as to the name or family this species belong to. In some respects it resembles the sea surgeon family. If you can help us out of this safely it will oblige your Fall River readers of the FOREST AND STREAM. P. A. [The fish is not very rare upon our coasts at this season. Your sketch was a very good one, and enabled us to recognize at a glance that the fish was the "orange file fish" (*Monacanthus tomentosus* DeKay). It is of the family Balistidae, a peculiarity of which is the trigger-like dorsal spine, which can be set as though incapable of being lowered and yet may be depressed at the will of the fish, in order to cause the pectoral spines of the eel fish.]

GOOSE FISHING.—The editor of one of our Arkansas exchanges, in an issue just at hand, craves "the indulgence of readers this week. The type is not set as it should be: *The Coupositos trape gous in arnuiffshexcusosou*." We should think so.

TWO FISHING TRIPS.—Nashua, N. H., July 9.—Reading in your issue of July 7 an article on fishing in Canada, it reminds me of my own trip. Last month (June) I went on my own, about 25 miles, and the landlord, Mr. Smith, and myself started at about 6 o'clock A. M., and an hour's drive brought us to a friend's farm, where I flows a nice trout brook. We asked permission to fish in the brook, which was given with the understanding that we were not to tell where we fished, and we caught eighty trout in about four hours' fishing, some of them half-pounders. I took my catch to Nashua to let them see, not hear, what I had done. I had a very fine day, and a couple of friends were going to Lenoxville, Canada, on a fishing excursion, one of them a hotel proprietor of an amusement, and the other a conductor on B. L. & H. R. R. Saturday 8:23 P. M. finds them all wily tucked into a car, rods and basket of flies, a tin full of anglerworms, so if they can't fish with the fly they can with the worm. They start off well for a three-day trip, and the next day is a nice day to fish here, at home, so we suppose, of course, it must be with them, but, alas! the second day in the morning we look out, and lo! who do we see but our fishermen friends returning with not a single fish. Some one said: "Well! Jess didn't do the best, and only went twenty-five miles, and you went four hundred and fifty miles and not a fish." "Well," says Mr. J. G., the landlord, and "Well," says Mr. D. C., the merchant, "the water there was so high that we tried but could not get any where near the brook, so we did not drop a line, but all tired out riding on the night express on the B. L. & H. R. R., and we have had enough of Canada fishing."—JESS.

THE ENGLISH ANGLING TOURNAMENT.—The prizes won in the Tournament at Hendon were presented to the winners by Mrs. R. R. Marston, at Foresters' Hall, on June 29. After the distribution Mr. Murphy proposed a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Marston for her kindness in presenting the prizes, which was greatly appreciated, and also to Mr. Marston, who had introduced the interesting character of this country, Mr. Marston replied, and then proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Bates, who really had almost the sole management of the Tournament arrangements, and had succeeded most admirably. Mr. Bates, in replying, so ably described the objects of the Anglers' Benevolent Society that he at once secured a handsome donation to the funds from Mr. Healey, who was present. Mr. Marston proposed, and Mr. Marston seconded, a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. Wood for the interest he had taken in the Tournament—we should be glad to see him every year, even if he always carried off the best prizes, as he was doing to-night. (Hear, hear.) Mr. Wood briefly replied, expressing himself much gratified with the kind reception English anglers had given him—in fact, he felt "quite at home" over here, and he was delighted if he had been in any way able to aid so excellent a society as the Anglers' Benevolent. They had nothing of the kind in America. He would not detain them longer, as he felt much more in his element when playing a big black bass than addressing a meeting. (Laughter.)—Fishing Gazette.

A FISHWAY FOR THE SUSQUEHANNA.—Harrisburg, Pa.—In your issue of July 19 you notice that Professor Baird has approved and adopted the "McDonald fishway" for the Great Falls of the Potomac. We regard this fishway, to be put in at the expense of the general government. If so, there are a million of people here in Pennsylvania who would pray and preach to have one erected at the Columbia Dam (I feel like putting an "n" to that word) on the Susquehanna. Our Fishy Commissioners have tried several times to do something beyond their ken, and have wasted several appropriations in attempting to put a fishway in that dam, and have so far succeeded as to put all our fish to go down to Maryland, but not one to come back. The Susquehanna and its tributaries were good shaft streams before the dams were built. Now, none get above the dam at Columbia except at intervals, such as a break in the dam or unusual high water. A good practical fishway at Columbia would fill the upper streams with anadromous fish and bring joy and happiness to the angler's foot, and create a market for millions of our people. With a view to having the question agitated, I ask you to insert the foregoing.—KEOKU.

TOWNSEND'S INLET FISHING.—It is scarcely worth while just now to point out any particular ground as the best for fishing. All along the New Jersey coast, from Barnegat to Cape May, reports come that fine catches of all the varieties are being made. Weakfish are so plentiful at some points, the haymen cannot dispose of them at any price at the summer months, and they are taken in their markets. Shrewsbury, however, never go a begging no matter how numerous they are, and at both Barnegat City and Beach Haven, the entire catch of the season is contracted for by hotels at a fixed price before the fish begin to arrive. Barnegat is always the choice when bluefish squidding is desired, and I believe the waters of this inlet are conceded to be the best for this kind of sport on the New Jersey coast; although the writer has found Little Egg Harbor inlet to be provided with bluefish enough to satisfy a very greedy fisherman. It has long been my desire instead of squidding for bluefish to be able to fish for them with a lass rod and light tackle. Has it been done, and can it be done, if so, cannot some one rise and explain?—HOMO.

PHILADELPHIA NOTES, July 21.—The Schuylkill River has been so high and turbid that fishing has not been at all good during the week. I speak of the water as I noticed it to-day going to Norristown, Pa., seventeen miles from the city. It may be clearer further up stream, and no doubt the streams flowing into the Schuylkill are in better angling condition. Inquiries made coincided with the opinions formed on my way up. I noticed, while passing on the Schuylkill, a boat pitched up on the New Jersey coast, where the Shawmut, evidently that of a fishing party which had settled down for a week's vacation; camp utensils hung on the trees, and the reflection of the sun on their bright surfaces and other indications, plainly visible from your correspondent's point of observation, told of the order and cleanliness of the temporary home of the angler. Without knowing whose camp it was, I will venture to guess it was that of the Seizeze party, and would ask that a short account be given for FOREST AND STREAM of the catch made during their stay on the island.—HOMO.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—St. John.—In Telegraph Lake, near the head of Milkish, and in portions of the parishes of Westfield and Kingston, excellent fishing is afforded by many of the lakes and streams, and the locality is easily accessible by way of the steamer Enterprise.

THE LARGEST BLACK BASS.—After we went to press last week a monster black bass of the small-mouth species was brought to New York and shown at Mr. Blackford's, in Fulton Market. We believe it to be the largest fish of this species on record, and therefore its capture can claim to be "a high hook" on this fish. Black bass is not so plentiful in any of the lakes of Western New York, nor in any waters which are the natural habitat of the fish, but in Lake Ronkonkomo on Long Island, where he was introduced only a few years ago. Its captor was Mr. Herbert Seymour, of Brooklyn, and as the fish weighed seven pounds, plump, on Mr. Blackford's scales twenty-four hours after it was caught; we do not doubt its claim to be an eight-pounder. Black and diagonal stripes are prominent in the small-mouth. Lake Ronkonkomo was stocked some four or five years ago with both the large and small-mouth black bass, but no authentic records of captures have been made.

THE CANADIAN SALMON RUN.—New York, July 13.—Contrary to general expectation, the present season has furnished an extra run of salmon in Provincial waters, and of very fine quality. This coming after some three years of unusual deficiency, may be a study for those who give attention to the habits of these migratory beauties. Leaving home with a party made up of four for a few days sport, the remaining eighteen days and the four and a half miles. The total catch was 197 fish, weighing 4,391 pounds, averaging over twenty-two pounds. The uniformity of size, weight and condition was remarkable. The score of the rods in numerical order stood: 77, 56, 39, 25—197. Heaviest fish, thirty-three pounds.—AN OLD HAND.

Fishculture.

THE NEW YORK FISH COMMISSION.

[The Rochester Post-Express, of July 18, gives the results of the shipments of fry from the State Hatchery at Munford in detail, as taken from the order books of Mr. Monroe A. Green. From these orders there were shipped, in all, 1,423,000 lake trout, 614,000 brook trout, 1,406 California mountain trout, 151,000 rainbow trout, and 30,000 hybrids, which were three-fourths brook and one-fourth lake trout.

It is pleasant to state that the prospects now are very encouraging for the erection of new hatching houses and buildings at the State hatcheries, Munford, and that the present buildings, which are a disgrace to the great State of New York, are to be removed or destroyed entirely, and the grounds are to be enlarged, graded and otherwise improved. The increasing business of the hatcheries demand these improvements, and at once. Seven or eight years ago the hatcheries were established with a small stock of fish. Through the energies of those in charge it has successfully grown to its present mammoth proportions and stands at the head of the fisheries and hatcheries of the world. With the improvements completed the supply to the waters of the State of fish will be increased in a year a hundredfold. State Commissioner E. M. Smith is determined that these matters shall receive immediate attention.

There are a number of enemies of fish which destroy thousands annually along Spruce Creek and in the waters of the hatcheries, viz.: snakes, blue herons and kingfishers. Monroe A. Green wages a relentless war upon them, but they will multiply and increase in spite of his efforts. His experience in throwing a line or fly and catching snakes is well illustrated in the following incident. One day he was in a boat, with a light rod, fine line, with a tiny hook without a barb, he would make a cast, with a strong wind blowing, dropping the hook just over the head of a snake, just showing out of the water, fifty feet feet away, and in a twinkling of an eye the reptile would be on his way to the boat with the hook in the back of his head. The fly was thrown with as much precision as the majority of men would send a rifle ball.

AMERICAN FISHCULTURAL ASSOCIATION.

[PROCEEDINGS CONTINUED.]

Second Day.

HISTORY OF THE EXPERIMENTS LEADING TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTOMATIC FISH HATCHING JAR.

BY M. McDONALD.

THE work of practical pisciculture was, until a comparatively recent period, confined for the most part to the hatching of different species of the Salmonidae. The incubation of the eggs was at first effected in troughs having the bottom covered with a layer of gravel, upon which the eggs were placed, and over which a current of fresh water was allowed to flow.

In succession followed the "grill system" of M. Coste and the different devices of movable trays, now in common use for handling this class of eggs. In all these various methods the separation of the dead eggs from the live ones is effected by means of hand-picking. The necessity for the separation, although not as urgent in the case of the eggs of the Salmonidae as in that of the whitefish, and the attendant scale imprecations in much shorter periods of time, still entails a vast amount of labor in connection with the hatching operations. Although the ingenuity of our pisciculturists has greatly improved the forms of hatching apparatus for these heavy eggs, yet up to a comparatively recent period no effectual means of separation other than the above indicated has been found practicable. The U. S. Fish Commission, in the development of its work, had presented to it the necessity of dealing with the eggs of the whitefish, and the attendant scale imprecations in the history of fishculture. Millions of eggs were to be hatched where pisciculturists formerly handled only thousands, and the old methods of hand-picking were soon found to be impracticable.

In all of the forms of apparatus for bulk hatching heretofore devised, no adequate means is employed for the separation of the dead eggs from the living, all, as they come from the fish, the unimpregnated as well as the impregnated, are placed in the apparatus and remain together.

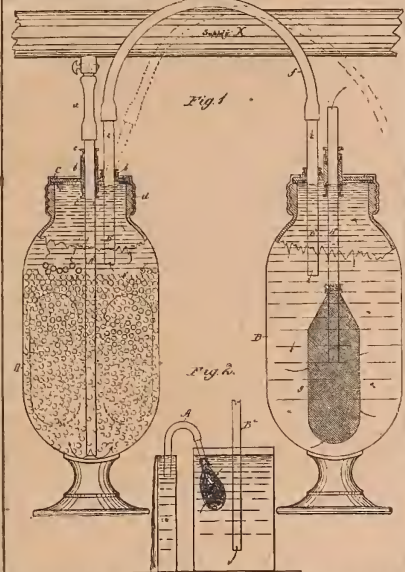
In the case of the whitefish, and more especially in the case of the shad eggs, which run through their period of incubation in a much shorter time, fungus rapidly develops among the dead eggs, contaminates each of the living, and large numbers of them, which would otherwise reach the period of hatching, are destroyed. The percentage of loss produced in this way is always considerable, and in many cases leads to the entire loss of the eggs undergoing incubation. The attention of pisciculturists is early directed to the serious losses thus arising, and various experiments have been made with a view of effecting the separation of the dead from the living eggs.

In 1875 Mr. F. N. Clark, the superintendent of the United States Hatchery, at Northville, Mich., attempted to effect the separation by introducing a gate into one side of the Bell and Mather case, through which the shells and fish and dead eggs would go out, the impregnated remaining. The device, so far as it served for the collection of the young fish, was quite successful; but it was not found capable of doing the work for which it was first planned by Mr. Clark, and was abandoned.

Similar experiments, looking to the same result, were made by him with the Chase jar—the form of apparatus employed for the whitefish work at the Northville station. The result of these experiments, however, led Mr. Clark to the conclusion that an automatic or self-picking arrangement for effecting the complete separation of the dead from the live eggs was not practicable, and a paper to that effect was written and published by him in Vol. I., Bulletin of the United States Fish Commission. The present method employed by him for the separation of the dead whitefish eggs is to siphon off the dead eggs and such live eggs as are necessarily drawn over with them, and to transfer them to what he terms "hospital jars," the live eggs thus drawn being left to take their chances with the dead.

This mode of treatment undoubtedly has served to diminish materially the percentage of loss in the eggs thus treated by him, as in this way, by the sacrifice of a small proportion of the eggs he secures the very complete separation of all elements of contamination and disease from the great bulk of them.

In the spring of 1881, being in charge of a shad-hatching station on the Potomac River, and in position to observe closely the performance of the hatching apparatus in use, the question of the separation of the dead from the living eggs was taken up systematically with a view of devising a form of apparatus which would accomplish the purpose and which would be of such shape as to be of easy and convenient use in practice. Knowing that there was an apparent difference in the specific gravity of the living and the dead eggs I determined to see if I could not avail myself of this difference to effect the separation. The first form of apparatus employed is represented in Fig. 1,* on the blackboard.



In the use of this apparatus I found that a fair separation could be effected, but to accomplish this required perfect stability of the vessel and careful manipulation. When the barges were lying quietly on the water and there was no tide swell in the river the separation went on quietly, the dead eggs being continually thrown off from the mass of living eggs and swept by the current over into the exit trough and carried off from the apparatus. The slightest oscillation, however, of the jar, produced by waves, would have the orderly movements of the eggs and required continual watchfulness on the part of the attendant to prevent considerable losses of live eggs. A second form of apparatus looking to the accomplishment of the same result was devised.

The result with these forms of apparatus were not satisfactory in developing a method which could be conveniently applied in practice, yet they pointed the way to it. Later in the Spring, near the close of the hatching season, the suggestion of Professor Baird and in conjunction with Professor Hyder, we instituted in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution a series of experiments to determine the limit of healthful retardation of development that we could effect by lowering the temperature of the water employed. In order to subject the eggs conveniently to the action of the current of cold water they were placed in small, two-ounce laboratory flasks closely corked. Through the center of the cork was passed a glass tube which descended to within a short distance of the bottom of the flask and through which the current of water was admitted to the apparatus.

An exit tube, the lower extremity of which extends a short distance below the surface of the water, provided for the escape of the water. While this form of apparatus had been devised by me in connection with the experiments on retardation above referred to, I had no sooner fixed upon the apparatus than I felt at once I had arrived at the solution of the question of automatic separation of the dead from the live eggs. An eight-ounce wide mouth glass jar, such as is used in the National Museum for holding alcoholic specimens was fitted up as indicated.

In this were placed 6,000 shad eggs, and a current of water turned on and regulated. The movement of the current established a regular rolling motion on the eggs, which brought each in succession to the surface. The dead eggs remained there, forming as they were freed from the mass of the living, a separate layer on the surface. By sliding down the exit tube to a suitable distance, I found that the dead eggs were feeling the influence of the escaping current, were by degrees drifted under the lower end of the tube, lifted by the

*This consists essentially of an oblong trough with wooden ends and sloping glass sides, glass tubing used in order to be able to observe the automatic separation of the dead from the live eggs. The trough rests upon a rectangular box made of boards, which serves as a firm base for the support of the trough and as a chamber for the water. The water enters the trough through a hole in the center of the box forming the base of the apparatus through the supply pipe passes to the trough proper through a slot extending to the whole length of the trough. The water is regulated by a valve, which by means of the set rods can be pushed down so as to cut off the flow of water entirely. By setting the valve to have the water enter the trough through a hole about 1-32 of an inch, the water enters the hatching trough in thin sheets which are directed up the glass sides of trough. The effect of this is to give the eggs a constant movement from the outside to the center. The water flows over the edges of the central trough, and escapes from the apparatus at the end. The dead eggs in this position are lifted by the current of water, and the current current may be so regulated that the former will be swept out by the escaping water.

current, and swept out, leaving an absolutely clean mass of live eggs.

The use of eggs was successfully hatched, and at the period of hatching not a dead egg was found in the bottle; nor do I think a live egg was lost in the whole course of the experiment.

The first experiments had been framed solely with reference to the assumed slight difference in the specific gravity of the living and the dead eggs. Attentive study of the movement of the eggs in the jar showed a still more potent influence for separation than the difference in the specific gravity. It is that there is a slight difference in the surface of the egg, hardly appreciable. The more important difference, and that upon which the success of the apparatus depends, is the close adhesion which exists between the living eggs; the effect being that the live eggs cling to each other, and always in contact, even when they reach the surface, are by this adhesion carried around in the regular sequence of movement. On the other hand the dead eggs having once reached the surface, their adhesion to the underlying layer of eggs is not so strong; consequently when they once reach the surface of the mass, they remain there until they are carried off by the exit tube.

Several experiments made with different lots of eggs gave uniformly the same satisfactory results.

In May, 1881, the apparatus was exhibited before a meeting of the Biological Society, held in the basement of the Smithsonian Institution. These experiments were so decisive, that I did not hesitate to recommend and urge the adoption of the new method in the work of the U. S. Fish Commission.

In the spring of 1882, it was determined to convert the old armory building into what is now known as the central hatchery and distributing station. Prof. S. F. Baird was engaged by the government to superintend the construction of the form of hatching apparatus by authorizing me to equip the station with them. The working form of apparatus not having been then even designed on paper, it was not possible to prepare the drawings and to have the jar complete and ready for use in time for the shad hatching season. An improvised form was devised in which cork stoppers were substituted for the screw cap, and metal tops employed in the form now fixed upon. Ten tables suitably planned to receive the jars were constructed, and the pipes for the distribution of water supply to the tables were introduced, and the station equipped with 300 of the jars. Each having a capacity of sixty to seventy thousand shad eggs, gave a total hatching capacity of 21,000,000 to 30,000,000 shad eggs during the entire shad hatching season. This was, of course, in excess of any possible production to be looked for; but in the organization of a shad hatching station it is necessary to provide for the new hatchery in the event of a failure to hatch during an interval of a few days of each other. The form of hatching apparatus used during the season is figured in FOREST AND STREAM of Oct. 26, 1882 (and here reprinted).

An arrangement of a hatching apparatus for the collection of the young fish as they hatch in appropriate receivers or aquaria was also devised. The present form of apparatus and the work contemplated in the first design, but only completed recently, is shown at Mr. Blackford's.

The method was described where a set of jars fitted up, one for the hatching of the eggs, the other for the collection of the young fish.

The jar consists essentially of a cylindrical glass vessel with hemispherical bottom. These are not blown, but pressed, in order to have the jar perfectly round, and to have the bottom which depends to some extent the perfect working of the jar. The glass foot which is shown in the improvised form has been omitted in the form now in use, the jar being supported upon a central tube which is supported by a central disk. The jar is adapted to prevent the distortion of the bottom of the jar, which would necessarily result from the attachment of a single foot to it.

The top of the jar is cast with thread to receive a screw cap, which fits on the bottom and the top surfaces are ground so that the plane of each shall be perpendicular to the axis of the jar and so that when the jar is resting upon its feet its axis shall be perfectly vertical.

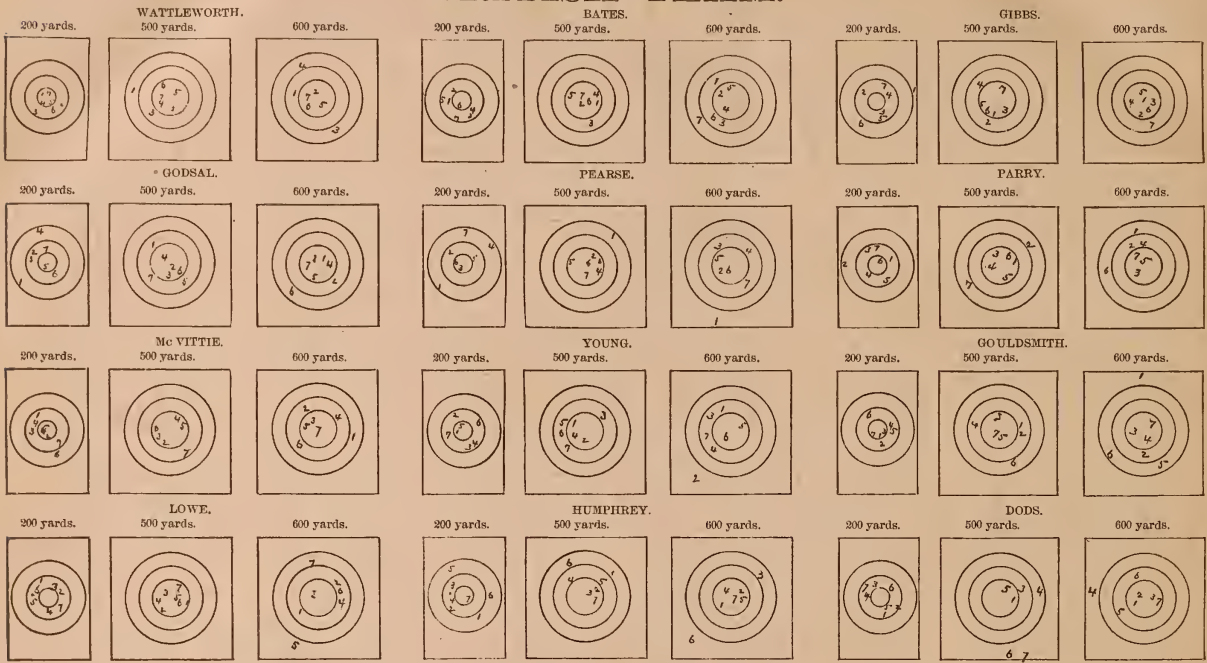
In these respects the important considerations to secure the proper working. The top of the jar is closed by a metallic disk perforated with two 1/2-inch holes, one perfectly central, which admits the tube that introduces the water into the jar, the other equally distant from the center, which carries the edge of the plate. A groove in the inner surface of the metallic disk carries a rubber collar, and when the plate is in place the tightening of the metallic screw cap, as in a fruit jar, seals the opening hermetically. Both the inlet and outlet tubes are supported by a central tube which is supported by a central disk. By pushing the tube down so as to be almost in contact with the bottom of the jar we make a relatively small quantity of water do the work of a large quantity in producing motion. In the case of the present apparatus, the water enters the jar by a pipe of water is needed and not a great deal of motion, we may secure this by increasing the feed and raising the lower end of the central or supply tube, so that the delivery of the water from it will be under less pressure. This central tube is connected by a rubber pipe with the petcock which furnishes a supply of water under a constant head.

The exit tube serves a double purpose. First, as an outlet for the water, and secondly, at our pleasure to remove the young fish from the water and to transfer them to the aquaria, stated intervals—once in twenty-four hours—by loosening the screw of the stuffing box so that the tube will slide readily, pushing it down until the dead eggs nearest to the lower end are seen to begin to swing in and out, and then to remove the jars for a few minutes the layer of dead eggs is swept off entirely. They may be allowed to pass off in the waste, or, better, collected by screens and fed to the fish in the aquaria, thus serving the double purpose of preventing the fouling of the system, and furnishing a very important advantage for many varieties of fish. While the period of hatching approaches, instead of allowing the water from the hatching jars to pass directly into the sinks, it is necessary to conduct the water into a collecting trough, which enters the aquaria, and is connected with the hatching jar. Indeed, it is the hatching jar with some special arrangements to adapt it to its new purpose. The water passes from the hatching jar through the rubber tube into the eccentric opening of the petcock, and then into the trough, where the mesh of the wire cage of the outlet of the frame, over which is drawn a bag made of cheap cotton, the texture of which is such as to permit the water to strain through, but the meshes of which are so fine that the surface of the water will not hold the young fry against it, as would be the case if a wire screen were used.

The surface of this strainer should be as large as is convenient, and is adjusted to the center of the aquaria. The petcock is positioned so that the end of the tube is as nearly convenient to the center of the wire cage, the object of this being to make the draw of the water equal in all directions. The water is allowed to pass out of the petcock into the collecting trough, and the young fish, if they are whitefish, or shad, or trout, as they burst the shell, begin to swim around vigorously in the hatching jar, drifting with the current. They pass into the exit tube and are carried over into the receiver, in which

FIRST STAGE TARGETS.

BRITISH TEAM.



AMERICAN TEAM.



AN OFFICIAL OPINION.

THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA,
OFFICE, No. 112 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK, July 23, 1883.

To the Editor of the Forest and Stream:
It is not a difficult task for non-experts to offer critical observations about the inferiority of our American team. Unmerited reflections from those ignorant of facts are pardonable, while those who are familiar with rifle practice regard our defeat from a very different line of rational argument.

The National Rifle Association does not assume to become an apologist for inexperienced sharpshooters, but when amateurs attempt to mislead or misjudge the situation it becomes a pleasant duty to defend and instate the American team in its proper position.

The impression that these contests are shot under similar conditions and with similar rifles as in those matches which made American riflemen famous through consecutive victories does not seem to have escaped the attention of our countrymen. The truth is that it was impossible to induce our English friends to meet us, as of yore, with our fine sighted and scientifically adjusted weapons, that superinduced the most accurate marksmanship; and I repeat my former assertion that, with our fine rifles, America stands first and foremost, and it would be an exceedingly difficult undertaking to win the laurels that remain accredited to the United States.

British sharpshooters, under the enthusiastic direction of that whole-souled, genial rifleman, Sir Henry Halford, smarting under

repeated defeats, were extremely anxious to introduce a match that would enable Great Britain to win. After considerable correspondence the National Rifle Association concluded the terms and conditions, which were in every particular to their advantage. Instead of using the rifle with which our previous victories had been won, we agreed to use a strict military weapon, with open front and primitive rear sights—appliances which Americans have long since discarded as unprogressive and considered practically obsolete. The distances were divided into two stages—200, 500 and 600 yards—the regular military distances, where we can hold our own with any country, even with inferior military arms; the second stage was arranged at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards—distances where, it is safe to state, we never had any experience or practice. We expected to be beaten and never disguised our opinions; it was only a question of how many points, defeat naturally taking place at the long ranges.

In the first competition our team were armed with inferior military rifles, the English weapon being quite equal to our fine sporting rifles, admitted by Sir Henry Halford and his team. On completion of the match our team were beaten under favorable conditions at all the distances, and submitted to it like soldiers and philosophers.

The greatest gain made by our British friends was at the long ranges, where twenty years' practice enabled them to become expert and masters of all the atmospheric conditions, including shooting in a rain storm. What had we to show against such experience? Three months' practice! Is it a wonder that we were beaten 170 points with such a combination of advantages? In addition to the enumerated

forces, as a matter of fact Great Britain has over 500 qualified marksmen in the first class to select fourteen men from; it was with the greatest difficulty that we could secure forty men to enter for competition for places on the team.

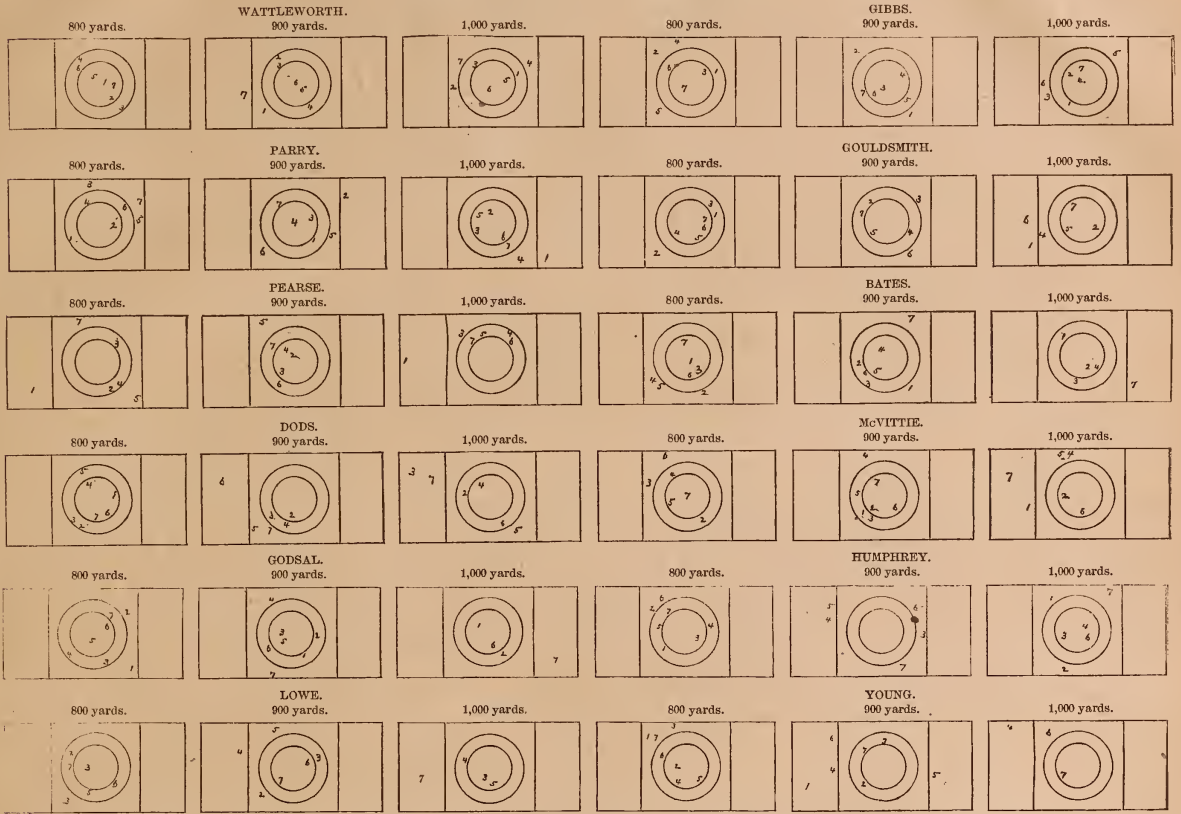
What did the first defeat accomplish for the return match? Our answer is, one of the objects of the match. It led to the production of a superior military rifle and another season of practice, thus giving us one and a half years' experience to our competitors twenty at the longer ranges. Interested partisans have made an attack on the Brown rifle, with which more than one-half of the team were armed in the return match, and attribute the defeat to its use. Let the public draw their own conclusions from the following statement: The majority of the men in our team who used the other rifle are at the bottom of the list, so defeat cannot fall on the Brown rifle. Too much praise cannot be offered to Mr. Brown for his indefatigable attempts to produce a military arm equal to the English, calculated to assist in winning the Wimbledon competition; therefore, any attempt to involve it in our defeat is unjust and actuated by other than sound motives.

To the general facts connected with the match we can add nothing until the captain of the team, Colonel G. E. P. Howard, makes his report. To state that the results of the shooting by our team at 200, 500, 600 and 800 yds., with a lead at the latter distance of twenty-four points, was an unqualified surprise to every National Guardsman, and even to the British Volunteers, is simply to substantiate the truth. We had a perfect right to indulge

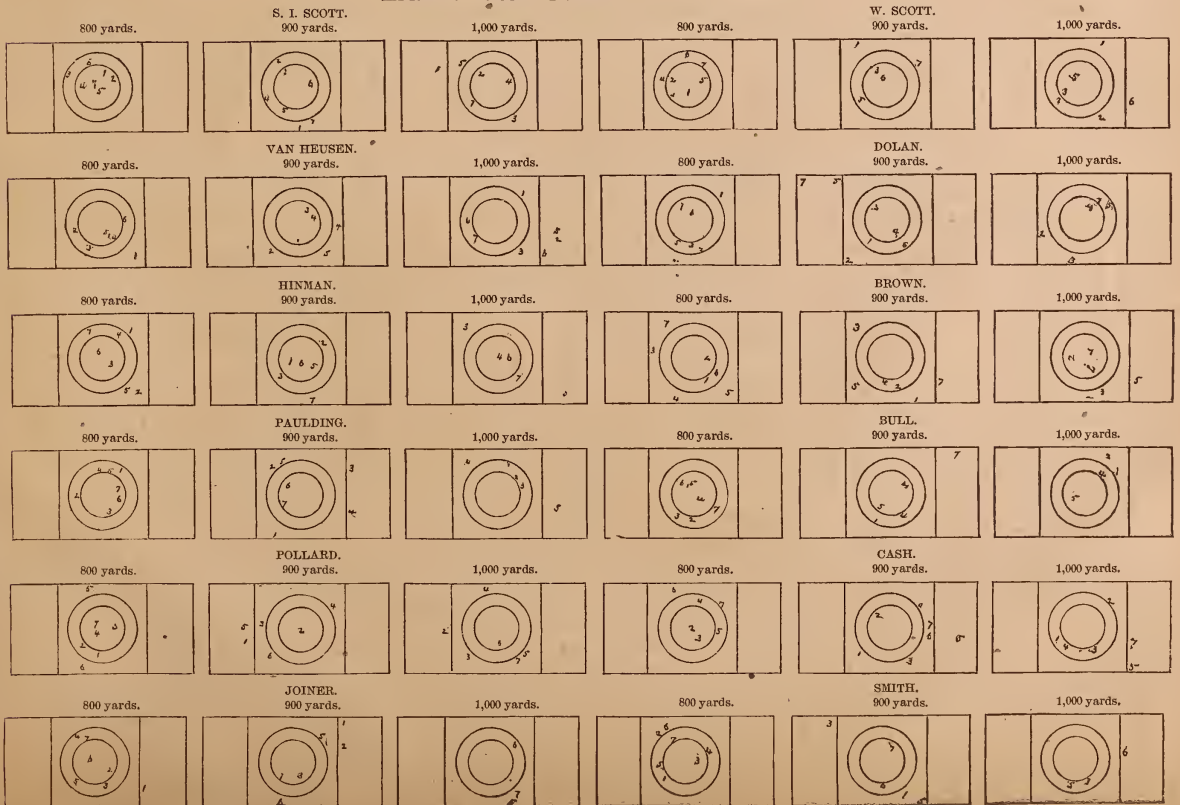
[CONTINUED ON PAGE 514.]

SECOND STAGE TARGETS.

BRITISH TEAM.



AMERICAN TEAM.



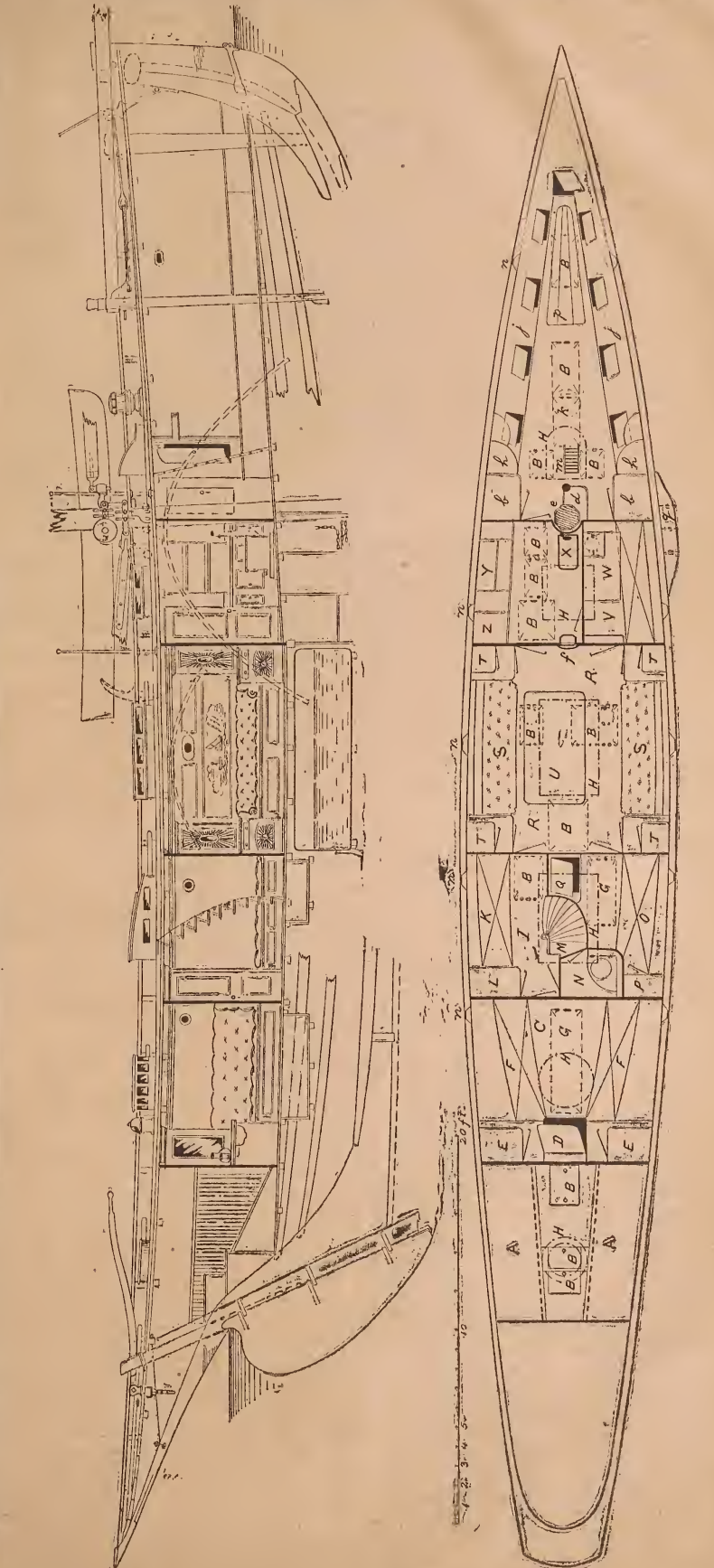
ILEEN.

THE new cutter now building by Piegrass, at Greenpoint, for Mr. Padelford, promises to be the handsomest and best built work of the kind ever turned out in America. The design is one of Mr. John Harvey's best and is of extraordinary fairness and so well schemed out and fully digested in its many details that we look for a most creditable record, should her owner put his new vessel to a test in the private matches this fall. Although planned in direct opposition to the prejudices and nonsensical dogmas of the fast dying school of old-fashioned light displacement hobbies, the extreme proportions of the Ileen are not untried, Mr. Harvey having previously put similar principles through thorough and satisfactory tests in his long practical experience in yacht building. We look forward with confidence to a complete realization of the intentions of both designer and owner so far as the planning of the yacht is concerned. That she will be the handsomest, smartest and best built and fitted vessel ever floated from a yard in America needs no assertion on our part, as a visit to the yard will afford ocular demonstration in confirmation. The chief dimensions of the Ileen are as follows:

Length over all	78ft.
Length on loadline	65.5ft.
Beam extreme	11.5ft.
Depth, top beams to top keelson	11.5ft.
Least freeboard to covering board	3.6ft.
Hulwarks	1.4ft.
Greatest draft of water	11ft.
Displacement	30 tons.
Lead on keel	30.5 tons.
Lead on keelson	12.5 tons.
Total ballast	44 tons.
Mast, deck to lower cap.	44.6ft.
Masthead	3ft.
Mast housed	11ft.
Mast above deck	53.6ft.
Topmast, Bd to pith	34.4ft.
Topmast, pith to shoulder	1ft.
Topmast, pole	5.3ft.
Bowsprit outboard	3.4ft.
Bowsprit housed	13ft.
Boom	58.6ft.
Gaff	37.6ft.
Hole of mainmast	35ft.
Topsail yard	55.6ft.
Spinnaker boom	60ft.
Diameter of mast at deck	15 1/2 in.
Diameter of bowsprit at stem	9 1/2 in.
Diameter of boom	11 1/2 in.
Diameter of gaff	7 1/2 in.
Diameter of topmast	7 1/2 in.
Spread of crossrees	18ft.
Area mainsail	3,358sq. ft.
Area foresail	438sq. ft.
Area jib	638sq. ft.
Area large lower sails	3,485sq. ft.
Trysail gaff, length	14ft.
Trysail on foot	3ft.

In construction the Ileen is without a peer in America, and far ahead of usual customs in material, fastenings and accuracy of work. She is building under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Harvey, which is a guarantee that she will sail alike on both decks, and that the drawings will be accurately reproduced "in the flesh." The plan followed is a very superior one, similar to that which has given such satisfaction in Bodoin, and made Wenonah the craft of our single-stickers. Lightness, with great strength, long life and a dry hold, are secured by Harvey's double-skin plan to a greater degree than any other work put in practice. The method consists essentially of a stout backbone and a light frame, with two sheathings of plank wrought in the greatest lengths obtainable over the frame, the seams the inner and outer skins overlapping, giving a surface to chaulk against, and with a coating of white lead between the skins, rendering a leak impossible. Mechanics will at once appreciate the enormous addition to strength thus gained. The two skins being thoroughly clinch-fastened with copper, and all huts and seams giving great shift to one another, virtually makes the hull a unit in construction throughout, whereas the usual method of building with heavy frame of short pieces and single thickness of plank, is, by comparison, a bungling job, unmechanical in origin, and weak as well as leaky, aptly characterized as a bundle of sticks thrown together. Lightness and roominess of hull are secured in the Ileen, as well as the saving going to increased ballast and accommodation.

The keel proper is of selected white oak, 4ft. wide and 8in. deep. It is a "built" keel, composed of three pieces in width, so securely bolted together as to make the whole stronger than a large and more or less faintly balk, even could one be obtained to dress to the requirements of the keel. The lead keel is 12in. deep, 3ft. wide, across the beam, and 34ft. long. It is bolted up to the wood with 1 1/2 in. copper, spaced 30in. apart, the bolts being driven diagonally to support the whole while the lead better than if driven in the middle line only. The lead was cast separately and allowed to cool before being placed, so as to obviate all risk of splitting the wood lead by the contraction of the metal. The rocker to keel is moderate, as is also the round-up to forefoot, and but little is taken off the heel, the Harvey bowsprit differing from other recent designs in not having so extravagant cut-up at the ends. The stem is 7 1/2 in. sided, and the stern post 12in. at the head and 4in. at heel. Apron and knee forward and filling for deadwood aft with a long keel over all. The framing consists of regular sets of double timbers spaced 3ft. with two steam bent timbers between, giving a general spacing of 20in. All have double floors, which are 3in. sided each. The two floors of the regular frames lay close together with long and short runs on alternate sides of the middle line. To their heads the heels of the first futtocks of the double frames butt. The steamed frames, however, run down between two 3in. floors, the heels being nipped by the beads of the floors, all being bolted through. These bent timbers are 3in., the first futtocks are 3 1/2 in., second and third futtocks 3in. Owing to the easy form of the lower most of the frames are in one piece from head to heel, which in itself adds greatly to the strength of the yacht. The steamed framing of course runs from covering board to keel each side. A main keelson is worked clear fore and aft in one length over the floors, the bolts of the lead and keel fastenings generally going up through the keelson, making a keelson which can never be holed or broken by the weight hung to it, and giving the hull perfect rigidity, preventing working in a seaway with the nuisance of opening seams as in yachts of ordinary construction. The keelson is of oak, 3in. square, leadwood and bow fastenings are of 7 1/2 in. Muntz's metal. There are besides sister keelsons 5 1/2 in. square, also worked, one length fore and aft, and floor-head strakes, 3 1/2 x 8 1/2 in. The counter timbing is 4in. sided, and the quarter timbers are hewn out solid cedar. Clamps are 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, tapering in thickness to 1in. at the ends. An oak shelf is laid above these for the reception of the beam ends and is 5 1/2 in. square. In ordinary practice this shelf is generally omitted, and the bearings of the beams seriously reduced. This fault is here made up in some cases, where builders are mechanics enough and possess some conscience, by resorting to a cumbersome system of kneeing, which in the end is more expensive and not as effective. The beams of the Ileen are 3 1/2 and 4in. sided. To prevent any possible distortion of the sheer by the pull of the rigging, a most excellent, simple and inexpensive expedient is resorted to. It is a continuation upon the crude state of yacht building of America that something similar has not come into practice aboard our wide yachts, which are inherently weak structures, owing to their round and flat floor and the enormous rig requires to drive them. In the Ileen a bar-iron strap is worked across a number of frames in the shape of an inverted arch, the ends reaching down to take two bolts through first futtock heads, and the crown passing up under the clamps. This iron strap is 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. It is easily made and fastened in place at trifling cost, yet it would be in many cases the direct cause of preventing the sides being pulled up in wake of the rigging, thereby saving a material loss in market value to the boat in old age. Another similar band is worked over the frames in wake of the backstays for a like purpose. These inverted arches are indicated in the accompanying profile by the dotted circles. For tying the yacht's ends there are three large hooks in the bow and two aft. There are eight hanging knees of wood, and the principal cabin beams have also iron knees with four bolts clenched through frame and plank and also through the beams. Seven iron pillars serve as a vessel tie. They run from deck to keelson, and being located alongside the bulkheads do not interfere with the cabin arrangements, the inside sheathing of planks is 3in. Georgia pine. The outer sheathing is all 1 1/2 in. best oak, so put on as to lap seams with the inner skin. A layer of white lead is applied between the two. These skins are fastened together by eight 3/4 in. copper bolts, clinched through between each frame. All butts and floor head strake are also through fastened in each frame with 3/4 in. copper. The fastening of the yacht throughout is all copper, clench work, no spikes or iron being permitted in such first-class work. The deck will be exceedingly handsome. Along the center will be a wide piece of thick plank of Spanish cedar. The plank proper is 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 in. thick and will be sprung with a taper fore and aft to the yacht's side, butting into the cedar strake amidsips. Eight feet from the stern the fore and aft plank will be stepped upward to plank sprung to the round of the archboard. All deck fittings are to be of teak. They include a fore scuttle 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 ft., galley skylight 2.0 x 2.2 ft., main skylight, 4.5 x 4 ft., companion hatch, 3.0 x 4.0 ft., after cabin



A—Ballroom. F—Berths. K—Berth. R—Main cabin. V—Captain's berth. n—Fore'st'le ladder.
 B—Hatches. G—Baths. M—Compan's ladder. S—Sofas.
 C—Ladies' cabin. H—Skylights. N—Toilet. T—Lockers. u—Side ports.
 D—Dressers. I—Staircase. O—Owner's berth. U—Cabin table. p—Table.
 e—Ereplane.



ROUTES TO STONY LAKE.—SCALE, 20 MILES TO ONE INCH.

MEMORANDA OF ROUTE FROM LINDSAY TO TRENTON BY RIVERS AND LAKES.

Table with 5 columns: Stations, Stillwater and River Navigation, Interm. distance, miles, Total distance, miles, Remarks. It lists various rapids, locks, and distances along the route.

Canoeing.

FIXTURES.

Aug. 16, 17, 18—Iowa Canoe Club Regatta, Spirit Lake, Iowa.
Aug. 20—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stony Lake.
Aug. 21, 22—American Canoe Association Regatta at Stony Lake.
Aug. 24—American Canoe Association Meeting at Stony Lake.

A CRUISE ON THE MOKEUMNE.

FIRST PAPER.

F. AND I had been making cruises for the last two years, but unfortunately they were most all made in my dining-room, with our legs "under the mahogany" (for I possess one of those relics of a bygone time, a mahogany dining table), and consequently we never got very far.

To the average spectator a full-rigged ship is a construction of considerable magnitude, but if one wants to know how large a ship really is, let him paddle alongside of one in a canoe, the immensity of the subject will then strike him with commensurate force.

Total fall from Rice Lake to Bay of Quinte, at Trenton... 365 feet.
From Port Perry to Foot Seaugo Lake... 19 1/2 miles
Seaugo River to Lindsay, slack current... 9
Cobocouk to mouth of Gull River... 3

Mouth of river to Rosedale, foot of Balsam Lake... 4 miles
Rosedale to Cameron's Lake, Lock... 1
Head of Cameron's Lake to Fenelon Falls... 4 1/2
Fenelon Falls to Bobseygon... 15 1/2

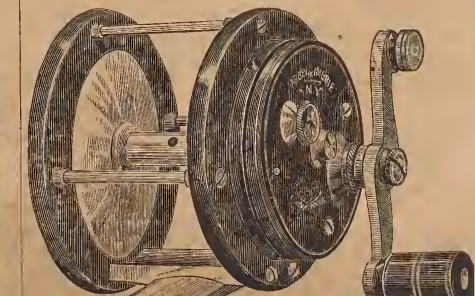
and that he takes a sort of fatherly interest in all his productions, so as a sort of tortoise here, I asked him if in his peregrinations he had seen aught of her. He said: "My spirits sank, but he heard that the harge was discharging at Folson street. My spirits rose again, but then it was a decidedly long pull to Folson street, against the tide and getting late, and no certainty at that. "Nothing venture, nothing win," thought I, and if I don't find her, I'll have a booming tide to come home with. Settling myself to business I worked my way along, hugging the wharves and looking for eddies, thinking all the time what a jolly place this would be for canoeing, if the wind did not blow hurricanes all summer, and the tide did not tear and churn so among the piles, until the dismantled shed falling to pieces over Folson street wharf, where in the old times the Constitution, the Golden Age, the Golden Gate, the John L. Stephens, the Moses Taylor, and a lot more "naval triumphs" that are classed now, were wont to make things lively, have in sight. There, sure enough, hidden away in the shadow of her overgrown consort, lay the object

of my search, and mine host just in the act of locking the pilot-house to go ashore. A halloo acquainted him with my propinquity, and in a few minutes I was safely alongside. How he stared and laughed at my ill-fitted craft and my business-like air and costume, but he helped me haul the Folly on deck and stow all the movables in the pilot-house that the ever-present and acquisitive wharf rat might not run off with them.

WILL BROOKS, Canoe Folly, S. F. C. C.
KENNEBEC AND MEGAN TIC.—Vessels, Neide and Hubbard have returned from their cruise up the Kennebec and Dead rivers, Chain Falls and Lake Megantic, and report many portages over dams and low lands, the longest one six miles. Plenty of mosquitoes and black flies made life in the wilderness lively if not interesting. Game is plentiful about the Chain Falls and Lake Megantic, few caribou but many moose and deer, and trout in all the streams. The trip down the Chaudiere was abandoned, owing to the low water. Dr. Neide will go to Stony Lake about August 1.

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2. Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic... 25
3. Croup, Cough, or Tossing of Infants... 25
4. Diarrhea of Children or Adults... 25
5. Cholera Morbus, Vomiting... 25
6. Colic, or Wind Colic... 25
7. Constipation, or Constipation... 25
8. Headache, Sick Headaches, Vertigo... 25
9. Dysentery, Bilious Stomach... 25
10. Suppressed or Painful Periods... 25
11. Dropsical Swellings... 25
12. Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing... 25
13. Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions... 25
14. Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Rheumatism... 25
15. Fever and Ague, Chills, Fever, Ague... 50
16. Blind or Bleeding... 25
17. Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza... 50
18. Whooping Cough, violent coughs... 25
19. General Debility, Physical Weakness... 50
20. Kidney Disease... 1.00
21. Nervous Debility... 1.00
22. Urinary Weakness, Wetting the Bed... 50
23. Dysentery, Bilious Stomach... 25
Sold by druggists, or sent by the Case, or stamped in envelopes, to the Proprietor, Dr. J. C. Humphreys, 109 Fulton Street, New York.



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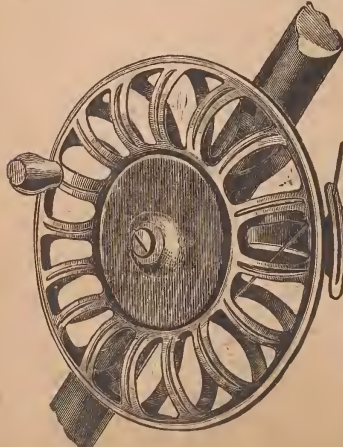
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